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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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A TRANSLATION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS BOUILHET.

My lamp hath burned out, drop by drop, alone;
My fire's last ember falls with dying sound:
Without a friend, a dog, to hear me moan,
I weep abandoned in the night profound.

Behind me — if I would but turn my head,
Sure I should see it — stands a phantom here;
Dread guest who came when my life's feast was spread,
Spectre arrayed in rags of vanished cheer.

My dream lies dead — how bring it back in truth?
For time escapes me, and the impostor pride
Conducts to nothingness my days of youth,
Even as a flock whereof he was the guide.

Like to the flood of some unfruitful deep,
Over my corpse aslumber in the tomb
I feel e'en now the world's oblivion creep,
Which, yet alive, hath lapped me half in gloom.

Oh! the cold night! Oh! the night dolorous!
My hand upon my breast atremble bounds:
Who knocks inside my hollow bosom thus?
What are those ominous beats, those muffled sounds?

Who art thou, art thou? Speak, thou tameless thing,
That strugglest pent within me unreproved?
A voice cries, a voice faint with passioning,
"I am thy heart, and I have never loved!"

Academy. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

MIRAGE.

Hot lies the sand beneath the weary feet,
The skies are dazzling downward through the heat,
No breath of wind to stir the heavy air,
No fleck of cloud to break the cruel glare
Of the fierce sunshine, as the reeling brain
Strives to force on the failing strength in vain.

Nay, for across the desert-stretch it lies,
Gleaming and cool beneath the mocking skies,
The sparkling lake — almost the feverish gaze
Can see its ripples through the silvery haze;
Almost the straining ear can hear the plash,
As its light wavelets on the pebbles dash.

One desperate effort more, and then to lave,
Parched lip and burning forehead in the wave;
One desperate effort more, and at the brink
In agony of thankfulness to sink,
Where the great palm-trees by the waters stand,
And their cool shadows rest upon the sand.

Poor wretch! the treacherous vision lures him on,
Till, faith, and hope, and strength, and courage gone,
He falls and perishes, and leaves to life,
This lesson — arm ye for the present strife,
On no sweet future build a futile faith,
Do for each hour thy best. So armed for Death.

All The Year Round.

LOVE LIGHTS.

Pretty dreamer, far away,
Where the sheaves are golden,
Listen to a tiny lay
Puck hath late unfolden.

Once a brier loved a rose,
At her feet adoring;
Sweet she glanced from high repose,
Deaf to his imploring.

Came a certain one, yclept
Eros, heaven's grafter,
Stole a rose-twig, and adept
Fashioned it with laughter;

Fixed it soft with cunning whim
On that hopeless brier,
Till the season saw his stem
Lordly grow, and higher.

Then the maid-rose loved him true,
Wedded to her glory:
Sleep, Mellilla's eyelids blue;
I have told my story.

B. C.

IN A GONDOLA.

Dark, it is dark! the stars have all gone out,
There is no moon with watery smiles to flout
The cold smile rippling round a colder mouth,
That parches not my thirsty soul with drouth
Like a red lip left in the rich South.

Dark, it is dark! there is no light at all,
Except with the long oar-blade's rise and fall,
Except the phosphor-flashes of the brine,
And the quick light of eyes that gleam in mine,
But wakes no fires, Guinevra, as did thine!

Dark, it is dark! the darkness of black night,
Darkness of skies, and all that should be bright,
Darkness of waves, where the black shores begin,
A darkness wrapping one fair child of sin,
Darkness of all without, and all within.

Temple Bar. H. C. P.

From The Contemporary Review.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

"THEN said I, Ah, Lord God, they say of me, Doth he not speak parables?" The people who said this meant that the prophet was unintelligible to them. His sayings were to them dark sayings. They perhaps could not at once have pointed out which particular sayings they were unable to understand; but some obscurity there was, which made the prophet's speech disagreeably perplexing to their minds. Yet he desired to be understood by those to whom he addressed himself. No genuine prophet has ever been the mechanical vehicle of enigmas which waited for fulfilment as their key. The Hebrew prophet was an impassioned preacher, pouring forth warnings and encouragements to his own generation. There is a pathetic tone of disappointment and distress in the complaint with which Ezekiel turns to his God: "Ah, Lord God! they say of me, Doth he not speak parables?"

In some such words Mr. Maurice was accustomed to utter the feeling of deep distress with which he found himself regarded by most of those around him as difficult to understand. The discovery was a continual surprise to him. *His* place, also, was among the prophets. He had the strongest desire to be as plain and emphatic as possible. But, whilst he lived and was pouring out his eager utterances, to most of those who heard him his prophesyings were baffling and obscure. They did not know exactly what to make of him. They could not help feeling that he was a most impressive person, but they soon perceived that he was neither one thing nor another—neither Conservative nor Liberal, neither High nor Low nor yet Broad. It was not easy to see what he was driving at. And during the twelve years that have passed since his death, only the few who have been drawn to him by an inward sympathy have studied with any appreciative interest the volumes which he has left behind him. It is probable that his writings become less easy to understand as the circumstances which called them forth, and of which they are full, pass out of memory.

The "Life" which has just appeared, and for which his son and biographer Col. Maurice has found abundant material in letters addressed to many correspondents, will have a profound interest for those who desire to obtain a closer knowledge of Mr. Maurice and to understand better what was peculiar and characteristic in him. And the general impression that will be left on the mind of an intelligent reader will be, that he must be looked at as a "prophet," or be put aside as an incomprehensible fanatic. The critic may as well pass him by as hardly worth his notice, unless he will take the trouble to observe how a man, believing himself to be born with a prophetical mission, delivered his testimony in this nineteenth century. All accounts of him like that which the poet laureate has made popular in his charming "Invitation," representing him as a practical philanthropist who was at the same time fearlessly true to his personal convictions, are so inadequate as to be misleading. He had an ardent wish to be practical, and he tried hard to be what he wished; but he had to struggle against noticeably unpractical tendencies in his nature and inclinations. When he was engaged in practical work, his mind was nearly sure to be occupied with the principle or idea which his work was illustrating. He had, indeed, a strong and conscious reverence for facts; but it was for facts as revealing an order, a method, a purpose. His intense desire to sow seed, of principles and ideas, which should bear fruit in institutions and other outward realities, was not without reward; and he was a founder as well as a prophet in relation to the co-operative movement and to the higher education of women and of working men. But his strong points were not those of the inventive philanthropist or the efficient organizer. His fellow-workers early came to regard him as one who brought them inspiration, and those who valued him most learned to look up to him and to ac-

* *The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, chiefly told in his own Letters.* Edited by his Son, FREDERICK MAURICE. With Portraits. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

cept his testimony. His letters make it perfectly clear that he regarded his own position as a peculiar one. He had hardly reached manhood when he began to believe that a special task of witness-bearing was laid upon him.

Allowance must at the same time be made for one distinct cause of obscurity in his writings, which may be rightly ascribed to a peculiar modesty, but which is not unconnected with his prophetical impulse and manner — his habit of alluding to opinions and movements with which his readers or hearers could not be reasonably assumed to be familiar, as if the faintest hint was sufficient to bring them clearly to their minds. It was his instinct to think others better informed than himself; and then he never thought of himself as communicating information, but always as seeking to awaken some inquiry or conviction in those whom he addressed. The very rapid movement of his style carries the reader on with it, so that he hardly takes account of some allusion on which the full understanding of a sentence or a paragraph may depend; and when the subject of the allusion is recognized, the reader may still be uncomfortably conscious of having been unable, for want of knowledge, to estimate duly the force of the comparison or the argument involved in it. But this is not the chief reason why Mr. Maurice has gained the character of being unintelligible. His whole spiritual work, as consciously undertaken and performed, demanded more of patient and exceptional attention than most men have cared to give to it. His contemporaries have had some excuse for being perplexed by him.*

If it should seem to any that a consciousness of a prophetical vocation must imply a good deal of self-confidence, Mr. Maurice is a convincing example that this need not be so. There was in him an extraordinary and almost overpowering humility. His habit of self-depreciation and self-reproach was somewhat trying to his hearers; his readiness to ascribe to himself shameful shortcomings, helpless ignorance and inaptitude, hundreds of blunders, might seem to have become a mannerism. But no one can read the "Life" without seeing how painfully sincere all this feeling was. His mode of expression was habitually vehement: but self-depreciation was rooted in his hereditary constitution and deepened by his early history; and his fellowship with the Righteous Father, as it grew continually closer, made him only the more conscious of personal unworthiness.

As is so generally the case with remarkable men, Maurice owed what was uncommon in him to his mother rather than to his father. She had a rare depth of nature, in comparison with which her husband's spiritual capacity was but ordinary. There is a mildly tragic element in the inner history of the grave Puritan family of which Frederick Maurice was a member. The father was a Unitarian minister and took pupils; the family had good connections and were in comfortable circumstances. Frederick was the only son; three daughters were born before him, and five after him. An hereditary Puritanism formed the religious atmosphere of the family. The father was personally an intelligent Liberal of his time, held in esteem by those who knew him, and receiving the full tribute of dutiful affection from wife and children. But the mother's nature, essentially shy and reserved, was driven inwards by the absence of anything which could tempt it to expand. Her force was reproduced in many of her daughters; in some of them with a readiness of self-assertion which was foreign to her character. When Frederick was ten years old, the three elder sisters renounced Unitarianism; and in a letter written to her father, though he was then in the house, the youngest of them, sixteen years old, gives him this

* The late Charles Buxton, whose nobly ingenuous mind could not fail to be impressed by Maurice's spiritual authority, told me once that he had recently mentioned him to Lord Macaulay, asking if he had in any way become acquainted with him. "Oh, that is the man," answered Macaulay in a tone of scornful impatience, "that wants to apply a sponge to the national debt." Charles Buxton expressed a doubt whether this was so; but Lord Macaulay was quite confident that he was right. I was unable to guess what could be meant, so I asked Mr. Maurice himself if he could suggest any explanation. "I think," said Mr. Maurice, with a patient smile, "he must have confused me with Francis Newman, who has proposed some questionable plan of paying off the debt."

emphatic notice: "We do not think it consistent with the duty we owe to God to attend a Unitarian place of worship." The father replies in a few words, expressing deep distress. There is an observation in one of Mr. Maurice's dialogues, which evidently describes his own mother: "My mother's Calvinism came to me sweetened by her personal gracefulness, by her deep charity and great humility." Ten months after the daughter's letter, the mother *writes* to her husband as follows: —

I am truly unhappy, my dearest friend, to see how much you suffer. I wish it were in my power to comfort you. . . . I can think of only one cause by which we can in any way have been led to the present circumstances — a desire that our children should be serious . . . It can be no *shame* to *us* that we were obliged to resort to authors of different *opinions* from ourselves, to give our children serious impressions, to teach them the end for which existence was bestowed upon them. It is, however, a shame to Unitarians in general that they have so few books of this kind. From my own experience, I can say that I am driven to read books which continually introduce doctrines that I cannot discover in the Scriptures, because I find so few Unitarian publications that make an impression on the heart, influencing it by forcible motives to right conduct. You feel an anxiety that the youngest children should not be biassed to doctrines which have separated the elder ones in religious worship from us, though I must say we were never so united in *duty* . . . Accomplishments and literature will neither enable them to discharge their duties, nor support their minds in the numerous trials they must have to endure. How anxious I am that now, whilst their minds are tender and easily impressed, they could have books that would give them right views of life, plain directions for duty, and the greatest supports in affliction! I should not like to be responsible for withholding *principles* from them, for fear of their imbibing *doctrines* different from my own. [In this distinguishing between principles and doctrines we see one of her son's most constant testimonies anticipated.] But in this I cannot judge for you, for though I lament our children's opinions on account of the sorrow you feel, I cannot bring my mind to regret them, whilst I see that they are influential in producing good fruits.

In the course of another year Mrs. Maurice became alienated from the Unitarian creed. "In September, 1881," writes Col. Maurice, "she gave her husband a paper which, in consequence of her great distress at causing him trouble, seems to have taken her nearly a year in composing, to ask him how she could, with least pain to him, attend some other public worship than his." The husband, in reply, refers to the younger children: "I will require their attendance on my ministrations and their assembling at my domestic altar till they can assign a satisfactory reason for their own separation. I have the painful, the afflicting, prospect, from all they see and hear, that they will follow the steps of those who may one day feel the anguish I now feel." The anticipation was fulfilled. All the members of the family, except the father, ceased to be Unitarians. The mother followed her daughters in adopting Calvinistic views; but she could never quite satisfy herself that she was one of the elect.

The young Frederick Maurice grew up at home, his father's pupil, and did not formally renounce Unitarianism till after he had left Cambridge. All accounts represent him as having been from the first peculiarly sensitive, dutiful, and unselfish. His cousin, Dr. Goodeve, thus writes of him: —

We were brought up very much together. Sons of two dear sisters, almost in the same nursery, in the same school as boys, and continually associated as young men till I went to India in 1830 (when Frederick Maurice was twenty-five), I had great opportunities of watching his early character and progress, and I rejoice to have an occasion of repeating now, what I often said then, that during that time I never knew him to commit even an ordinary fault or apparently to entertain an immoral idea. He was the gentlest, most docile and affectionate of creatures; but he was equally earnest in what he believed to be right, and energetic in the pursuit of his views. It may be thought an extravagant assertion, a mere formal tribute to a deceased friend and companion, but, after a long and intimate experience of the world, I can say with all sincerity that he was the most saintlike individual I ever met — *Christ-like*, if I dare to use the word.

To such a boy, endowed with those

intellectual and spiritual powers which afterwards became manifest, the earnest differences of belief on vital questions which broke the family harmony must have been intensely painful, and the occasion of incessant anxious inquiry. Few indications remain of what were his inner thoughts during that interesting period of his life. Mr. Maurice himself says, in an autobiographical fragment, "these years were to me years of moral confusion and contradiction;" but he does not further lift the veil. It seems to be certain that till he was nearly twenty-five he kept his struggles and searchings and most inward convictions to himself. There is one exception to this reticence, a tantalizing one. It had been assumed that he would become a minister like his father; but at the age of sixteen he expressed a desire to go to the bar, and this led to his leaving home for a time. During this absence he became intimately acquainted with a lady, a friend of the family, who was a disciple of Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen. Some correspondence took place between them, and her letters, but not his, appear to have been preserved. He spoke of himself with more than a youthful melancholy, as "a being destined to a few short years of misery here, as an earnest of and preparation for the more enduring state of wretchedness and woe," and applied to himself the phrase, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." His correspondent asks him, "Where is your authority for regarding any individual of the human race as *destined* to misery either here or hereafter?" and appeals to the character of God, which, if he is love, must be traduced by such a representation. Col. Maurice observes, "It is evidently the first time that this idea has ever been presented to his mind." If this is so, it will follow that from this lady came the most important seed that was ever dropped into Frederick Maurice's mind — the seminal principle of what was most characteristic in his theology. But for some years there is no distinct sign of its having taken root. His utterances during his Cambridge life, and for a little time after, abundant and eager as they were, dealing with literature and philosophy and life, containing the germs of what he was afterwards accustomed to teach on such subjects, are yet, in marked distinction from his later utterances, expressly untheological. The thought of God was in his mind, a clear and overmastering faith in God was forming itself there, and was really the root of his other beliefs, but he has not yet the freedom to name God. Writing to his father in February, 1829, he says: "One reason why I have not enjoyed as much happiness as I might is that I have felt a painful inability to converse even with those who loved me best upon the workings of my mind. . . . My lips have been hermetically sealed to those who had a right to expect frankness from me." He makes confession of this as a "crime." But we may trace his reticence to causes which the "Life" sets plainly before us, — his constitutional reserve and self-distrust, his sensitive and reverential attachment to a Unitarian father and a Calvinist mother, and the steady growth of convictions which diverged equally from Unitarianism and Calvinism. The letter in which he makes these reproaches against himself was written shortly after a visit to his home, in which, as Col. Maurice says, "he for the first time spoke out at least part of his thoughts to his mother and his sister Emma." Till then, his father seems to have hardly been aware that his son also had found Unitarianism wanting. From that time his theology begins to appear in his letters, and to form more and more the staple of them. Whilst he was musing on things unknown to those nearest to him, the fire kindled, and at the last he spake with his tongue.

There is sufficient evidence that Maurice made a strong impression on the most intellectual of his contemporaries at Cambridge. Their high estimate of him must have been due to the loftiness of his character, his ardent utterance, and, above all, his penetrating insight. His extreme shyness must have created difficulties in intercourse; he had no academical distinction, no variety or versatility of endowments. But those who were wishing to understand themselves and things around them, found in Maurice a grasp of ideas and principles, an intolerance of conventional fallacies, a defiance of the authority of the world, a power of discerning method and order, which constrained them to look up to him. As a measure of the admiration which it has been possible to entertain for Maurice as a thinker and seer, I will mention — not without shrinking a little from the smile which the estimate will call forth from the ordinary critic — what Archdeacon Hare once said to me. Referring expressly to the highest endowments, he declared his belief that no such mind as Maurice's had been given to the world since Plato's. But assuredly no one possessing great mental

powers has ever laid them more deliberately at the foot of the cross. Having learnt to see all things in God, the God revealed through Christ, he accepted it as his one vocation to bear witness of God. There was no sphere of thought or life which to him was exempt from the presence and operation of God; there was none in which he was not himself interested, and on which the acknowledgment of God did not seem to him to throw some light. He believed that God was dealing with every man; and he would sometimes speak as if to name God, — the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, — might be enough to awaken a recognition of the divine presence in the heart of a hearer. His writings are mostly sermons; but in any writing of his what might be called a tendency to preach was nearly sure to be perceptible. If he was giving a history of events or of thought, he could not describe them without seeking to see and to show how some divine purpose was revealing itself through the things he was relating. When he says paradoxically in one of these letters that he found the Book of Isaiah much easier to understand than Lord Mahon's history, he means, no doubt, that Lord Mahon did not help him to see the meaning, below the surface, by which the occurrences which he reported were connected together and made instructive.

He himself was ardent in interpreting movements and institutions from the point of view of a divine education of mankind. He took for granted that every leading man, every social creation, had some witness to bear. Of no other man could it be said that he lived more completely in the region of ideas; of no other, that he had a more genuine reverence for facts. He had a great scorn for abstractions; history of all kinds was the authority to which he paid homage. He always declined to consider the opinions of any philosopher apart from his life. Towards all institutions coming down from the past — monarchy, aristocracy, the national Church, other religious bodies, — he had what might seem a somewhat blind conservatism; but it was because he regarded them as commissioned to do some divine work, or set forth some aspect of the divine nature; and so far as the existing representatives of such institutions failed to execute their commission, he held that they were doomed to be set aside. His unvarying formula from the beginning of his speculations was, that all that was positive in any system was good, all that was negative was bad. The cautious reader of "The Kingdom of Christ," of the "History of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," of the Cambridge lectures, will often feel that he is being hurried on too fast, that he is expected to know and see and discriminate, where he is looking for information. But he may always take for granted that the author is looking for the living truth, the divine meaning, in every opinion or system or personal history that he touches, and that he wishes his reader to apprehend this for himself. Mr. Maurice evidently describes his own aim as well as that of others, when in an early review of Hare's "Guesses at Truth," written when he was twenty-three, he speaks of those "who make it their great object to set free their own minds and those of their fellow-men, to feel as deeply and think as earnestly as they can, and to teach others to do so; who would bring us to truth, not by tumbling us into a stage-coach, — none of which travel that road, and which would certainly take us wrong, — but by lending us a staff and a lantern, and setting us forward on our way for ourselves." Such persons, he justly says, are not the most popular sort of guides.

One stumbling-block, for which the reader of Maurice should be prepared, is his continual denunciation of systems and opinions as distinguished from principles and methods. It is hopeless to understand him without being able in some degree to apprehend this distinction. When it is apprehended, it will assuredly be felt to be a most real and vital one. Mr. Maurice hardly assumes that, at the best, we can do without systems and opinions. But he assumes, what every one will admit, that truth and reality exist independently of all systems and opinions; and he assumes further, that men in general are continually forgetful of this independence of truth. They are so from two impulses. The logical faculty, which, as Mr. Maurice held, has a very inferior power for the discovery of truth as compared with the spiritual nature and the experience of life, is busy and self-assertive, and delights in the creation of a system. And the system which a man has built up or chosen he is apt to value as his own, and to be ready to uphold and contend for. Truth needs to be sought humbly, and with deference to the deeper instincts and to the demonstrations of experience. Mr. Maurice always claimed the methods of inductive philosophy as not only sound in their own sphere, but

as the right methods of moral and spiritual investigation. But truth, to him, was identical with the nature and purposes and works of God; of God who was always teaching men and drawing them to himself. He was instant, therefore, in warning others and himself against substituting devotion to a system and opinions for the habit of searching after the living truth. Logical completeness he regarded as a snare; logical difficulties had very little effect upon him. The vital question was what view met the needs of the spirit and of human society, what apprehensions got hold of the foundations of life, in what faith men might struggle into victory and light. In respect of his own opinions Mr. Maurice was by no means tenacious. To those about him he always seemed, in practical matters, singularly modest and humble. He was sometimes rather alarmingly ready to adopt suggestions made by any in whose judgment he had confidence. But it is needless to say with what fearless devotion and eagerness he maintained a truth which appeared to him to be impugned.

It might strike some as a paradox that, whilst thus distrusting systems, Mr. Maurice insisted so strongly upon the value of creeds and articles. There may have been something of the enthusiasm of a convert in this insistence. But it seemed to him a sure fact of experience that the Creeds of the Church catholic and the Articles of the Church of England served to "deliver men from the tyranny" of the systems and opinions of the day. He revered the Creeds because they set forth the divine nature and divine acts as objects of human faith. The Thirty-nine Articles he regarded with less reverence, but with genuine respect, as setting forth, in language which had issued from a time of earnest spiritual conflict, the special position of the Church of England, for the guidance of its clergy. Of all things that he thought enslaving, the dominion of religious public opinion seemed to him the most deadly. He was not the less likely to entertain this feeling, because the religious opinion of his day contradicted some of his own most cherished convictions. Against this opinion he took his stand on the Creeds and Articles. In these, as in all things, he looked to the vital constitutive principle rather than to details of expression. Subordinate phrases or statements he claimed the right, or it appeared to him to be the rational course, to interpret somewhat freely in accordance with the dominant principle. Looking to their substance, he was in the closest sympathy with the Articles as well as with the Creeds. He even defended the signing of the Articles by youths as the condition of entrance at Oxford, in a pamphlet of which Archdeacon Hare spoke as follows: —

> I know no work comparable to it in reach and depth and power of philosophic thought produced by any minister of our Church within the last hundred years; and though my opinion on the immediate topic was and still is different from the one therein maintained, I never read a book which so compelled me to love and revere its author.

He defended also the Athanasian Creed, affirming with vehemence that no document warned him so solemnly not to think of men as likely to be punished for intellectual errors. He changed his opinion, however, about the policy both of imposing the Oxford subscription and of requiring the Athanasian Creed to be read in churches.

I have spoken of his being animated by the enthusiastic partiality of a convert. Certainly, the Church of England, as a branch of the Church catholic, never had a more passionately loyal adherent. This statement may surprise some who have heard of him as a somewhat freethinking clergyman. But those who read this "Life" will see that the loyalty of a convert remained steadfast in him to the end of his days. It was not till he was twenty-eight, in January, 1834, that he was ordained. When he left Cambridge, at the age of twenty-one, he came to London with the intention of preparing for the bar, but for some three years he was chiefly occupied with literary journalism, making no profession of theological belief. At the end of that time he let it be known that he had been inclining towards the ministry of the Church of England; and, urged apparently by no more definite reason than impulses of humility, he determined to go through the undergraduate course at Oxford. He went there in 1829, and took his degree in 1831. It was a time of peculiar interest, when the thoughts which presently found expression in the Oxford movement and in the Tracts for the Times were stirring in the minds of several persons whose influence was already highly attractive in the university. But there is no sign that this movement produced any such impression upon him as to disturb or modify the progress of his own belief. He was becoming more and more convinced that he was called to bear witness to the per-

fect character of the one God. He writes to a sister in January, 1831: —

> I think I am beginning to feel something of the intense pride and atheism of my own heart, of its hatred of truth, of its utter lovelessness; and something I do hope that I have seen very dimly of the way in which Christ, by being the Light and Truth manifested, shines into the heart and puts light there, even while we feel that the light and truth is still all in Him, and that in ourselves there is nothing but thick darkness. . . . The thought that had been brought to me as if from heaven, — "the light of the sun is not in you, but out of you, and yet you can see everything by it if you will open your eyes," — gave me more satisfaction than any other could.

But his attachment to the historical Church of England was at the same time growing closer and more vital. Our national Church was never separated in his mind from the Church catholic. His early work "The Kingdom of Christ," is an exposition of the nature and characteristics of the Church as a universal spiritual society. But the nationality of the Church in England was almost as dear to him as the catholicity of the Church throughout the world. The nation was in his view as divine a creation as the Church. He could not think of either as without the other. The nation, he held, was properly Protestant; the Church was properly catholic. In the Church of England he found a satisfying home; and nothing pleased him more than to justify and interpret all its institutes and all its services from the point of view of faith in the living God.

There was a good deal in what he said about the Church and the sacred ministry and the sacraments that seemed to connect him with the High Church party; as did his almost scornful repudiation of Liberalism. For a short time after he was ordained he was regarded by the Oxford High Churchmen as a man who might give them valuable assistance; but Dr. Pusey's Tract on Baptism shewed him what fundamental differences separated them and him. Mr. Strachey writes, in October, 1836: "I heard him say that he had read Pusey's Tract with the greatest pain, and the conclusion he came to after it was, that if it were true, he might as well leave off preaching, for he could have no message to declare to men from God." And about the same time Maurice complains that the High Churchmen were by preference regarding the doctrines of the Church as authoritative dogmas rather than as truths, and desiring to keep the world always in the condition of childhood. I have seen a long letter written to him by Dr. Pusey, which sufficiently proves how unintelligible his position and language were to the Oxford leader. It is a kindly meant lecture, given *de haut en bas*, expressing much annoyance, and mixing correction, reproof, and encouragement. The feeling, too prevalent in the High Church party, that the word was without the direct action of the living God except so far as special Church media or channels could be provided for such action, was enough to put them out of sympathy with Maurice. But he was not drawn to any other party. The spirit of party was always a godless one in his eyes; and he felt a strong conviction that it was his duty, more than that of other men, to stand entirely aloof from all the parties of the day. His letters show how sensitive he was as to the danger of forming another party, were it only a "no-party" party. If there was one thing upon which he was resolved, it was that he would make it impossible to use his name as a party one. That he did not belong to either the High Church party or the Evangelical is easily understood; but it has been very common to reckon him as a leader in the Broad Church party. This description of him became known to Mr. Maurice, and it provoked him into vehement repudiations of "Broad Churchism." Liberalism was the hereditary creed which he had rejected; he had tried it and found it superficial. He did not recognize in it any testimony to the living God; on the contrary, it often seemed to assume that the time was come when the living God might, or must, be dispensed with. The Oxford Broad Churchism, represented in one generation by Archbishop Whately, in the succeeding by Professor Jowett, was what he chiefly had in view when he refused to be called a Broad Churchman; but it is certain that the more plausibly a party name might be applied to him, the more anxiously would he disclaim it. He refers from time to time to the isolated position which he felt constrained to take up; it had accompaniments which were painful to him, but he faced them deliberately; what he had to say to his contemporaries required that he should almost ostentatiously separate himself from parties. His interest in politics was deep and ardent, and he took for the most part the Liberal side in the political agitations of his time; but he did not take his side under the dictation of Liberalism. He was equally ready to justify

Toryism and Liberalism by pointing out the sound positive principle at the heart of each; whilst the "platform" and partisanship of each were equally distasteful to him.

There were two controversies into which Mr. Maurice threw his whole heart and soul, and by which all that was characteristic in his theology was displayed. His watchword in the one was eternal life; in the other, revelation. In both he was not acting as the champion of one school against another, but was bearing a solitary testimony in opposition to what was supported by a nearly unanimous consensus of the religious opinion of the time.

It is not easy for those who are breathing the freer air of the present day to realize how imperatively, before the controversy of Mr. Maurice with Dr. Jelf, at least a silent acquiescence in the doctrine of a hopeless future for all who died without having turned to God was demanded by the current orthodoxy. This hopeless future of never-ending torment was the basis and first doctrine of religion — the pivot upon which all preaching turned. Hell was the name of hopeless evil; heaven of secure bliss. "Die converted, and you will go to heaven; die unconverted, and you will go to hell; and you may die this moment." This was called the Gospel — a word which means good news. The doctrine that all were to be made happy in the world to come was associated, to Mr. Maurice's mind, with a heterodox liberalism which had become repugnant to him; after he became a Churchman he had an almost passionate prejudice in favor of catholic orthodoxy. It was not by any tradition or opinion of a school that he was led to rebel against that version of the Gospel. It was the perfect character of God, of which, as he would have said, he had been allowed to have glimpses, that moved him. It had become impossible for him to acquiesce in any account of God's dealings with men, which represented them as essentially unequal, unjust, unloving. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all," could not be an unmeaning proposition to him. It was not that he did not know the mystery of sin or feel the weight of guilt; to few men that have ever lived has sin been more awful. He knew that God could not compel any man to repent against his will; he could foresee no point of time at which a man must necessarily cease to be impenitent. He had no weak shrinkings from severe punishment. But the notion that the Father of all finally cut off from himself and from any possibility of repentance every man, woman, and child who in the few years of this life did not turn to him, became intolerable to him. To admit it was to do dishonor to God. But that was not all: not only was the doctrine intolerable of itself — it dragged down all theology into a low materialism. Eternal life was commonly used in the received theology for never-ending bliss; but Mr. Maurice found that in St. John eternal life meant the knowledge of the only God and of Jesus Christ whom he sent into the world. It was clear that in the Gospel theology eternity was transfigured; instead of denoting infinite time, it signified that property of the divine nature by which it was above and independent of time. Eternal life was the highest object of man's aspiration, the highest gift of God; but this was knowledge of God, fellowship with God, a partaking of the very life of God. All that was noble and elevating in religion seemed thrust aside and lost, when men were told that the one question for every man was how he could escape endless torment and obtain endless happiness. In his "Theological Essays," Mr. Maurice repudiated definitely and with emphasis this materialistic doctrine. He was at the time a professor of King's College, and the principal of the college, Dr. Jelf, felt called upon to impeach the language of the essays as heterodox and dangerous. The result of his action was that Mr. Maurice was requested by the council to resign the two professorships which he was holding. I remember that on the day on which the chairs were declared vacant he was engaged to give a reading from Shakespeare in the schoolroom of a district in Whitechapel to which I had recently been appointed. He kept his engagement and brought me the news. He spoke no word of anger or of blame; he was not depressed by his dismissal; it was evident that in his restrained and subdued manner he rather gloried in it. He would have welcomed more persecution than fell to his lot, if it had come to him without his provoking it, and if it had served to draw attention to his testimony. He was glad that men should hear that a professor had been dismissed from King's College because he declared that God's love was about his creatures in the future state as well as in this world. Certainly the principal and the council could not have done a worse thing for the creed they supposed to be orthodox than to give occasion for

this to be said. But Mr. Maurice was glad also that this dismissal was not an official act compromising the Church of England. He was never under any official condemnation. None of the bishops under whom he served even threatened any episcopal action against him. Bishop Tait forbade him to resign St. Peter's, Vere Street, when he wished to do so; the present Bishop of London pressed upon him the appointment of Whitehall preacher. As years advanced, indeed, he found himself treated with a general respect, often deepened into reverence, which caused him some misgivings.

In the other controversy he took the aggressive part. Mr. Mansel, afterwards dean of St. Paul's, delivered a course of Bampton Lectures at Oxford, in which he maintained, for the confounding of unbelievers, that the nature of God is necessarily unknowable to man, and that any reasonings about that nature are futile; but that we have in the Bible a regulative revelation given to us which we must accept for our guidance, and which it will be the worse for us if we do not follow. Mr. Mansel was so able, his knowledge so large and clear, and his argument seemed so to put philosophical infidels into a corner, that the lectures were received by the religious world in general with delight and applause. Here, it was thought, were the weapons of the enemy turned against himself. Apologetic divinity, at the best, was distasteful to Mr. Maurice; he thought it injurious to Christianity that it should be continually arguing for its right to exist. But such an apology as Mr. Mansel's seemed to him the most utterly destructive assault upon Christianity that he could conceive. It made the whole Bible a delusion and imposture; it turned the Gospel into a law more dead and more deadening than any that St. Paul had in view. It was a blow in the face to his own special testimony; it defended any amount of apparent injustice in God's dealings with men, any views concerning God which were morally intolerable, on the ground that man's spiritual faculties could take no account of the ways of God; it reduced men's higher aspirations to the most mechanical calculation of personal advantage. No wonder that Mr. Maurice's mind took fire, and blazed in indignant protest and defiance and invective against such teaching. His first attack on the Bampton Lectures, "What is Revelation?" was not, as his friends have always admitted, a specimen of calm and cool controversial writing. But it put the question on the true issue. According to Mr. Maurice's faith, the eternal God, however incomprehensible, has been and is genuinely revealing himself to the spiritual apprehension of his human creatures. The Bible is not a law, delivered as an infallible document for the government of men's lives, but a series of records describing successive stages of God's self-revelation. The Bible is a unique volume, because there was a special character attaching to the revelation of the divine nature in Jewish history and in the person of Jesus Christ. But the revelation did not cease when the last book of the New Testament was written. It is going on now; and the supremely worthy occupation for the mind of man is to be ever learning more of what God is communicating concerning himself. It is the glory of the spiritual intuitions of the humblest of mankind that they are inspirations of the divine nature. Man is bound to know himself as limited and dependent; but he has no right to disclaim community of view and purpose and will with the eternal God himself.

No believer in its infallibility has ever surpassed Mr. Maurice in genuiue reverence for the Bible. He was accustomed, honestly and effectively, to claim its support for all the doctrines that were dearest to him. He could show, as regards this question of revelation, that every book of the Bible assumed that God was revealing himself to the human spirit, and not merely laying down laws for human life. It cannot be denied that the impeachments of its accuracy made by historical and scientific criticism were unwelcome to him, and caused him pain. Bishop Colenso's discoveries about the Pentateuch, in particular, were for several reasons the occasion of deep and prolonged unhappiness, which clouded many months of his life. All that he wrote under the stress of the Colenso trouble, like his part in the Mansel controversy, bears signs of emotion. What he had to say about the Bible and its relation to modern criticism in its two branches of history and physical science is summed up in his eloquent "Letters on the Claims of the Bible and of Science." He believed that the things of man — human relations and endowments and experience — were the media and the sphere of revelation; that non-human facts were by comparison insignificant. He gave — I think it may be said — a full unquestioning faith to all that was in the moral sense strictly human

and divine in the sacred records. He was almost indifferent about the accuracy of any but the human facts, those which had to do with human hopes and struggles, in the Old Testament as in other books. To make much of arithmetical or local details caused him an impatience which he could not repress. He would always go himself, and make others go if by any means he could, to the heart of the matter. The actual course of history was to him real and sacred. A recognized order and method in the history handed down by any records was a kind of verification of that history apart from adequately demonstrative evidence. It is obvious to object to such a view, that it makes a man's own notions of what is probable and orderly the ground of historical truth. Mr. Maurice never had to learn from critics what could be said against his views; but he was in the habit of thrusting aside many objections. If what he said was true, he trusted to its truth to support it; and he never shrank from speaking vehemently, even paradoxically.

A very great exaggeration in numbers about the expedition of Xerxes — if it can be proved — may make me doubt the information, or even the veracity, of Herodotus. It will not make me doubt the truth of a battle of Salamis, and a battle of Platææ. It will not make me doubt the grand truth that a set of tiny European republics discomfited the great monarchy of Asia. These events are taken out of the region of letters. They do not depend any longer on the credibility of records. They have established themselves in the very existence of humanity. You cannot displace them without destroying that, or remaking it anew, according to some theory and fashion of your own.

How far is a judgment like this true and safe? That is one of the pregnant questions which Mr. Maurice constrains those who will listen to him to ask. I will only here put by the side of these sentences of his one or two from M. Renan ("Les Evangiles," p. v.): —

Les esprits qui n'aiment que la certitude matérielle ne doivent pas se plaire en de pareilles recherches. Rarement, pour ces périodes reculées, on arrive à pouvoir dire avec précision comment les choses se sont passées . . . Aristote avait raison de dire: "Il n'y a de science que du général." L'histoire elle-même, l'histoire proprement dite, l'histoire se passant en plein jour et fondée sur des documents, échappe-t-elle à cette nécessité? Non certes, nous ne savons exactement le détail de rien; ce qui importe, ce sont les lignes générales, les grand faits résultants et que resteraient vrais quand même tous les details seraient erronés.

That such a view leaves men without a definite opinion on a multitude of points of interest, without a conclusive answer to a number of questions that may reasonably be asked, was no argument against it. One who held, as Mr. Maurice did, that the living God was actually teaching mankind, could easily suppose that God trained men through much uncertainty to the knowledge which he thought good for them. On the most disturbing of all the recent discoveries of science, Mr. Maurice writes thus: —

The new inquiries respecting the antiquity of Man make some people tremble lest the story of Adam in Paradise should be shaken. My own anticipations from those inquiries are altogether hopeful. I know not in what they may issue. But while I have a strong conviction that, whatever way the facts go, they will make that simple story more simple and more intelligible to us, and will strip it of a thousand wilful additions, I have a still stronger conviction that we shall never really regard the Second Adam as Him by whom all things were created, and by whom all things consist — as the true Man, the actual image of the invisible God — till the first Adam occupies quite a different place in our divinity from that which he has occupied for several centuries.

Although Mr. Maurice's chief task was to prophesy, in the pulpit and out of it, he had, as I have intimated, some of the honor of a founder, through his connection with several creations to which he supplied the chief inspiration. I refer especially to the co-operative movement in England, to Queen's College, and to the Working Men's College.

In the beginning of the co-operative movement Mr. Maurice, to some extent, followed the lead of his devoted friend and sometimes trying adviser, Mr. J. M. Ludlow. But he was inevitably recognized as the leader and controller of the movement. The days of "Christian Socialism" were the days of most hope and activity in his life. He found himself the honored chief of a band of ardent young men, including, besides Mr. Ludlow, Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hughes. With them working-men of high aspirations were associated; and they all felt the animation of an enthusiastic social effort, which was making a visible impression on the working class and on society in general. Mr. Maurice's views, then denounced as revolutionary and subversive, are moderate enough now. There was nothing of "State-Socialism" in the movement. It was limited to the establishment of voluntary co-operative

associations, and to the preaching of union and fellow-work, rather than competition, as the foundation of the true social system. To the perplexity of some of those who worked with him, but in accordance with his characteristic faith, Mr. Maurice insisted that they were not trying to reorganize society, but only to discern the bases on which the actual society of which they were members was built. He would not admit that anything which held men together could be other than divine. Personal greed of money was no part of the social system; it was that which was infesting and destroying it. The State, he affirmed, was an appointed witness and security for justice and personal rights; the Church was essentially communistic. He did not desire that the State should become socialistic; he desired that the Church should sincerely and practically bear witness that all men were brothers, and that progress was to come through mutual aid and fellow-work. Christian Socialism was a voice through which much of his most earnest faith found utterance. So far as the co-operative movement failed to proclaim the living God and to affirm the divine constitution of human society, Mr. Maurice had no special delight or hope in it.

He had always been greatly interested in education; he wrote about it when he was a youth at Cambridge. He afterwards warmly advocated the claim of the Church to be, rather than the State, the educator of the people. He held that it was impossible for human beings to be properly educated unless they were taught concerning God, and without the influences of love and hope. He never abandoned these convictions; but as to the organization by which education should or could be given, he waited with characteristic humility on the teaching of experience. When it was suggested to him that an institution should be established, by the action of professors of King's College, to qualify governesses for their work, and at the same time to offer sound teaching to other ladies, he welcomed the suggestion and threw himself heartily into the scheme. Of this movement, also, he naturally became the chairman; and Queen's College looks to him with reverence as its virtual founder. Here, again, he waged war against the mercenary spirit. Eager competition for prizes was hateful and distressing to him. The pursuit of knowledge was degraded and corrupted by being adopted for the sake of what was to be got by it. It was one of his dearest hopes that Queen's College would be a witness to women of the upper and middle classes in behalf of the noblest ideals of education.

His aspirations were not less high with regard to the Working Men's College. That institution grew out of the co-operative movement. Whenever Mr. Maurice spoke about it, or addressed the members of it, he dwelt upon the duty and privilege and advantages of true human fellowship between the more educated and the less educated, upon the value of knowledge for its own sake, and upon its use as qualifying men to realize their places and to fulfil their functions in the social body. He never concealed his own conviction that the knowledge of God lay at the foundation of, and gave unity to, all other knowledge. The question how this conviction of his could be wrought into the action of the college was the occasion of some difficulties, perplexing both to him and to those who worked with him. Queen's College had been associated from the first with the Church of England; but it was not so with the Working Men's College. In establishing it, Mr. Maurice welcomed the aid of some who did not accept the creed of the Church. It was determined that no acceptance of any creed should be required of either teachers or students. But Mr. Maurice had a yearning desire, and a too sanguine hope, that the acknowledgment of God should in some way through personal influence hold a prominent place in the system of the college. It cannot be denied that he experienced a certain disappointment of this deeply cherished hope. But he took care that there should be no doubt as to his own conviction on this point, and the reverence paid to his name and spirit by all who were associated with him has at least secured that a Bible-class should take the first place in the list of classes of the college.

It was not only in the pulpit, as I have said, that Mr. Maurice was a preacher; and it was not in the exercise of his position as a clergyman that he became most widely known. But, from the time of his ordination to the end of his life, he was pouring the treasures of his heart and mind into weekly sermons which seemed to many of his hearers to have more of the divine breath in them, to come with more power and light to the inward spirit, than any which they heard from other lips. No clergyman ever discharged his appointed duties with more anxious fidelity. For some thirty-three years,

from 1836 to 1869, he was preaching in London; first at Guy's Hospital, then at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, and then at St. Peter's, Vere Street. Towards the end of this time some of his friends believed that it would be an acceptable thing to liberal-minded men throughout the country if the government were to recognize his services by appointing him to a deanery or canonry. A friend who regarded him with reverence and affection, Mr. William Cowper, now Lord Mount Temple, had had the opportunity of recommending him to the crown for the incumbency of St. Peter's. But whether he would even have accepted higher preferment is doubtful. The ideal which he had cherished was one which might almost have seemed to be mocked by preferment. He expressed his own feeling on the matter in a letter to the Bishop of Argyll (June, 1870): —

I am sure you meant the letter in the *Pall Mall* most kindly. But may I be permitted to say that the only part of it which gave me real pleasure was the announcement that there is a "vow registered in heaven" against my promotion? If, as I trust, that is so, I accept it as an answer to prayers which I offered from my inmost heart last autumn, when my friends talked to me about canonries and such things, that I might not be led into temptation by receiving offers which I felt that I ought to refuse. Supposing I could be of any service to the Church, it ought to be much more by enduring something for her — an honor of which I am not worthy — than by receiving oliveyards and vineyards from her. The Prime Minister, who represents the lay as well as the clerical feeling of the country, would, I think, be utterly wrong if he promoted me. For there is not a journal, from the *Saturday Review* to the *Record*, which does not speak of me as misty or mystical; and there is no charge so odious to every class of Englishmen as that. What party in the Church, high, low, or broad, would not disdain me as its representative?

He was to receive, however, in his later years an appointment which he accepted with grateful pleasure, and which gave him congenial and happy employment for the rest of his life. He was greatly surprised when it was suggested to him, in the autumn of 1866, that the official electors might not be unwilling to choose him for the professorship of moral philosophy at Cambridge. Having been persuaded to offer himself as a candidate, he was elected almost by acclamation. Colonel Maurice dwells with reasonable satisfaction on the tribute thus paid to his father's intellectual standing. On going to Cambridge, Mr. Maurice was welcomed with a respect and sympathy for which he was not at all prepared, and which made all his relations with the university gracious and happy. He was always glad to speak with praise of what he saw at Cambridge. His professorship afforded him an opportunity which he much valued, of giving a more definite and complete expression to the thoughts about morality of which his mind had been always full. The published courses of lectures on the conscience and on social morality are the ripe fruits of a method which put forth its early leaves in the old Cambridge undergraduate days.

If it is pleasant to those who loved and honored Mr. Maurice to look back to these concluding years of happy labor, they must feel a more solemn joy in the records which his son has been able to give us of the last days. In the closing scenes of his life there was nothing unworthy of the faith and hope and love by which its noble efforts had been sustained. He died as he had lived. And such a man assuredly has not lived in vain. Some definite results, in the form of visible and permanent institutions, Mr. Maurice has bequeathed to the nation which he loved and served. Who shall say what he has left behind him, in the diffused effect of the principles and ideas to which he bore witness? He has, at all events, succeeded in one object of his efforts. No one can say that he has created a party to be added to the existing parties which wage war with one another in the Church of England. This is not to be wondered at, if I have been right in claiming a place for him "among the prophets." It is not in the order of things that a man sent into the world with a prophetical mission should end as the maker of a party. What he leaves behind him is his testimony, wrought into the life of his contemporaries, and preserved in his writings for the instruction of those who follow him. And such a feeling towards himself as Mr. Maurice inspired in those who really knew him, one of reverence so profound, so unalloyed, and so tender, is too rare and too heavenly an influence to be counted of no importance in the social movement of our time.

J. Llewelyn Davies.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXI.

ABSENCE.

"Love reckons hours for months, and days for years,
And every little absence is an age."

DRYDEN.

"I am ten times undone, while hope, and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me."

ADDISON.

LIFE in a country town is not surcharged with variety or incident, and can scarcely be called even soberly amusing, unless one has a special taste for shopping, dawdling, dropping in and out of neighbors' houses, and picking up chit-chat at one tea-table to be retailed at another.

It must be said for Clinkton that it boasted some advantages over other places of the kind, in the possession of a cathedral and of a river; and the cathedral had produced for the Tufnells Herbert Mildmay, while the river had been the resource of Jem Challoner. He was now, however, debarred from even that, since the season was unpropitious, while the cathedral did as little for him in its way. He refused to enter it, and was wondered at, hinted at, had his reasons demanded, and his remissness held up to view. Did he object to week-day services? If so, he must not say so before Emily, — but did he? He let them think he did; he let them think almost anything they chose of him, so long as no one suspected a deeper and tenderer objection. Had he not but the other day sat by Matilda's side in the old church at Seaborough, and had they not listened together to the grave, quaint music, and afterwards knelt side by side, knelt and prayed, — and he was not a man — God forgive him — who often prayed, — but he had felt something like this, — if that woman there, that pure, good, beautiful woman, to whom his soul cleaved, if she might only be his, his to help him to a better life, his to lead him onward and upward, he would — and he had made a vow in his heart, and fancied for the moment it must have been heard and accepted in heaven? To go next with Mary Tufnell? With Mary on the one hand, and Emily or Bertha on the other? He could not do it.

So Emily, poor thing, had to go alone, since Bertha gave out distinctly that as it was plain she had to be gooseberry to somebody, she must say she preferred it should be to Jem and Mary; for though Jem was not a lively bird by any means, still he had the pull of Herbert in one way — he was not forever running round to walk on Mary's side, and opening doors for Mary, and buying presents for Mary, asking Mary if she were tired, and all the rest of it. Herbert made a regular dolly of Emily: Bertha never had the umbrella held over *her*, though it might be that she wore her best hat and Emily her every-day one; she had no nice boxes of goodies slipped into her muff; and she might be on the trudge from morning till night wherever Emily chose to go, without once being asked what she would like or dislike doing.

But Jem, Bertha averred, was a good old chap, and drew no such distinctions.

Indeed, whatever the party was, it was the same to Challoner. He walked and talked indiscriminately, he never bought anything for anybody, and he carried Bertha's largest parcel in addition to Mary's smallest, without any apparent consciousness as to which was which.

In consequence he was a dear; and as he made no parley over whatever he was asked to do, never had an engagement, never sought out an excuse — as he submitted to be dragged from house to house with never a remonstrance, and to be kept waiting at shop or rink with never a murmur — he was presently the best of dears.

"And I do say the way that poor Jem is put upon — *I* shouldn't stand if I was he," cried his stanch protectress Mrs. Tufnell. "It is Jem here and Jem there with all of you, till I declare I am quite ashamed. If it was only Mary now, there would be sense in that. But Bertha harries him here, and Emily harries him there ——"

"Harries! What to goodness do you mean, mamma?"

"You know what I mean well enough."

"There's no such word."

"You know what I *mean* well enough; what does the word matter? I says it's a sin and a shame to keep that poor dear standing about in all the cold doorways in this weather, while you girls are amusing yourselves inside ——"

"He won't come inside; it is his own fault; he will stop in the doorways."

"That's nonsense: that's just him all over; he thinks he'll be in the way. There he was to-day —— Oh, I saw you all — I saw *you*, though none of you saw *me* — and there he was half an hour at Smith's door if he was a minute. I went by when you three walked up, and saw you — you, Bertha, and Mary go in, and Jem turn back and lean against the wall outside;

and when I came back — and I had been away a good half hour, for I could not have got to the Greens and back in less — he was there still. Now, if it had only been for five minutes or so, shop windows are well enough for a little while, but —— I was saying shop windows are diverting enough in their way, Mr. Jem," as Challoner entered, "but I doubt the girls give you too much of them. I like to flatten my nose now and again myself, but I never get a chance nowadays; there's so much to be done, and papa likes to keep the horses going. That's the worst of horses: I am sure I don't care to drive, drive, drive every day of my life; I'd as soon stop indoors to look after things sometimes. But papa says the horses and James are best out; and the girls are none of them for the carriage — it's not amusing for young people; they can't see their friends, leastways stop and chat and look about them, as they can when they are on their feet; so I have just got into the way of it, and James comes round every day at two o'clock regularly."

"Jem had better drive with you, mamma, if you think it would be more to his taste than being with us," suggested Jem's *fiancée*, with ready pertness. "No doubt your society would divert him much more than ours."

"We don't want him if he don't want us," added her sister.

"And as to our keeping him at the shop doors, it was about his own errand we were in at Smith's; he will not take any sort of trouble about it himself ——"

"About what?"

"His Turk's dress; his dress for the ball. He is going as a Turk. We have settled it for him; we think he will make a lovely Turk. Do be quiet, Jem; I'm not saying it's you that is lovely. And the ball is coming on, and yet he has never given the order!"

"But you have given it?"

"No, indeed. I only went in to see Smith on the sly. Jem never knew what I was about until this moment," looking at him to see the effect; "and Smith says he could manage it perfectly, if Jem would only go and speak himself."

"Well, he must go then — go at once," cried her mother, won over to the enemy directly. "Dear me, Mr. Jem! what have you been about? Lord! you may be thrown out altogether! Why, now, do look about you, and don't leave it to the last, as you men always do. I met Willie Dobb just now, and for all he was the one to set the ball agoing, he makes believe now that he is too great a gentleman to know anything about it. Says I to him, 'Well, Mr. Willie, and what are you to be?' 'Oh, Mrs. Tufnell,' says he, as grand as you please, 'I haven't made up my mind yet,' he says. 'I shall just leave it to my tailor,' says he. Leave it to his tailor! a likely story! By-and-by it leaks out that he has got it all as pat as ninepence. 'I may have something of this kind,' he says — but I am sure I forget what kind; and though he is so fine and so fashionable, I'll be bound Willie Dobb has thought little else but what he can do to set himself off since ever the ball was first talked about."

"I wish Jem would," said Mary. "He only laughs, and says if the worst comes to the worst, he can wear a mask."

("He wears that already," said Challoner, under his breath.) "Oh, don't you fear, don't you fear," responded the easy mother; "Jem is just tantalizing you for a bit of mischief. He and Willie Dobb are a couple. The end will be that the two of them will turn out the smartest there."

"I met Walter Moss to-day, — what do you think he is going as?" said Bertha. "You will never guess. Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in a complete suit of chain-armor. He says he ordered it the very day he got his invitation. Think of Walter Moss as Richard Cœur-de-Lion!"

"Think of the cost of it!" said her mother. "Well, I am not one to grudge money — and to be sure the Mosses are rolling, as one may say; but that chain-armor — and he would never think of having it on hire. Well, well," nodding her head. "And what is Charlotte to be, Bertha?"

"A haymaker, with a rake and a basket. And won't she look like one? With her red face ——"

"Come, come, no ill-nature; we are all in the same boat," said Mrs. Tufnell comfortably; "and a red face is what every haymaker gets with working in the sun. Charlotte is very sensible not to be above the character. I was afraid of what Charlotte might do, to own the truth. Mary Queen of Scots, or such like."

"Miss Beadel is to be Mary Queen of Scots, you know. Charlotte could not run in couples with Miss Beadel."

"Miss Beadel, Mary Queen of Scots!" cried her mother, upsetting in her amazement her tea into her saucer, and by a violent lunge just saving farther mischance. "My word! Bertha, you are hoaxing. Ain't you, then? Well, I

wouldn't have believed it. Ridiculous creature; and at her age too! As yellow as a guinea, and as lean as a fiddle-string! Set her up with a velvet dress and pearls!"

"It is her old velvet that is to be made to do," said Bertha, giggling. "And she says *that* is why she has chosen the character. She is going to cut down the neck ——"

"Humph!" from her mother.

"And put in hanging sleeves of muslin ——"

"Ay, they are cheap enough."

"And work in the pearls herself — old Roman pearls that she has lying by. And she has got a wire frame to stand up at the back, and it is to be covered with muslin and pearls to match; like the photograph, you know. She has the photograph in front of her to work by, and she is really doing it very well."

"And what about the head? The head is the touch. She is never going to make up the cap herself?"

"Indeed she is then. And I have promised to look in and tell her how it does when it is finished," said Bertha, with all the family good-nature. "She is not going to have a stitch put into anything by anybody but herself; and she reckons the whole thing will only cost her fifteen shillings, gloves and all."

"And me paying more than that in guineas! But however," said Mrs. Tufnell, recovering — "however, I am not Martha Beadel; and as I have a husband who stints me for nothing, — for I will say that for papa, he has been handsome to us all this time, — well, I'll not disgrace him. 'Tis all very well for Martha Beadel to cut and chop her old gowns and try to make them pass for new ones; but it would be a pretty thing if I were to play that trick. Don't you tell papa, girls, whatever you do," in alarm; "do you hear that, Mary? Don't you let out to papa about Miss Beadel getting nothing new for the ball: we should never hear the last of it."

"Papa is quite as full of his own appearance as other people," said Mary. "Everybody is but Jem," with a glance of resentment. "Every one takes an interest in it; and the Dobbs are so beset with requests for invitations, from people wanting to bring other people, that Mrs. Dobb says it is of no use — their rooms cannot go on stretching forever; and though they are going to turn every stick of furniture out of the place, and use all the down-stairs rooms, they cannot take in another soul. There is a Miss Juliet Appleby ——"

An involuntary movement from Challoner.

"Oh, you know her, Jem?"

"I have — have met her; yes. I know *a* Miss Appleby at least; it may not be the same."

"Was her name Juliet?"

"Juliet?" He looked as though trying to recollect, and blushed for himself as he did so.

"Well, was she a friend of the Windlasses — those people your sister knows?"

"The people my sister knows. Really," said Challoner, affecting to laugh, "really that is rather a wide surface to work upon. I know the Windlasses a little myself; but I did not know they were acquainted with Miss Appleby, nor that she was here with them," which was true enough.

This was his first intimation as to where Juliet was, since, although he had come across her once or twice after the lecture, he had not been obliged to speak. He did not think she had seen him. Once indeed they had almost touched each other beneath an archway, and as by a chance he had been alone, he had almost made himself known for the purpose of discovering how much or how little she had learned about him. But the stake was too high; he had hung back, and let her walk along in front of him — only a few feet in front of him — for a quarter of a mile, leaving it to chance whether they should fall foul of each other or not. Chance had elected that they should not, that time.

Then, again, he had seen her step out of a brougham and enter a shop — the next shop to one in whose doorway he was waiting as usual — and he had thought Juliet could hardly have avoided seeing and recognizing him on that occasion; but she had: she had passed inside, and ere she had emerged again he had vanished. The third glimpse had been merely of the top of her bonnet. But he had remembered the bonnet as having been one which Matilda had noticed and had not admired. Teddy had defended poor Juliet's tawdry taste; but Teddy's defence was never good for much, and Challoner had joined in the laugh: now the sight of the sprightly plume in the streets of Clinkton sent a throb to his heart.

He had almost grown callous as to the proximity of Juliet herself; that she had not her stopping-place anywhere close at

hand had soon been obvious, and he could have heard with satisfaction that she was with the old-fashioned out-of-the-way Windlasses, had it not been for this insufferable fancy ball.

"Well, she wants an invitation now," said Mary. "The Dobbs and the Windlasses do not visit. Mrs. Dobb says she does not know why she is sure, but they never have left cards on each other, and so, of course, she had never thought of asking them. But this Miss Appleby is dying to be there on Friday. So she has got the Greens to ask for her, and she is to come with their party."

"Provided Mrs. Dobb will have her, I suppose."

"Oh, Mrs. Dobb makes an exception in her favor, of course," said Mary, laughing. "Mrs. Dobb will go on making exceptions for a good while yet, you may be sure. And she is as proud as possible of being so run upon; she would not turn away a sweep, let alone Miss Juliet Appleby!"

"Harry Swilly is going as a Chinaman," began Bertha. It was endless. Cold and raw as the day was, Challoner went out of doors again; he really could not stand more at one time.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHALLONER PLAYS HIS PART.

"If, when she appears i' the room,
Thou dost not quake, art not struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy words twice over,—
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew."
SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

NOTHING was now heard but of the fancy ball from morning till night. Everybody professed curiosity and anxiety as regarded the dresses and characters chosen by their friends, and everybody had a very real and unaffected interest in, and desire to make known, their own.

"What are you to wear? What are you to be?" was the inevitable first question, followed by a careless "Very pretty. Very nice. That will just suit you. *I* am going as ——" entering into the minutest details. No age nor sex was exempt from the infection; no one was too old or too young, or too wise or too fine (excepting Willie Dobb, and even Mrs. Tufnell saw through him), to care how they went, and how they looked. Heads of families — sober, grey-headed men, who would have to pay the bill afterwards — might indeed put out their lips and raise their eyebrows, but they went and got measured all the same, and did not above half like being told that the fly-away coat-tails and tight breeches in the corner were for the *young* gentlemen, and that something more suitable would be forthcoming for them; whilst their portly spouses whispered merrily behind fans, spread their fingers to show the breadth of the lace on their trains, and threw up their eyes in describing the height of the plumes that were to nod upon their powdered curls.

It appeared that there were to be two Harry the Eighths, three ill-fated Marys of Scotland, a Joan of Arc, a Cleopatra, a William Penn, several Puritans, and at least half-a-dozen vivandières. "And what do you think those barrack gimcracks are going to do?" cried Tufnell, in disgust indescribable. "Going in their uniform! In *their* uniform! The uniform of the 150th, if you please. And Mrs. Dobb may lay her account to it that every one of the hundred and fifty of them will be there, now that it is not to cost them so much as a clean shirt. It is a clever get-out, isn't it, Challoner? Poor devils! they haven't a brass farthing among 'em."

Mary Tufnell had in duty bound consulted her Jem on the all-important subject. He had been in luck: he had chanced to remember a dress that had struck his fancy on a similar occasion, and by describing it,—a plain black gown, with white cap, apron, and collar, and red cross on the left arm — the costume of a hospital nurse, in short,—he had been saved further discussion; for "What do you think she did?" cried her delighted mother, afterwards; "she just went and ordered it straight away, and surprised him with it on in the drawing-room! I'm bound to say it's neat; but 'tis scarce dressy enough, to my taste. If one is to be dressed up, you know — but, however, if it pleases Jem. And was it not nice of Mary? And Jem has hit off her pretty back and waist for certain. Herbert, now, could not think of anything but a Dolly Varden for poor Emily. I call that common. And papa standing treat for the girls, and ready to pay anything, as it will be the last time — for two of them any way. They should have been allowed to get something better than Dolly Vardens out of papa."

But though the accidental mention of an effective costume did something for Challoner's reputation, and just saved him from being said to take *no* interest in the

event of the day — and though this suggestion was, we may add, assiduously circulated in the circle as an apology for Mary's plainness, and also out of justice to papa, added Mrs. Tufnell — still he might have been in disgrace again soon enough, had it not been for what he had just heard regarding Juliet Appleby. Within twenty-four hours after learning her intentions, he had given strict and lavish orders about his own dress. It was to be made at once, and made in the best style, and all past remissness was condoned on the spot.

But lest our readers should be under any misapprehension on the subject, we may just inform them aside, that this sudden awakening meant precisely the reverse of what appeared, — that as long as Challoner saw no escape from the dreadful revel — nothing for it but to be led there a captive at the wheels of his fair — the doleful vision so oppressed him, that he was perforce numb and nerveless beforehand; but that no sooner did he resolve *not* to go to the ball — no sooner did he gather himself together to revolt and flee — than he went gaily to the tailor's.

Do not be too hard upon him: he was almost beside himself.

A note had come for him in the morning from Lord Overton — Lord Overton, who scarcely ever asked his sister for a stamp. He had himself written to Challoner, and the missive had arrived at breakfast-time. There had been but a few words: —

"DEAR CHALLONER, — The frost has come at last, and we are keeping the home ponds for you. Come to-morrow, if you can. If not, next day. Yours truly. — OVERTON."

"Come to-morrow, if you can." If — you — can? — ay, for there was the rub. "To-morrow" was the day on which he got the invitation; and though he had told the writer that such an invitation would bring him at any time, on however short a notice, he had paused until he had heard about Miss Appleby; then he had ordered his suit. With Overton's note in his pocket he had walked to the shop, done his own errand, and then accompanied the ladies on theirs. He had never been more gentle, more compliant. They had ventured to consult him about the rouge for their cheeks, and the juice wherewith to stain his own skin; and he had responded to every summons, and started up to execute every desire in a way that quite wrung Mrs. Tufnell's soft withers, who now frankly allowed that she had never done that poor dear justice before — no, that she had not; for, much as she had always thought of Mary's Jem, she had just felt, felt a little lately as if he were coming it Willie Dobb over them, and had thought he might have tried to look a little more as if he cared about what pleased them all so much, — and, to be sure, everybody knew that Willie Dobb *did* care, in spite of his fal-la airs; but the worst of Mr. Jem was, she really had been afraid he did *not*, — and that was the honest truth. But, dear, now she felt quite reproved; and indeed she had owned as much to papa, who had said — what do you think he had said? Why, that he only thought the more of Jem for not being carried away by tomfoolery. "'Had he been one of those jackanapes of officers,' says papa — for you know papa never could stand the officers, — 'had he been one of *them*,' says papa, 'you would have seen another story.' Papa is quite mad with them for going in their red coats, poor things; but what else have they got to go in, say I? It is all very well for papa, who has only to put his hand in his pocket, — but we can't all be like him; and, for my part, I think none the worse of the young men for saving a penny. However, Jem pleases papa best, and that is as it should be, you know."

"I suppose you have heard what they are going to do with me," said papa himself, presently. "It has come in just now, the finery, and there are no fewer than three boxes. Three boxes! The half of my dressing-room is taken up with them, and a whipper-snapper of a tailor is coming to-night to see that I am all right. 'Pon my word, I shall feel monstrous queer, I expect. What do you say, eh? How about the Turk? Will you be at home in your filigree? Will you be able to dance?"

"I am not a dancing man. No, I don't suppose I shall be dancing to-morrow night," replied Challoner, looking down with something like a smile on his face, as he made an inward interpretation of the phrase.

"You leave it to the boys and girls? Quite right too. Much room will they get to flounce about in, however, if what young Dobb tells me is true; over a hundred people, and their rooms are very little larger than our own. They have a goodish-sized hall — that will help them. If we go in time to see the rest arrive, that will be the best of the fun, to my

fancy. I told Dobb we should be there early; we are old friends of the Dobbs, you know" — (how often had he been told it!) — "their very oldest friends, I may say. Dobb and I have known each other these thirty years, and there has never been a word between us. You can't say that of all old neighbors. I fancy my girls knew of this ball before anybody else did; the girls and boys have all grown up together, and how we have had no match between 'em," with a laugh, "I don't understand. Saw too much of each other, perhaps. People will say my daughters set their caps higher. You, Mr. Challoner, and Herbert Mildmay, are above the Clinkton folks: yes, you are — I don't mind owning it. I'm no truckler; but when a man behaves like a gentleman — as you have done to me and mine, sir — an honest, downright, straightforward gentleman, — damn it, I'm not above saying your birth is higher than mine. You did not come after my girl's money, you came after her for herself; so has Herbert come after Emily for herself: I believe in you both, from my soul. You shall see that I do by-and-by — by-and-by," rustling with both hands in his pockets. "And as for the Dobbs, why, they are all very well in their way, — very well as neighbors, very well as friends; but between ourselves," wrinkling up his nose — "between ourselves, Jem Challoner, I am just as well pleased to have it stop there. To be sure, there's Bertha," suddenly ——

"What about Bertha?" said Mrs Tufnell, entering.

"Only talking over the ball, my dear," rejoined he placidly.

"Arranging how we are to go; are you? Oh, we have thought of that, and Bertha has promised to be dressed and off in time to let the carriage come back again for the other two and Mr. Jem; it is so short a way, the carriage can go back and forward, — and it will come for us, for you and me, last."

"But we must be in good time," cried Tufnell, "mind you. I have promised that we shall be in good time; for I have set my heart — ahem — the Dobbs are particularly anxious that we should be the first arrivals, and take up our position among themselves, and see it all. Dobb told me so himself."

"You see papa is quite full of it," nodded his spouse to Challoner.

"Oh, pooh! I? I full of it? Nonsense! I — I only care, as it amuses you. I am glad to do the civil thing by the Dobbs, my old friends the Dobbs, as I was telling Jem here just now. I am always glad to see them, they are always glad to see me; but as for their fancy ball, it is neither here nor there. If they choose to give a ball, very well; I have nothing to say; let 'em give it. Dobb knows what the length of his purse is; and if he likes to give his young people a hop, and invites us to join, I, for one, see no harm in it; and though I am an old man, and my dancing days are over ——"

"Oh now, now, we shall see what that means; oh now, now, don't believe him, Mr. Jem," cried his wife delightedly. "Don't be too sure; I should not be the least bit in the world surprised if papa was asked to open the ball with Mrs. Dobb. There! That is what I have thought all along; and you may say what you please, it is in my mind that that is how it is to be. Papa and Mrs. Dobb! I am sure I only hope that Mr. Dobb will not want me to stand up with him; for really with that great gown — what with the length of it, and the weight of it — I am sure I could never turn a figure."

"Oh come, old lady, you would curtsey with the best of 'em," rejoined her husband gallantly. "Upon my word I had never thought of it, but I should not wonder in the least if Dobb has this in his head. Either you or one of the girls ——"

"Ay, one of the girls would be far better, and so I shall tell him. It would be a compliment to the Windlasses if he were to take out Miss Juliet Appleby."

"And why should they have the compliment?" demanded her husband, somewhat tartly. "The Windlasses have never done anything to merit a compliment from any one of us, so far as I know. It seems to me they hold themselves above us plain folk; and if that's the case, I should show them and their Miss Juliet Appleby that we can do without them. Did you not say that they are not even coming themselves, but are sending this London miss with other people?"

"Is she a London miss, Jem?" inquired his daughter Mary, who had entered a few minutes previously.

"You know her, eh, Jem?" added the father, who had not heard this before; "you know her? oh! And you know the Windlasses, too, of course? Of course, I forgot. But you'll take no offence; I dare say they are excellent people. I never heard a word against 'em; but socially, you know, socially, they are not my style. You see it differently, of course;

you are of their set; and no doubt they make themselves agreeable enough to you, however high and mighty they may be to us. When Mary is your wife, she will stand by the county folks too, I dare swear," pinching her ear; "but you see, I am a plain man, and if people will take me as I am, I am neighborly; but if they are too fine for anything but a nod, and a 'How are you?' as if I was their grocer or their baker, and talk of nothing but the *weather* when they come to the bank, and won't visit me in my own house, nor know my wife and daughters, why, I don't like it, and I don't pretend to like it. And as for this London miss ——"

"But *is* she a London miss, Jem?" said Mary again.

"What she should trouble her head about our ball for, I cannot imagine," proceeded Mr. Tufnell, without a pause. "Can't she get balls enough in London without running after them down here, asking for invitations, and taking up other girls' partners? I suppose you will have to ask her" — to Challoner — "as she is a lady you know; you will have to ask her once, but I should not put myself out of my way to do it twice. Let her take her chance; let her fare as the other girls do; why should we trouble ourselves about a stranger who has nothing to do with any of us? The Windlasses not even coming with her, and Jem here the only friend she has ——"

Jem laughed; he could not help it.

"Eh?" said the banker, amazed.

"My acquaintance with Miss Appleby, sir, is so slight that it is not worth mentioning. I met her in the autumn at a house where I was pheasant-shooting. She is not likely to — to ——"

"To remember you?"

"To care to remember me. She has cut me dead twice in the street."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

JAMES HOPE-SCOTT.*

WHILST I was reading, with more anger I confess than becomes my age, some ill-natured comments on my collected poems, by one of those infallible paragraph-mongers who dispose of your life's work in a single insolent sentence, the memoir of James Hope-Scott was sent to me. At the very touch and sight of the book my mood changed at once — it was as if by the waving of an enchanter's wand a magic mirror before me had been filled with all the shapes of the past, of which past he once formed so prominent a part. I looked back through my whole life, with its hopes and disappointments, its successes and failures, its joys and sorrows; and my momentary wrath was soon followed by a profound self-contempt that I had suffered myself to be moved, for however short a time, by the idle utterances of those anonymous *ἰδιῶται*. Not that the retrospect, as far as Hope is concerned, was without its own share of pain. I felt with renewed bitterness of regret how a wall of separation had gradually grown up between us, and how our once intimate friendship, though never extinguished, as I hope and believe, had gradually drifted into abeyance. In the mean time, having read the book, what awakens in me gratitude towards Mr. Ornsby is the admirable manner in which he has illustrated Hope-Scott's distinguishing characteristic — I mean his unquenchable, and if I may say so without irreverence, his Christ-like, beneficence. I am not prepared, however, to concede to Mr. Ornsby that the Roman Church is to be credited with the birth and development of this beautiful quality, inasmuch as it was displayed in at least equal vigor before he joined that communion. Indeed, I can give an instance of how it was exercised on my own behalf whilst he was yet a fellow of Merton. Of course as we were still intimate, though even then less closely united than we had been, it does not amount to much, still many a sincere friend might have done less, with perfect self-satisfaction on his part, and complete acquiescence on mine. My father, whose health had been long declining, was seized with fatal symptoms at the end of November, 1839. Hope, who was warned of this at Merton, came over about nine o'clock to the common room at All Souls', where I then was, with a post-chaise he had already procured. He broke the sad news to me with the utmost tenderness; and then, during the inclement winter night that followed, insisted on accompanying me to town and soothing me, to the best of his power, during the dreary journey. On reading the book before me I feel now, even more than I did then, that this was a necessity of his nature, and that he would have done for other men under the same circumstances what he did for me, not so much from motives of friendship, as be-

* *Memoirs of James Hope-Scott, of Abbotsford.* By Robert Ornsby, M.A. London: John Murray.

cause the warmth of his benevolence always led him to give up his time, his sympathy, and his money, to any one in distress. This I must acknowledge is the one feature of the book in which I take a real interest, Bishop Gobat and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill being not much to my taste; and as for the Apostolical Succession, I must frankly own, though I know it will be considered a pestilent heresy, that to me the successors of the apostles are those who inherit most nearly their gifts, graces, and powers, and not a set of men, good, bad, and indifferent, who come after the other under a sort of celestial deed of entail. This notion, in my judgment, belongs to a very technical, if not to a somewhat unspiritual, creed. However, let us leave these general reflections and begin at the beginning.

I must start by correcting an unimportant mistake of Mr. Ornsby's. He says: "In 1824 James was removed to the Rev. Edward Polehampton's preparatory school for Eton, at Greenford Rectory; among his companions there were Lord Selkirk and the present Sir Francis Doyle." In 1824 I was already at Eton, and so far from having been at Mr. Polehampton's with Hope, I never heard him mention the reverend gentleman's name. My first acquaintance with Hope was in 1825, when he came to the house of Mrs. Holt, our dame. He was about two years younger than I was. I gave him my advice for what it was worth, about his verses, private business, and the like. He was wonderfully handsome and agreeable-looking, with very charming manners. We associated with each other, however, mostly *in* the house, I naturally taking my exercise and amusements with boys nearer my own part of the school, who were friends already made. For some reason or other, perhaps from indolence — an indolence which Mr. Ornsby attributes to the effects of a severe typhus fever that attacked him when in Italy — he was not particularly keen about school distinctions of any sort. I was driven to literature and verse-making because I was as blind as a bat, and somewhat lame from an early accident; but there was no apparent reason why he should not have figured conspicuously in the playing-fields, or rowed in the boats. But to the best of my recollection, he didn't do any great things in that line; nor, on the other hand, did he show much zeal for Greek and Latin; nor again, what I always regretted, would he join the debating society either at Eton or Oxford. This explains why his acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone at that time was so comparatively slight. Mr. Ornsby says he was given to punning, and I recollect the punning reason he gave for refusing to join our discussions at Oxford. He said the place was only fitted for "*des bêtes;*" however, as the first speech that he made was almost as great a success as Erskine's, practice beforehand would not probably have been of much use. Mr. Coleridge, his tutor, in a letter (pp. 13, 14), complains of his insufficient scholarship. If this is true he probably lost some at Eton, because, as he got a double remove into the fifth form shortly after he came there, Mr. Polehampton must have sent him up very well prepared. The fact is that, though Eton was a good school of its kind, it was not one of the orthodox kind — its merits, as I have said elsewhere, were quite different from those of Shrewsbury and Winchester. A boy who learnt quickly by heart, and acquired the power of putting the Virgil and Ovid which he had learnt by heart into tolerable verses, was not obliged to do anything else. This subjected us to great disadvantages at the university; we had no more chance against the Shrewsbury boys of winning the university scholarship than a half-trained horse has of carrying off the Derby; and it took us our whole three years to acquire a sufficiently accurate knowledge of Greek to go into the schools with any hope of success. This, perhaps, was one of the reasons why Hope would not attempt honors. Mr. Ornsby quotes some Latin verses of his from a copy which was sent up for good at Eton. I am rather amused at one of the expressions, because it is borrowed from a line which I recollect showing him some fifty-seven years ago, and certainly have never thought of since. In an old Eton prize poem (there were no prize poems in our time, more's the pity), was to be found a very graceful passage about the Thames —

Rodit arundineas facili sinuamine ripas, etc.

Hope, in the verses cited by Mr. Ornsby, borrows the words *facili sinuamine*, making a very harmonious cadence; but I own to a doubt whether *sinuamen* belongs to the Augustan era, and to that we were as closely confined in general as a pet squirrel is to his cage. As, however, Keats and Coleridge passed it over fifty-seven years ago, this is not of much importance now. Either I catch, or I imagine that I catch, a faint sigh of regret

coming from Mr. Ornsby, when he recalls those Eton and early Oxford days, and does not find in them a stronger religious element. I should rather have expected this regret from a Baptist than a Roman Catholic. Hope, of course, might have been one of those early pietists enriching a tract (I do not mean one of Dr. Newman's tracts, quite the reverse), and dying young in the odor of sanctity. To me, I confess an Eton boy who looks upon the devil as his special adversary, instead of "that awful left-handed Harrow bowler," and whose meditations are how to save his soul from the assaults of sin, instead of his wicket from the impulse of a leg shooter, is no object of admiration. Moreover, if Hope had been all that ultra-Calvinists desire, instead of a brilliant, handsome lad, full of spirit and promise, beloved by all about him, and showing signs of real talent to those who rightly knew what he was, Mr. Ornsby should reflect that all tractarians of that kind die in their teens, and die Protestants — so that the "fisherman's net" would have failed to secure one of its most valuable captives. At Oxford our friendship was even closer than at Eton, as we lived together both in doors and out. Our principal relaxation was riding on Oxford hacks, whose absolute duty it was always to gallop, so that they had almost forgotten the arts of trotting and walking. We read a good deal together in our rooms, principally Plato, and used to discuss him afterwards according to our lights. This still interests me as connected with almost the last flashing up of our half-extinguished friendship. A poem of mine, "The Vision of Er, the Pamphylian," founded upon a legend in the "Republic" of Plato, was privately printed before I gave it to the world. I sent it to him — this was after his conversion — with a letter to this effect: —

My dear Hope, — Circumstances have caused us to drift asunder, but I do not see that there is anything in that to prevent me from forwarding to you these verses, in memory of the books we read and the thoughts we interchanged whilst friends at Christ Church.

I received in return an affectionate reply, accompanied by an invitation to Abbotsford. This invitation I was unfortunately obliged to decline, so that I never saw him in his own house after he became a Roman Catholic. Yet, as I have said before, I hope the old feelings still lived with him as with me. Indeed I was assured as much as this by Manning (since cardinal). Manning, whom I had known fairly well at Oxford, once called upon me, if I recollect rightly, three times in one week, and on the last occasion asked me to take a walk with him in the park at some future time, to which I gladly consented; but when the day came his zeal for it had somehow evaporated, and the proposed expedition never came off. During one of our conversations I expressed my deep regret that Hope and I had become estranged, adding that as I was sure the estrangement was altogether a religious, and not a personal, one, I had never felt the smallest resentment. Manning confidently asserted in return that Hope still cherished for me the strongest regard, and went on to say that his position towards Gladstone was exactly the same as mine towards Hope; then putting on his wonderfully insinuating manner, which would have conquered me at once if I had been a woman and not a man, he continued thus: "Oh, how I wish we could get up a religious Grillon's, don't you?" Of course I did, and I told him so, fancying nevertheless that his endeavor to impress me that *he* was likely to aim at establishing such an institution was a compliment addressed to my heart rather than to my understanding. On considering the matter afterwards I have no doubt that the feeling which dictated this somewhat anomalous wish was perfectly sincere; still, if grace before and after meat be an act of devotion in which all at table join, it would have been not a little difficult to manage even this slender rite at the Barmecide feasts of his imaginary club.

And now to return to Oxford and to my friend Hope. We rode and we walked; we read and talked and dined together; we confided to each other our hopes and longings, and never, I suppose, were two men on more confidential terms than he and I, until the rift in the lute began to show itself. The gloom that fell upon him after his first year at Christ Church, and turned him from the most brilliant youth of his day into something like a hermit, made no difference as far as I was concerned, although it grieved me much. I can read now between the lines of my letter (pp. 72, 73) what it was I feared; still, if there was any danger of this, which I do not assert, it was entirely averted by his giving up the idea of taking orders, and entering upon a career of great and continuous activity. When I made my recommendation that, if he went into the Church, he should occupy himself with some important ecclesiastical or philo-

sophical work, I had in my mind the legend about Bishop Butler, who devoted himself, as we are told, to deep and earnest thinking day after day because he doubted otherwise whether he could keep himself of perfectly sound mind. In time Hope passed off to Merton, and I to All Souls', but we still saw a good deal of each other.

Our undergraduate days having ended, Hope became a fellow of Merton in 1833. Owing to circumstances now unimportant I was not elected to All Souls' until 1835, and hardly ever went to Oxford in the mean time; hence, though we still continued friends, our opportunities for intercourse were no longer the same. I am unable, therefore, to state with any precision when that sense of religion, which brought into light the deeper and grander aspects of Hope's character, began to act upon him. It certainly was not in operation during his tour on the Continent with Leader in the summer and autumn of 1832. It does not seem necessary to dwell at any length upon the years that immediately followed. After various struggles and vacillations he was called to the bar, and began at Merton and elsewhere to lead a life that may fairly be called an admirable one.

Not only did he grow more religious, but an overwhelming sense of duty constantly urged him to work hard for some high purpose. The sense of what he owed to the founder of Merton induced him to undertake the proposed reform of that college. I am not aware that this effort was of any great practical importance, except that it led him to study with care the history of other religious foundations also, and to master the law of the Church. These studies equipped him with the utmost completeness for his great speech in favor of the cathedral chapters when the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill came before the Lords in 1840. Whilst this speech was being delivered, Lord Brougham exclaimed, "That young man's fortune is made!" And so it was. How, when the money came in, he gave thousands of pounds away in charity, how he labored to promote emigration among the wretched classes of London, how he helped to establish the college of Glen Almond — all these things may be read of in Mr. Ornsby's work, but I confess that to me they are less interesting than the exquisite tenderness which he showed to individual sufferers, as when Miss Hope, his cousin, in a letter to Lady Henry Kerr writes thus: "I cannot remember details about James's extreme care to both his father and mother; only the impression is as if an angel had been in those sick-rooms. Whilst we had this sad influenza in the house, it was still more severe in the village, and I found that James was giving his unwearied attention there also; James thought of every one, and only a hint from the doctor sent him to any cottage." Again, in 1841, he made acquaintance with a certain Mr. Watson in Italy, who was dying of consumption. Hope insisted on taking charge of him, and they were proceeding to Malta when on April 15th Mr. Watson died suddenly at Naples. Once more, we are told that when an old servant of the family was seriously ill with an ulcerated leg, Hope carefully attended to him, dressed his wounds himself, and after he had recovered took care to make him comfortable for life. Finally, when his earliest tutor Mills, of Magdalen, was going to Madeira in a hopeless condition, Hope offered at once to accompany him there, and soothe his dying hours in that somewhat melancholy island. All these things recall to me our night journey in 1839, and add new warmth to that old friendship, which I, at least, never let go. The fresh element which gave color to his life during his passage through the high Anglican doctrines was the brotherly friendship which arose between him and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone in a letter to Miss Hope-Scott says: "At Oxford we were contemporaries, but acquaintances only, scarcely friends, and yet I have to record our partnership on two occasions in a proceeding which in Oxford was at that time singular enough. At the hazard of severe notice, and perhaps punishment, we went together to the Baptist chapel of the place, once to hear Dr. Chalmers, another time to hear Mr. Rowland Hill." I suppose Mr. Gladstone is sure of his facts; he took *me*, then an intimate friend, to Rowland Hill, and he took me also to Chalmers, and it is a curious coincidence that he should have done the same thing for Hope, of whom he knew very little, on two other occasions. He was perhaps in Hope's company when startled by Rowland Hill's famous peroration (I think he told me some time after our enterprise that he was present when it was delivered) — "On Sunday next the Rev. Mr. Jones will preach, on the Sunday after the Rev. Mr. Robinson, but as for me, this place is so hot, and you are all so inattentive, that I don't know when I shall preach again." Anyhow it was not t[illegible] 1836 that their real

friendship began, to continue without abatement till Hope became a Roman Catholic. For ten years or so they were associated in promoting worthy objects, and in trying to elevate our Erastianized establishment to that position which, as a true branch of the catholic Church, they conceived she was bound to occupy. How these hopes and aspirations gradually failed the book will tell those who care to know, but Glen Almond College, in Perthshire, still remains as a memorial of their joint labors. In the mean time Hope was drifting gradually to Rome, and the following passage in a letter dated 1841, "Ah, S., there may be abuses and scandals at Rome, but there are higher regions and wider views in the governing part," would have shown to anybody who considered the matter what the end would probably be. Still some may think that his conversion might never have taken place but for Cardinal Newman. That great man's ardent zeal and extraordinary genius drew all those within his sphere, like a magnet, to attach themselves to him and his doctrines. Nay, before he himself became a Romanist, his mesmeric influence, as it were, acted not only upon the Tractarians, but even in some degree upon outsiders like myself. Whenever I was at Oxford I used regularly to go and listen to his sermon at St. Mary's in the afternoon, and have never heard such a preacher since. I do not know whether it is a mere fancy of mine, or whether those who know him better will accept and endorse my belief, that one element of his wonderful power developed itself after this fashion. He always began as if he had determined to set forth his idea of the truth in the plainest and simplest language — language, as men say, intelligible to the meanest understanding; but his burning zeal and his fine poetical imagination were not thus to be controlled. As I hung upon his words I thought I could trace behind his will, and pressing against it, a rush of thoughts and images which he ever struggled to keep back; but in the end they were generally too strong for him, and poured themselves out in a torrent of eloquence all the more impetuous for having been so long repressed.

The effect of these outbursts was irresistible, and carried his hearers beyond themselves at once. Even when his efforts at self-restraint were more successful than usual, that very effort gave a life and color to his style which riveted the attention of all within reach of his voice. It does not seem to me of much importance to dwell upon the gradual steps by which Hope's change of religion was brought about. The appointment of Bishop Gobat to the Anglo-Prussian see at Jerusalem, the Gorham controversy, and Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, shook his confidence in the Church of England, and he became a Romanist before Easter in 1851. His conversion was the cause of much sorrow among his friends and relations, and though, even before that time, their friendship was not quite the friendship of old, as might have been expected, it particularly affected Mr. Gladstone. I quote one or two passages from his letter to Miss Hope-Scott. "Regarding (forgive me) the adoption of the Roman religion by members of the Church of England as nearly the greatest calamity that could befall Christian faith in this country, I rapidly became alarmed when these changes began . . . On June 18, 1851, he wrote to me the beautiful letter No. 95. It was the epitaph of our friendship, which continued to live, but only, or almost only, as it lives between those who inhabit different worlds."

Of the three events which shook Hope's faith in the Church of England, the first, viz., the Anglo-Prussian bishopric, was the only one about which Hope ever said a word to me. He was, I know from himself, extremely angry at certain unnamed differences between the English and German documents, purporting to be identical, which were issued for the regulation of the see. He accused some person or persons of intentionally deceiving both nations, and strongly opposed the measure on that ground, though the Erastian character of the arrangement would have been quite sufficient to secure his hostility at any rate. I believe the experiment ended in a complete failure.

The only other time I ever heard it alluded to was when a friend of mine came back from Jerusalem, and informed me that he had attended divine service once, but as the bishop would persist in saying "Let us *bray*," he had declined to enroll himself in such a congregation. In taking leave of Hope as a Protestant, I think this is no unfit place to quote some remarks of Lord Blachford, which seem to me absolutely perfect in their skilful and delicate analysis of his character: "Of course he [Mr. Hope-Scott] had many noble characteristics in common with others. But what was unequalled, or at least unsurpassed, in him was his power of charming and persuading everybody he

came across. Over and above the wit, temper, and courtesy, the advantages of personal appearance, voice, and graceful manner, which go to make up pleasantness, there was a kind of grave, playful tenderness which he could infuse into his manner, neither too much nor too little, but according to persons and circumstances, which was peculiarly irresistible. And beyond this he had not only a pleasure in pleasing, but a pleasure in serving. He was always ready to take up people, to see them through difficulties, to use his interest or exert his mind, and give up his time for them. I remember particularly in Rome (where there is plenty to do and to see) how he devoted himself to a young friend then in a consumption; making it a point to spend part of every day with him, and finally accompanying him to Malta,* where he died. . . ."

Though he had a fine taste as to painting, and a cultivated pleasure in music and architecture, he was not, I think, much affected by the external magnificence of the Roman Church, but rather the contrary. The finished solemnities of the Sistine Chapel would have affected him less than a rude midnight mass of Carthusians. But what did affect him was the coherent system and organization of Rome — the exactness of law and doctrine, the completeness of theory, the careful adjustment of details, and the steady adherence to what was laid down. With these it made him uneasy and dissatisfied to compare the loose "rule of thumb procedure which is characteristic of everything English. This at least was my impression while we were drifting apart."

In the mean time we may go back a little and speak of his professional success. The gifts and qualities which secured it to him are admirably described by Mr. G. S. Venables, Q.C., who has, I think I may say, unequalled opportunities for arriving at a correct judgment. This letter will be found at page 100 in the second volume. These triumphs were gained in the Drang und Sturm period of railway development. It would have been fortunate for him and for us if he had lighted on a quieter time. His talents would have been just as much recognized, he would have secured a sufficient income, and might still have been among us to delight and improve the present generation. We cannot read without great pain how day after day, on returning home, he tumbled into a stupor rather than into a sleep, was often unable to appear at dinner, and earned for himself, as the physicians told him, "the heart of an overworked brain," which was the beginning of the end. In 1847, however, by his marriage with Miss Lockhart, he secured to himself the happiest years of his life. He became, as every one knows, through her, shortly afterwards, the representative of her illustrious grandfather, Sir Walter Scott. It was in 1853 that she inherited the possession of Abbotsford, which he made his usual residence in after years. In referring to this marriage, I may say that his High Church friends mourned over it as a departure from the high ideal which they thought he had proposed to himself, and that Mr. Ornsby, by not speaking of this effeminate superstition with the contempt that it deserves, seems, negatively at least, to countenance their protest. That Hope should have sacrificed his wife and his children — the choicest earthly gifts that God can bestow upon any man — and have lived, when not immersed in briefs, as a sort of recluse or mystic, though in the world, is shocking to any man of common sense who knows what he was. This ascetic element, not traceable in the character of our Saviour himself, whether it crops up in the T.P.'s of Methodism, howling against Shakespeare and secular amusements, or in the monks and hermits of the Roman Church, shutting themselves out from human interests, and allowing the better and higher parts of their nature to be absorbed into mere personal selfishness about their state in the next world, has always seemed to me one of the mischievous excrescences on Christianity. It is partly derived from older sources, I suppose — some of the grimmer Hebrew prophets perhaps, and the Jewish sect known as Contemplative Essenes. It culminated, I fancy, when the early Fathers gave utterance to that awful doubt (was it ever more than a doubt?), whether sin after baptism were remissible. The adherents and semi-adherents of Christ, who left paganism to welcome the dawn of the new faith, seem to have divided themselves into two classes. Those among them whose organizations were more timid, sensitive, and scrupulous, devoted themselves with trembling anxiety to religion and religion alone. The best of these more earnest disciples, and wisest, perhaps, were the salt of the earth, but too many of them became slaves rather than servants of God — a God,

* This is a mistake, he died at Naples. See *infra*.

moreover, not "our Father which art in heaven," but one who was the offspring of their own misguided imaginations. There is a book called the "Vitæ Patrum" in which you may read the stories of some such men, and very sad reading it is. Promising youths, whose after years might have been valuable to themselves and to mankind, refused, under what they thought divine influences, to touch the hand of a mother, or look a sister in the face, and then fled away to the desert, in order that by feeding on roots, living like beasts, shirking all public duties, and quenching all human affections, they might secure, as they thought, the safety of their individual souls.

No meaner specimens of the human race, so far as I am capable of judging, are to be found in the records of history, On the other hand, the "ordinary Christians and eaters of beef" — among whom we may include the greatest of the Fathers, St. Augustine — jogged on very comfortably as catechumens, refusing to be baptized till old age "had clawed them in his clutch," or, at any rate, till the common pleasures and amusements of life had lost much of their savor. It is from the other class, however, that the taint of asceticism — the idea that the God of love is a jealous God, and grudges earthly happiness to his creatures — has been passed on to so many good people in the present generation; and it is in their spirit that Mr. Ornsby just "hesitates dislike" to Hope's entering the marriage state. Surely if men like Hope, and the women who correspond to such men, could be persuaded that celibacy was, if not a duty, at least a high privilege to be sought and cherished as the blessing and crown of life, the centuries to come would announce themselves to the universe in a very melancholy fashion. I might also mention that Hope married when the pressure of his business was extreme, four years before his conversion, so that if when he came home utterly exhausted he had found no tender hand to minister to him, no loving conversation to relieve the tension of his brain, he might have died before 1851, and the fisherman again have missed his prize. This marriage with Charlotte Lockhart, whether ideally Christian or not, increased the happiness of Hope's life, and probably lengthened it. And though I cannot help smiling when I think how that gallant old Presbyterian, Sir Walter Scott, had he been suddenly called back, would have stared and grumbled to find himself surrounded, in his beloved Protestant castle, by a swarm of black gowns and tonsured heads, still, a better successor to him than Hope could hardly have been found, and the humorous way in which he explained to Scott's surviving henchman, who, when the boy was christened, did not like his reintroducing the ominous name of Michael into the family, how Michael had been an archangel before he was a wizard, must have reminded him of his old master. Yet happily as this marriage began and continued, its end was a sad one. Mrs. Hope-Scott died on the 26th of October, 1858, and was speedily followed to the grave by her two younger children, Margaret Anne, a baby, and the boy above mentioned, Walter Michael, just a year and a half old, whom all Scotland and all England had joyfully accepted as the representative and heir of the great, and, alas! the unreturning Sir Walter. Some beautiful and touching verses composed by Hope about Christmas time, 1858, make us feel how terribly these blows had fallen on the bereaved husband and father. He abandoned his professional duties for a year, and then returned to them as his best resource with renewed energy. In relation to this marriage I am very grateful to Mr. Ornsby for having inserted a letter from Mr. Lockhart to his son-in-law on his conversion, dated April the 8th, 1851. It is valuable as being a complete refutation of certain ill-natured rumors which floated about London in the spring of that year, as to the means resorted to for forcing Mrs. Hope-Scott into the Romish Church. This letter of Mr. Lockhart, coupled with the fact that to his dying day he remained on the most affectionate terms with Hope, sufficiently prove how absurd and calumnious such reports must have been. Before his first wife's death Hope had purchased an estate, since called Dorlin, in one of the remotest parts of the west Highlands. The population, belonging to the Clan-Ranald Macdonalds, is almost wholly Roman Catholic. I happened to be in the neighborhood about two years ago, and made the acquaintance of the Rev. Charles Macdonald, of Mingarry, a man universally beloved and revered by all who know him, and whom, I trust, I may call my friend. From him, who had been intimately acquainted with Hope, I heard all that he had done to make his tenants happier, better, and more comfortable. In January, 1860, Hope was married a second time, to Lady Victoria Howard, and life again looked brighter before him; but after

some years his own health began to fail decidedly, and when, after giving birth to a son, Lady Victoria died on the 20th of December, 1870, this time he never recovered the shock; his disease, as he himself expressed it, "made a stride," and during the time that remained to him, he lingered on rather than lived. In the two years that followed Lady Victoria's death he resided chiefly at Abbotsford, and devoted part of his leisure in the first year to preparing an abridgment to Lockhart's "Life of Scott." But his illness still kept gaining ground. In the month of October, 1872, he was removed to London with the greatest difficulty, and after struggling through the winter, died on the 29th of April, 1873. I was deeply gratified on receiving, through Cardinal Manning, an affectionate message from Hope when on his death-bed. So passed away one of the most remarkable and most charming men of my time. In conclusion, I can congratulate Mr. Ornsby on having successfully portrayed a very noble and lovable character, but still the impression made upon me when I close the volume is one of deep sadness. In spite of Catholic emancipation, in spite even of the abolition of the Irish Church, it is clear that the gulf between our Roman fellow-countrymen and ourselves is wider and deeper than ever. Nay, when I see how a man, naturally so wise and moderate as Hope, flings back the last of his great relief measures into Mr. Gladstone's face, and assures him that he will have done nothing until he has replaced the Roman Church in Ireland just where it was before the Reformation, I cannot but think that this utterance of his was, and is, ominous of evil.

FRANCIS H. DOYLE.

From Temple Bar.

PHŒBE.

POOR Phœbe! Whether of retrospect or forward-looking, small solace could come to her on this New Year's Eve; nor was the present in any wise so cheerful as to withhold her thoughts from wandering and wondering, from grieving over what was past, or facing with something like the helpless dread of a timid, hunted creature the abyss into which the relentless hours were compelling her. There was a handful of glow in the grate, but no more coal; in the cupboard there was one piece of bread for to-morrow's breakfast, but nowhere, as far as she could see, the price of a new loaf when that was done. Bad enough this, even when one is a grown man, whose noisy appetite is in itself a proof of energies eager for their task; bad indeed when one is a girl of not quite sixteen, weak from a long course of insufficient food, sadly shy under the best of circumstances, afraid of the world, afraid of oneself, with not a soul to turn to for comfort or aid. No wonder she sat so long, staring with her pretty eyes into the patch of red coal, which was as little able to overcome the damp and cold of the leaky garret as she herself to struggle with the dark, dread, unknown powers ("social forces," we name them with complacence), which beset her on all sides. She didn't cry; even Phœbe would have felt the humorous inefficacy of such a resource; weeks ago, when her troubles just began, she had cried her fill. But her eyes grew very, very wide, and her forehead wrinkled itself out of all knowledge. And every now and then, when her thoughts had strayed into such labyrinths that she forgot for a few moments her bodily distresses, a shivering fit brought her back to herself. The window rattled loose in its frame; through the chink beneath the door, and up through the knot-holes in the boarding, swept stinging currents of wind. Her feet were already numb, and she had to hold her hands in her bosom to warm them.

Other life, even liveliness, there was in the room; but its presence suggested new sadness to her desponding mood. On the mantelpiece before her, placed there for the sake of possible warmth, was a little wooden cage, containing a very brown canary. This was her sister's bird. That sister had been a mother to Phœbe, the only mother Phœbe remembered; father too, for the matter of that, since the real father's relation to his children had for years been merely that of an irregular pensioner, irregular in the times and the mode of his applications, but only too regular in the use he made of their bounty. The day came, indeed, when his importunities were no longer to be suffered; then the two had escaped him by flight, and made a new home for themselves, where at least they could enjoy the advantage of what they earned, and hope to live unmolested. But in the first summer of their freedom a sickness fell upon that brave, toiling sister, and the days of her guardianship were numbered. She died, and was kindly buried by the parish. Phœbe knew the place of her grave, but

it was also the grave of as many other paupers as could be squeezed into the trench, and there was more pain than solace in going there to weep. The little brown canary remained, however; bought in a gay moment of the past spring, kept still and zealously tended by the poor child, who was all but its equal in innocence and fearfulness. "Chirrup," they had agreed to call it, and Chirrup still had his sufficing measure of seed, even when his mistress's daily bread was anything but sufficient in quality or quantity. And to-night, as if in very defiance of care and cold, the little fellow hopped ceaselessly from one to the other of his two perches, sharpened his beak as if to get an appetite, and, despite the hour, frequently justified his name with right good will.

Phœbe's sister had been a flower-maker, and Phœbe herself, having gone through her period of apprenticeship to the same handicraft, had now attained the position of "improver." When things went well, she could earn perhaps eight shillings a week; in time she might hope to become a "hand," and then, if lucky, might receive as much as fifteen. Nay, as years went on, it was within the grasp of possibility that she should even become a forewoman, in which case she was sure of some five-and-twenty shillings a week, and, unless her health broke down, might very well keep out of the workhouse to a tolerably advanced age. She might marry, of course, and, as a very gentle and sweet-faced girl, had perhaps a fair chance of doing so; but that was something quite beyond the sphere of her hopes as yet. At present all she thought of was the opportunity of earning her weekly eight shillings by honest work, and living on it, — well, as the others did; she knew no other signification of the word "living." Unfortunately, the proverb about the will and the way did not seem to apply to her case. It was no fault of her own that she had lost her work some weeks ago. The season had been a bad one; the powers and principalities who rule in such matters had decreed that it should be fashionable to wear feathers, and for flowers there was proportionately little demand. Hence trouble in the work-rooms here in Hoxton, where most of the flower-makers live. The employer for whom she worked was a good-hearted man; he held out as long as he could, and when the girls came with pinched and eager faces begging him to find them something to do, he had even produced work for which there was really no demand, and, in mercantile phrase, had gone to the city and "slaughtered" it just for the girls' sake. But at length he had to shake his head at every appeal, and, with an irony which he no doubt felt but did not mean, bid them take courage till the new season began, when perhaps things would be better.

Well, Phœbe was still alive. It would be hard to give an account, though, of how she had kept body and soul together in the mean time. When in work, she had paid three shillings a week for her room; subsequently she had managed to find this one, for which she only had to pay half-a-crown. And a nice room it was. It was a garret at the far end of a court; which court you reached by passing under a foul archway out of a filthy by-street. Needless to say that the floor had no covering, or that the wall was bare plaster, or that the rickety windows lacked blinds and curtain, — would, rather, have lacked the latter, had not Phœbe pinned across the lower half a poor little shawl which might better have been on her own shoulders. There was a bed, — mercy, how cold when you crept into it, and how thin the covering when you woke shivering in the night! There was a chair, a table, a basin on the floor in a corner, also actually a cupboard, made in a recess, wherein should have hung Phœbe's second dress, but that was represented at present by a little yellow card in her pocket. Well, it was a "home," after all, and hitherto the rent for it had been paid regularly. A little needlework, a little cleaning of doorsteps, some running of errands, minding of children now and then, helping people in the court to wash and prepare their vegetables for sale in the streets, — heaven knows how the sum was made up every week; yet hitherto it had been. But to-night Mrs. Dabbs had waited in vain for Phœbe's wonted appearance down in the kitchen, and at length had come up to the garret herself, in quest of her dues. Alas! they were not forthcoming. Mrs. Dabbs was not a hard woman; what woman *could* have met that pale, patient, childish face, and insisted harshly till it was dewed with tears? It was the first instance of remissness, so Mrs. Dabbs said she wouldn't press, and then sat down and talked in quite a friendly way, principally of Mr. Quy.

You couldn't have spent many minutes in this room without wanting to know who Mr. Quy was. Whether the gentleman so called was impressed with the strangeness of his name to such a degree

that it haunted him and compelled him to write it in very legible character whenever writing materials and a plain surface were at hand, or whether his pride in its abnormality brought about the same consequences, cannot now be determined; the fact remains that this brief and singular appellation stared at you from every part of the plaster round the room, and was even written in places on the floor; nay, verily upon the ceiling, where a complete circle of "Quys" in charcoal marked the spot whence an ambitious lodger might perchance have desired to see a chandelier depend. Who Mr. Quy was, Phœbe knew already well enough; on her first arrival, Mrs. Dabbs had lost no time in relating to her all that was known of his history. He had been the tenant of the garret immediately before Phœbe, his tenancy having stretched over a space of well-nigh three years. He was an old gentleman, Mrs. Dabbs said, who had known once what it was to ride in his carriage, and, presumably through loss of this luxury at the time of life when he most needed it, had grown "queer-like in 'is 'ead." He was always very poor, shockingly poor, yet, as Mrs. Dabbs recorded with appreciative emphasis, had always managed to pay his rent, even if he went without food to do it. He went out every day, and stayed out all day long, "gettin' his livin' promiscuous;" clearer details than this on the subject of Mr. Quy's pursuits were not to be obtained, at all events not from Mrs. Dabbs, and probably she told all she knew. His end was tragical. His non-appearance one night had caused a good deal of excitement in the court, where the passing of his rusty and decrepit figure at certain invariable hours had become a feature of the daily order of things. Inquiries were very shortly made in all likely quarters, and it was discovered that Mr. Quy, only an hour after he left home that morning, had been run over by a van, and killed on the spot. In his pocket was found the sum of three farthings, and, as he possessed neither means nor connections, he too was kindly buried by the parish. His grave was unmarked; but the piety of Mrs. Dabbs, who would not suffer the signatures on the plaster to be obliterated — indeed she had an objection to cleaning of any kind — left his name for the musing of posterity. Perchance it pointed no particular moral, but it at all events, on the lips of Mrs. Dabbs, adorned many a tale.

The deepest fit of brooding will at length yield to the instinct of activity, and Phœbe, when her eyes had halfunconsciously watched the utter extinction of the last glow in the grate, rose with a little sigh and looked round the room. A pair of stockings which urgently demanded the attention of the needle lay upon the bed, but the hands were too cold for sewing. She was lonely and miserable; it occurred to her that she might go out for half an hour before bedtime, but, as lonely and miserable people will, she shrank from the change which might have proved a relief. Besides, it was not her habit to run about the streets at night; her sister had taught her a distaste for that; and another objection was that she would have to pass the pork-butcher's just by the entrance to the court, whence at this hour steamed forth odors of hot pease-pudding, "faggots," saveloys, and other dainties; the trial would have been too bitter. She looked round the bare room, and, inevitably, she thought of Mr. Quy. Poor old Mr. Quy! No doubt *he* had sat in this room through many a hungry hour, thinking of the pork-butcher's round the corner: but then he had the resource of writing his name on the wall. After all, though, she was better off than Mr. Quy; was there not a friend in Chirrup, who seemed to wish to comfort her, and remind her that she was not quite alone? She turned and put her little finger through the bars of the cage to be pecked at. And, by-the-by, Chirrup's cage evidently wanted cleaning out; Phœbe's troubles had made her remiss in that duty for two or three days. That would be something to occupy her for a little. So she opened the door, and Chirrup, after pausing for a few moments with inquisitive eye on the threshold of his dwelling, fluttered out in the wonted manner, and perched on the brass knob at the foot of the bedstead. Scared thence by the girl's movements, he flew boldly on to the top of the cupboard, and there remained.

The little house being swept and garnished, Phœbe summoned back its occupant. But Chirrup was not disposed to come. Foolish bird, had he positively gone to sleep up there? To fetch him down, Phœbe made a little spring at the top of the cupboard, which was much taller than herself. Alas! instead of flying down, Chirrup, with unprecedented perversity, actually scuffled back into the recess, and was lost to sight. Striking against the wood was of no avail; calling proved equally useless; there was noth-

ing for it but to climb on a chair and explore, for the first time, the flat top of the cupboard. Phœbe took up her lamp in one hand, and speedily discovered the fugitive, in the remotest corner, amusing himself apparently with a game of hide-and-seek.

"Dirty, dirty Chirrup! Why, you'll be all over black dust! Come here, naughty bird. Why, whatever ——"

Phœbe's voice failed her. What were those things that glistened so in the lamplight, in spite of the layer of dust upon them?

Money!

Yes, money; not a doubt of it, and laid here in a most extraordinary way. Half-crowns, shillings, sixpences — nothing less than sixpence — arranged in conical heaps, and in such order as to spell out a word, and that word no other than "QUY"! What! Poor old Mr. Quy after all a miser, hoarding up silver coins like this, here on the top of the cupboard? And to think they had lain here ever since his death, and that no one had ever had occasion to look before this on the top of the cupboard! How good of Mrs. Dabbs to have such an objection to house cleaning!

Phœbe came down from the chair, and stood, the lamp still in her hand, looking straight before her, seeing nothing. How long she might have stood thus it would be hard to say, had not Master Chirrup all at once grown tired of his game — which really was too one-sided — and come flying down to the mantelpiece, whence he hopped to his cage, and went at once to crack a seed or two out of the fresh supply. In an instant Phœbe was up on the chair again, and this time she did more than gaze. Partly it was awe of the sum of money, but quite as much a very natural feeling that she was somehow interfering with the repose of the dead, which prevented her at first from rudely disturbing the inscription, and would only allow her to remove a sixpence from the top of one of the little heaps. She looked at it; she bit it; she then descended and rang it on the mantelpiece. A real sixpence, indubitably. Her first thought had been to run down at once to Mrs. Dabbs and apprise her of the discovery; the ring of the sixpence dispersed this idea, and awoke in her breast the keen sense of possession. Why tell Mrs. Dabbs? Mrs. Dabbs was in no way related to the dead old man; nor was any one else, so far as was known. In quality of landlady, Mrs. Dabbs could certainly support no claim to the treasure-trove; at least so it appeared to Phœbe. In fact, was it not clearly a case for the application of the motto, "Findin's is keepin's" — as poor Phœbe would have delivered it?

Nay, no longer *poor* Phœbe. A third mounting of the chair, and, behold, the initial letter of Mr. Quy's name had half disappeared; in a very few moments not a trace of the embossed inscription remained, but there on the table lay a crowd of coins, impossible to guess at the sum they represented. After gazing at them for an instant, Phœbe, seized with a sudden fright, ran to the door, opened it, and listened. Not a sound in the house. Then she made herself secure with a sharp turn of the key and returned to gaze.

"Sixpence and sixpence is a shillin', and 'alf-a-crownd makes three an' six, and a shillin's four an' six, and another 'alf-crownd ——"

Impossible to reckon like this; she was confused already.

"Chirrup, Chirrup!" she cried, abandoning the task and dancing round the table. "We're rich, birdie; we're rich, we're rich!"

Then, as if with a sudden flash, there came upon her the thought of her sister, who lay this New Year's Eve in the snow-palled cemetery, in an unmarked grave, and an anguish of regret put the climax to her agitation; she burst into weeping. She was a good-hearted girl. Oh, could but the dear dead sister come back to share this fortune; had it but been sent some months ago, when the poor dying girl needed comforts, — and had to need them! Good things always come too late in this world.

But really the coins must be counted, and Phœbe at length set to work in earnest. She made separate cylinders of sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns; that seemed, as Dogberry put it, "the eftest way." There, at last — forty-six half-crowns; fifty-three shillings; twenty-seven sixpences. Yes, but what did that come to? Here indeed was a mathematical problem which for a long time refused to be solved. Never in her life had Phœbe reckoned silver up to a single pound; surely there were here many pounds. She grew hot with vexed impatience; she *must* know how much it all made! Arrange them in heaps of ten shillings each; then, would not every two such make one pound? With trembling fingers she put her calculation into practice. One, two, three, — *nine* whole

pounds, and one shilling, and one loose little sixpence. Phœbe kissed the sixpence.

This time she could not dance round the table; impossible even to trust Chirrup with such a secret as this. Why, she had forgotten to close Chirrup's door; what was she thinking of? She rose to do it, but before she reached the mantelpiece, quite forgot her purpose, and stood once more gazing at nothing.

Slowly, slowly, the fact acquired reality in her mind that she was in possession of nine pounds, one shilling and sixpence. Don't think that she speculated as to how Mr. Quy became possessed of the sum; Phœbe's little brain had enough ado to grasp the certainty of her having inherited such a fortune. Yes, a fortune; who that she ever knew had been able to boast of such wealth as this? Her father, she had been told, in the bygone days, before he took to drink, earned sometimes two pounds a week; that in itself made a man of substance. But nine pounds, and all at once, and ready converted into small change! Phœbe's head smote the stars.

Her brooding recommenced, but this time there were no wrinkles on her forehead, no need to hold her hands in her bosom, she was as warm as if there had been a big fire in the grate. What should she do with it? — that was the subject of her thoughts. Probably there were some weeks yet to be provided for before she would have work again; but what was that out of nine pounds! It left a margin of limitless possibilities; it brought within her grasp the undreamt opportunity of forming and gratifying desires. The girls and women of Phœbe's class know nothing of social discontent; starve them, and they scarcely think it hard, so much is it in the order of events; give them just enough to keep together body and soul, and it will not occur to them to be other than quite satisfied. Doubtless they peer at times into that far stretch of golden haze which shrouds the Elysium of the wealthy; they like to read of that country, and dimly to conceive its glories by much toil of the imagination. But they know too well that for them there is no road thither to ever be unsettled by the contrast between such dreams and the reality of their own waking life. And Phœbe imagined even less of luxuries than other girls of her kind. Very seldom had she been out of Hoxton; even the streets of the West End were strange to her. Her daily work had kept her in dingy little rooms up out-of-the-way streets; the flowers she helped to make she had scarcely seen in their "mounted" condition; far less did she know their appearance on the heads and dresses of those who had money to purchase such adornments. You cannot conceive how hard it was for her to even form precise ideas of what she would like. To her excited fancy the whole world lay at her feet; and the coolest of us would find it embarrassing to have to pick and choose under such circumstances.

Clothing, of course; warm winter clothing. Not of bright colors; no, for she had never been able even to put on the semblance of mourning for her sister, and that duty should regulate her choice of hues. She would be newly attired from head to foot; that at last was clear to her. Little by little she recalled a certain shape of hat she had observed in certain windows; a particular jacket, also, had unawares stuck in her memory. Then, — a dinner, oh, a really good dinner, something vaguely savory to begin with, and something rather more definitely sweet afterwards. A day of shopping and of gazing at shops; a day of feasting! What a pity that poor Chirrup's appreciation in the matter of food was so limited; it was hard that he couldn't eat even a mince-pie. Was there no one for whom she could buy a New Year's present? Yes, there was Lotty Simpson, whose cough was always so bad; the only girl with whom she had had anything like a friendship, and who, unfortunately, had gone into service when the bad times began, so that their intercourse had come to an end. She would buy something, and take it to Lotty's mother, who would send it on. Surely here was employment for a day? One other thought, however, shaped itself slowly and timorously: the theatre. At the "Britannia," hard by, there was a pantomime; the walls around were glorious with advertisements of its unimaginable magnificence. Dare she go to the theatre? — would her sister have liked it? Impossible to decide; she must wait and see when the next night came.

Whatever could the time be? The streets were so still. There, the church-clock was chiming; now it would strike. One! Frightened at the lateness of the hour, Phœbe undressed herself in a few seconds, and sprang into bed.

The surging sheen of dream-waves subsided in the moments of waking, but, unlike the manner of dreams, left behind a real, bright windrow. On starting to consciousness, Phœbe's eyes sought the silver

heap on the table, and she bathed her hands in the coins before putting them into the icy water. Only the fear of being heard prevented her from making the money ring a peal to the new year. Whilst dressing, she was glad to see that it promised to be a clear, frosty morning; rain or snow would have been vexatious when one wanted to walk about so much. She must have slept long: the world was alive, and seemed to call to her to come and enjoy herself. She was too excited to have any great appetite for breakfast; the bit of bread in the cupboard would do well enough for the present, and she ate it as she did up her hair, drinking with it a little water out of a teacup. It would be good to be hungry at dinner-time. In a very few minutes she was ready to go out, but then came the question of where she should leave the money. She would have liked to carry it all with her, but that was impossible. For a moment she thought of replacing it on the top of the cupboard; it had lain safe there so long. But she could not venture it. There was only one place; her box, on which was placed the wash-hand basin, had a lock, and contained all the things she valued, chiefly poor memorials of her sister; she might safely leave the money there. How much should she take with her? This point was ultimately decided by the capacity of her shabby little purse; it admitted rather more than a pound, in large and small coins, and truly had never looked so plethoric. This was enough to begin with; if she succeeded in laying out such a sum by dinner-time, she could return in the afternoon for more. In the afternoon, too, she might pay her rent; Mrs. Dabbs would doubtless wonder at that, and still more at the glorious appearance which Phœbe promised herself she would shortly present; but she might wonder on. Perhaps, on the whole, it might be prudent to move to another lodging; she would think about it.

So she carefully locked her box, and walked out of the court, and away into the high-street of Hoxton. Then she began to look into shop-windows. But growing familiarity with her wealthy estate was making her bold. Within walking distance was the City, whither all the flowers went from the work-room, — that crowded, roaring place, where the shops were far grander than here in Hoxton, and whither no doubt everybody repaired who had money to spend, and wanted the best. To this privileged class she now belonged. Phœbe forgot for the time her poor appearance; she could only think of the fat purse which, for safety, she held tightly in her hand, and the feel of which made her warm through and through. So with many delays, she got into Shoreditch, and thence, by haphazard, as far as Cheapside. Here she found so much to look at that there was no getting on at all. A jeweller's shop held her as by a charm. If she only knew the price of this and that! There was a locket she would dearly like to have; she would put in it some of her sister's hair, of which she had a tress in the box at home. How much, she wondered, did those ladies watches' cost? They were so very tiny, the price could not be much. Ha, there was the price written above one of them; and it took away her breath. But this was gold; there were silver things. Now one of those bracelets; how would Lotty Simpson like one of those for her present?

But this would never do. It was half past eleven, and, besides, she was positively getting hungry. Then, after all, jewellery was not what she wanted. Over the way she caught sight of a window full of gloves and shining, many-colored silk things; that was more to her purpose. Those gloves were beautiful, the lined ones, and only three and sixpence a pair. This was well within her means, but when it came to entering the shop, then the sense of her shabbiness possessed her. She peeped at the door, but just then a lady came out, and Phœbe walked quickly on, abashed. And so it was everywhere. A large confectioner's reminded her once more of her appetite. Heavens, what an array of delicious things! She was hungry, keenly hungry, but it was beyond all possibility to think of walking up to such a counter as that, and addressing that superb young lady who stood behind it. Passing on, she was sorely tempted to buy of a man who was selling buns and tarts in a basket; but she felt that it would be a degradation. Presently she was in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the sight of mantles and furs, and bonnets and ribbons, once more absorbed her attention. But again the prices marked here and there frightened her, and she knew she would not have dared to enter, in any case. Phœbe began to feel that she had made a mistake; her mind recurred to those humbler shops in Hoxton, where she would feel much less timid. The hat and the jacket which she had thought of on the previous night came back to her. Had she not better make her way to the streets which were familiar?

So long had she gazed and wondered and wished, that the morning was all but spent. At length she tore herself away, and began to retrace her steps. But she was tired, and so terribly hungry. In a little she again passed the man with the basket, and this time she bought a bun of him, and ate it as she walked quickly along. It only made her hungrier. A certain vision had been gathering intensity before her mind's eye, a vision of that little shop in the street, "at home," where the big cold plum-pudding stood in the window, or had done so yesterday, and where you could get meat and vegetables for sevenpence. She fancied she could smell the very steam that at this hour made the windows dim and curled out of the doorway. Back, back to Hoxton! And why should she walk all the way, as if she were poor? Here by the Bank was a 'bus which would take her almost home. She entered it, and was very glad to rest her weary limbs.

So Phœbe went and had her dinner at the dirty little eating-house; a very thin red slice of roast beef, swimming in reddish water, two frost-bitten potatoes, a patch of stringy turnip-tops, and, to finish, a suety cut of cold plum-pudding. It did not satisfy her, and, comparing it with the feast she had anticipated, she felt humiliated, half angry with herself. Never mind, she would have a good tea; some mince-pies and currant-cake, she knew where. But all at once she had become anxious on the score of her money at home; she must run and see if it was safe in the box. Reaching her room, she was glad to find everything as she had left it, and being still very tired, she sat down on her bed, to rest and think.

What a pity that Lotty Simpson was not at home still; Phœbe could have trusted Lotty with the great secret, and her friend's advice would have been so valuable. What should she buy Lotty? Suppose she went and asked Mrs. Simpson's advice as to that? It would not be necessary to explain anything; indeed Phœbe did not feel that Mrs. Simpson was exactly the person to confide in; but at all events the latter could suggest what her daughter was in need of. Phœbe decided to do this, and, this time keeping her purse in her pocket, she started for Mrs. Simpson's abode. It was in a court very much like her own, but, instead of a garret, Mrs. Simpson occupied a cellar-kitchen; a card in her window told you that washing and mangling were done there. The front door stood open, as usual in these parts, and Phœbe went straight down the cellar-steps. Standing in the dark at the bottom, she knocked, and was summoned to enter. At first it was impossible to see anything except a large fire in the grate; the cellar was full of steam. This came from a quantity of freshly washed clothes, which hung on lines from wall to wall, drying.

But Phœbe knew the room. There was a bed at one side, and a few other articles of furniture necessary for use in the daytime; also a mangle. Here lived Mrs. Simpson and her youngest girl; Lotty had shared their accommodation before she went into service.

"Who's that?" cried the woman's shrill voice. "Oh, it's you, is it, Phœbe? Shut the door quick; the other lodgers doesn't like the steam to get upstairs."

"How's Lotty, Mrs. Simpson?" Phœbe asked, as she bobbed under the wet clothes.

"She'll never have no more the matter with her, my child," was the reply, in a voice which was sad, but yet confirmed in resignation.

Phœbe stood looking at her as if she did not understand.

"She come 'ome on Tuesday, right down bad; the missis said it was no use keepin' of her, as she couldn't do her work. I got her some stuff from the dispensary, but it didn't do her no good. Night before last she all at wunst begun coughin', and before I could even get to her, she was gone. An' it's best it should be so. She said she'd like to see you, Phœbe, and I was a-goin' to send for you, as it was yesterday; but it was too late, you see. There she lies," said the woman, pointing to the bed. "Will you look at her?"

"No, oh no! I can't, Mrs. Simpson!" Phœbe exclaimed, shrinking back in dread. Then she began to cry, and sobbed out her sorrow. Mrs. Simpson had not much to say; who shall blame her if she regarded death rather as the deliverer than the destroyer? In any case, she had her day's work to attend to, and no time could be lost in vain mourning. Phœbe only stayed a few minutes. The presence of a dead body awed her, and, when she left the cellar, it was with eyes nervously averted from the direction of the bed.

She sadly took her way home again. The shock had impressed her gravely, and she had not the heart to go at once on her shopping; that could wait till after

tea. Phœbe felt, too, that she could no longer enjoy the feast of sweet things which she had promised herself; it seemed improper to make merry just after coming away from the room where her friend lay dead. So she bought a few simple things — some bread, and butter, and tea — and took them up to her garret. Then she visited Mrs. Dabbs in the lower part of the house, for the double purpose of paying her rent and borrowing some fuel till she could supply herself. Phœbe experienced not a little nervousness beneath the landlady's look of surprise and curiosity; she explained that she had managed to get a little money to go on with, and then she was glad to escape with a bucket containing Mrs. Dabbs's loan of wood and coals. She made a fire, and, as soon as possible, some tea. By that time she was almost herself again, and, as she grew comfortable, with a cup of warm, sweet tea on her lap, her feet supported by the fender, she reflected how nice it would be to have just one or two mince-pies. And she could get them in a minute. But Phœbe resisted the temptation, and conscientiously went on with her bread and butter, thus paying her tribute to poor Lotty's memory. It is true the butter was spread just a little more thickly than under ordinary circumstances, but we must not demand too much of human nature.

Tea over, she carefully locked her door, and brought out the money from the box. She spread it on the table, and played with it much as a child plays with its "bricks," making heaps and squares and circles; moreover, she counted it again, to make sure that no one had interfered with it in her absence. Cheerfulness was returning, and thoughts of the things she would buy. As if to help her in regaining her equanimity, a lively street-organ all at once struck up somewhere close by, and she heard the scamper of children out of the court to have a dance on the pavement. It was already past nightfall, and the thought of the gleaming shops became irresistible. Again she went forth, and this time strayed no farther than Hoxton Street. There was plenty of choice, so many delightful shops, and such a variety of goods and prices, that she wandered from window to window and seemed as far from decision as ever. Now she would all but determine upon this or that article, but, when on the point of entering the shop, it seemed better to have just one more look at just one other window, and make sure that she would not have to repent her choice.

She came to the doors of the Britannia Theatre. They had that moment opened, and a great crowd of people was swaying, crushing, struggling in the excitement of entering. Phœbe had never in her life seen a pantomime; she was carried away by the spectacle of the crowd, and made up her mind to go in; but she did not know how much she would have to pay. Looking round to find some likely person of whom to inquire, she saw a girl of about her own age standing on the edge of the pavement, her hands in the pockets of a very shabby ulster, her eyes casting envious glances at the crowd. Phœbe approached her, and, with some shyness, asked for the information she needed. The girl had rather a pretty face, but it looked hungry, and she shivered as she replied. Phœbe, who had her money in her hand, turned away to take out sixpence for the pit, when, just as she was doing so, a couple of rough lads, rushing by to get a place, bumped against her, and jerked several coins out of her purse. Fortunately it was a well-lighted spot, and the money did not roll very far. The girl to whom Phœbe had just spoken was quick with her assistance, and nothing was lost.

"My! I only wish I was as well off as you," said the stranger, looking at Phœbe with a friendly smile, and again shivering as a sharp blast of wind swept down the street.

"Are you going in?" Phœbe asked, the inconsequence of the remark being due partly to her unwillingness to speak of her money, partly to the alarm from which she was just recovering.

The other shook her head scornfully.

"I'll pay for you," said Phœbe, who, to tell the truth, felt lonely in her holiday-making, and welcomed the prospect of companionship.

"I'd rather you give me the money to get somethink to eat," replied the girl, who had kept a very keen eye fixed all the time on Phœbe's face.

"Are you hungry?"

"Had nothink since last night."

The girl showed her teeth as she laughed; they were faultless rows, and just now remarkably suggestive of an appetite.

"I'd go with you, and then we could come back together," said Phœbe, "only we should be late."

"*That* don't make no difference!" exclaimed the girl, her eyes brightening.

"It's the same all through, an' it don't matter where you begin."

Phœbe allowed herself to be persuaded that this was indeed the case, and turned away with her new companion. The latter's taste led her to propose that they should feast on whelks at a street stall some little way off. Phœbe assented gladly, without considering whether this were precisely the best form of refreshment for a person who had fasted four and twenty hours, and they consumed the dainties out of oyster-shells, with a sprinkling of vinegar and pepper. Intimacy naturally developed under such conditions. The girl volunteered the information that her name was Jenny Evans, and by a coincidence, she proved to be, like Phœbe, a flower-maker, also out of work. She was curious about Phœbe's wealth, but Phœbe avoided being too communicative, and gave the same vague explanation which she had invented for Mrs. Dabbs.

They went back to the theatre, and Phœbe paid for both, but on entering, a cheerless prospect confronted them, or rather no prospect at all. The pit was crowded up to the walls; there was just standing-room left, but as for seeing, that was another question. The orchestra was playing, and in a few minutes an excited movement among the people seemed to announce that the curtain had risen. By dint of much pushing and straining, Phœbe could just manage to catch brief glimpses of magic splendor, which tantalized her so that she could have cried with vexation.

"I told you we should be too late!" she exclaimed reproachfully to her companion.

But Jenny seemed to take the matter very indifferently.

"What's the odds!" she said. "You can come to-morrow. Let's go out. I feel awful faint."

Almost with tears in her eyes, Phœbe followed out of the crush, and they walked slowly along the street. Jenny, declaring herself revived by the air, chatted familiarly. Phœbe began to feel glad that she had met so pleasant a friend, and in a few minutes found herself disposed to talk with less reserve; she began even to hint at a certain piece of luck which had befallen her, and to speak of things which she wanted, and had the intention of buying. The very first shop they came to, she made up her mind to go in and purchase a hat which she saw in the window. Jenny dissuaded her, but with difficulty.

"I wish I knew where I was a-goin' to sleep to-night," Jenny said, all at once. "My landlady's turned me out, 'cos I owe three weeks."

Phœbe forthwith proposed that her friend should come home with her, and the offer was cheerfully accepted. Jenny now had the direction of affairs practically in her own hands, and her idea was that they should go home straightway, taking in something for supper with them. Phœbe reluctantly postponed her purchases till the morrow; but, when they came to the pork-butcher's shop at the corner of her court, the prospect of the very supper which she had so often in vain longed for drove all other thoughts out of her mind. A pound of boiled pork, twopennyworth of pease-pudding, a pennyworth of smoking carrots, all rolled up together in a piece of newspaper; Phœbe felt that at length she was making use of her fortune. Phœbe laughed with delight when they were up in the garret at last, and she turned the mass of animal and vegetable matter out of the paper on a plate.

A fire was soon crackling up under the kettle, assisting the feeble illumination of the candle.

"I say," said Jenny, looking round the room, "what's all that writin' on the walls? Is it some o' your larks?"

Phœbe laughingly explained as they sat down at the table; over the meal she grew more confidential. At last she leaned her face near to her friend's — how pretty she looked, with her extraordinarily bright eyes and the gentle flush on her cheeks! — and asked if Jenny could keep a secret. Jenny thought she could indeed, and she listened with eyes almost as bright as Phœbe's own whilst the latter told all the story of Mr. Quy's legacy. As a great, great favor Jenny might have just one glimpse into the box. They both went down on their knees together and peeped underneath the lid, then Phœbe made the box fast once more, and put the key back into her pocket.

Very soon after that things began to grow dim before Phœbe's eyes, and her limbs seemed to ache with weariness. To be sure, she had been walking about all day: it was natural she should be tired. Of two things only was she distinctly conscious: one the desire to go to bed and sleep, the other to previously impress upon Jenny the tremendous importance of the secret that had been told her, and to exact promises of fidelity. Jenny was all assurances. She too was

of opinion that it was bed-time; she only just wanted to warm her feet at the fire a few minutes. And Phœbe watched her doing so, her head sideways on the pillow, till Jenny's form became a great, vague, shapeless patch in front of the fire's glows, and then all was darkness.

When the sense of daylight once more visited Phœbe's eyes, it blended with a dim consciousness of trouble, and a fluttering at the heart which grew as she became aware of it. She struggled to regain remembrance, and at length raised herself and looked round the room. First, at Mr. Quy's sign-manual on the wall; then she thought of all the story that hung thereby.

"Jenny!"

She uttered the name with a start, but there was no one to reply to it. There was no one else in the room; no sign of Jenny anywhere. Only the plates and knives on the table to prove that it had not all been an unquiet dream. But her box! Why was the wash-hand basin put down on the floor, and the lid thrown back? With one bound she was on her knees beside it, throwing the poor contents frantically about, searching for what she could not find. Where was all her money, all the bright silver pieces, the half-crowns, the shillings, the sixpences? And where was Jenny?

It was a dull morning. Thin flakes of snow were falling idly down into the narrow court, and it was bitterly cold. Poor Phœbe! GEORGE GISSING.

From All The Year Round.

REMINISCENCES OF JAMAICA.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

THE natives of Jamaica are childishly and ridiculously superstitious, every action, word, and thought is full of the supernatural. They are horribly and unmistakably afraid of spirits, a fact which induced me to think that something must be visible to them, though unseen by our eyes. I came to this conclusion, not from conviction, or because I ever saw the shadow of a duppy (ghost), though Admiralty House was supposed to be peopled with several deceased commodores, but because the fear is everywhere — not confined to hundreds or thousands, but universal in the breast of every black man, woman, and child in Jamaica, educated and ignorant. I know this inordinate terror was extremely inconvenient. When once a duppy had possession of a house its value went down proportionately, as no native servants would sleep in it for love or money.

"But, Mrs. M——," I said to our colored nurse, who was nervous about going out under the shadow of some large trees at night, "have you ever seen any yourself?" "Yes, m'a!" she exclaimed in a high, shrill tone, her black eyes opening wide. "I have seen a plenty, m'a. Good king!" The last, a Jamaica exclamation resembling "Good Heavens!" at the bare remembrance of what she had seen. "But what are they like?" I continued. "Like doppies, m'a," was the only explanation I could get.

When Miss N——, the celebrated amateur flower-painter, came to the hills to paint the "mountain glory," as it appeared radiant on the hillside, she took Gardens House. Here, sitting before her easel in the cool verandah, double glasses in hand, she looked across the ravine and beheld this magnificent lilac flower in its greatest beauty, shooting up in giant spikes from cliffs quite inaccessible to man, but, having no English servant, she had to sleep in the spacious, silent old house quite alone. Each day at sundown the servants left her, and trooped merrily down to their homes at Gordon Town, where entire families herd together as thick as they can stow, in an atmosphere much resembling that of a slave-deck in the Mozambique Channel. Gardens Great House had, unfortunately, "a bad name."

I was returning home by moonlight on one occasion alone after a bazaar, and had sent the servants on before. I had passed safely over the dangerous plank, which, at that time, constituted our only means of crossing the river, and was mounting the steep path, when, crouched down on a stone, with his face buried in his hands, I recognized our stalwart cook. "What are you doing here, F——?" I said. "I told you to go on quickly and get me some tea." "Yes, missus," said he, starting up and following me closely. "I waitin' 'pon missus, de carner round dere," pointing to a thick clump of trees ahead. "Dat carner have a bad neame. Plenty duppies dere, my king!" I laughed heartily as we passed the suspected corner, in which he feebly and shakily joined, but he never left my shadow till a cheerful, blazing fire in the kitchen and cook's quarters came into view, when he made a dart in at the door, shutting it safely behind him.

Rats have a great deal to do with duppies, I am convinced; our house had a singularly bad name for both these nightly visitants; but our servants and family were altogether so numerous, filling up every room, that, except when we were down at Port Royal, and the place silent and empty — when awful histories were recounted on our return — duppies did not trouble our household much. Lying awake in my bedroom, which gave on to the verandah, I often heard during the quietest hours, slow, pattering, uncertain steps, and then some heavier body being dragged over the dry, sounding old chestnut floor, followed by a stifled cry. Stockings, boots, gloves, and quite large dolls used mysteriously to disappear every night, and for some time we never could account for it, until in one corner of the verandah a hole was discovered, out of which protruded the foot of a highly respected and deeply mourned doll. After this we set traps with great success, catching some aged rats of enormous size and strength, capable of mortal combat with an army of duppies.

To make a hideous noise is considered efficacious in scaring away duppies. Long before it is light, hundreds of women bearing the produce of the little yam-patch on their heads, meallies, bananas, coko, skellion, yam, all on their way to the market at Kingston, stream down the mountain paths, each one in turn making a frightful noise, something between scaring crows and a yell; this is taken up by the next one ahead, and thus partially reassured they trudge on till welcome daylight appears, when their spirits rise, and the ceaseless and senseless chatter, peculiar to the Jamaican female, commences; when it ends none can tell — certainly not till sundown and the reign of duppies again. Conversation is carried on at the very top of a particularly harsh voice; you would fancy that they were one and all quarrelling violently. Not at all, they are only conversing in their natural tones like a parcel of jays, each lady addressing her companion as ma'am, shortened into m'a, with much apparent formality. Their gait is remarkable: shoulders square and hips swaying under the tremendous burthen carried with such ease and grace on their heads; they get over the ground at an astonishing pace, their gowns kilted high, giving free play to their limbs, till "fashion" demands that it shall be loosed to trail about a foot on the ground, along the filthy streets of Kingston.

A servant of all work is almost unknown in this country, each one having his or her particular department, beyond which they rather pride themselves on knowing nothing. Their leisurely movements and slow rate of work would scandalize an active English housekeeper. Our house-cleaner in the hills resided at the Gardens. About nine A.M. she would saunter in provided with her stock in trade, which consisted of a few fresh limes, a rubber, and some beeswax. Paraffine was occasionally substituted for the limes. After living upon her knees for several hours, at work upon the floor, and making our nice rooms, though open to the outer air, smell dreadfully of Jamaica women, flavored with cocoanut oil, with which they plentifully bedaub their heads, she would announce that her "toot hurt her" (toothache) and depart, trailing a horrid old greenish-black gown after her. For this entertainment we paid two shillings.

The hardest-worked and worst-paid servant is the market-woman, an institution peculiar to the hills, where, as there are no tradespeople, supplies must be procured daily from the market at Kingston. For the poor sum of one shilling and sixpence per day, a fine, tall, strapping young woman willingly walks twelve miles into Kingston, bringing back a heavy load upon her head, uphill the whole way. When ice had to be brought during the illness of our child, the poor market-woman constantly arrived with the melted water streaming from the basket on her head, down the nape of her neck and back, and so to the ground, forming little pools wherever she rested for a moment.

The many virtues of our colored nurse have been recounted in a former paper upon Port Royal. There everything was conducted in the household with naval regularity, but in the hills each servant would have squatted outside the kitchen-door in the sun, doing nothing, thinking of nothing, for at least ten hours out of the twenty-four, had it not been for the ceaseless supervision exercised over their goings out and comings in, by my trusty English maid and housekeeper, of whose fine presence and awe-inspiring demeanor they stood in wholesome dread. She was a great power among them, and could beat down the market-women to half what they impudently but smilingly demanded of me, and when their "toot hurt them," or their head — they suffer much from neuralgia in their rotten teeth, caused by an inordinate fondness for sugarcane — they would come to her in a dejected and forlorn way, ridiculous to behold, as

to one who could certainly cure every ill, and in whose pepper-plasters they had unbounded confidence.

Except in the comparatively rare instance of a mountain storm, profound stillness usually reigned during the night at the Gardens. Leaning out of the wide verandah window when the moon had risen, a beautiful soft radiance bathed the lovely valley and gorge, glinting upon the shingle roofs of the buildings at Gordon Town, and lighting up the foaming Hope and its grey rocks with burnished silver. It was especially resting, when worn with cares and anxieties as to what the morrow might bring forth, to listen to the rejoicings of millions of happy insects who came out of their shady bowers when night fell, and frolicked in the glad air. Fireflies hurled themselves across the grass, coming down with such force as to extinguish their light for an instant, when on they went in their mad flight; frogs and tree-frogs in chorus croaked out their satisfaction; beetles, moths, locusts, and a great, fat, green insect the shape of a turtle, banged themselves against the window-sashes in a gallant endeavor to storm the lights within. All nature seemed glad in the mere fact of living — each voice becoming mute as if by one consent just before the dawn of day. One night, between two and three, I became aware that the soft notes of a multitude of wind instruments were floating down the ravine; they sounded in my half-awakened ears like the music of heaven. Now it was gone, and must have been only a dream, when lo; a fresh burst, coming nearer, convinced me that it was no dream, but the homeward-bound regiment marching by night from Newcastle to Kingston for embarkation. How lovely the swelling notes of a wailing march, dying away almost to silence as they wound round one of the mountain gorges, and swelling out as they emerged again! Gordon Town is reached, and level ground; here the full band bursts forth into "Home, Sweet Home." Louder and louder, tramp, tramp, as one man, I could hear their firm, glad feet. They are going home, home! while we have yet more than a year to stay. I could hardly bear it by the time they had played the last note, and were gone far beyond my hearing down to the plains below. Homesickness seizes one with irresistible force when unnerved by anxiety and illness.

Society for us was at that time a dead letter; we were shunned as if plague-stricken, and with reason, after the yellow-fever. Twice a week when —— returned from Port Royal, we trooped down to the Gardens to meet his carriage and carry up the packages; this was the only glimpse of the outer world we ever got. After a while our visits to Fort Royal became more frequent as the place resumed its healthiness, and the crews returned refreshed and cheered from Bermuda. A long line of reddish graves on the palisades, and the three at Craigton, reminded us, who were spared, of how much we had to be thankful for. At first, though looked at askance by the few white people, we attended the well-kept little church in Gordon Town, where they are fortunate in the possession of a good and kindly clergyman; but as a tramp up and down in the sun from eleven to one knocked up most of us for the day — we became very careful, from sad experience, only to go out morning and evening — a regular service of our own was established in the front verandah. It was punctually attended by all the servants, who would on no account have "shirked," as many an English household does, whenever it is practicable. A pleasant and attentive congregation they made in the smartest of Sunday clothes, and countenances to match, joining in the hymns and chants with melody and good-will. In crossing the rooms, the dry old floors resounded to the tread of their heavy splay feet. Quite absurd it was to see them huddled together, each one conscious only of his remarkably thick boots, and trying, but in vain, to subdue some of their inordinate creaking by a futile endeavor to tread gingerly. Safely arrived at the seats provided, tremendous sighs, enough to blow a baby away, escaped them, continued at frequent intervals throughout the service. Sunday must have been truly a day of penance, for on no other occasion, save a wedding or funeral, do they ever wear boots, shoes, or thick black cloth clothes. The women, if possible, present a still greater contrast between everyday attire and a gorgeous Sunday toilette. Light-green is a very favorite color, well distended over starched petticoats that stand alone, a train of ample length and width trailing behind in the dust or mud, as the case may be; hair, glistening with cocoa-nut oil, tightly plaited in innumerable little tails, as if in a vain endeavor to straighten some of its wiry crinkles, surmounted with a white straw hat, loaded with gay and cheap flowers and ribbons of every hue. A prayer and hymn book, bound round with a clean and never-to-be-unfolded pocket-handkerchief, is con-

sidered important, whether they can read or not. Thus attired, the Jamaica woman proceeds leisurely, with great dignity of carriage, bridling and smirking, on her way to church. Very seldom is a really handsome woman to be met with. The eyes are too much like restless black beads, cheek-bones too high, and the mouth too coarse for beauty, but many faces are most attractive, particularly when lighted up with pleasure or amusement.

Craigton Church was always well filled, ministered to by the good and charitable man who for half his lifetime has lived, beloved and trusted, among them. When this church was blown down in a violent hurricane (so violent that even some solid marble crosses were laid low and hurled to the bottom of the valley, where they were found after many days' search), the poorest dwellers in countless little huts round about, contributed something each month to the rebuilding, and sat contented under the shady side of the hill, listening to their dear pastor, from his pulpit — the only thing remaining entire — under a pine-tree.

There is a good deal of revivalism in the mountains, when curious scenes of real or simulated religious enthusiasm are enacted. We always knew pretty well if a revival meeting was going on in one or other of the little tenements above us, the most heartrending cries and groans proceeding from the subject "whom the Spirit had moved;" but beyond winding themselves up to a pitch of fervor nearly resembling insanity, when they would cast themselves upon the earth and writhe as if in torment, I never heard that it influenced them any way, or to any good or useful purpose.

Two earthquakes occurred while we were in Jamaica; the first, in the middle of the night, awoke the "Aboukir's" people, who thought her anchors had been suddenly let go and all the cables run out, accompanied by a violent trembling of the ship, which caused a very serious leak in her worm-eaten timbers. I was asleep at Trafalgar, St. Ann's, when I awoke feeling the bed being first rocked, and then violently pushed over on one side, accompanied by a rattling of all the crockery. But with the exception of the great historical earthquakes of 1602 and 1692, no earthquakes or hurricanes of any very dangerous strength are recorded in Jamaica, whereas in many of the neighboring West India Islands hurricanes are of almost yearly occurrence between June and November, and are fearfully destructive to life and property. A well-known doggerel among mariners in the West Indies is very much to the point, namely:

> July, stand by, August, a gust;
> September remember, October all over.

The second earthquake happened about 2 P.M., and sounded exactly as if an army of four footed beasts were rushing about overhead, accompanied by a great creaking of the massive beams.

Jamaica has a future, and a great future, first in the cultivation of fruit for export to the United States, to which industry Sir J. P. Grant gave so great an impetus, and secondly, in that of tobacco, for which the soil is especially favorable. Year by year labor becomes scarcer; Lascars, Coolies, and Kroomen have all been tried and failed — financially; the Jamaica negro, who is, of course, better than any imported labor, being on the spot and acclimatized, will not work. He can live entirely to his own satisfaction on the wages of two days a week, his wife "finding" herself and the children; meanwhile the cane rots during the other four days in which he prefers to sit still and do nothing. The women, on the contrary, often work very hard, plodding on, ill or well, with exemplary patience at their task, be it cutting and carrying an enormous bundle of guinea-grass on their head, down a declivity hardly less steep than a stone wall; be it digging over the family yam-patch, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and conveying the proceeds to market. By cottage door and mountain path, men, asleep on their faces, are constantly to be seen reposing from the fatigues of an hour's work. "Dem well lazy," exclaimed a smart young black girl, giving each prostrate body a sharp cut with a twig as she passed them, and then looking back at us with a smile that showed all her milk-white teeth at once. Native labor being absolutely unattainable, all cultivation must be carried on under difficulties; for these reasons, combined with excessive cheapness and competition in the sugar-market, many once rich "caymans" at Linstead, and other fertile places, have been thrown up. Cuban tobacco-planters, weary of perpetual rebellion and warfare in their own island, have taken these "cane-pieces," cane no more, brought their laborers over, and planted them with tobacco. It is a well-known fact that only in that part of Cuba immediately contiguous to Havana is the very best tobacco grown. On that part

of the coast of Jamaica immediately opposite Havana, and which the shallower soundings show to have once been connected with Jamaica, the same conditions exist, the same humid climate with hot sun, the same colored earth, about the same irrigation; it would seem as if it only remained for the same care to be exercised in its cultivation and manipulation when dried, for a new and enormously valuable industry to arise out of the dust, it may be once more to elevate Jamaica into her former prosperous condition among the islands. At present these greatly desired results have not arrived, Jamaica tobacco not obtaining a high price in the market.

When drawing towards the close of my reminiscences, memory seems only to dwell upon our sweet early-morning rambles; the lovely mountain scenery, which no poor words of mine can adequately describe; the helpful kindness bestowed upon us in our need by unselfish and noble-hearted people; the great, cool, old house mellowed and beautified by the passage of a hundred years over its grey roof. I remember those lovely, still, tropical nights, whose profound peace did so much to heal the troubled minds lying under the shadow of a great dread — all our busy and useful life of ceaseless occupation, and again I feel our intense thankfulness when once more restored to the blessings of health. All else has fled into the dim distance, never, however, to be recalled, save with grief and pain.

From The Fortnightly Review.

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUDAN.

SUDDENLY all eyes have been fixed on the Soudan. It is only a short while since that any adventurous traveller might have joined some trading expedition and seen for himself its wild people, its tropical vegetation, its rare animals; after what has now passed years will probably elapse before a Christian will venture to cross its borders. The accounts therefore of those travellers to whom the Soudan is already familiar ground, have proportionately increased in value, and of these narratives none is more complete than the cyclopædia of accurate information, scientific, practical, reliable, "The Heart of Africa," written by the enthusiastic naturalist, Dr. Schweinfurth, who in 1868 joined a trading company of Khartoom merchants who were setting out for the south in search of ivory. First among the races mentioned in his journal come the Nubians. Their country has not flourished under Egyptian rule, and is so depleted by emigration that much of the land formerly cultivated is now allowed to lie idle. To escape from the intolerably heavy taxation, the young men leave their homes, usually for Khartoom, where they take service as soldiers in the merchant service and act as escort to the southward-bound caravans. When money is plentiful with the merchants they are well paid; at other times a share of cattle or slaves, the plunder after a raid on some unfriendly tribe, is their reward. They are all Mahommedans, and will not touch the cigar of the Christian, from an idea that the tobacco has been soaked in spirits. In the same way they will not eat preserves, which they believe to be mixed with the fat of the unclean animal, or cheese, which they imagine to be made from its milk. The spirit merissa presents a temptation which they are unable to resist. They are proud of having abandoned heathenism and of their belief in one God. "Allah is enough for us now," they say, but their belief is also strong in witches and in the evil eye and in the ill-luck of beginning anything on a Wednesday or Saturday. They think that to eat the liver of a vanquished foe will inspire courage, but they cut off and reject the tip of any animal's tongue that is put before them; for is it not now, as in the days of St. James, the seat of all evil, a fire, a world of iniquity? They entertain a superstitious reverence for the fakirs or priests of Darfoor, who are supposed to have the power of rendering bullet-wounds innocuous. Zebehr, to whom the command of the army in the Soudan was lately to have been entrusted, had once twenty-five thousand dollars melted into bullets for a campaign against Darfoor, it being well known that witchcraft can be baffled by a silver bullet.

An uncomfortable belief is also prevalent amongst them that some of their women, being witches, inhabit at will the body of a hyæna. Dr. Schweinfurth thought he was performing a meritorious act in shooting a hyæna at Gallabat, but found himself bitterly reproached by the sheikh, who informed him that his mother, being one of these "hyæna women," might have been dwelling in the beast at the time. The Nubians have a love of freedom, which Dr. Schweinfurth attributes to their hatred of order, and have a greater independence of manner than is

known in Egypt proper. When one of them was reproached for not using the customary term of respect, "my lord," he answered, "We have no lord but Allah." Lively, excitable, and romantic, unequalled as swift and enduring walkers, they hate method and regular work more than either Turks or Egyptians. They are cowardly in battle and untruthful in word. Their moderation in eating is commendable. They have a sense of humor and understand a joke. Their conversation is of a far more romantic turn than that of the practical Egyptians: they discourse of the wonders of the world, the Suez Canal, the great ships of the Franks, the wild beasts, and wilder natives of central Africa, and their imagination adds color and detail, as they tell of the pigmies of the south, whom they describe as "little men with long beards," and dwell on the adroitness with which they will creep under the body of an elephant and slay him from below.

From the White Nile banks to Kordofan and Darfoor the country is inhabited by Baggara Arabs, a warlike race, some of whose members are tributary to Egypt. Their wealth consists of herds of lean, fly-bitten cattle, but the young men of the tribe, brought up to war and hunting, and at home on horseback from their childhood, do not devote much time to their flocks and herds, but often hire themselves out to the Khartoom merchants on their southern expeditions, to enjoy the pleasures of plunder and of the chase. One tribe amongst them, however, the Homr, is the declared enemy of all slave-dealers. They are the finest of the nomad races of the Nile, are not without a love of finery, and adorn their athletic, muscular frames with shirts dyed blue and scarlet. Their features are regular, the color of their skin light brown, their expression open and honest, though they have the reputation of being the boldest of all Ethiopian robbers, and invite comparison with the American gentleman whose profession was being "generally out on the steal."

The whole left bank of the White Nile is inhabited by the Shillooks, with a population of over a million. They are negroes, though not of a degenerate type. When Dr. Schweinfurth was there, the northern part of the country had become subject to Egypt, the chief who had surrendered living at Fashoda, where a garrison was kept to overawe the people. Their hearts were not with their conquerors, but with another chief, Kashgar, a descendant of the ancient reigning family, who still held out in the south against the invaders. The Nubians lost no opportunity of insulting and plundering them. Until the Egyptians came the Shillook government has been the most perfectly organized and conducted of all the negro races of the Nile. Now the country is being deserted, and agriculture is declining. Their land is favored by nature, has a fertile soil, abundance of water, both from rain and from the rising of the river, good pastures, and fish and game in plenty. The Shillooks are short of stature, and by way of compensation arrange the hair in a comb or crest, high upon the head. The men wear no clothing, the women have only an apron of skins. They seem naturally adapted to the moist river flats on which they live, and with their lean, lanky limbs, small, narrow heads, and long, thin necks, appear to be of the stork or flamingo type, especially when seen leisurely striding over the rushes, or standing on one leg for hours together in an attitude of languid repose, their bodies smeared over with grey ashes. In spite of all their national troubles they are merry and light-hearted, full of jokes and puns, which are sometimes inspired by draughts of merissa. A long spear is their only weapon. They believe in a great hero, "father of their race," who in days long gone by led them to this fertile land. Their creed seems, like that of the Positivists, to be summed up in this ancestral homage, and in a belief that the spirits of the dead are about their path. A girl of the tribe was seen by Dr. Schweinfurth, in the governor's hut, at Fashoda. She had come to appeal against her parents' refusal to allow her to marry her chosen lover, Yod by name. Her voice was choked with emotion as she told of their hard-heartedness. They would not allow the marriage to take place because Yod had no cows. To all the governor's wise maxims she would only answer, "Yod wants me, and I want Yod." But the decision given was that she must wait until her lover was in a better position to make a settlement.

Next come the Dinka, the great cattle-breeders. Their territory, park-like in appearance, covers a very large area. They had not submitted to the Egyptian yoke, and were animated by fervent dislike to all foreigners, arising from the raids made on their cattle by the Nubians, who carried off thousands every year. In figure they resemble the Shillooks, but their color is darker, their hair closely cut, except a tuft at the back, and their lower

teeth broken out. The women wear a clothing of skins, and an immense weight of iron ornaments. A cord round the neck is the symbol of mourning. Their huts are clean, and in the preparation of their food they are more particular than any other tribe. They are fond of farinaceous messes, and when a large dish has been prepared will repose round it in a circle, each with his gourd of milk or butter, and each eat separately. But they have also a taste for more dainty meats. Turtle soup is not more highly appreciated at the Guildhall than by the Dinka, and if a happy hunter secures the most highly prized morsel of all, a hare, he quietly lights a fire, roasts and eats it, and returns home, innocent and unconscious as a cat after a stolen visit to the dairy. Their cattle are the pride of their eyes and the delight of their heart, dearer than wife or child. In each village the largest building is a hospital for sick cows. The earliest amusement of the children is the moulding of bullocks and goats in clay, and their vocabulary concerning cattle-breeding is richer than that of any European country. When a cow dies the neighbors, who, though highly appreciating beef, could not be induced to slay one of their own adored beasts, gather together and eat it; but the bereaved owner sits apart, unable to touch a morsel. They are useless for food, as they are never killed, and they yield very little milk; but the Dinka is happy if he can sit and gaze at them, "growing nice and fat;" yet there is no idea of attributing to them anything of a sacred character. Their religion is a "wilderness of mirages"—a confused belief in conjurors and jugglers. They are not, however, without some noble feelings. A Nubian, wounded in a cattle raid, lay down by the hut of a Dinka. The owner took him in, sheltered and nursed him, and refused to give him up to his persecutors, and finally, when quite cured, sent him with an escort back to his own people. A young man of their tribe, in Dr. Schweinfurth's party, suffering from swollen feet, could no longer walk, and his father hearing of it came to fetch him, and carried the strapping youth of six feet high on his own shoulders to their home, fifteen or sixteen leagues away. The women are much prized as slaves, and command a high price, having the reputation of being excellent housekeepers, though, like most invaluable housekeepers, they are a plague to their masters in other ways.

On the border of Dinka land begins the "iron country," stretching to the equator. Here the Dyoor, a small tribe, have their habitation. They are unable to possess cattle, which cannot withstand the assaults of gnats and gad-flies; but the nature of the soil is taken advantage of, and as every Dinka is a cattle-breeder, so is every Dyoor a smith by birth. Their little clay smelting-furnaces are in constant use, and by them are forged the spear-heads and spades used in the province as current coin. The Dinka contemptuously style the Dyoor "wild men," but are glad enough to keep on good terms with them and to buy their iron-work. Their dialect is that of the Shillooks, to whom they are related. They crop the hair closely, and their dress, usually made of a calf-skin, bears some resemblance to the tails of an ordinary dress-coat. They have more natural affection for their parents and their children than is shown by other tribes. The babies lie in cradles, instead of hanging in a strap, and the old grow grey-haired amongst them. The women do the house and field work; the men hunt, and are expert in snaring big game, such as buffaloes and antelopes. A well-filled poultry-yard and a good dog are the two real essentials to happiness in the eyes of the Dyoor.

The country of the Bongos is about as large as Belgium. It also has an iron soil, and the red-brown color of the earth seems to be reproduced in the complexion of its inhabitants, who appear to be the beginning of a new series of races. They are more compactly built, and their heads are broader than the "flamingo" races, and they excel in handicraft. There is something poetic in their dialect; a leaf is expressed as "the ear of a tree," the chest as "the capital of the veins." In iron-work they equal, if not excel, the Dyoor; their melting furnaces are more complicated, and they have an unenviable reputation for the excellence of the chains and manacles manufactured by them for the slave-dealers. They take much pains about the tillage of their fields, though when blessed with a good harvest, they are often improvident enough to use so much of the grain for making beer that it fails as food, and they have to live on roots and bulbs till harvest time comes round again. The country is fertile and well watered, many streams pass through it, and though no rain falls from November till March, they may say with the Irish, "A drought never ruined the country yet," for it is from too much moisture rather than from too little that they have ever suffered.

Their taste in cooking is more pronounced than that of the Dinka. Meat is considered most savory when putrid; all crawling and creeping things are devoured, and decayed fungi, dried and powdered and mixed with their sauces, whet their appetites for such dainties as rats and worms. The children even have exciting mice battues, and sell the produce to each other, tied together in bunches by their tails. "These are our cows," they say. The men wear aprons of skin, the arms covered with small iron bangles. The women wear such masses of iron rings round arms and ankles that their movement would hardly be more effectively impeded by high-heeled boots. The rest of their costume consists of a branch or a bunch of grass. All have a taste for music, and contentedly strum for hours on nondescript instruments. Their religion is not one that can afford them much consolation. They have a firm faith in the existence of witches, and though they believe in spirits, they look on them all as malicious and destructive. Divorce is recognized, and in cases of infidelity, the wife receives a sound flogging, while the co-respondent is fortunate if he escapes with his life. This was once a peaceful country, but since the Khartoomen came in 1850 and made an easy prey of the scattered, leaderless tribes, the arts have been decaying, and the population diminishing. Thousands of boys and girls were seized and sold as slaves.

The Mittoo had only submitted to Egypt in 1867, the year preceding Schweinfurth's visit; indeed, one or two chiefs even then held out. Their district is wonderfully fertile, requiring little beyond the proverbial "tickling with a straw." They are like the conies, a feeble folk, of little value as slaves on account of the want of strength in the men and the want of beauty in the women. They are not even famous for handicraft, and their huts are slightly and badly built. Their costume is of the simplest; the women gather themselves a fresh garment in the forest each day, and the men attire themselves in the meagre but more durable dress of a skin and a cat-o'-nine-tails, a mandarin's cap crowning the short hair, and sometimes a high "masher" collar of leather is permanently fixed round the neck. Spiked bracelets, useful in single combat, are much worn. But in one art, that of music, they excel all their neighbors. The soul of music is in them. Their instruments are brought to great perfection; of these the chief are lyres, with sounding-boards, and flutes of the European pattern. They also have an idea of melody. A hundred of them will sing together in time and tune. All the skill that is wanting in their work, and the strength that is wanting in their frames, and the beauty that is wanting in their faces, seem to be concentrated in this power of musical expression.

The Niam-Niam, a wild and warlike race, inhabiting a country of tropical luxuriance, were little known before Dr. Schweinfurth's visit. The round face, the plump cheeks, the large, almond-shaped eyes, distinguish them from the neighboring tribes. They are mighty men of valor in the chase, and are rapidly exterminating the elephants of central Africa. The soil is fertile, and a third of its produce is devoted to the breweries, where excellent bitter beer is made. They use many weapons, lances and sickle-bladed knives and trumbashes, a kind of boomerang with mischievous-looking iron prongs and points. They file the incisor teeth to a point to facilitate the seizing of an enemy's arm in single combat. The men wear striped and spotted skins, which the sons of chieftains are privileged to loop up at the side. But, like Samson, their strength and glory lie in their hair, and fancy is exhausted in finding new ways of dressing it. Plaits, braids, puffs, tufts, all the ideas of modern coiffeurs of Paris seem to have originated at the sources of the Nile. Dr. Schweinfurth might, by referring to any modern fashion-book, have spared himself the trouble of laboriously describing an arrangement of "rolls, like the ridges or crevices of a melon," piled on the head, and his portraits of warriors with hair worn in puffs at the side, with stray locks hanging down, recall the style of hairdressing that may be seen in Silvy's photographs of a few years earlier. Even the modern fringe was anticipated by a row of the incisor teeth of a dog hanging across the forehead. The chief duty and pride of a Niam-Niam woman is the arrangement of her husband's hair, which is sometimes surmounted by a hat and feathers painfully attached by hairpins, which have to be removed at night. Her price as a slave is literally above rubies, so rarely is she to be had in the market, and, when she falls into the hands of the enemy, no ransom is thought too heavy, no exertion too great for her redemption. The men, in the intervals of war and hunting, find time for recreation. Smoking they are much addicted to, and also to a game of pitching balls into the

holes of a kind of enlarged bagatelle board. Without the skill of the Mittoo, they are very fond of music; they will play all day and night without any intervals for food or sleep.

Their kings have a far more limited authority than those of other tribes, and the divinity that hedges them is not aided by any external show. There is no civil list, and they are supported by the produce of their own model farms. They have only a kind of suzerainty, with the power of declaring peace or war. The studied ferocity of their appearance adds to their influence with their followers; and the energy with which one, in the presence of the enemy, is said to have scrambled to the top of a large ant-hill, and shouted, "To the caldron with the Turks," would not have disgraced a Mid-Lothian platform. They believe in witches and evil spirits, and also in a divinity rendered by the word "lightning." Their only form of worship is the rubbing of a kind of wooden plane on another piece of wood — a kind of praying machine. They have an unbounded confidence in omens, and before determining on any enterprise, will force a lump of grease down the throat of a hen, or hold a cock under water. If the birds survive this treatment the enterprise is proceeded with; if not, abandoned. This simple mode of procedure obviates the necessity of thinking out a policy, or consulting expediency, or public opinion, and is acquiesced in even when leading to inexplicable retreats before the enemy. Let no one hint that this expedient has ever been resorted to in Downing Street.

The Monbuttoo, the most southern tribe visited by Schweinfurth, are, like the Niam-Niam, independent. They are rather of the Semitic than of the negro type, and are taller on an average than Europeans. They have brought the arts of civilization to greater perfection than other tribes. Their ornamental wood carvings and steel chains are unsurpassed, and their earthenware is remarkable for its symmetry and decoration. In architecture especially they excel. The reception-hall of the king Munza was fifty feet in height, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and admirably constructed. Their kings have far greater power than those of the Niam-Niam, and are surrounded with courtiers and ceremonies. Munza received Dr. Schweinfurth with royal state and display. As a race they are remarkable for intellect and judgment, and are feared in war. Their country is an earthly paradise, the soil fertile, the scenery enchanting — clear streams and green pastures, and groves of palm and plantain. Recalling Eden also, the people dress in fig-tree bark, though the king's wardrobe is elaborate, and fills several rooms. One of the ornaments in his treasury was a necklace composed of over a hundred lions' claws. Any tillage required is done by the women; the men, when not at war or hunting, spend the morning in smoking, the rest of the day in gossiping. Both sexes arrange the hair in a large chignon. Bands of hair, often false, are laid across the brow. The population is over a million, and one cultivated farm follows another without a break. They have some faint idea of a divinity living in the sky. In cookery they have an undeniable taste, using spices and mushrooms to flavor their sauces. Nevertheless, they are of all African cannibals the most pronounced. In war they use bows and arrows, as well as the usual iron weapons.

Their women are not marked by the modesty and domestic virtues of the Niam-Niam; they are forward and inquisitive with strangers, and rule in their houses. The men, when asked to sell anything, will say, "Oh! ask my wife; it is hers." Their favorite occupation is the decoration of their own bodies with painted patterns; and before a festival (as in more favored lands) every imagination is ransacked for fresh ideas by which all rivals may be outshone. The sister of King Munza, Kallenghe, had on the first arrival of the Nubians in the country led a body of troops against them and gained the day, though her soldiers had never been confronted with firearms before.

Dr. Schweinfurth was disappointed of going further south to visit the "Akka," the pigmy race. He saw some specimens of them, however, from four feet seven inches to four feet ten inches in height, and of ape-like appearance, resembling the Bushmen of the south. One, indeed, Nsewue by name, he adopted, and brought as far north as Berber, where he died from the effects of over-eating. We get glimpses of other smaller tribes — the Babucker, with their inextinguishable love of freedom; the Nueir, another of the "flamingo" races; the Kredys, with their wretched huts, their gigantic fishing-nets, and their ponderous corn-mills; the merry, light-hearted Sehre, as full of jokes and fun as boys let loose from school — "If we are hungry," they say, "we sing and forget it;" the A-Banga, who lost

their chignons on the field of battle, to be brought home in triumph on the point of the conquerors' lances. The most painful part of Dr. Schweinfurth's story is that relating to his experience of the slave trade. The resting-places of the dealers were marked with burnt bones of men, and helpless and abandoned children. Starvation and cruelty on the journey is the ordinary lot of the wretched beings torn from their homes. Dr. Schweinfurth's work proves how little effect the sovereignty of Egypt had in putting down these horrors. A deceptive show of energy was displayed at Khartoom and Fashoda, but the overland trade was then (1870) more brisk than ever. It is little wonder after all if, when a "prophet" arose calling on the people to turn out the invaders, each tribe had some bitter moment to remember when vengeance had been vowed against the Egyptian dominion.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE EXILE IN SIBERIA.

IT is not in vain that the word *katorga* (hard labor) has received so horrible a meaning in the Russian language, and has become synonymous with the most awful pains and sufferings. "I cannot bear any longer this katorjnaya life," this life of moral and physical sufferings, of infamous insults and pitiless persecutions, of pains beyond man's strength, say those who are brought to despair before attempting to put an end to their life by suicide. It is not in vain that the word katorga has received this meaning, and all those who have seriously inquired into the aspects of hard labor in Siberia have come to the conclusion that it really corresponds to a popular conception. I have already described the journey which leads to the katorga. Let us see now what are the conditions of the convicts in the hard-labor colonies and prisons of Siberia.

Some fifteen years ago, nearly all those fifteen hundred people who were condemned every year to hard labor were sent to eastern Siberia. One part of them was employed at the silver, lead, and gold mines of the Nertchinsk district, or at the iron works of Petrovsk (not far from Kiakhta) and Irkutsk, or at the salt works of Usolie and Ust-Kut; a few were employed at a drapery in the neighborhood of Irkutsk, and the remainder were sent to the gold mines, or rather gold washings, of Kara, where they were bound to dig out the traditional "hundred poods" (thirty-two hundred pounds) of gold for the "Cabinet of his Majesty," that is, for the personal purse of the emperor. The horrible tales of subterranean work in the silver and lead mines, under the most abominable conditions, under the whips of overseers who compelled each ten men to accomplish a work that would be hard even for double this number; of convicts working in the darkness, charged with heavy chains and riveted to barrows; of people dying from the poisonous emanations of the mines; of prisoners flogged to death, or dying under five and six thousand strokes of the rod, by order of traditional monsters like Rozguildéeff — all these tales, well known everywhere, are not tales due to the fancy of imaginative writers, they are true historical records of a sad reality.

And they are not tales of a remote past, for such were the conditions of hard labor in the Nertchinsk mining district no farther back than twenty-five years ago. They might be told by men still in life.

More than that, many, very many, features of this horrible past have been maintained until our own times.* Every one in eastern Siberia knows of the terrible scurvy epidemics which broke out at the Kara gold mines in 1857, when — according to official reports perused by M. Maximoff — no less than one thousand convicts out of some seventeen thousand died in the course of one summer, and the cause of the epidemics is a secret to nobody; it is well known that the authorities having perceived that they would be unable to dig out the traditional hundred poods of gold, caused the convicts to work without rest, above their strength, until some fell dead in the mines. And much later on, in 1873, have we not seen again a similar epidemic, due to similar causes, breaking out in the Yeniseisk district, and sweeping away hundreds of lives at once? The places of torture, the proceedings were

* The Kutomara and Alexandrovsk silver mines have always been renowned for their insalubrity, on account of the arsenical emanations from the ore; not only men, but also cattle, suffered from them, and it is well known that the inhabitants of these villages were compelled, for this reason, to raise their young cattle in neighboring villages. As to the quicksilver emanations, every one who has consulted any serious work on the Nertchinsk mining district knows that the silver ore of these mines is usually accompanied with cinnabar — especially in the mines of Shakhtama and Kultuma, both worked out by convicts who were poisoned by mercurial emanations — and that attempts to get mercury from these mines have been made several times by the government. The Akatuy silver mines of the same district have always had the most dreadful reputation for their unhealthiness.

slowly modified, but the very essence of hard labor has remained the same, and the word katorga has still maintained its horrible meaning.

During the last twenty years the system of hard labor has undergone some modification. The richer silver mines of the Nertchinsk mining district have been worked out; instead of enriching every year "the Cabinet of the emperor" with two hundred and twenty to two hundred and eighty poods of silver (seven to nine thousand pounds), as it was before, they yielded but five to seven poods (one hundred and fifty to two hundred and ten pounds) in 1860 to 1863, and they were abandoned. As to the gold washings, the mining authorities succeeded about the same time in convincing the Cabinet that there were no more gold washings worth being worked in the district; and the Cabinet abandoned the district to private enterprise, reserving for the crown only the mines on the Kara River, a tributary of the Shilka (of course rich mines, well known before, were "discovered" by private persons immediately after the promulgation of the law). The government was thus compelled to find some other kind of employment for the convicts, and to modify to a certain extent the whole system of hard labor. The central prisons in Russia, of which I have given a description in a preceding paper, were invented; and, before being sent to Siberia, the hard-labor convicts remain now in these prisons for about one-third of the duration of their sentence. I have described the horrible treatment to which they are submitted. The number of these sufferers, for whom even the horrible katorga in Siberia appears as a relief, is about five thousand.

As to the eighteen to nineteen hundred hard-labor convicts who are transported every year to Siberia, they are submitted to different kinds of treatment. A certain number of them (twenty-seven hundred to three thousand) are locked up in the hard-labor prisons of western and eastern Siberia; whilst the remainder are transported, either to the Kara gold washings, or to the salt works of Usolie and Ust-Kut, or to the coal mines on the Sakhalin Island. The few mines and works of the crown in Siberia being, however, unable to employ the nearly ten thousand convicts condemned to hard labor, a novel expedient was invented, in renting the convicts to private owners of gold washings. It is easy to perceive that the punishment of convicts belonging to the same hard-labor category can be thus varied to an immense degree, depending on the caprice of the authorities, and a good deal on the length of the purse of the convict. He may be killed under the *plètes* at Kara or Ust-Kut, as also he may comfortably live at the private gold mine of some friend, as "overseer of works," and be aware of his removal to Siberia only by the long delay in receiving news from his Russian friends.

Leaving aside, however, these exceptional favors and a variety of subdivisions of less importance, the hard-labor convicts in Siberia can be classified under three great categories: those who are kept in prison; those who are employed at the gold mines of the Imperial Cabinet or of private persons; and those who are employed at the salt works.

The fate of the first is very much like the fate of those who are locked up in central prisons in Russia. The Siberian gaoler may smoke a pipe, instead of a cigar, when flogging his inmates; he may make use of lashes, instead of birch rods, and flog the convicts when his soup is spoiled, whilst the Russian gaoler's bad temper depends upon an unsuccessful hunting: the results for the convicts are the same. In Siberia, as in Russia, a gaoler "who pitilessly flogs" is substituted by a gaoler "who gives free play to his own fists and steals the last coppers of the prisoners;" and an honest man, if he is occasionally nominated as the head of a hard-labor prison, will soon be dismissed, or expelled from an administration where honest men are a nuisance.

The fate of those two thousand convicts who are employed at the Kara gold mines is not better. Twenty years ago the official reports represented the prison at upper Kara as an old, weather-worn, log-wood building, erected on a swampy ground, and impregnated with the filthiness accumulated by long generations of overcrowded convicts. They concluded that it ought to be pulled down at once; but the same foul and rotten building continues to shelter the convicts until now; and, even during M. Kononovitch's reasonable rule, it was said to be whitewashed only four times each year. It is always filled up to double its cubical capacity, and the inmates sleep on two storeys of platforms, as also on the floor that is covered with a thick sheet of sticky filth, their wet and nasty clothes being mattresses and coverings at once. So it was twenty years ago; so it is now. The chief prison of the Kara gold washings,

the lower Kara, was described by M. Maximoff in 1863, and by the official documents I perused, as a rotten nasty building where wind and snow freely penetrate. So it is described again by my friends. The middle Kara prison was restored a few years ago, but it soon became as filthy as the two others. For six or eight months, out of twelve, the convicts remain in these prisons without any occupation; and it is quite sufficient, I imagine, to mention this circumstance to suggest what vices are taught in these prisons, and all the demoralization of character that results from this confinement. Let those who wish to study the moral influence of Russian prisons on their inmates peruse the remarkable psychological studies by Dostoevsky, MM. Maximoff, Lvoff, and so many others.

The work at the gold washings is altogether very hard. True, it is carried on above-ground; deep excavations being made in the alluvium of the valley, to extract the gold-bearing mud and sands, which are transported in cars to the gold-washing machine. But it is most unhealthy and difficult work. The bottom of the excavation is always below the level of the river, which flows at a certain height in an artificial channel to the machine; and therefore it is always covered to a certain depth with the water which is leaking through its walls, not to speak of the icy water which flows everywhere down the walls, as the frozen mud thaws under the hot rays of the sun. The pumps are usually insufficient, and so (I write from my own experience) people are working throughout the day in an icy water that covers their feet to the knees, and sometimes to the stomach; and, when returned to the prison, the convict obviously has nothing to change his wet dress for: he sleeps on it. It is true that the same work is done under the same conditions, by thousands of free workingmen, on the private gold washings. But it is well known that the owners of gold washings in Siberia would have no hands for their mines if the enlistment of workmen were not practised in the same way as were the enlistments for the armies in the seventeenth century. The engagements are always made in a drunken state and in exchange for large sums of hand-money, which pass immediately to the pockets of the publicans. As to the settled exiles — the *poselentsy* — whose starving army furnishes the largest contingent of workmen for the private gold washings, they are mostly merely rented by the village authorities, who seize the hand-money for the taxes, always in arrear.

The intervention of the district authorities, and very often a military convoy, are therefore necessary every spring to send the "free hands" to the gold washings. It is obvious that the conditions of work are still harder for the convicts. The day's task which each of them must accomplish is greater and harder than on the private mines, and many of them are loaded with chains; at Kara, they have moreover to walk five miles from the prison to the excavation, adding thus a nearly three hours' march to the day's task. Sometimes, when the auriferous gravel and clay are poorer than was expected, and the quantity of gold calculated on could not be extracted, the convicts are literally exhausted by overwork; they are compelled to work until very late in the nights, and then the mortality, which is always high, becomes really horrible. In short, it is considered, as a rule, by all those who have seriously studied the Siberian hard-labor institutions, that the convict who has remained for several years at Kara, or at the salt works, comes away quite broken in health, and unfit for ulterior work, and that he remains thenceforth a burden on the country.

The food — however less substantial than at the private gold washings — might be considered as nearly sufficient when the convicts receive the rations allowed to the men when at work; the daily allowance being in such cases three and six-tenths English pounds of rye bread, and the amount of meat, cabbage, buckwheat, etc., that can be supplied for one rouble per month. A good manager could give for that price nearly half a pound of meat every day. But, owing to the want of any real control, the convicts mostly are pitiessly robbed of their poor allowance. If at the St. Petersburg House of Detention, under the eyes of scores of inspectors, robbery was carried on for years on a colossal scale, how could it be otherwise in the wildernesses of the Transbaikalian mountains? Honest managers, who supply the convicts with all due to them, are rare exceptions. Besides, the above allowance is given only during the short period of gold-washing, which lasts for less than four months in the year. During the winter, when the frozen ground is as hard as steel, there is no work at all. And as soon as the gold-washing — the year's crop of the mines — is finished, the food is reduced to an

amount hardly sufficient to keep muscles and bones together. As to the payment for work, it is quite ludicrous, being something like three to four shillings per month, out of which the convict mostly purchases some cloth to supply the quite insufficient dress given by the crown. No wonder that scurvy — that terror of all Siberian gold washings — is always mowing down the lives of the convicts, and that the mortality at Kara is from ninety to two hundred and eighty-seven, out of less than two thousand, every year; that is, one out of eleven to one out of seven, a very high figure indeed for a population of adults. These official figures, however, are still below the truth, as the desperately sick are usually sent away, to die in some *bogadelnya*, or invalid house.

The situation of the convicts would be still worse if the overcrowding of the prisons and the interests of the owners of the gold mines had not compelled the government to shorten the time of imprisonment. As a rule, the hard-labor convict ought to be kept in prison, at the mines, only for about one-third of the time to which he has been condemned. Beyond this time, he must be settled in the village close by the mine, in a separate house, with his family, if his wife has followed him; he is bound to go to work, like other convicts, but without chains, and he has his own house and hearth. It is obvious that this law might be an immense benefit for the convicts, but its provisions are marred by the manner in which it is applied. The liberation of the convict depends entirely upon the caprice of the superintendent of the mine. Moreover, with the absurd payment for his labor, which hardly reaches a few shillings per month in addition to the ration of flour, the liberated convict falls, with but few exceptions, into the most dreadful misery. All investigators of the subject are agreed in representing under the darkest aspects the misery of this class of convicts, and in saying that the immense number of runaways from this category of exile is chiefly due to their wretchedness.

The punishments obviously depend also entirely upon the fancy of the superintendent of the works, and they are atrocious. The privation of food and the blackhole — and those who have read my former articles know what blackhole means in Siberia — are considered as merely childish punishments. Only the *plète*, the cat-o'-nine-tails, distributed at will, for the slightest delinquency, and to the amount dictated by the good or bad temper of the manager, is considered as a punishment.

It is so usual a thing in the minds of the overseers, that "hundred plètes," a hundred lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails, are ordered with the same easiness as one week's incarceration would be ordered in European prisons; but there are other heavier punishments in store: for instance, the chaining for several years to the wall of an underground blackhole, especially at the Akatuy prison; the riveting for five or six years to the barrow, which is, perhaps, the worst imaginable moral torture; and finally, the *leessa* (the fox), that is, a beam of wood, or a piece of iron, weighing one pood and a half (forty-eight pounds) attached to the chain for several years. The horrible punishment by the leessa is becoming rare, but the chaining for several years to a barrow is quite usual. Quite recently, the political convicts, Popko, Fomicheff, and Berezнuk were condemned, for an attempt at escape from the Irkutsk prison, to be riveted to barrows for two years.

I hardly need to add that the superintendent of the mines is a king in his dominions, and that to complain about him is quite useless. He may rob his inmates of their last coppers, he may submit them to the most horrible punishments, he may torture the children of convicts — no complaints will reach the authorities; and the convict who would be bold enough to dare a complaint would be simply starved in blackholes, or killed under the plètes. All those who write about exile in Siberia ought to bear constantly in mind that there is no serious control over the managers of the penal colonies, and that an honest man will never remain for long at the head of a penal colony in Siberia. If he is merely humane with the convicts, he will be dismissed for what will be described at St. Petersburg as "dangerous sentimentalism." If not, he will be expelled by the association of robbers who gather around so lucrative a business as the management of a gold mine of the crown. The Russian proverb says: "Let him nourish a crown's sparrow, he will nourish all his family;" but a gold mine is something much more attractive than a crown's sparrow. There are thousands of convicts to supply with food and tools; there are the machines to repair; and there is the most lucrative clandestine trade in stolen gold. There is at these mines a whole tradition and a solid organization of robbery, established and grown up long ago, an organization which even the des-

potic and almighty Mouravieff could not break down. An honest man cast amidst these organized gangs of robbers is considered by his comrades as a troublesome individual, and, if not recalled by the government, he will be compelled to leave himself, weary of warfare. Therefore, the Kara gold mines have seldom seen at their head honest men like Barbot de Marny, or Kononovitch, but nearly always such people as Rozguildéeff.

And so it goes on until our own times. Not only the abominable cruelty of the managers of Kara has become proverbial, but we need not go further back than 1871 to discover the mediæval torture flourishing there in full. Even so cautious a writer as M. Yadrintseff relates a case of torture applied by the manager of the mines, Demidoff, to a free woman and to her daughter, eleven years old.

In 1871 — he says — the chief of the Kara gold mines, Demidoff, was informed of a murder committed by a convict. The better to discover the details of the crime, Demidoff submitted to torture, through the executioner, the wife of the murderer — a free woman, who went to Siberia to follow her husband — and her daughter, eleven years old. The girl was suspended in the air, and the executioner flogged her from the head to the soles of her feet. She had already received several lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails when she asked to drink. A salted herring was presented to her. The torture would have been prosecuted if the executioner had not refused to continue.*

Man does not become so ferocious at once, and every intelligent thinker will discover behind this single case a whole training in cruelty of the Demidoffs; a whole horrible story of barbarities carried on with the conviction of impunity. As the woman in this case was not a convict, her complaints reached the authorities; but for one case brought to publicity, how many hundreds of like cases never come, and never will come, to the knowledge of public opinion!

I have but little to say about those hard-labor convicts who are rented of the crown by private owners of gold washings. This innovation was not yet introduced when I was sojourning in Siberia, and little has transpired about it since it has been practised. I know that the experiment has been recognized as a failure. The best proprietors did not care to employ convicts, as they soon learned how expensive every contact with the authorities is in Siberia; and only the worst owners continued to take them to their mines. At such mines the convicts had perhaps less to suffer from their managers, but still more from want of food, from overwork, and bad lodgings, not to speak of the hardness of long journeys to and from the gold mines, on footpaths crossing the wild Siberian forests.

As to the salt works, where a number of convicts are still employed, they cause the worst kind of hard labor; and I shall never forget the Polish exiles I saw at the Ust Kut salt works. The water of the salt springs is usually pumped by means of the most primitive machines; and the work, which is pursued even during the winter, is unanimously considered as one of the most exhausting. The condition of those who are employed at the large pans, where the salt solution is concentrated by an immense fire blazing under the pans, is still worse. The men stay for hours quite naked, stirring up the salt in the pan; the perspiration is literally streaming on their bodies, whilst they are exposed to a strong current of cold air blowing through the building in order to accelerate the evaporation. With the exception of the few who are employed at some other works at the mine, I have seen but sallow and livid phantoms, among whom consumption and scurvy find an abundant harvest.

I shall not touch in this paper the recent innovation — the hard labor and settlement of convicts in a new and remoter Siberia — the island of Sakhalin. The fate of the convicts on this island, where nobody would settle freely, and their struggles against an inhospitable soil and climate, deserve a separate study. Nor shall I touch in this paper the condition of the Polish exiles of 1864. This subject deserves more than a short notice; and I have not yet spoken of the immense class of exiles transported to Siberia to be settled there as agricultural and industrial laborers.

Those who are condemned to hard labor, not only lose all their civil and personal rights, they are separated forever from their mother land. After their release from hard labor they are embodied in the great category of the *ssylno-poselentsy*, and they remain in Siberia for life. No possible return, under any circumstances, to Russia. The category of settled exiles is the most numerous in Siberia. It comprises not only the released hard-labor convicts, but also the nearly three thousand men and women (28,382 in the space of ten years, 1867 to 1876)

* Siberia as a Colony, p. 207.

transported every year under the head of ssylno-poselentsy, that is, to be settled in Siberia, also for life, and with a total or partial loss of their civil and personal rights. To these ssylno-poselentsy — or simply poselentsy in the current language — must be added the 23,383 exiled during the same ten years *na vodvorenie*, that is, to be settled with a partial loss of their civil rights; 2,551 exiled *na jitie* ("to live in Siberia") without loss of their personal rights; and the 76,686 exiled during the same time by simple orders of the administrative, making thus a total of nearly one hundred and thirty thousand exiles for ten years. During the last five years this figure has still increased, reaching from sixteen to seventeen thousand exiles every year.

I have already said what are the "crimes" of this mass of human beings cast out from Russia; let us see now what is their situation in the land of exile. A whole literature on this subject has grown up during the last ten years. Official inquiries have been made, and scores of papers have been published on the consequences of the transportation to Siberia, all being agreed as to the following conclusion: Leaving aside some isolated cases, such as the excellent influence of the Polish and Russian political exiles on the development of manufactures in Siberia, as well as that of the nonconformists and Little Russians (who have been transported by whole communes at once) on agriculture — leaving aside these few exceptions, the great mass of exiles, far from supplying Siberia with useful colonists and skilled working-men, supplies it with a floating population, mostly starving and quite unable to do any useful work (see the works and papers by MM. Maximoff, Lvoff, Zavalishin, Rovinsky, Yadrintseff, Peysen, Dr. Sperch, and many others, and the extracts from official inquiries they have published).

It appears from these investigations that, whilst more than half a million of people have been transported to Siberia during the last sixty years, only two hundred thousand are now on the lists of the local administration; the remainder have died without leaving any posterity, or have disappeared. Even of these two hundred thousand who figure on the official lists, no less than one-third, that is, seventy thousand (or even much more, according to other valuations), have disappeared during the last few years without anybody knowing what has become of them. They have vanished like a cloud in the sky on a hot summer day. Part of them have run away and have joined the human current, twenty thousand men strong, that silently flows through the forest lands of Siberia, from east to west, towards the Ural. Others — and these are the great number — already have dotted with their bones the "runaway paths" of the forests and marshes, as also the paths that lead to and from the gold mines. And the remainder constitute the floating population of the larger towns, trying to escape an obnoxious supervision by assuming false names.

As to the one hundred and thirty thousand (or much less, according to other statisticians) who have remained under the control of the administration, the unanimous testimony of all inquiries, official or private, is that they are in such a wretched state of misery as to be a real burden on the country. Even in the most fertile provinces of Siberia — Toursk and the southern part of Tobolsk — only one-quarter of them have their own houses, and only one out of nine have become agriculturists. In the eastern provinces the proportion is still less favorable. Those who are not agriculturists — and they are some hundred thousand men and women throughout Siberia — are wandering from town to town without any permanent occupation, or going to and from the gold washings, or living in villages from hand to mouth, in the worst imaginable misery, with all the vices that never fail to follow misery.

Several causes contribute to the achievement of this result. The chief one — all agree in that — is the demoralization the convicts undergo in the prisons, and during their peregrinations on the *étapes*. Long before having reached their destination in Siberia, they are demoralized. The laziness enforced for years on the inmates of the lock-ups; the development of the passion for games of hazard; the systematic suppression of the will of the prisoner, and the development of passive qualities, quite opposite to the moral strength required for colonizing a young country; the prostration of the strength of character and the development of low passions, of shallow and futile desires, and of anti-social conceptions generated by the prison — all this ought to be kept in mind to realize the depth of moral corruption that is spread by our gaols, and to understand how an inmate of these institutions never can be the man to endure the hard struggle for life in the sub-arctic Russian colony.

But not only is the moral force of the convict broken by the prison; his physical force, too, is mostly broken forever by the journey and the sojourn at the hard-labor colonies. Many contract incurable diseases; all are weak. As to those who have spent some twenty years in hard labor (an attempt at escape easily brings the seclusion to this length), they are for the most part absolutely unable to perform any work. Even put in the best circumstances, they would still be a burden on the community. But the conditions imposed on the poselenets are very hard. He is sent to some remote village commune, where he receives several acres of land — the least fertile in the commune, and he must become a farmer. In reality he knows nothing of the practice of agriculture in Siberia, and, after three or four years' detention, he has lost the taste for it, even if he formerly was an agriculturist. The village commune receives him with hostility and scorn. He is "a Russian" — a term of contempt with the Siberyak — and, moreover, a convict! He is also one of those whose transport and accommodation cost the Siberian peasant so heavily. For the most part he is not married and cannot marry, the proportion of exiled women being as one to six men, and the Siberyak will not allow him to marry his daughter, notwithstanding the fifty roubles allowed in this case by the State, but usually melted away on their long journey through the hands of numerous officials. There was no need in Siberia for the official scheme-inventors who ordered the peasants to build houses for the exiles, and who settled the poselentsy, five or six together, dreaming of pastoral exile-communities. The practical result was invariably the same. The five poselentsy thus associated in their miseries invariably ran away after a useless struggle against starvation, and went under false names to the towns, or to the gold mines, in search of labor. Whole villages with empty houses on the Siberian highway still remind the traveller of the sterility of official Utopias introduced with the help of birch rods.

Those who find some employment on the farms of the Siberian peasants are not happier. The whole system of engaging workmen in Siberia is based on giving them large sums of hand-money in advance, in order to put them permanently in debt, and to reduce them to a kind of perpetual serfdom; and the Siberian peasants largely use this custom. As to those exiles — and they are the great proportion — who earn their livelihood by work on the gold washings, they are deprived of all their savings as soon as they have reached the first village and public-house, after the four or five months of labor — of hard labor, in fact, with all its privations — at the mines. The villages on the Lena, the Yenissei, the Kan, etc., where the parties of gold-miners arrive in the autumn, are widely famed for this peculiarity. And who does not know in Siberia the two wretched, miserable hamlets on the Lena, which have received the names of Paris and London from the admirable skill of their inhabitants in depriving the miners of their very last copper? When the miner has left in the public-house his last hat and shirt, he is immediately re-engaged by the agents of the gold-mining company for the next summer, and receives, in exchange for his passport, some hand-money for returning home. He comes to his village with empty hands, and the long winter months he will spend — perhaps, in the next lock-up! In short, the final conclusion of all official inquiries which have been made up to this time is, that the few housekeepers among the exiles are in a wretched state of misery; and that the paupers are either serfs to the farmers and mine proprietors, or — to use the words of an official report — "are dying from hunger and cold."

The *taiga* — the forest land which covers thousands of square miles in Siberia — is thickly peopled with runaways, who slowly advance, like a continuous human stream, towards the west, moved by the hope of finally reaching their native villages on the other slope of the Ural. As soon as the cuckoo cries, announcing to the prisoners that the woods are free from their snow covering, that they can shelter a man without the risk of his becoming during the night a motionless block of ice, and that they will soon provide the wanderer with mushrooms and berries, thousands of convicts make their escape from the gold mines and salt works, from the villages where they starved, and from the towns where they concealed themselves. Guided by the polar star, or by the mosses on the trees, or by old runaways who have acquired in the prisons the precious knowledge of the "runaway paths" and "runaway stations," they undertake the long and perilous backward journey. They pass around Lake Baikal, climbing the high and wild mountains on its shores, or they cross it on a raft, or even — as the popular song says — in a fish-cask. They avoid the highways, the towns, and the

settlements of the Buriates, but freely camp in the woods around the towns; and each spring you see at Chita the fires of the *chaldons* (runaways) lighted all around the little capital of Transbaikalia, on the woody slopes of the surrounding mountains. They freely enter also the Russian villages, where they find, up to the present day, bread and milk exposed on the windows of the peasants' houses "for the poor runaways."

As long as nothing is stolen by the ramblers, they may be sure of not being disturbed in their journey by the peasants. But, as soon as any of them breaks this tacit mutual engagement, the Siberyaks become pitiless. The hunters — and each Siberian village has its trappers — spread through the forests, and pitilessly exterminate the runaways, sometimes with an abominable refinement of cruelty. Some thirty years ago, "to hunt the chaldons" was a trade, and the human chase has still remained a trade with a few individuals, especially with the Karyms, or half-breeds. "The antelope gives but one skin," these hunters say, "whilst the chaldon gives two at least, his shirt and his coat." A few runaways find employment on the farms of the peasants, which are spread at great distances from the villages, but these are not very numerous, as the summer is the best season for marching towards the west: the forests feed and conceal the wanderers during the warm season. True, they are filled then with clouds of small mosquitos (the terrible *moshka*), and the *brodyagha* (runaway) you meet with in the summer is horrible to see: his face is but one swollen wound; his eyes are inflamed and hardly seen from beneath the burning and swollen eyelids; his swollen nostrils and mouth are covered with sores. Men and cattle alike grow mad from this plague, which continues to pursue them even among the clouds of smoke that are spread around the villages. But still the brodyagha pursues his march towards the border-chain of Siberia, and his heart beats stronger as he perceives its bluish hills on the horizon. Twenty, perhaps thirty thousand men are continually living this life, and surely no less than one hundred thousand people have tried to make their escape in this way during these last fifty years. How many have succeeded in entering the Russian provinces? Nobody could tell, even approximately. Thousands have found their graves in the *taiga*, and happy were they whose eyes were closed by a devoted fellow-traveller. Other thousands have returned of their own accord to the lock-ups when the mercury was freezing and the frost stopped the circulation of the last drop of blood in an emaciated body. They submitted themselves to the unavoidable hundred plètes, returned again to Transbaikalia, and next spring tried again the same journey with more experience. Other thousands have been hunted down, seized, or shot by the Buriates, the Karyms, or some Siberian trapper. Others again were seized a few days after having reached the soil of their "mother Russia," after having thrown themselves at the feet of their old parents, in the village they had left many years ago to satisfy the caprice of the ispravnik, or the jealousy of the local usurer. . . . What an abyss of suffering is concealed behind those three words: "Escape from Siberia!"

I have now to examine the situation of political exiles in Siberia. Of course I shall not venture to tell here the story of political exile since the year 1607, when one of the forefathers of the now reigning dynasty, Vassiliy Nikitich Romanoff, opened the long list of proscriptions, and terminated his life in an underground cell at Nyrdob, loaded with sixty-four pounds' weight of heavy chains. I shall not try to revive the horrible story of the Bar confederates arriving in Siberia with their noses and ears torn away, and — so says, at least, the tradition — rolled down the hill of the Kreml at Tobolsk tied to big trees; I shall not tell the infamies of the madman Freskin and his ispravnik Loskutoff; nor dwell upon the execution of March 7, 1837, when the Poles Szokalski, Sieroczynski, and four others were killed under seven thousand strokes of the rod; nor will I describe the sufferings of the "Decembrists" and of the exiles of the first days of Alexander II.'s reign; neither give here the list of our poets and publicists exiled to Siberia since the times of Radischeff until those of Odoevsky, and later on, of Tchernyshevsky and Mikhailoff. I shall speak only of those political exiles who are now in Siberia.

Kara is the place where those condemned to hard labor were imprisoned, to the number of one hundred and fifty men and women, during the autumn of 1882. After having been kept from two to four years in preliminary detention at the St. Petersburg fortress, at the famous Litovskiy Zamok, at the St. Petersburg House of Detention, and in provincial prisons, they were sent, after their condemnation, to Kharkoff Central Pris-

on. There they remained for three to five years, again in solitary confinement, without any occupation, without any intercourse with their parents, literally starving on the poor allowance of 1¼*d.* per day, and at the mercy of their gaolers. Then they were transferred, for a few months, to the Mtsensk depot — where they were treated much better — and thence they were sent to Transbaikalia. Most of them performed the journey to Kara in the manner I have already described — on foot beyond Tomsk, and chained. A few were favored with the use of cars, for slowly moving from one étape to another. Even these last describe this journey as a real torture, and say: "People become mad from the moral and physical tortures endured during such a journey. The wife of Dr. Bielyi, who accompanied her husband, and two or three others, have had this fate."

The prison where they are kept at middle Kara is one of those rotten buildings I have already mentioned. It was overcrowded when ninety-one men were confined in it, and it is still more overcrowded since the arrival of sixty more prisoners; wind and snow freely enter the interstices between the rotten pieces of logwood of the walls, and from beneath the rotten planks of the floor. The chief food of the prisoners is rye bread and some buckwheat; meat is distributed only when they are at work in the gold mine, that is, during three months out of twelve, and only to fifty men out of one hundred and fifty. Contrary to the law and custom, all were chained in 1881, and went to work loaded with chains.

There is no hospital for "the politicals," and the sick, who are numerous, remain on the platforms, side by side with all others, in the same cold rooms, in the same suffocating atmosphere. Even the insane Madame Kovalevskaya is still kept in prison. Happily enough, there are surgeons among them. As to the surgeon of the prison, it is sufficient to say of him that the insane Madame Kovalevskaya was kicked down and beaten under his eyes during an attack of madness. The wives of the prisoners were allowed to stay at lower Kara, and to visit their husbands twice a week, as also to bring them books and newspapers. The greater number are slowly dying from consumption, and the list of deaths rapidly increases.

But the most horrible curse of hard labor at Kara is the absolute arbitrariness of the gaolers; the prisoners are completely at the mercy of the caprices of men who were nominated by the government with the special purpose of "keeping them in urchin-gloves." The chief of the garrison openly says he would be happy if some "political" offended him, as the offender would be hanged; the surgeon doctors by means of his fists; and the adjutant of the governor-general, a Captain Zagarin, loudly said, "I am your governor, your minister, your tsar," when the prisoners threatened him with making a complaint to the ministry of justice. One must read the story of the "insurrection" at the Krasnoyarsk prison, or hear N. Lopatin's narrative of it, to be convinced that the right place for such an individual would be a lunatic asylum. Even ladies did not escape his mad brutality, and were submitted by him to a treatment which revolted the simplest feelings of decency; and, when the prisoner Schedrin, in defence of his bride, gave him a blow on his face, the military court condemned Schedrin to death. General Pedashenko acted in accordance with the loudly expressed public feeling at Irkutsk, when he commuted *the sentence of death into a sentence of incarceration for a fortnight*, but few officials have the courage of the then provisional governor-general of eastern Siberia. The blackholes, the chains, the riveting to barrows, are usual punishments, and they are accompanied sometimes with the regulation "hundred plètes." "I shall kill you under the rods, you will rot in the blackholes," such is the language that continually sounds in the ears of the prisoners. But, happily enough, corporal punishment has not been used with political prisoners. A fifty years' experience has taught the officials that the day it was applied "would be a day of great bloodshed," as the publishers of the *Will of the People* said when describing the life of their friends in Siberia.

As to the prescriptions of the law with regard to exiles, they are openly trampled upon by the higher and lower authorities. Thus, Uspenskiy, Tcharoushin, Semenovsky, Shishko were liberated from the prison and settled in the Kara village after having reached the term of "probation" established by the law. But in 1881, a ministerial decision, taken at St. Petersburg without any reasonable cause, ordered them to be again locked up.

The law being thus trampled under foot, and the last hopes of amelioration of the fate of the prisoners having thus vanished, two of them committed suicide.

Uspenskiy, who endured horrible sufferings in hard labor since 1867, and whose character could not be broken by these pains, was unable to live more of this hopeless life, and followed the example of his two comrades. If the political convicts at Kara were common murderers, they would still have the hope that, after having performed their seven, ten, or twelve years of hard labor for having spread Socialist pamphlets among workmen, they would finally be set at liberty and transferred to some province of southern Siberia, thus becoming settlers, according to the prescriptions of our penal system. But there is no law for political exiles. Tchernyshevsky, the translator of J. S. Mill's "Political Economy," terminated ten years ago his seven years of hard labor. If he had murdered his father and mother, and burned a house with a dozen children, he would be settled now in some village of the government of Irkutsk. But he has written economical papers; he has published them with the authorization of the censorship; the government considers him as a possible leader of the constitutional party in Russia, and he is buried in the hamlet of Viluisk, amidst marshes and forests, five hundred miles beyond Yakutsk. There, isolated from all the outside world, closely watched by two gendarmes who lodge in his house, he is buried forever, and neither the entreaties of the Russian press nor the resolutions of the last International Literary Congress could save him from the hands of a suspicious government. Such will be, too, without doubt, the fate of those who are now kept at Kara. The day they became poselentsy will not be for them a day of liberation: it will be a day of transportation from the milder regions of Transbaikalia to the toundras within the Arctic Circle.

However bitter the condition of the hard-labor convicts in Siberia, the government has succeeded in punishing as hardly, and perhaps even more so, those of its political foes whom it could not condemn to hard labor, or exile, even by means of packed courts, nominated *ad hoc*, and pronouncing their sentences in absolute secrecy. This result has been achieved by means of the "administrative exile," or transportation to "more or less remote provinces of the empire" without judgment, without any kind or even phantom of trial, on a single order of the omnipotent chief of the third section.

Every year some five or six hundred young men and women are arrested under suspicion of revolutionary agitation. The inquiry lasts for six months, two years, or more, according to the number of persons arrested in connection with, and the importance of, "the affair." One-tenth of them are committed for trial. As to the remainder, all those against whom there is no specific charge, but who were represented as "dangerous" by the spies; all those who, on account of their intelligence, energy, and "radical opinions," are supposed to be able to become dangerous; and especially those who have shown during the imprisonment a "spirit of irreverence" — are exiled to some more or less remote spot, between the peninsula of Kola and that of Kamchatka. The open and frank despotism of Nicholas I. could not accommodate itself to such hypocritical means of prosecution; and during the reign of the "iron despot" the administrative exile was rare. But throughout the reign of Alexander II., since 1862, it has been used on so immense a scale, that you hardly will find now a hamlet, or borough, between the fifty-fifth circle of latitude, from the boundary of Norway to the coasts of the Sea of Okhotsk, not containing five, ten, twenty administrative exiles. In January, 1881, there were 29 at Pinega, a hamlet which has but 750 inhabitants, 55 at Mezen (1,800 inhabitants), 11 at Kola (740 inhabitants), 47 at Kholmogory, a village having but 90 houses, 160 at Zaraisk (5,000 inhabitants), 19 at Yeniseisk, and so on.

The causes of exile were always the same: students and girls suspected of subversive ideas, writers whom it was impossible to prosecute for their writings, but who were known to be imbued with "a dangerous spirit;" workmen who have spoken "against the authorities;" persons who have been "irreverent" to some governor of province, or ispravnik, and so on, were transported by hundreds every year to people the hamlets of the "more or less remote provinces of the empire." As to Radical people suspected of "dangerous tendencies," the barest denunciation and the most futile suspicions were sufficient for serving as a motive to exile. When girls (like Miss Bardine, Soubbotine, Lubatovich, and so many others) were condemned to six or eight years of hard labor for having given one Socialistic pamphlet to one workman; when others (like Miss Goukovskaya, fourteen years old) were condemned to exile as poselentsy for having shouted in the crowd that it is a shame to condemn people to death for

nothing; when hard labor and exile were so easily distributed by the courts, it is obvious that only those were exiled by the administrative, against whom no palpable charge at all could be produced.* In short, the administrative exile became so scandalously extended during the reign of Alexander II., that, as soon as the Provincial Assemblies received some liberty of speech during the dictatorship of Loris-Melikoff, a long series of representations were addressed by the Assemblies to the emperor, asking for the immediate abolition of this kind of exile, and stigmatizing in vigorous expressions this monstrous practice. It is known that nothing has been done, and, after having loudly announced its intention of pardoning the exiles, the government has merely nominated a commission which examined some of the cases, pardoned a few — very few — and appointed for the greater number a term of five to six years, when each case will be re-examined.

One will easily realize the conditions of these exiles if he imagines a student, or a girl from a well-to-do family, or a skilled workman, taken by two gendarmes to a borough numbering a hundred houses and inhabited by a few Laponians or Russian hunters, by one or two fur-traders, by the priest, and by the police official. Bread is at famine prices; each manufactured article costs its weight in silver, and, of course, there is absolutely no means of earning even a shilling. The government gives to such exiles only four to eight roubles (eight to ten shillings) per month, and immediately refuses this poor pittance if the exile receives from his parents or friends the smallest sum of money, be it even ten roubles (1*l.*) during twelve months. To give lessons is strictly forbidden, even if there were lessons to give, for instance to the stanovoy's children. Most of the exiles do not know manual trades. As to finding employment in some private office — in those boroughs where there are offices — it is quite impossible: —

We are afraid of giving them employment (wrote the Yeniseisk correspondent of the *Russkiy Kurier*), as we are afraid of being ourselves submitted to the supervision of the police. . . . It is sufficient to meet with an Administrative exile, or to exchange a few words with him, to be inscribed under the head of suspects. . . . The chief of a commercial undertaking has recently compelled his clerks to sign an engagement stating that they will not be acquainted with "politicals," nor greet them in the streets.

More than that, we read in 1880 in our papers that the ministry of finance brought forward a scheme for a law "to allow the common-law and political administrative exiles to carry on all kinds of trades, with the permission of the governor-general, which permission is to be asked in each special case." I do not know if this scheme has become law, but I know that formerly nearly all kinds of trade were prohibited to exiles, not to speak of the circumstance that to carry on many trades was quite impossible, the exiles being severely prohibited from leaving the town even for a few hours. Shall I describe, after this, the horrible, unimaginable misery of the exiles? — "Without dress, without shoes, living in the nastiest huts, without any occupation, they are mostly dying from consumption," was written to the *Golos* of February 2, 1881. "Our administrative exiles are absolutely starving. Several of them, having no lodgings, were discovered living in an excavation under the bell-tower," wrote another correspondent. "Administrative exile simply means killing people by starvation," — such was the cry of our press when it was permitted to discuss this subject. "It is a slow, but sure execution," wrote the *Golos*.

And yet, misery is not the worst of the condition of the exiles. They are as a rule submitted to the most disgraceful treatment by the local authorities. For the smallest complaint addressed to newspapers, they are transferred to the remotest parts of eastern Siberia. Young girls, confined at Kargopol, are compelled to receive during the night the visits of drunken officials, who enter their rooms by violence, under the pretext of having the right of visiting the exiles at any time. At another place, the police officer compels the exiles to come every week to the police station, and "submits them to a visitation, together with street-girls."* And so on, and so on!

Such being the situation of the exiles in the less remote parts of Russia and

* One of the most characteristic cases out of those which became known by scores in 1881, is the following: In 1872, the Kursk nobility treated the governor of the province to a dinner. A big proprietor, M. Annenkoff, was entrusted with proposing a toast for the governor. He proposed it, but added in conclusion: "Your Excellence, I drink your health, but I heartily wish that you would devote some more time to the affairs of your province."

Next week a post-car with two gendarmes stopped at the door of his house; and without allowing him to see his friends, or even to bid a farewell to his wife, he was transported to Vyatka. It took six months of the most active applications to powerful persons at St. Petersburg, on behalf of his wife and the marshals of the Fatesh and Kursk nobility, to liberate him from this exile (*Golos*, *Poryadok*, etc., for February 20 and 21, 1881).

* *Golos*, February 12, 1881.

Siberia, it is easy to conceive what it is in such places as Olekminsk, Verkhoyansk, or Nijne-kolymsk, in a hamlet situated at the mouth of the Kolyma, beyond the sixty-eighth degree of latitude, and having but one hundred and ninety inhabitants. For all these hamlets, consisting of a few houses each, have their exiles, their sufferers, buried there forever for the simple reason that there was no charge brought against them sufficient to procure a condemnation, even from a packed court. After having walked for months and months across snow-covered mountains, on the ice of the rivers, and in the toundras, they are now confined in these hamlets where but a few hunters are vegetating, always under the apprehension of dying from starvation. And not only in the hamlets: it will be hardly believed, but it is so: a number of them have been confined to the *ulusses*, or encampments of the Yakuts, and they are living there under felt tents, with the Yakuts, side by side with people covered with the most disgusting skin diseases. "We live in the darkness," wrote one of them to his friends, taking advantage of some hunter going to Verkhoyansk, whence his letter takes *ten months* to reach Olekminsk; "we live in the darkness, and burn candles only for one hour and a half every day; they cost too dear. We have no bread, and eat only fish. Meat can be had at no price." Another says: "I write to you in a violent pain, due to periostosis. . . . I have asked to be transferred to a hospital, but without success. I do not know how long this torture will last; my only wish is to be freed from this pain. We are not allowed to see one another, although we are separated only by the distance of three miles. The crown allows us four roubles and fifty kopeks — nine shillings per month." A third exile wrote about the same time: "Thank you, dear friends, for the papers; but I cannot read them: I have no candles, and there are none to buy. My scurvy is rapidly progressing, and having no hope of being transferred, I hope to die in the course of this winter."

"I hope to die in the course of this winter!" That is the only hope that an exile confined to a Yakut encampment under the sixty-eighth degree of latitude can cherish!

When reading these lines we are transported back at once to the seventeenth century, and seem to hear again the words of the proto-pope Avvakum: "And I remained there, in the cold block-house, and afterwards with the dirty Tunguses, as a good dog lying on the straw; sometimes they nourished me, sometimes they forgot." And, like the wife of Avvakum, we ask now again: "Ah, dear, how long, then, will these sufferings go on?" Centuries have elapsed since, and a whole hundred years of pathetic declamations about progress and humanitarian principles, all to bring us back to the same point where we were when the tsars of Moscow sent their adversaries to die in the toundras on the simple denunciation of a favorite.

And to the question of Avvakum's wife, repeated now again throughout Siberia, we have but one possible reply: No partial reform, no change of men can ameliorate this horrible state of things; nothing short of a complete transformation of the fundamental conditions of Russian life.

P. KRAPOTKINE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A VENDETTA.

How it began, who began it, when the first note of battle was sounded, what were the scene, place, and occasion of the first exchange of hostilities, remains to this day a mystery. Some are inclined to think that at a certain dinner-party Mrs. Highty, who belongs to a notoriously short-sighted family, trod unwittingly and unwarily on Mrs. Tighty's long velvet tail as the latter lady was being conducted before her into the dining-room. But this theory would make the Highty faction decidedly the first aggressors. Now it is well known and even written in the chronicles of the Highty family, — *vide* a long letter in the possession of the present compiler of this veracious history, — that up to and even beyond the period of the lamentable accident before mentioned, and for which Mrs. Highty declares she made ample apology, the Hightys and Tightys were the closest of friends. Therefore the injury to the velvet train may be dismissed as irrelevant to the present inquiry.

But that a screw was loose somewhere between these two highly respected and hitherto united families was soon apparent to the most unobservant member of our Blankshire society. It may be necessary here to mention that Mrs. Tighty, being the daughter of a viscount, was naturally the guiding star of our dinner-parties, unless it chanced that a meteor in the per-

son of an actual peeress sailed for a brief space across our firmament, or, as once happened, that a Von appeared to contest the claim to precedence of the Hon. The perplexity and embarrassment into which we were all thrown by this last complication I shall never forget. We knew the touchiness of the *real* foreign aristocracy when there was any danger of their being confounded with the sham counts and countesses whom we would have repudiated as haughtily as themselves. But though there was no doubt about our having now to deal with a genuine article, there was no end of doubt as to its claims to rival in pedigree our own indigenous production. Under these puzzling circumstances we were everlastingly grateful to Mrs. Tighty for the graceful manner in which she at once abdicated in favor of the stranger, remarking that the laws of hospitality must always supersede those of etiquette. This observation, especially as our German guest did not hear, or at least did not understand it, immediately relieved us from our dilemma, and also considerably increased Mrs. Tighty's popularity.

For we all liked her, much better than we liked Mrs. Highty, who, as a baronet's daughter, and holding second, though only second rank in our society, was a much more sulphurous element in the composition of our dinner-parties. Mrs. Tighty's place was known and assured, always excepting under the before-mentioned circumstances, which did not often occur; besides, when they did occur, she had only to be taken down one peg lower, and all was right. But Mrs. Highty was always getting in the way. If we asked her to dinner, we must be sure that there was somebody to hand her, not inferior, or not *much* inferior, in consequence to the personage whose right it was to escort Mrs. Tighty. In the drawing-room there must be a sort of throne or seat, just half a step lower, as it were, ready for Mrs. Highty to sink into at the same moment that Mrs. Tighty took the chair of state reserved for her on the other side of the fireplace. The anxious hostess or her daughter had to be on the watch that coffee was handed to Mrs. Highty before any one of lower rank got a chance of it. The Highty and Tighty carriages must be announced as nearly as possible at the same moment; and in wishing her guests farewell, the hostess must be careful to measure out her gratitude for the favor conferred by their visit in nicely balanced proportion. In fact she had not a moment's peace until they were both safely out of the house.

It will be readily understood, therefore, that when it began to be seen that the two ladies declined to meet one another the relief was immense. Formerly it was thought to be a necessary compliment to the one to ask the other to bear her company, and hence all the tribulation which I have been describing. Now we were free from this obligation, and might eat our dinners and pass our evenings in comfort.

Alas! how short-lived was our joy! In the first place, we soon found that now we must give two parties in place of one. If Mrs. Highty was asked to dinner this week, her rival must be invited the next, and, which was still more troublesome, repasts of equal splendor and guests of equal distinction must be provided for both entertainments. For though the two ladies might pass each other when they did chance to meet with so slight a mutual recognition as might be supposed to denote the utmost indifference to each other's existence, we knew very well from authentic sources of intelligence, that each was devoured by a jealous curiosity to hear the smallest details of the party given in honor of the other. And as it was next to impossible that both parties should be precisely alike in their histories and combination, we were constantly giving offence. The plot, in fact, was thickening, though not one of us could have told what was the thread of the story in which, as in a labyrinth of cross-purposes, we were becoming involved, and a feud which threatened to undermine the whole fabric of our society was slowly but surely spreading. For I need hardly point out that, whereas we had at one time laboriously but not unsuccessfully tried to be loyal to a joint monarchy, we now naturally took part with one or the other sovereign. The people invited to meet Mrs. Tighty were very apt to think that their banquet was less sumptuous than that given a few days before to the hostile faction of Highty. And thus things went on until there was hardly a house in our part of the county in which the old pleasant relations had not been altered, and into which envy, malice, and uncharitableness had not found their way.

Matters were in this condition when a modest little villa in our neighborhood, which was usually let to summer lodgers, was taken by a lady of whom nothing more was known than that her name was Mrs. Smith. Soon, however, our igno-

rance was dispelled. At first none of us had thought of even calling on her. But a certain old lady who, if she had not been too old and infirm to go out visiting, would rightfully have taken precedence even of the Hon. Mrs. Tighty, and who sometimes saw company at home, invited us all to a great luncheon party, at which, to our amazement and even consternation, we beheld a modest-looking, shabbily-dressed little woman, handed to the luncheon-table by our hostess herself. This was her way of indicating the personage whom she considered of most consequence amongst her guests; and so well versed was she known to be in the laws of etiquette, that her preference of any one to such an honor was always accepted as a sort of social diploma of rank. And on this occasion who should the upstart be before whom even Mesdames Highty and Tighty had to veil their haughty crests, but this most insignificant and unknown Mrs. Smith!

We were all stupefied. Was the stranger a duchess or princess in disguise, or — could our benevolent but slightly eccentric hostess design to teach us all a lesson on the vanity of human greatness? If so, she had wofully mistaken her women. Already Mrs. Highty's brow was black, and even the less combustible Mrs. Tighty was beginning to swell with injured dignity. We onlookers were perhaps inclined after the first shock to enjoy the joke; but we all felt sorry for poor Mrs. Smith, on whom had been thrust this perilous distinction. If the idea of calling on the solitary denizen of Ivy Cottage had been about to suggest itself to any one, seeing that Lady —— had already taken compassion on her, it must now be completely abandoned. We had enough to do with our two factions. Which of us would venture to tackle this third bone of contention? As for Lady ——'s unaccountable caprice, we could only ascribe it to the weakness of advancing age.

But we were wrong. The old lady knew what she was about, and guessed, moreover, what was in our minds. When luncheon was over, but before we rose from table, she claimed silence, and announced that she was going to propose a toast. We were accustomed to her kindly, old-fashioned ways, but we now felt that something more was coming than the usual health to absent friends, or mention of the brave son in India, of whose glories we were scarcely less proud than his fond old mother. We had seen some whispering between her and her unknown guest, and some putting aside, as it seemed, on Lady ——'s part of an argument or remonstrance from Mrs. Smith. "Nonsense, nonsense, my dear," she was heard to say; "I want everybody to know." Then she took her glass in hand, and spoke.

"My good friends, you know you never leave my table without kindly joining his old mother in wishing health to my dear son, who is still far away from us. But to-day I want you to drink health — even before we speak of John — to Major Smith, the husband of this lady whom I've now the pleasure of introducing to you. And I'm sure you'll do so heartily when I tell you that he's the Major Smith who distinguished himself so at the battle of ——; and he's the man who saved my boy's life, and who got the Victoria cross; and he's been made a C.B. — and he'll be a K.C.B., I haven't a doubt, if ——" but here her words were drowned in a tempest of applause. To be sure, we had all heard of the brave Major Smith, and we were all delighted to drink his health and to see his wife. And after this there could be no doubt about our calling on her, and asking her to our parties and everything.

This was all very well, and through the following week carriages and cards poured down on Ivy Cottage. But human nature remains human nature, and etiquette remains etiquette, and precedence is a prize not to be lightly relinquished. So, could it be expected that Mrs. Tighty, not to speak of Mrs. Highty, could meekly resign the honors hitherto held so undisputedly — except between themselves — without a struggle?

I need not say with what untiring zeal we discussed the question amongst ourselves as to whether a C.B.'s wife ought or ought not to walk before a baronet's or a peer's daughter. "Peerages" are expensive books, as everybody knows, and none of us were very rich. But to my certain knowledge there was a sudden importation of red books into the country; and those who had none, and grudged buying them, made long pilgrimages, as in olden times, to some shrine where a sight might be procured of the sacred volume. Yet even then we were not quite happy. The V.C. complicated the matter. Also, did not the service done to Lady ——'s gallant son, our own county hero, increase the weight of our responsibilities? We thought and talked, we studied tables of precedence, we wrote to the *Queen*, getting back snubbing answers for our

pains, and being dreadfully afraid lest our friends should pierce the mystery of our pseudonym, and laugh at us for doing what they were perhaps going to do themselves. We tried to invent new ways of paying due reverence to our three luminaries, and keeping them from falling foul of each other and producing general chaos. And in the midst of all this commotion we heard that Mrs. Highty and Mrs. Tighty had been reconciled to each other, and were making common cause against the intruder on their rights. This, at least, was one good thing, even though it did not help us much in our difficulties.

As for Mrs. Smith, she seemed strangely indifferent to the honors thrust upon her. This was a little exasperating, considering the trouble she was giving us. On the whole, we did not care much for her, though she was inoffensive enough. It was inconvenient, too, to be obliged often to include her little girl in our invitations. Mrs. Smith would not come either to luncheon or garden party without bringing her little daughter. She excused this on the ground that she had no nurse or governess with whom to leave the child, who was, I must also say, a well-behaved, good little thing, easily amused, and perfectly happy if allowed to sit quietly by her mother's knee. The two were devoted to each other, and if we thought Mrs. Smith rather stupid and commonplace, we could not but commend her training of her child. After some little time the ferment of our hospitality subsided, much I think to Mrs. Smith's relief. She was allowed to remain quietly with little Bessie at Ivy Cottage, and make herself happy with the child in her own way. Then as no third neutralizing element interposed between the two previously contending forces, we began to be afraid of a resumption of hostilities. But Mrs. Highty and Mrs. Tighty had been driven into each other's arms by stress of adverse circumstances, and could not all at once retreat from the friendship which had been re-established with so much apparent cordiality. But our experienced eyes could see that each lady had her high horse standing ominously near, and was prepared on the smallest provocation to mount that warlike steed; and we felt that, after all, the termination of such a hollow truce must soon be looked for.

Suddenly one day a rumor spread amongst us. It was Mrs. Highty who brought me the first news. Mrs. Tighty was sitting with me at the time, and I remember that my first feeling when my new visitor was shown in was dismay at the impossibility of providing her with a comfortable chair unless Mrs. Tighty vacated the one which with some trouble I had provided for her, for I was about to change my house, and my rooms were being dismantled of furniture. And as the Highty equipage drew up at my door, I had seen Mrs. Tighty settle herself still more stiffly and squarely in her armchair. What was I to do?

But before I had time to stammer out the apology I had been hastily devising, Mrs. Highty sat down on a three-legged stool that somebody had brought from the kitchen. "Oh," she exclaimed, "what do you think! Poor dear little Bessie Smith has taken diphtheria. She's very ill, and her poor mother is helpless with terror. I've just been at Ivy Cottage and seen her. She's absolutely stupefied. She says the child never had a day's illness before. I've offered to get a nurse for her, for I believe Mrs. Smith is too bewildered to know what she's doing."

It was too true. Soon we heard that the child was sinking. There was no want of help, if human help could have saved her. The mother could only sit by her as if her mute agony of clinging love could baffle the fate that was to separate them. But doctor, nurse, and pitying friends were all at hand, and everything that could be done was done — in vain.

During these brief but most sorrowful three days there was scarcely an hour of the day during which one or other of us was not at Ivy Cottage. It was absolutely necessary that some one should take charge not only of the sick-room, but of the miserable, paralyzed mother. We relieved one another. Mrs. Highty and Mrs. Tighty took their turns of watching and attendance, and shared with one another the duty of providing the proper stimulants and nourishment which Mrs. Smith was unable to think of. And as they had been foremost in efforts to save her, they stood nearest one another when we followed little Bessie to her quiet grave.

Mrs. Smith rejoined her husband in India. There was rejoicing amongst us last year when we heard that another daughter had been sent to comfort them. Mrs. Highty and Mrs. Tighty are the two godmothers.

I do not say that between these ladies there never arises a shade of animosity which reminds one of the old vendetta. But they are good Churchwomen both; and as every Sunday they walk up the

churchyard path and pass the little grave on which each so often places fresh memorial flowers, the sight of it must, I think, help them to begin another week at least in mutual charity and good-will.

Was it for this that the child came amongst us?

From The Times.

THE FABRIC OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FOR some time past it has been known that the fabric of Westminster Abbey is in a condition requiring the most extensive repairs. The interior, indeed, is in good order, and it may be hoped that a long time will elapse before any further restorations are necessary to it. But with the outside the case is different. Beneath the coating of grime and dirt with which long ages have covered the structure, and which conceals the decay from the eye of the casual passer-by, there has been long going on a process of decomposition which, if not arrested, must speedily cause the ruin of the building. The dean and chapter, well aware of this state of things, have taken measures to be fully and exactly informed of the extent of the danger, and have long been casting about for a means of meeting it. In March, 1882, they received a report from Mr. John L. Pearson, R.A., the well-known architect, on the state of the Abbey, which was by no means calculated to set their fears at rest. As this report has now been for some two years before the authorities, there is no indiscretion in our mentioning the principal points of it. Mr. Pearson begins by discussing the history and condition of the clerestories of the nave and transepts, and describes the work as left by Sir Christopher Wren in the beginning of the last century. He charges Sir Christopher, who had undertaken the external restoration of the Abbey, with having cut back the wall surface two or more inches — a treatment which could hardly have answered with the best weather-stone, and which was certain to fail with the softer fire-stone that had been used throughout the Abbey. For the credit of Wren, however, it may be remarked that Mr. Pearson's judgment is contradicted by an express statement of Wren's, who in a letter dated June, 1713, when he was a very old man, declares that he faced the walls with Burford stone. It is difficult to decide between two statements that contradict one another so flatly; but, whether Wren cut back the face of the walls or not, his restoration of them has not proved very successful. Wren also cut out and replaced the fire-stone window-jambs and other features, and apparently in several cases altered the lines in the old mouldings in such a manner as to make it difficult to discover the ancient detail. The Oxfordshire stone which he used, though beautiful in color and texture, has been clearly shown to be incapable of resisting the London atmosphere.

As regards the wall surfaces round the clerestory windows, wherever the fire-stone has been allowed to remain they have become very seriously decayed, the decay having in some places penetrated to a depth of seven or eight inches, so that the architect is surprised that the heavy cornices and parapets should have found a sufficient support in so ruinous a wall. Just before his report, in some of the very worst places on the south side of the nave, the superstructure had been removed and the face of the wall rebuilt; but this only went a very little way, and Mr. Pearson's opinion two years ago was that "immediate and very extensive repairs and restorations were urgently needed for the whole of the masonry of these clerestories." Very much the same was his conclusion in regard to the flying buttresses supporting the clerestory walls. In some places they are dangerous, and in others so decayed that pieces of stone are constantly falling from them upon the lead roofs below. The clerestory of the choir is also urgently in need of repair, though its condition is not quite so bad as that of the nave and transepts. Going round to the south side of the nave, over the cloister roof, the report is of the most gloomy character, declaring that it is scarcely safe to pass along this cloister roof, or, indeed, along any of the lower roofs. "Large pieces of stone are continually falling, being detached by the rusting of the iron clamps with which the masonry was thoughtlessly put together. Very considerable damage has from this cause been done to the western towers, the whole surface of which is disfigured by the bursting off of triangular and other shaped pieces of stone; these heavy pieces fall not infrequently, and do much damage." As to the transepts, that on the south side has been recently restored under the direction of the late Sir Gilbert Scott; and the porch of the north transept is also new. But above that porch the masonry is in places very loose and unsafe, and demands complete and exten-

sive repairs. The stonework of the clerestory of Henry VII.'s Chapel, of the flying buttresses, and of the pinnacles, is also badly decayed, though in this part of the building the ruin may be arrested by timely measures. The cloisters also require some restoration, but they might be allowed to wait till the body of the Abbey has been dealt with.

It is thus evident that if Westminster Abbey is not to be allowed to fall into ruin very considerable works must be at once undertaken in order to save it. The question then arises, How are the necessary funds, which are estimated at from £60,000 to £80,000, to be raised, and by what means may future generations be spared the periodical scandal of discovering that this great historical church has fallen into decay? A slight retrospect of the history of the fabric of the Abbey, with a special view to this question of a fabric fund, may here be not out of place, and it will at least show that we of this generation are not alone in making the discovery that a great mediæval building is a costly heritage. While the monastery of Westminster existed — *i.e.*, from Edward the Confessor's reign to the dissolution in 1540 — there seems to have been no definite provision for the maintenance and repair of buildings belonging to the monks. Two reasons may be given for this. The Abbey was in close connection with the crown, and the abbots were individually of great power and wealth. It was seldom difficult for the monks to obtain what sums were necessary from the king for the support of a building where kings were crowned and buried, and many parts of which had been built by the benefactions of kings. Under Henry II. Abbot Laurence obtained a grant from the king and the empress Maud for the purpose of repairing the Abbey buildings and reroofing them with lead, and the same abbot, and many of his successors, obtained from time to time leave to impropriate livings for the same purpose — the very converse, it may be remarked, of the proceedings of the present day, when so many of the cathedrals have been mulcted for the benefit of the smaller livings. The contributions made by Henry III. to the rebuilding of the Abbey and the building of the Chapter House are matter of history, and Henry III.'s benefactions were continued by many of his successors. The abbots, again, were generous. The fourteenth century has left numerous records of individual abbots contributing to the work of building and rebuilding, the most munificent of all being Archbishop Langham, abbot from 1349 to 1361, who, both in his lifetime and by his will, gave so much money to the Abbey that by that means, and with aid from Richard II., the building of the nave was pushed forward, the abbot's house and the Jerusalem Chamber were added, and the cloisters completed. But by the time of Edward IV. we find that the Abbey had fallen into an unsatisfactory condition, and that especial efforts were necessary in order to extricate it. A curious letter from the king to the pope, written in the year 1478, and dated "*Ex oppidulo nostro Grenewici*" is printed in the history of the Abbey which was written in the last century by Richard Widmore, appealing in a piteous manner to his Holiness to excuse the newly elected abbots from the costly journey to Rome for confirmation, on the ground of the poverty of the monastery. The king writes: —

> We pray you that the Apostolic See should condescend to succor the Monastery, which is now not only tottering but almost fallen, and which is on the point of utter ruin. A part of that Monastery, indeed, our ancestors built, and that portion is even now almost wasted by age; but the greater part they left unfinished, and of this up to the present time the poverty of the Monastery has prevented the completion, partly through the expense of the confirmation of the newly elected Abbots, and partly through the badness of the seasons and the floods, which have ruined the greater part of the estates of the Monastery.

A pathetic appeal, truly, and one which ought to find an echo in the hearts of every cathedral chapter and of every country clergyman of our own day, when agricultural distress has once more become a bitter reality.

Neither in Henry VII.'s time, when the royal munificence was expended upon the famous chapel, nor up to the dissolution, nor during the short ten years from 1540 to 1550, when Westminster was a bishopric, nor on the reconstitution of the Abbey as a collegiate church, in 1560, were any separate estates or funds set apart for the support of the fabric. Dean Williams (1620–1640) who was also Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Archbishop of York, spent no less than £4,500 on the church alone, repairing at his own cost the north-west exterior and the chapels on the south-east. Scandal, indeed, said that much of his generosity was at the expense of the prebendaries, but this was expressly contradicted in a chapter act of 1628,

which indignantly denied that "our dean had done such repairs out of the diet and bellies of the prebendaries and revenue of the said church, and not out of his own." It was clear, then, that under Charles I. there was no fabric fund in existence, and that the general tradition still survived which made the abbot or his successor mainly responsible for the maintenance of the building. It was only in 1662, after the Restoration, that Dean Dolben, afterwards Archbishop of York, prevailed on the chapter to "assign henceforth one prebend's share" — *i.e.*, one fifteenth of the total annual divisible income — to the maintenance of the fabric, a measure which was thought worthy of honorable mention in the archbishop's epitaph. Until the handing over of the estates to the commissioners the measure introduced by Dean Dolben was adhered to, but it is only too plain that the sum so assigned was totally inadequate. In 1697 a petition from the dean and chapter to the House of Commons stated that since the Restoration they had spent nearly £20,000 on the church, but that their surveyor reported that £40,000 more was needed, and, in consequence of this, an act of Parliament granted to a commission, on behalf of the Abbey, one-sixth of the proceeds of a duty levied on coals imported into London, the same to be assigned "for the repair of the Collegiate Church and for no other purpose whatever." The act was to be enforced from 1700 to 1716, and by a new act in the ninth year of Queen Anne the grant was commuted for a sum of £4,000 annually up to 1724 for the same purpose. But neither these large sums nor the ingenuity of Sir Christopher Wren sufficed to put the Abbey into complete repair. Between the years 1731 and 1741 sums of £4,000 were granted in at least four or five sessions of Parliament; and in those years, under the superintendence of Dean Wilcocks, the greater part of Wren's plans were carried out, including the erection of the western towers. We hear no more of appeals to Parliament until the present century, but in 1807 we find the dean and chapter petitioning the House of Commons, and stating that during the last twenty years they had expended nearly £29,000 on the church. A committee of inquiry sat, and a grant of £2,000 was immediately made, to be followed up during the years between 1809 and 1822 by grants amounting altogether to £42,000. Since that time, and until the transfer of the estates to the Ecclesiastical Commission, the one-fifteenth share of the divisible income of the chapter agreed to in Dean Dolben's time was always devoted to the fabric, with the addition of any revenue from the sales of timber and money paid for monuments, and any odd surplus funds of which the chapter might find itself possessed. The average expenditure in the years immediately preceding the transfer of estates was something over £2,300 — a sum which was largely increased after the commutation.

From Mr. Pearson's report, however, it is plain that this expenditure has been quite insufficient to keep the building in proper repair, and the question which is now under anxious discussion is by what means the very large sum immediately required can be raised. We understand that negotiations are in progress between the dean and chapter, the ecclesiastical commissioners, and the government, out of which it is hoped that some prompt and satisfactory solution will be arrived at. What will be the exact nature of that solution is not as yet decided, and it would be premature to suggest any one course in preference to the others which are open. One method, however, we may deprecate, and with all the more confidence since we believe that it finds no favor with the dean and chapter. This is not a matter for a public voluntary subscription. Westminster Abbey is not the church of any group of individuals, or of any party, or of any sect, or even of the establishment itself. It is bound up with the history of the nation. If the maintenance of the fabric is beyond the resources which the Chapter either commands at present or by some judicious arrangement can be made to command, then the responsibility for it ought to fall, not upon a few benevolent individuals, but upon the nation as a whole.

From The Academy.

THE EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

London: Feb. 19, 1884.

WITH reference to the interesting discussion lately published in the *Academy* concerning the authorship of this famous epitaph, perhaps I may be allowed to say that, in looking through a small volume of poems with the title, "Poems written by the Right Honorable William, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of his Majesties Household, whereof many of which are

answered by way of Repartee, by Sr. Benjamin Ruddier, Knight; with several Distinct Poems written by them occasionally and apart (Lond., 1660)," I find this celebrated epitaph in the following form: —

Vnderneath this sable Herse,
Lyes the subject of all Verse,
Sydney's Sister, *Pembroke's* Mother:
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Learned, fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble Giles let no man raise
To her Name for after-dayes;
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this (like *Niobe*)
Shall turn Marble, and become
Both her Mourner, and her Tomb.*

It would thus at first sight seem that the editor of the volume, John Donne, assigned the epitaph to Pembroke or to Ruddier. But it is certainly not probable that either the one or the other was the true author; and, indeed, the editor says in his preface that, besides genuine poems, it is quite possible that there are others which "be surreptitiously got into their company." But, if so, the fact that the epitaph was inserted in a volume so closely connected with the Pembroke family is important, especially as tending to show that the authorship was already in 1660 obscure or unknown.

Mr. H. S. Milman, in the *Academy* of January 12, states definitely that the epitaph was written by William Browne, mentioning as evidence a volume in the British Museum Library (Lansd. MS. 777), in which, according to Mr. Milman, Browne wrote the epitaph "and signed his name thereto." I have examined the MS., which certainly contains the epitaph, but Browne's signature is not appended to it, as it is to some other of the poems. Moreover, the volume contains poems to which other names than Browne's are appended. The insertion of the epitaph in this volume is therefore no proof that Browne was the author. I have failed to obtain evidence as to whether the MS. is in the handwriting of Browne. If this could be shown, it might prove that Browne was alive in 1650 — a fact which does not seem to be otherwise known. But it seems to me that the writing on the title is not from the same hand as that which wrote the epitaph; and I should doubt, indeed, whether the poems are not in the writing of more than one hand. Of course, however, the question would be settled if Mr. Milman has evidence in support of his assertion that "in October 1621 William Browne laid upon the herse of the Countess Dowager of Pembroke" a scroll bearing the epitaph in question. But, if such evidence is not forthcoming, the attribution to Jonson, though by no means certain, seems likely to continue on grounds of internal probability. As to the substitution of "marble" for "sable," and the dropping away of the last six lines, this would easily occur after an inscription had been placed over the countess's grave.

There is both in the printed volume above mentioned, and in the Browne MS. with "E. of Pembroke" appended, a little-known poem which should be interesting to students of Shakespeare's sonnets, seeing that it was in all probability written by the Mr. W. H. to whom sonnets 1 to 126 were addressed, and on account also of the similarity of thought to that found in those poems. It is given in the printed volume in this form: —

Soul's joy when I am gone,
and you alone,
which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
and carry thee with me;
oh give no way to grief,
but let belief
of mutual love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies not we move.

Yet when unto our eyes
absence denyes
each others sight
And makes to us a constant night;
when oaths change to delight,*
Fools have no way to meet
but by their feet;
why should our Day †
Over our spirit so much sway
To tye us to that way.

The MS. (in which the poem is divided into five stanzas) has the following additional lines inserted before "Fooles have no meanes [so MS.]," etc.: —

Let not thy wit beweepe
Wounds, but sense deepe,
For while we misse
By distance, our lippioyning blisse,
Even then our soules shall kisse.

The student may compare Shakespeare's Sonnets, 22, 27, 39, 61, 62, *et al.*

THOMAS TYLER.

* "Giles" in the seventh line is an evident misprint for "Piles."

* "When others change to light," MS.
† "Playe," MS.

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LORD, THOU ART GREAT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

"LORD, thou art great!" I cry, when in the east
The day is blooming like a rose of fire.
When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
Nature and man awake with fresh desire,
When art thou seen more gracious, God of power,
Than in the morn's great resurrection hour?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry, when blackness shrouds
The noonday heavens, and crinkling lightnings flame,
And on the tablet of the thunder-clouds,
In fiery letters write thy dreadful name.
When art thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
Than in the midday tempest's lowering path?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry, when in the west,
Day, softly vanquish'd, shuts his glowing eye;
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
And all in melancholy sweetness die;
When giv'st thou, Lord, our hearts more bless'd repose,
Than in the magic of thy evening shows?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry at dead of night,
When silence broods alike on land and deep;
When stars go up and down the blue-arched height,
And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep;
When beckonest thou, O Lord, to loftier heights,
Than in the silent praise of holy night?

"Lord, thou art great!" in nature's every form;
Greater in none — simply most great in all;
In tears and terrors, sunshine, smile and storm,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt thy call;
"Lord, thou art great!" Oh let me praise thy name,
And grow in greatness as I thine proclaim.

Golden Hours.

A PICTURED MEETING.

IF, some sweet night, out of the mist and rain,
The sea's hoarse cry, and the tumultuous pain
Of storm winds, wailing at their own unrest,
And echoing cries from my own heart unblest, —
A sudden bell should ring, and I should hear
Your unforgotten voice close at my ear,
In calm conventional accents speak my name,
And looking up should see, as in a frame,
You standing in the doorway, with the light
Full on your face, and close behind black night,
The day since last we said good-bye would seem
Like a strange tale, or half-remembered dream!

But how to meet? — With gladness I would rise,
To seek some answering gladness in your eyes;
And finding it, — too moved to meet your smile,
Would lean my face against your arm awhile,
Mingling a teardrop with the raindrops there,
To feel your touch so tender on my hair!
And though my heart would be too deeply stirred
To give for welcome even one glad word,
I think your heart would hear its happy beat,
And understand that words would sound less sweet;
But what your voice would answer, quiet and low,
I cannot tell, — I only long to know!

Belgravia. BESSIE DILL.

TWO SONNETS OF CONTRAST.

I.

WHAT THE FATHERS FOUND.

A HAND that shaped the plastic stuff of things,
With more than all we know of craftsman's skill;
A mind that ruled the fingers' fashionings
With more than we can dream of prescient Will;
Contrivance superhuman, yet which brings
Its elder-brother-hood with human shift
Writ on the face of its perfected plan;
Economy beyond a housewife's thrift
In world-material, from the simplest flower,
The tiniest herb and insect up to man. —
All these our fathers found — transcendent Power,
Unerring Art and unhorizoned Love
In nature — with some puzzles, which an hour
Of sound apologetics would remove.

II.

WHAT THE SONS FIND.

A struggling herd, of whom some fight their way
To the perfected type by slow degrees,
Through countless forms of death and of decay,
And (possibly) a Being, watching these;
Whose attributes we know not, save to say
That none in full infinitude he hath.
Not Power — or else Omnipotence laid by;
Not Skill — his blunders strew creation's path;
Not Thrift — the world stands shuddering at its waste;
"Not Love!" the unselected millions cry.
Nought infinite; unless it there be traced,
Where the grim Humor of his work appears
Seasoning the scheme for mortals, with a taste
As sharp as anguish and as salt as tears.

Fortnightly Review.

From The Contemporary Review.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

THE Ferry ministry has come out wonderfully strengthened from the struggles of the last few months — strong enough, indeed, to suggest the possibility of its being destined to a longer life than any of our ministries have had as yet — perhaps strong enough to last till the next elections, and create, both in the Chamber and in the country, a real governmental party. M. Ferry has succeeded in acquiring a political status and authority such as none of his predecessors enjoyed, not even M. Gambetta. And yet we cannot even now call him a great statesman. He has, indeed, shown some of the most indispensable qualities of a statesman, skill and courage; but we are still unable clearly to discern the leading ideas of his policy, whether at home or abroad. Except in the matter of public instruction, where no one can dispute the magnitude and solidity of his work, he seems rather to have allowed himself to be led by circumstances, and, while avoiding extreme measures, to have gone with the current of Republican opinion. So far, Gambetta remains the only Republican statesman who has had a definite programme. But M. Ferry will of course, by the very exercise of power, be brought to frame one, which will be the result of practical experience worked out by a singularly clear and impartial mind.

Experiences, both trying and instructive, have not been wanting to him these last months, and he has come out of them with credit. He has fairly disabled the two parties leagued to oppose him — the coterie of M. Wilson and M. de Freycinet,* and the Radicals of the Extreme Left. These two parties have invented a useful cry, which represents no substantial fact, and which they reiterate with more perseverance than conviction. M. Ferry and his partisans, according to them, are Absolutists. They themselves are Liberals. Under this pretext they claim to unite for common action Moderates like M. de Freycinet, Jacobins like M. Clemenceau and M. Madier de Montjau, and semi-Anarchists like M. Clovis Hughes and M. de Lanessan. This pretended opposition of principles, the theory of which is solemnly set forth in the *Nouvelle Revue*, and hotly advocated in the *France*, simply covers a low ambition for power, and a sham coalition in which the Moderates are playing into the hands of the Radicals. M. Ferry has twice given battle to this coalition, and twice come off victorious — once by his dismissal of General Thibaudin from the ministry of war, and again by the splendid majority he obtained in support of his policy in Tonquin.

We have already pointed out the mistake he committed in ever accepting M. Thibaudin as a colleague. A man of moderate abilities, and disliked in the army, M. Thibaudin was fain to surround himself with sycophants, to administer by favoritism, and to act in the council as the representative, if not the secret agent, of the Radicals. The ministry of war fell into a state of total disorganization. The Radical journals contained a series of indiscreet revelations, which came straight from the cabinet of M. Thibaudin. Other indiscretions appeared at the same time in the *Petite France*, the organ of M. Wilson. These emanated from a higher source. The information M. Wilson obtained as a member of the president's family he used as a journalist. It became every day more evident that a conspiracy was being formed against the ministry, and that the Radicals gained their chief support, on the one hand from the ministry of war, on the other from the son-in-law of the president. The visit of the king of Spain accentuated the situation, and led to its speedy solution.

Looking at M. Ferry's conduct in this matter by itself, we may find him guilty of some imprudence in not insisting that the visit to France should precede the visit to Germany, and in not taking stronger measures for the preservation of order when it was known that the coming guest bore the title of colonel of the Uhlans of Strasbourg. His mistake lay in his in-

* M. de Freycinet, however, has lately changed his tactics. He is flattering the Republican Union, trying to gain partisans by exciting an appetite for office, and endeavoring to supplant M. Ferry, not by opposing him, but simply by taking his place.

ability to believe the Parisian populace capable of an act of stupid and childish unreasonableness. Bismarck was a better psychologist. But patriotic feeling had little to do with the hisses which greeted King Alfonso on the 29th of September. They were really intended for M. Ferry. From the moment the king's arrival was known, the journals of the Extreme Left, and those which followed the lead of M. Wilson, joined in a chorus of abuse against the unpatriotic ministry which was humiliating France before a royal guest come only to insult her; they implied that M. Grévy had consented against his will to receive the king; they dwelt on the noisy demonstrations in the streets, and stirred up new ones by the violence of their language; they declared that M. Thibaudin had no part in the policy of his colleagues. M. Thibaudin submitted to the pressure of his Radical friends to such an extent that he not only declined to figure in the *cortège* of the king of Spain, but refused to furnish the military escort and band, whose presence would have done much to diminish the scandal and mitigate the gravity of the situation. This time the measure was full, and M. Ferry took occasion to rid himself both of General Thibaudin and of M. Wilson. M. Grévy, reduced to the necessity of painfully excusing himself to the king of Spain and accepting a frigidly polite reply, felt that his son-in-law had compromised him, and found it necessary to require from him greater reserve in the future, and also to consent to the dismissal of M. Thibaudin. M. Thibaudin gave in his resignation in terms which amply justified M. Ferry in exacting it, and was replaced by General Campenon, whose energy and ability had been universally recognized when he held office in the Gambetta ministry. The danger of international difficulties arising from the incident was quickly dispelled by the moderation of the king and of the Spanish ambassador, the Duke of Fernand Nuñez; and this miserable escapade, which gave rise to so many unpleasant comments on French character in the foreign press, was allowed to remain — what it really was — a mere matter of internal politics.

The retirement of M. Thibaudin was received with a burst of invective from the Radical press. It seems never to have occurred to them that the more they made common cause with him the more evident it became that M. Ferry was justified in removing from his camp an opponent of his policy. These attacks did some service to the ministry by defining its position. It had come into office at the moment when the expulsion of the princes was the burning question, and when the Radicals, being noisier than the rest, seemed to take the lead of the Republican party. The time had now come for repudiating this compromising association. M. Ferry used the opportunity afforded by a visit to Rouen and Havre, under pretext of inspecting the works of the lower Seine, to emphasize the separation. He declared that the ministerial policy was one of progress and reform, but he also declared that what France needed most of all was rest, stability, and labor; he ridiculed the extravagant promises held out by the Radicals, and defied them to formulate a programme of government. Some passages in his speech even recalled the statesmen of the time of Louis Philippe, and seemed to imply that he regarded the government of France less as a democratic government than as a bourgeois government of democratic tendencies. From that time it was open war; and the Radical press spared neither taunt nor calumny. In several bye-elections the candidates of the Extreme Left carried seats hitherto held by members of the Republican Union. But the violence and partial success of the Radicals only served to rally the majority more closely round its chief. It was indeed carried away by its old anti-clerical antipathies into some acts contrary to the wishes of the ministry — such as the suppression of the vote for the seminaries, and the reduction of the salary of the archbishop of Paris by fifteen thousand francs; but when the Senate replaced these items and sent the budget back to the Chamber of Deputies, the Chamber, at M. Ferry's request, reconsidered the votes and reversed its former decision. The most significant incident of all was the vote for maintain-

ing the French embassy to the Papal See, and the speech of M. Spuller which preceded that vote. M. Spuller, Gambetta's most intimate friend, ignoring the saying of his old chief, "Clericalism, — that is the enemy we have to face," spoke eloquently not only of the great social and moral interests represented by Catholicism, but of the necessity of securing religious peace in France. This politic language corresponds, I am sure, with the private convictions of the majority of Republicans, but they have been long in adopting it, and one may still question whether they will be able steadily to act in accordance with it. On this point the Radicals will have many allies in the heart of the Republican Union; and the religious question must remain one of the chief embarrassments and dangers of the republic. It is not, however, the only one. Last year, at the last sitting of the Chamber, M. Ferry announced that in 1884 he would propose a revision of the Constitution. There was little need to explain that he understood revision in a very different sense from that of the Extreme Left, and thus bring down on himself a gross insult from M. Clovis Hugues, a deputy of Marseilles; but it is none the less true that the question involves an equivocation and a misunderstanding. The moderate Republican party accepted the idea of revision only to deprive the Radicals of the power of using it as an election cry; it would assuredly prefer to do without revision altogether; and in any case it does not mean what the Radicals mean by it. While the Radicals wish to overhaul the Constitution from top to bottom, and to destroy the Senate if not the presidency of the republic itself, the Moderates are only prepared to introduce some modifications into the mode of electing the senators, and to regulate their powers in matters of finance in such a manner as to prevent conflicts between the two Chambers. Is it worth while, for this, to open up the whole question of the Constitution, to assemble the congress, and stir the country from one end to the other? If the results are tolerably satisfactory, what does it signify that the method of recruiting the Senate is somewhat absurd? And as to the question of the budget, it had far better be left to settle itself according to usage. If the deputies would cease to settle legislative questions, and suppress public services created by law, by the short and easy method of refusing the credits required for them, the Senate on its side would willingly give up reinstating the rejected credits in the form of amendments; but it is better that this should be done by tacit agreement, and that the Senate should be allowed to retain a weapon which may be useful, for instance, when the Chamber attempts to decide a question like that of the separation of Church and State by simply refusing to vote the budget of public worship. The result of this curious situation is, that the journals friendly to the ministry almost all oppose revision, and that the Radical papers take advantage of M. Ferry's declarations, and warn him that he will have to go through with it and frame an entirely new constitution. The Gambetta Cabinet fell on this question of revision; it remains to be seen whether the Ferry Cabinet will be more fortunate. It has, at least, the immense advantage of not having been required to face this question at starting, and of having had time to consolidate, before dealing with it, what appears to be a staunch majority.

The firmness of this majority was shown in the debate on Tonquin. So far as one can judge, the Republican majority had no great liking for the expedition, and they had a real dread of war with China. At the bottom of their hearts they had a good deal against the ministry — for not having called the Chambers earlier, for not having supported M. Bourée, and so on. But they did clearly understand that you must not upset a ministry because you disagree with it on points of detail; and after the remarkable report of M. Léon Renault, the votes of the 10th and 18th of December secured to the ministry the moral and material support of which it stood in need. This was so much the more fortunate, because the fears and anxieties of the Chamber were quite groundless, and sprang from ignorance of Asiatic concerns. To abandon the delta of Ton-

quin would have been not only to give up a most promising commercial route but to lose all credit in the East, and justify the Chinese diplomacy, which has all along been threatening us with war without ever having the slightest intention of undertaking it. M. Bourée had, as we have already said, deserved his recall by entering, without authority from his government, into negotiations with China, thus implying a recognition of her rights over Tonquin, and by sending home, as a treaty accepted by China, a draft which really only represented the ideas of M. Bourée. The ministry acted wisely in going resolutely forward, attributing but little importance to the warnings of the Marquis T'seng and the articles he contributed to the *Gaulois*, and adopting with regard to China that determined attitude which has always been so successfully used by England. It cannot be denied that, owing to past mistakes, the whole affair is and must be onerous and difficult; but the ministry cannot repudiate the task it has inherited, and must make the best that can be made of it.

These distant foreign and colonial questions would not seem to us so serious as they do, if it were not that in Europe itself France is not only isolated but threatened; so that she can never feel safe in diverting either money or men from the necessities of her own defence on the old Continent. The threatening articles which appeared last October in the journals supposed to derive their inspiration directly from the German chancellor, created serious uneasiness in France. The charge of entertaining bellicose projects, of using arrogant and injurious language, and of even endangering the safety of Germans resident in France, was so remote from the truth that it seemed to have been purposely devised to prepare public opinion in Germany for an approaching war. The journalists of Cologne and Berlin are surely not so ignorant and inexperienced as to take a scurrilous newspaper like the *Anti Prussian* as representing French opinion. They must know that if there is a fault chargeable upon the mass of the French nation at this moment, it is that of being peaceable and apathetic to excess. That we should show some ill-humor at finding ourselves everywhere surrounded by suspicion and hostility, is not to be wondered at; and it certainly is a long way from wishing to go to war. For the rest, the uneasiness of the French public was exaggerated. Its general ignorance of European affairs makes it a very incompetent judge in these matters.

It is very evident that Germany feels herself always on the defensive against France, and the moment she believes herself about to be attacked, she will forestall the blow; but she has no interest in making war — it serves her purpose better to isolate France, to prevent her contracting any useful alliance, and to form, meanwhile, a vast alliance of European States under the leadership of Germany. In order to attain this object, it is useful to represent France as a restless, quarrelsome nation, a nursery of revolutions and childish ambitions, a menace now to Spain, now to Italy, now to Germany. Above all, it is necessary to reiterate this theme in order to keep up to a sufficient pitch the passion for German unity among Germans, who, in ceasing to fear the common foe, might cease to regard Prussia with tender deference. This is why the German press strikes up such a martial strain from time to time. It does not at all imply that M. de Bismarck is planning a fresh invasion. What he most cares for is to prevent any *rapprochement* between France and Russia — though he himself, as early as 1854, spoke of such a *rapprochement* as being among the inevitable events of the future. His whole policy during these last months has been directed to this object; and he has succeeded in re-establishing cordial relations between Russia and Austria, as well as between Russia and Prussia. It is said that some time ago he was trying, on the contrary, to bring about a rupture between Austria and Russia; but it is difficult to believe it. The chances are too uncertain. Besides, however real the hostility of Russia towards Germany, is it possible, at the present moment, to dream of an alliance between the autocrat of all the Russias and the French republic? We must wait till Europe is a little more accustomed to the existence of a great republic in her midst. At present she is to the nations a paradox, and to the dynasties a chimera. The triple alliance — in which Spain is perhaps to be included — is to a great extent a sort of mutual assurance society against democracy, — a means of giving a more solid basis to the internal policy of the States of which it is composed.

For the same reason they have fostered in France these groundless fears from which we are now beginning to recover. Spain may be fairly set aside. The insulting reception of the king in Paris is

certainly much to be regretted; but the internal affairs of Spain are far too unstable for her friendship to be very useful, or her enmity very terrible. With Italy it is quite otherwise. Italy is now a homogeneous nation, animated by sincere and ardent patriotism. Her two oppositions, Republican and Ultramontane, have no real force, and constitute no menace to her stability. She has succeeded, within the space of a few years, in creating a regular administration, in establishing financial order and prosperity, and in laying the foundations of a vast system of public instruction. From an agricultural and industrial, and, above all, from a commercial point of view, she has before her the prospect of a magnificent future. Her vast stretch of seaboard, and her splendid sailor population, give her the first place among the Mediterranean powers; and at the same time, her rapid numerical increase keeps up a supply of emigrants who will create commercial colonies for her all the world over. It is one of the first interests of France to maintain a good understanding with a country which, if it wields at present no great military force, will nevertheless, in no very distant future, have become equally formidable in its economical and in its military and naval aspect. It is no less the interest of Italy to secure the friendship of France, whose opposition on the Mediterranean might seriously hinder her development. Unfortunately, for the last fifteen years misunderstandings have gone on multiplying between them. France has treated Italy with indifference, mingled with suspicion and contempt; and Italy on her side — generosity not being her most prominent national virtue — has lavished her attentions on conquering Prussia, and kept all her kicks for conquered France. At Tunis, in particular, she began with a series of intrigues and provocations which obliged France to lay hands on a country where her own safety required that her authority should be paramount. The Tunisian affair completed the estrangement between the two governments, and hastened the conclusion of the triple alliance. The visit of the prince imperial to Rome on his return from Spain was a sufficiently open manifestation of the personal friendship which unites the reigning families of Italy and Prussia.

At first sight this triple alliance may seem a direct menace to France; and it did in fact cause considerable irritation and uneasiness in France from the first; but, looked at a little closer, it will be seen to be not altogether to her disadvantage, and it may even be the starting-point of better relations with Italy. It has, in fact, been doubly useful to her. In the first place, it has rendered it impossible for her to dream of entertaining a warlike policy, and forced upon her a juster appreciation of the political importance of Italy. In the second place, Italy herself, having gained a considerable access of strength, and not caring to be the slave of her relations with a too powerful ally, is beginning to show a new friendliness in her dealings with France. Public opinion had been in rather too great a hurry in supposing that the alliance was offensive as well as defensive. The Italians had the good sense to reserve full liberty of action in case of a war being undertaken by either of their allies; the compact was only for mutual defence in case of attack by some other power, and at the same time included the mutual guarantee by Italy and Austria of each other's actual possessions. The alliance has no such great military importance; but it does two things for Italy — it obliges Austria (though at the risk of vexing the Irredentists) to change her attitude of cold disdain for one of friendly regard; and it gives to the ministry of Depretis and Mancini a strength such as no ministry has had before, since no one would care, by overthrowing it, to break the link between Italy and Germany. Thus the entrance of Italy into the triple alliance seems on the whole to be much less a combination for purposes of foreign policy than a very astute manœuvre for securing parliamentary stability at home. There is nothing to prevent the establishment of friendly relations between France and Italy; especially now that Italy, following the example of the other powers, has consented to the abolition of her consular jurisdiction in Tunis, in return for some wise concessions on the part of France.

With regard to Austria, the situation is equally satisfactory. Austria, like Italy, is by no means disposed to let herself be drawn into an aggressive policy, and if circumstances have brought her to consent to a *mariage de raison* with Germany, she has not lost her distrust of an ally who may at any moment be seized with an irresistible longing to swallow up her German provinces. The triple alliance, therefore, while it forces France to maintain a purely pacific attitude, leaves her so much the more at liberty to carry on friendly relations with the European pow-

ers, and to pursue her colonial policy in the East.

This pacific attitude is the more necessary, because at the present moment financial and economical considerations must hold the first place in French policy. The excessive expenditure on school buildings and public works has brought about a state of gratuitous financial embarrassment. With their habitual thoughtlessness, and with the one idea of gratifying the electors, the deputies have at once lightened taxation and multiplied expenses; the extraordinary budget has increased every year, till several hundred millions of francs have been added to the national debt. We are now drawing in and trying to economize; and something has been effected by the conversion of the Rente and the arrangement made with the railway companies; but it is impossible to rectify the situation at a stroke without breaking positive engagements; and it will take years of prudence to restore our finance to its former prosperity. The matter would be less serious if it were not that French industry — and in particular Parisian industry — is at this moment passing through a severe crisis, aggravated by anarchist, and even to some extent by royalist, agitations. Parliament itself was affected by the movement, and the Chamber gave itself up for five days to idle disputes, and to economic dissertations which only gave lamentable proof of the ignorance and want of common sense with which some of our representatives are afflicted. Happily M. Ferry intervened, and closed the oratorical tourney with a capital speech, which brought things back to their true proportions, and showed that the solution of the problem is to be found only in prudence, labor, and a sound economic policy. We certainly shall owe much to the ministry which shall succeed in giving a firm direction to the economic policy of France. For fourteen years we have been tossing to and fro between free-trade and protection; and our industries never know what efforts may be required of them, nor what protection they may count upon. They suffer from the excessive pressure of public business, and from the provisional character which, so far, has always attached to republican government. Social agitations also have their part in the crisis; and, above all, the improvident and exacting spirit of the working classes. Little by little the workmen of Paris have obtained a really unreasonable increase of wages; and at the same time they have been constantly diminishing the number of working hours, and even of working days. We can hardly be surprised, under the circumstances, that German and Belgian industry is everywhere supplanting ours. The workmen complain of the greed of employers who go abroad for cheaper labor; but is it the fault of the employers that the Parisian workman asks ten francs a day and works four or five days a week? Building in Paris costs nearly half as much again to-day as it did ten years ago, because the wages of all the men employed have risen half as much again. The result is, that the builder cannot get a reasonable interest on his capital, that building is at a standstill, and that the men are starving. In addition to these discontents, we have been threatened with a strike in the police force, in consequence of a recent law relating to the prefecture of police; and the new regulations with regard to the sweeping of the streets have deprived thousands of ragmen of their means of subsistence. All this has gone to increase the general distress; but it has, on the other hand, also sufficed to prove the total inability of all the efforts of the anarchists to stir up the working classes to acts of violence. If the liberty we now enjoy has its dangers, we see that it carries the remedy along with it. The disintegration and discredit into which the reactionary parties — especially those of Prince Jerome and his son — have fallen, is a striking illustration of this.

Thanks to the comparative calm of political life, the last six months have been marked by considerable activity in the world of literature, science, and art.

The plastic arts must always hold the foremost place in public appreciation. Exhibitions may multiply as they will, but Paris will go to all of them. The triennial exhibition got up by the State could hardly be expected to succeed, by the side of the annual exhibition which for the last three years has been left to the free initiative of the artists themselves. Yet, contrary to expectation, and in spite of the unfavorable time of the year (September to November), it was a very great success indeed. It was arranged with exquisite taste; the works of art were not too many to be studied without fatigue; and, the number of exhibits allowed to be sent in by a single artist being unlimited, each master could give a much more complete idea of the real character of his genius than in the annual exhibition, where two works only are allowed to

each. The only fault that can be found with the triennial exhibition is that it contained too many things which had already appeared in the Salon of 1883, and were still fresh in our recollection. The first thing that struck the eye on entering was the immense superiority of the sculptures over the paintings. A school of sculpture which counts among its members such men as Dubois, Chapu, Mercié, Falguière, Saint Marceaux, Frémiet, Idrac, Delaplanche, Barrias, Suchetet, and Guillaume, cannot but hold a distinguished place in the history of art. Never before has France possessed such a number of eminent sculptors; and it is to the honor of our time that an art so grave, so little appreciated by the masses, and so far from lucrative, should have risen to its present height. It proves that there are many for whom an honest and disinterested quest of the beautiful has attraction enough. Amongst the paintings, on the contrary, it was curious to see how many painters lost by the collocation of so large a number of their works. Faults and mannerisms stood out with inexorable distinctness. Here you had M. Cabanel; you felt the charm of his grace and delicacy; but you were disappointed at his soft and insipid painting, and the barren commonplaceness of his large historical compositions. You came to M. Bonnat, and his coloring shocked you by its harshness and unreality. M. Cabanel softens and rounds his forms; M. Bonnat brings them out as if with a hammerstroke; M. Cabanel steeps his figures in cream and pomade; M. Bonnat paints them a good brick red, and drowns them in anchovy sauce. He is a vigorous artist, but he exaggerates as much as M. Cabanel attenuates. The portrait of M. Engel Dollfus, by M. Wencker, a masterpiece of delicate execution and artistic insight, alone eclipses all the Bonnats. It is the same with Bastien Lepage. You admire his strong and noble qualities; but you feel their incompleteness, and realize how much he leaves to be desired in the way of perspective and composition. On the whole, there are only three painters who have really gained by this exhibition of their work — M. Meissonier, M. Henner, and M. Emile Lévy. M. Meissonier had not been exhibiting anything for a good while; but, by way of preparing the public for his own collection in April, he sent seven new works to the triennial exhibition. Their variety of subject and execution attracted notice at once. "The Visit to the Château" was painted with a clear, delicate, and somewhat dry touch, and contained a number of small figures executed with the utmost precision; "The Guide" was almost like a water-color in tone, and the medium-sized figures of the peasant guide and of the soldiers he is leading through the wood are wonderful studies of type and attitude. The same transparency of tone characterizes a fine study of the ruins of the Tuileries; while a picture called "Le Chant" had the warmth of a Venetian canvas. The two finest things in the whole exhibition were a portrait of Mme. Mackay, a triumph of truthful and finely rendered form; and an interior of St. Mark's at Venice, where a woman in deep black, overwhelmed with sorrow, is seen kissing the image of the *Madonna del Baccio.* There is a passionate eloquence in the gesture; and the dim lighting of the church is given with masterly skill. It is really delightful to see a man of M. Meissonier's age, who has already touched the summit of fame, seeking with indefatigable earnestness new spheres of toil, and actually succeeding in renewing his youth by sheer hard work. M. Henner, for his part, does not attempt new things; his gamut is not very varied; but he has such masterliness of execution, that when you see five or six of his works together you are overcome by their consummate charm; you forget your most reasonable criticisms, and give yourself up to the pleasure of admiring. His kneeling "Nun" is a work which might fearlessly be placed side by side with those of the greatest of the great colorists. M. Emile Lévy sends nothing but crayons — life-size crayon portraits; but no oil painting could surpass them in vigor, and they have a brightness and freshness and vivacity such as oil cannot give. M. de Nittis had already introduced this style of portraiture on a large scale; and even before him M. Galbrund had shown that the crayon can produce effects no less forcible than those of the brush. M. Lévy has profited by the example, and placed himself at a single bound in the first rank of crayon portraiture.

The charming crayonists of the eighteenth century might indeed complain that we are losing sight of the true character of the crayon, which subordinates every other quality to those of grace and lightness; but the whole artistic ideal of the eighteenth century was different from ours. We may enjoy the pleasant things of a Boucher, a Fragonard, or a Watteau; but we neither see nor feel like them. Their very charm for us is, that they be-

long to another world than ours. It was a happy idea to bring together in the Rue de Sèze an eighteenth-century exhibition, in which the pictures were seen surrounded by artistic objects of all sorts characteristic of the ordinary life of the period — furniture and stuffs, snuff-boxes and miniatures — and thus the artist's conception was replaced, so to speak, amidst the social surroundings out of which it sprang and to which it was adapted. The collection was not open long enough to satisfy the connoisseur; it had to give way to the water-color exhibition, from which some of the best names are missing this year, including those of Heilbuth and Cazin; but where, on the other hand, we find M. Tissot, who has acquired in England so curious and original a manner, and M. Zuber, the true successor of Jacquemart, who will worthily take his place between Français and Harpignies.

The Water-Color Society has just lost one of its most brilliant members, one of the most delightful of our younger painters, Louis Leloir. There was something in him both of Regnault and of Fortuny. He had not, of course, the genial fire, the powerful imagination, of the first, nor the keen vision and dazzling fancy of the second; but he was in the highest degree graceful, elegant, poetic, *spirituel*. A distinctively French character marks the work of the gifted illustrator of Molière, the painter of the "Fiancés," of the "Grandfather's Name-day," and of those fascinating fans in which butterflies, flowers, and women seemed to flit by as in a dream. A faultless draughtsman, a refined and original colorist, his individuality stood out distinctly enough amongst the crowd of painters, and in his chosen branch of art he had attained a high pitch of perfection. Leloir died at forty. A little while before, a still younger artist had passed away, one of the most robust and wholesome painters of his generation, Ulysse Butin. He loved to represent the wild life of seafaring populations; he had the art of portraying with masculine simplicity all that is most tragic, touching, stirring in the destinies of the fisher-folk. His last works had given him a high place amongst our artists; but the death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, broke his heart and shortened his life. These conscientious and earnest painters, who recognized that art is long, and who found life so short, cannot be called masters or leaders of a school, and yet we rank them far higher than the clumsy and conceited painter whose works have just been exhibited at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, M. Manet. The exhibition will at any rate have had the effect of reducing this overrated artist to his proper level. Ignorant of his craft, and hardly master, to the last, of his own brush, M. Manet, who was a very astute Parisian, less devoted to art than eager for fame, tried to pass off his incapacity and his mistakes as the wilful and forceful negligence of genius. A man whose best works are but imitations of Velasquez, of Rembrandt, of Franz Hals, or of Goya, successfully posed as an innovator, the inventor of open-air painting. By the help of a few blustering critics, he succeeded for some time in passing for the founder of a school, and exercised a real and lamentable influence on contemporary painters, who would have done better to learn from the true masters, the Florentines, the Venetians, and Velasquez. Happily, the school properly called that of M. Manet, the Impressionist school, has brought to light the feebleness and trickery covered by these pretended innovations, and all that remains of the experiments of which M. Zola made himself the apostle is an effort to obtain harmony of coloring by the opposition of crude tints — an effort in which many of M. Manet's followers have succeeded a good deal better than he did himself. In any case, the praise M. Manet merits least of all is that of being a *realist*. Nothing could be more conventional or more artificial than his methods; and to call him a realist is to confound the *real* with the ugly, the trivial, and the indecent.

But there is little meaning in these futile distinctions and disputes as to idealism and realism. I appeal to the readers of M. Sully Prudhomme's newly published book on "Expression in the Fine Arts" (Lemene), a piece of profound and penetrative analysis, formulated in terms of almost mathematical precision, yet rich in thought, and instinct with the genius of the poet. He discriminates with great ingenuity the part played by sympathy in every work of art — sympathy between the artist and his work, between the work and the spectator. No artist can boast a purely objective creation: he must reveal in his work his own ideal; he gives, and cannot but give, himself. The ideal may be a vulgar or a stupid one, but it is always there. M. Sully Prudhomme conducts an extremely delicate analysis of the emotions which the artist can excite by the mere combination of material elements, — of line, color, and sound, — ren-

dered interpretative through the medium of his refined sensitive organization and his technical skill. He shows how the study of language throws light on the manner in which sensation awakens in us a whole series of physical and moral impressions, of an agreeable or disagreeable kind, which serve as the material of art. Finally, he shows us the finished artist, himself strongly stirred by what he sees, and keenly responsive to the objective character of all he represents, mingling his own soul with his work, and thus adding to the charm of the material elements he has chosen, and whose objective expression he conveys, the subjective expression which flows from his own personal emotion. One must turn to the book itself for a wonderfully fine analysis of the constituents of expression in architecture, sculpture, and painting, in music and in the dance. One sees here how impossible it is to contrast idealism with realism, the expression of thought with technical skill. The perfection of the artist consists in his use of a full mastery of the technical detail of his art as a means of uttering noble feeling and comprehensive thought; and in his faithful rendering of the expression proper to the objects he represents, while he penetrates and transfigures them by the communication of his own individuality.

If the subtle and abstract analysis of M. Sully Prudhomme makes his book somewhat hard reading, the same fault certainly cannot be found with M. P. Bourget's "Essays in Contemporary Psychology" (Lemene), which nevertheless bear the stamp of a truly philosophic mind. The peculiar value of these studies lies in this, — that instead of judging every work according to certain more or less arbitrary canons of literary taste, M. Bourget turns his scrutiny upon the minds of the authors themselves, considered as representatives of the society of their day. He deals only with those authors who have exerted a real influence on our time — Stendhal, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Taine, Dumas, Renan. It is tantamount to a psychological analysis of the modern French mind; and it is the work of a man evidently destined to be himself a creator in fiction. He has just contributed to the *Nouvelle Revue* a story full of exquisite feeling, called "Second Love."

M. Bourget might have added some interesting touches to his study of Flaubert if he had had access to those "Letters to George Sand" (Lévy) which have since appeared. He would probably have laid more stress on the weak points of that great writer — the cynical contempt for his fellow-creatures which parched and narrowed his nature, and the absence of any moral ideal whatever. He spent his life in hating the *bourgeois*, and in writing about them. The composition of these outbursts of scorn and dislike caused him desperate weariness; he groans over it in his letters, and in his last novels, "Sentimental Education," and "Souvard et Péarchet," he fairly communicates it to his reader. What he really enjoyed was work which involved learning as well as imagination, such as "Salammbô," and "The Temptation of St. Anthony." Perhaps, after all, he was really a born scholar and historian, gone astray into fiction. One is almost led to think so, when one reads his really profound observations on the task and uses of science, and on the evils arising in France from the want of a solid higher education. In his letters he shows himself with all his faults, his affectations of vulgarity, his familiarities and mischievous pranks, his narrow theories on art, his coarse and extravagant pessimism; but also with his great qualities, his independence of character, his disinterestedness, his devotion to literature, and his astonishingly profound and vigorous opinions on history, politics, and society.

M. Flaubert founded no school. The one who takes after him the most of all our younger writers, M. Guy de Maupassant, has not his exaggerated artistic scrupulousness, and on the other hand has far more force. He has talents of the first order; and it is a pity that his morbid desire for sensuous or repulsive scenes renders his books almost unreadable to delicate minds. The recollections of his Algerian travels, which he has just published under the title "In the Sun" (Havard), are wonderful in coloring, and worthy of a place beside the travels of Fromentin.

Among recent works of imagination there is only one which can lay claim to real originality, "Mon Frère Yves," by Pierre Loti. Pierre Loti is the pseudonym of M. Viau, an officer of marine, who, without the least idea of ever becoming a novelist, wrote for his own amusement, in the form of a story called "Le Mariage de Loti," his recollections of Tahiti, and produced quite a sensation in the literary world by his extraordinary descriptive power, and by the originality of a certain curt, clipped, somewhat incoherent style, not in the least like any one

else's. He afterwards published, under the title "Fleurs d'Ennui," a series of sketches of maritime life on the Adriatic and in Algeria; in the "Spahi" he described the life of the soldiers in Senegal; and finally, in "Mon Frère Yves" (Lévy) he gives us that of the Breton sailors. There is something very touching and natural in the love of the simple Breton seaman for Pierre Loti, and a most tragic pathos in the conflict between the passion of drink, to which his temperament and habits have enslaved him, and which continually returns upon him, and the gentle influence of a loving and unselfish wife. Side by side with lovely bits of Breton scenery we have pictures of the tropic seas, the storms and calms of the Pacific, which raise Pierre Loti to a place among our best living writers. Few works of fiction deserve to be spoken of in the same breath with "Mon Frère Yves," but we must nevertheless mention "L'Idéal," by M. J. de Glouvet, the magistrate, who has risen to distinction by his studies of forest life. There is much to praise in the high moral tone of this novel, and in its charming pictures of the idle country life of the nobility. M. Octave Feuillet's "Widow" (Lévy) shows that his genius has kept its freshness in spite of years and suffering. The plot of "The Widow" is very original, and the first part is vigorously treated, though it falls off towards the end. M. Rabusson is a bolder and more modern, a more alert and humorous, Feuillet. His first works gave offence by their shameless immorality; but "Madame de Givré" is free from faults of this kind; its two heroes have real originality of character, and retain their integrity in the midst of the most passionate conflicts. M. Rabusson's style is easy, graceful, and harmonious. Amongst these works of imagination we must perhaps reckon O'Rell's witty and amusing pamphlet, "John Bull and his Island." On the whole, notwithstanding all it has to say against them, it presents a rather flattering portrait of the English people — or rather of good society in England, for he paints the populace in terrible colors. Hardly so terrible, however, as those of M. H. France's "London Barefeet" ("Va-nu-pieds de Londres"), a bitter and brutal book, the accuracy of which a foreigner may be hardly able to estimate, but which gives an impression of wild exaggeration. It is not easy to give a truthful picture of any people or any society. A book on "Berlin Society" has just come out, by one Paul Vasili (we suspect that this is only the *nom de plume* of some Russian lady), in which truth and falsehood, flattery and backbiting, are so cleverly mingled as to be hardly distinguishable. It is too full of minute and accurate detail for us to accuse the author of speaking of things he does not personally know; but many of its conclusions seem to be dictated by a spirit of blind hostility.

Turning to history, we find some really remarkable works which call for notice. To the examinations for the *doctorat ès lettres* we owe a monograph by M. de la Blanchère on Terracina, one by M. Loth on the establishment of the Bretons in Armorica, in which he maintains that it was no peaceful colonization of unoccupied territory, but the violent conquest of an inhabited country, and one by M. Flammermont on the chancellor Maupeou and the Parliaments, in which that important episode in the history of the eighteenth century is elucidated by the help of a mass of unpublished documents. The ministry of foreign affairs has opened its series of historical publications with M. A. Sorel's collection of instructions addressed to French ambassadors in Vienna from 1648 to 1789. M. E. Forgues has brought out the first volume of his "Memoirs of the Baron de Vitrolles" (Charpentier), one of the most active agents of the Royalist party towards the end of the Empire and under the Restoration — a singular character, uniting the most intelligent scepticism and the most original opinions with an extreme Legitimist fanaticism. M. P. de Rémusat gives us two volumes of exceptional interest, the "Correspondence of Ch. de Rémusat and his Mother" (Lévy). The mother was at Toulouse, the son in Paris; both were keen and independent observers; both wrote in a charming style; and their letters give us a lively picture of Parisian and provincial society at the time of the Restoration. They are real pages of history, and at the same time they bring us into delightful contact with this gifted mother and son. We have another admirable little book, which throws into a form accessible to all classes of readers the life and work of M. Pasteur. This "Histoire d'un Savant par un Ignorant" (Hetzel) will soon be in every one's hands, and will help to give shape and definiteness to the somewhat vague and exaggerated popular idea of his teaching. It will be read with a sense of lively gratitude to the man who has not only saved important industries — beer, silkworms, sheep

— but who has been indefatigable in his efforts to attack at their very source the diseases which desolate humanity.

One of the most remarkable of our recent historical works is the sixth volume of the "History of Florence," by M. Perrens (Hachette). This volume brings us down to the time of the Medicean rule. Never has the history of the celebrated republic been made the object of such deep and wide research. M. Perrens may be said to have been the first to understand in all its details the development of the Florentine constitution. He has fairly restored the old republic, with its commerce, its arts, its social and religious agitations; and his work is, beyond dispute, one of the most considerable contributions of these last years to modern history. M. Luchaire is still a young man, but he has gained at a single bound a place among the masters. His "Essay on the Political Institutions of France under the Early Capetians" (Picard) is a model of sound criticism and right method, and embodies the results of very extensive research. It is written in support of a very interesting, just, and to a great extent new, theory on the institutions of that epoch. Far from seeing in the accession of Hugh Capet a violent rupture with the institutions of Carlovingian France, and the inauguration of the new era of the feudal monarchy, he shows that the Capetian monarchy was regarded as an uninterrupted continuation of the Carlovingian, and that the institutions of the earlier period were slowly transformed into those of the later. M. P. Viollet, the able editor of the "Etablissements de St. Louis," has undertaken a work which will be equally useful to the historian and the jurist — a manual of the old French jurisprudence ("Manuel du Droit Français"). The first volume, which deals with the sources of law and the condition of persons, is a marvel of conciseness and lucidity. Every page bears evidence that we have to do with no mere compiler, but with one who has studied every point on which he speaks at first hand, and who compresses into a few significant sentences the fruit of long and laborious research. His work leaves all former treatises on the subject far behind, and marks a new stage in the study of the history of law. Investigations of this kind have come more and more into favor of late. M. Glasson has just published six volumes on the "History of the Political and Judicial Institutions of England," in which the judicial part of the subject, in particular, is treated with great learning and ability.

If now we turn from the world of study, where we have seen of late years the signs of such encouraging progress, to that of amusement, we shall find many interesting experiments crowned by unequal success. Whether in "Froufrou" or in the "Dame aux Camélias," Mme. Sarah Bernhardt succeeds by the mere charm of her genius in filling the vast hall of the Théâtre St. Martin; yet some of her audience, as they mark the forced tones of her voice, the exaggeration of her acting, and the ever-increasing nervous tension of an over-strained system, cannot but foresee the near approach of the time when the admiration of the public will be worn out, and turned to irritation. She has lately started a new piece, "Nana Sahib," by M. Richepin, which contains some fine passages that take the ear, but which seems by its strangeness of conception to belong rather to the fairy scene of a pantomime than to sober drama, and which, though M. Richepin appealed to the interest of the public by himself acting the part of the hero, had a run of but few nights comparatively. We may just mention the "Parisian Drama" of M. Octave Feuillet, and the "Maître de Forge" of M. Ohnet, both of which drew crowds to the Gymnase. They are good plays, made on the ordinary pattern, but they teach us nothing new. It is the same with the clever drollery given at the Palais Royal by MM. Meilhac and Gille, "Ma Camarade." The "Rois en Exil" of Alphonse Daudet failed at the Vaudeville, not only because a cabal had been started against it, but because M. Daudet's story, however charming as a novel, does not afford the materials for theatrical representation. The principal persons are all either absurd or odious. The "Maucroix" of M. Delpit, at the Théâtre Français, is a series of startling and improbable effects, which cause the spectator more surprise than emotion. Am I to speak of "Pot-Bouilli," the *bourgeois* drama taken by M. Busnach from the dullest and most disagreeable of M. Zola's novels? Except a few coarse expressions never before heard on the stage, there was nothing of novelty in it, nor any sign of an attempt at originality. Three other pieces seem to deserve special mention — M. Jannet's "Bel Armand," M. T. Coppée's "Severo Torelli," and M. J. Aicard's "Smilis." The most striking thing in the "Bel Armand," which was played with success at the Odéon, is its union of

moral elevation — a feature all too rare on the stage at present — with a degree of scenic skill extremely remarkable in a first attempt. M. Jannet is not only an inventor of dramatic situations but a painter of character, and this first success of his seems to promise him a brilliant future. "Severo Torelli" is, so far, M. Coppée's greatest success on the stage, and no doubt the Odéon company, including Mme. Tessandier, M. Albert Lambert, and M. Paul Mounet, has largely contributed to the result. It is a romantic drama of the school of Victor Hugo, and the plot is open to somewhat severe criticism on the ground of moral verisimilitude. It is the end of the fifteenth century; Pisa is groaning under the tyrant's dominion. The young Severo Torelli, whose father had long before been engaged in an abortive conspiracy and had been pardoned, conceives the project of assassinating the tyrant, when he learns from his mother that she had bought her husband's life at the price of her honor, and that he is the son of the man whose death he is contriving. Then comes the struggle in the young man's mind between his horror of parricide on the one hand, and on the other his hatred of the tyrant and his oath to his comrades. His scruples are overcome at last, and he is about to accomplish the murder, when his mother forestalls him, kills the tyrant, and then destroys herself. The last scene, in which she snatches the poniard from her son's hand and deals the blow herself, is admirable as a stage effect; but it must be admitted that the young man's hesitation makes no great claim on our sympathy. The tyrant is so little his father, and has become so in such an odious manner, that parricide in such a case loses its horror. It would be almost more natural for the conflict to take place in the heart of the mother, who would hesitate as much to reveal her dishonor to her son as to leave him to commit an unwitting parricide. A pious mother would dread such a crime for her son more than he would for himself. But however this may be, the improbability of the subject is redeemed by the beauty and poetry of the form. M. Coppée's versification is admirable, and never has his language been more supple, more sonorous, more rich in thrilling words and striking imagery. Everything that goes to form the framework of the piece is handled in a masterly style; the local coloring is both truthful and agreeable. If it were possible to forget all that is unreal and unpleasant in the subject itself, there would be much to enjoy in this consummate expression of a fine dramatic situation. "Smilis," by Jean Aicard, played with rare perfection by the artists of the Comédie Française — Got, Febvre, Worms, Laroche, and Mlle. Reichemberg — has excited, wrongly we think, far more unfavorable comment in the press than "Severo Torelli." Of course the plot of "Smilis" is quite outside the sphere of ordinary reality; the whole piece belongs to the realm of poetry, and must be accepted, to begin with, on this understanding; but the moral probabilities are always respected, and the psychological study which forms the basis of the whole is at once new and profound. Smilis is a Greek foundling, adopted and brought up by an officer of marine, who has risen by his merits to the rank of admiral. She loves him as a father, but with entire and exclusive devotion; his whole affection is concentrated on her, and as she grows up his fear of losing her becomes so acute that he ends by proposing to marry her. She agrees at once, for the simple reason that his wish is always hers, and without at all realizing the nature of the pledge. But the ceremony is scarcely over before the admiral perceives, from the simple answers of the girl, who does not understand his altered tone, that he has been guilty of more than a mistake, and that the filial relation which he has allowed to grow up between them forbids the substitution of a different tie. Months pass, revealing to him more and more of her life and character; he has to watch the innocent awakening of her heart; he sees that she loves and is loved; and he dies, in such a manner as to simulate a natural death, confiding her to the care of the man whom she loves. The situation is a difficult, perhaps a questionable one; but it is treated with exquisite purity and delicacy. M. Aicard, in his prose, has never forgotten that he is a poet; and the very poetry of his work redeems what is startling and exceptional in it. "Smilis" has nothing in common with the modern conventional type. It is a literary and dramatic attempt of a perfectly original kind; and many of the critics, disconcerted by its very originality, too illiterate to feel the beauty of its form, too unrefined in sentiment to understand the loftiness of its inspiration, have pitilessly maltreated it. But the public, whose tears have flowed over it, have felt its beauty; and even if it is not to obtain the full success it deserves, it does none the less honor to the young poet in the

eyes of all true men of taste. At the same time that "Smilis" was being produced he was republishing, with splendid illustrations, one of his most beautiful volumes of verse, the "Chanson de l'Enfant." He has now fairly entered on the path of fame, where he moves on beside his older peers, Sully Prudhomme, Coppée, Theuriet, who has just given us, in the "Journal de Tristram," a delightful collection of his impressions of travel; A. Lemoyne, one of our most finished poets, whose two volumes contain not a single negligent or imperfect piece; and G. Lafenestre, who has just now forsaken poetry for the history of art.

The history of art has given rise of late to a number of books remarkable for merit of one sort or another; it is no longer left to the dabbling of the amateur and the dilettante; it has become the study of specialists who combine taste with learning. M. Müntz is one of those who have most contributed to the advance in this direction. Whilst giving us an excellent bibliography of everything which has been written on Raphael, from Passavant downwards, he constantly enriches his "Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art" with works of the highest order. I may mention in particular the two last that have appeared — the "Claude Lorrain" of Mrs. Mark Pattison, and the "Della Robbias" of MM. Cavallucci and E. Molinier. Quantin is publishing the useful "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux Arts," containing some little popular books which are really scientific compendia drawn up by men of the highest authority. Such are M. Collignon's book on Greek archæology and mythology, M. Bayat's on Byzantine art, M. Müntz's on tapestry, and M. F. Lenormant's on coins and medals. Then, alongside of these elegant little volumes, we have M. Rayet's splendid publication, the "Monuments of Ancient Art," where admirable reproductions of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman art are accompanied by dissertations which throw a flood of light on some important points in the history of art and civilization. M. Rayet has just been chosen to succeed M. Lenormant in the archæological chair of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and no choice could have been more satisfactory. He has not, of course, the versatility and the inexhaustible variety of learning which distinguished his predecessor, who could turn with incredible facility from the study of cuneiform inscriptions to that of ancient coins, and from the history of Egypt to that of the Greco-Norman civilization of the south of Italy; but his solid learning, sound critical methods, and uprightness of character, inspire a respect and confidence which unfortunately cannot always be accorded to the work of M. Lenormant.

The loss of M. Lenormant has undoubtedly left a gap in the ranks of the Académie des Inscriptions, but this loss is amply made up for by its recent acquisitions. M. Paul Meyer, the happy discoverer of so many important mediæval documents; M. Maspéro, the director of the Boulak Museum, who scents an Egyptian monument with the keenness of a Mariette, runs it down with the same relentless energy, and then deciphers it with the learning and ingenuity of a Lepsius or a Rougé; and finally, M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, who, after acquiring a great reputation as a mediævalist by his history of the Counts of Champagne, has just established himself as an authority in a new domain, by his "Introduction to Celtic History and Literature," and his "Catalogue of the Epic Literature of Ireland."

The French Academy has also had its vacant chairs, and has had to fill them by new elections. The place of Jules Sandeau has been filled, after a sharp contest, by M. Edmond About, who, if he plays no very important part in the literary movement of to-day, at least was once, in the days when he wrote his "Contemporary Greece" and his "King of the Mountains," one of our best and most characteristically French writers — a true son of Voltaire. M. Coppée, his unsuccessful rival, has since had his turn. He succeeds M. de Laprade, the Lyonnais poet — a poet of the second rank, but with a really original vein, and some fine inspirations. He was at once a Catholic and a pantheist, and in such poems as "Psyche" and the "Poem of the Tree" he speaks of nature with the harmonious eloquence of a Lamartine. His chief fault was his monotony; his verses had a sustained and even majestic serenity, but they were wanting in life, movement, and color. Towards the end of his life he wrote some pretty and touching verses in a more familiar style, such as "Pernette" and the "Livre d'un Père." We are also indebted to him for having been the first to attack the boarding system of the French lycées, in his eloquent and indignant book, "L'Education Homicide."

On the very same day with M. de Laprade died M. Henri Martin. He was not a great writer, but the nobility of his character, and the conscientiousness which

he carried into all his work, gave him a title to our respect second to that of few French authors. Strictly speaking, his whole career is summed up in one work — the "History of France" — which he was all his life furbishing, correcting, retouching, in order to leave it as perfect as possible. No other history of France is so elaborated and so complete. As a politician, M. Martin leaves behind him an irreproachable character. He was the incarnation of patriotism, of uprightness, of disinterestedness. Every useful and generous movement might count him beforehand among its supporters. He had the most genial nature, the warmest and the purest heart. He did nothing but good during his life, and, dying, left not a single enemy.

If the Academy has had its days of mourning it has also had its festivals — the day when M. Rousse read his eloquent report on the rewards of merit; the day when M. Mézières, welcoming M. de Mazade, pronounced beneath the astonished dome of the Institute a eulogy on Gambetta; and, above all, the day when M. Pailleron told, with characteristic cleverness, the story of the life of Charles Blanc. But, after all, these academic meetings, even the most brilliant of them, are not unmingled enjoyment. It is pleasanter to read the speeches by your own fireside than to stand freezing in the crowd at the doors of the Academy for a couple of hours and then sit stifling inside to hear them spoken. But what would you have? It is the fashion; and there are a good many pretty women who would think themselves wanting to the whole duty of woman if the Academy had a reception and they were not there.

The resuscitation of the Italian theatre is the fashion too. The tenor Maurel has succeeded in forming a capital company, has taken the old Théâtre des Nations, and persuaded the best society in Paris that it is good form to subscribe, at exorbitant prices. Will he succeed? He may, if he resolutely aims at bringing out new works, like the "Hérodiade" of Massenet, which was received with great and legitimate enthusiasm, and especially if he has the courage to attempt Wagner's operas — say "Lohengrin," to begin with. But he will not succeed if he confines himself to the old Italian repertory, and gives us superannuated works like Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," and Bellini's "I Puritani," and Donizetti's "La Favorita." It must be confessed that the Italian music of the early part of the century is no longer to our taste. The symphonic concerts have educated the public, and we must now have either modern or pure classical music. We are weary of "Il Trovatore" and "Robert le Diable;" we want "Fidelio" or "Tannhaüser."

At the same time that M. Massenet's "Hériodiade" was carrying off one victory at the Théâtre Italien, his "Manon Lescaut" was carrying off another at the Opéra Comique. It is by his grace and tenderness that M. Massenet conquers, and this lively and impassioned subject has given him some of his happiest inspirations. We are glad to see our own composers represented more and more on the French stage. It is painful to see B. Godard obliged to produce his operas in Belgium, and Saint Saens driven into Germany with his "Samson and Dalilah." A new operatic venture, the Opéra Populaire, under the management of M. de Lagrené, may perhaps facilitate the production of new work, at the same time that it brings the great operas within reach of those who cannot afford the prices of the Opéra or of the Théâtre Italien.

Before concluding we must refer to the death of M. Eugène Rouher, who was known during the last ten years of the empire as "the vice-emperor." M. Rouher entered the political arena as a republican in 1848, when he was thirty-four years old; but from his first entrance into the Chamber he attached himself decisively to the party of Prince Louis Napoleon, and threw in his lot, once for all, with the Bonapartists. The 2nd of December made him a minister, and thenceforward he was always in high office, either in the Council of State or in the successive ministries of the empire. His special merit consisted in his extraordinary financial and commercial ability. He was the prime author of the treaties of commerce, and the chief defender of freedom of trade. This constitutes his most solid title to fame. After the death of M. Billaut he had to become the champion-in-ordinary of the imperial policy in the Chamber. He filled his post with true forensic skill, but with the unscrupulousness of a pleader to whom all causes are equally defensible. He was the apologist of the Mexican campaign, of the occupation of Rome, of the insane policy with regard to Germany which in 1866 and 1867 was paving the road to Sedan; of the imperial despotism of the years between 1852 and 1860, and of the Liberal reforms of the next nine years. Clearly

as we may see that he was too intelligent to approve of the foreign policy of Napoleon III., he must nevertheless bear his share of the responsibility, since he always found sophistries to justify it, and used his influence to carry it with the Parliament. His boasted fidelity to the emperor was rather that of an obedient, humble servant than of a sincere friend and far-seeing adviser. We are reminded of his private virtues, the simplicity of his manners, the laboriousness of his life — and these praises are deserved; but yet he seems to us rather an industrious man of business, selfishly occupied in doing the best he could for himself, than a statesman whose first interests were the interests of the country. But, from a financial point of view at any rate, he leaves the reputation of an honest man — which is no small praise for a familiar of Napoleon III. As a speaker, he had vigor and perspicacity, with a wonderful power of handling figures; but he was wanting in elegance and correctness of form, and cannot be called eloquent. "He is a wild boar wallowing in the mire," said M. Thiers; "but he can deal a famous blow with his snout." The death of the emperor left M. Rouher discouraged and hopeless; he had no longer any faith in the empire. The fact does honor to his penetration. G. MONOD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HE WOULD BE SOMEWHERE ELSE ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL.

"Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse."
SPENSER.

SIX young ladies have been introduced to the reader in these pages, six ordinary, average, unremarkable, almost undistinguishable young ladies, all in the bloom of first youth, and none as yet giving any promise of any lasting attraction when that bloom should have passed away. Yet, although all six might have been culled at random from the ranks of cheerful rosy faces one meets with every day, each had her own individual trait, which, if it could scarcely amount to a "redeeming vice," still served to mark her out to the student of character. Thus Lotta Hanwell was an important fool, whom the severest shock to her vanity would not have awakened to the fact that she was not of first-rate consequence in the eyes of the world. Mary Tufnell was a poor wit, who had long depended on the laugh of her friends. Emily, less endowed with animal life, clung to the romantic and sentimental. Bertha romped; while of the remaining two, Marion Appleby was a benevolent blunderer, who with the best intentions frequently did and said the wrong thing; and Juliet — but Juliet is the only one of the set who deserves more than this passing attention.

Juliet, to begin with, was not quite what she appeared to be. There was a little deep corner in her shallow mind, and in that depth there lurked a seed of power which none of her fellows possessed, and which but few suspected, — and it was the detection of this ability for mischief, this capacity for undertaking it and enjoyment of it, which made the youngest Miss Appleby just worth notice in the eyes of the proud and penetrating Matilda.

She had been by times scornfully amused by Juliet's wiles; she was not afraid of either brother being beguiled by them.

And Juliet was useful at the Hall, and she came with her hair nicely brushed back behind her ears, and her simple frock tied in with a ribbon, and a string of coral round her neck; and she would hang so lovingly upon dear Lady Matilda's arm, and sit at her feet, and lay her cheek upon her knee, and be so childish and fond and confiding, that the only wonder was she had not long before the period at which she first came under our notice been turned into the pet she desired to be. But Matilda wanted no pet, and hardly knew what to do with so much affection; she suffered her young friend, — up to a certain point she preferred her, which she ought not to have done, to the blunter and duller and truer Marion; but she did not trouble her head much about the Applebys, unless it were to summon them to perform a service or assist at a ceremony. That done, she would call the pair good girls, and commend them much as if they had been her waiting-maids, and presently she would toss them a favor in her imperial, careless way; but as for making a companion of either miss, telling either one her thoughts, sharing with either her pursuits, Lady Matilda once owned with the special and startling candor with which she at times allowed home truths to Teddy, that she would as soon seek for a kindred spirit in her daughter:

Lotta was at least on a par with the Applebys.

For mediocrity was just what this naughty Matilda could not tolerate; and having been endowed by heaven with beauty and talent enough to have satisfied a score of women if shared among them, she must needs jeer at those whom — who can tell? — she had perchance herself robbed.

It was shameful; and little Miss Appleby — Juliet, you understand — who was so fond of dear Lady Matilda to everybody round, and who could hardly keep away from dear Lady Matilda four days out the five if the Hall were occupied, — Juliet, in spite of her admiration for everything said and done by her friend, was sometimes so spleenful and indignant that she could scarce contain herself, when time after time it proved that the youthful grandmother, still in her charms triumphant, drew to herself, and away from the pink-and-white daisies, the budding beauties of the neighborhood, every man, old or young, who appeared on the scene. It was atrocious, it was more than feminine patience could stand, to see how one and another would, on pretexts the most trivial, steal into the magic circle which invariably formed around Matilda — to mark their efforts to obtain her notice, their joy beneath a word or smile of kindness; and never, perhaps, had this been more keenly felt by Juliet Appleby than on that November night when she and her sister had been summoned to meet Robert Hanwell's friends, Mr. Whewell and Mr. Challoner, who were hers and Marion's by right, and upon whom could she have made an impression — even a decent impression — she might have made Teddy Lessingham blink his eyes and bestir himself to escape from his sister's dominion and lay hand and heart at her feet. But Whewell had only paid her a few stock compliments over the piano, and that apparently out of the mere superfluity of his good-humor with an evening so delightfully and exclusively given up to Matilda; while Challoner had as good as turned his back upon her, his partner, during dinner, and had never come near her afterwards; and although he could not have been said to have then and there entered the lists with the gay barrister, no one knew better than Juliet Appleby how effectually he had made up for lost time afterwards.

She had bitten her lip from mortification more than once subsequently, when, ordered up to the Hall, she had found herself a mere lay figure at the entertainment, expected to talk and eat and behave properly and see nothing, while Challoner hung over Matilda's chair, and murmured in her ear, and gazed into her face.

She had been there one afternoon late, when Matilda had been playing to herself on the organ in the dim old gallery, and Matilda had been at no pains to bid her stay; but she had stayed in spite of this and almost in spite of herself, — stayed to see and spy. Challoner had come in presently. He had come in wet, tired, torn by thickets, and splashed with mud and mire, his shabby shooting-clothes still on, hung round with shot and powder belts, — just as he was, in short, only having left his gun outside, — and he had taken off his cap, showing the disordered hair beneath in dark, moist rings over his brow, and had sat down to listen, leaning his rough cheek on his hand, while a soft undisguised emotion stole over his face; and as he had sat there in the half light, his broad shoulders lounging forwards, a humble, subdued, overmastered giant, he had looked a captive whom any woman might have been proud to win.

He had looked a captive, every inch a captive, too. None but a lover durst have sat where he sat, done as he did, come in as he had come. He had not spoken much, and Matilda had played softly on; but Juliet had left them thus, and she had left with a sting at her own heart. She, too, could have liked Jem Challoner, — and he had hardly seemed to know that she was there.

Her astonishment on hearing of his engagement to Mary Tufnell only a few hours before she saw him in the lecture-room at Clinkton — for of course she saw him, and saw that he saw her — may be imagined. Astonishment had at first been everything; then came deeper and deeper mortification, lastly malice. He had been an engaged man, and yet he had dared to trifle with Lady Matilda Wilmot. Oh, how deeply must he have been in love to have so dared!

All else must have gone to the winds while he gave free play to his unlawful passion, and now doubtless he was here to break off the match and then return to Overton, to be received there with open arms. The horrid man — it was just like him. She hated the sight of his great big back as she sat behind it, pretty close behind it, during Herbert Mildmay's lecture; she hated to remember how often she had seen it pass and repass along the terraces at Overton Hall. Then she had

had a sight of the wretch's face, and seen that it was the same stony stick of a face that had been on view the first night at the Overtons' dinner-party — not the face that had subsequently grown under Matilda's hands — and all at once she had resolved not to see it this time. No, she would not seem to see him, would not speak to him until she had given her home-thrust, — but she would write to Lady Matilda that very night.

Prudence, however, intervened. Supposing that Lady Matilda already knew, no good would be gained; supposing she did not, she would certainly not like Juliet Appleby the better for telling her. Besides, it would be delightful to lie in wait and see all she could of Challoner, and hear all that was to be heard of his doings, and then, *then* confront him before Mary Tufnell, and inquire, in a way that could not be mistaken, after his friend Lady Matilda Wilmot. The day after the lecture every one knew about the fancy ball, and it was at this fancy ball that Miss Appleby decided to make her great scene. The very next day to that on which it was to be given, she purposed returning south, and would then have the felicity of breaking the news to Matilda with all the surprise, and veiled sympathy, and delicate assumption of her auditor's indifference, that was appropriate and respectful. She would be able to say that she had been presented to the future Mrs. Challoner — that she had congratulated him, and that he had been forced to accept her congratulation; and she had seen herself saying this with a troubled and distressed face, and had also beheld a troubled, distressed face averted from her as she spoke.

It was worth waiting for, this fancy ball.

Go to it she must — she liked fancy balls; and to go with a mysterious purpose, with a design on the peace of three several persons — to go with a knife under her glove and a leer under her mask — gave a zest to the promised evening, the like of which she had never had before. Short as the intervening time was, it seemed even longer to Juliet Appleby than it did to Jem Challoner.

All of these good people were thus, we see, playing their own game.

Challoner, whose hand was the worst, was becoming more and more reckless as time went on; and having got over his first fright on meeting Miss Appleby, and finding that she did not intend to recognize him under present circumstances, he made up his mind that all was yet unknown to her, and that she was merely revenging herself for previous neglect. She was now with the better sort of people, he with the worse; and it seemed to him that the ridiculous idea that he would have been glad now to claim an acquaintance he had previously despised, had incited her to turn up her nose and turn away her head from him.

It was charming; he was delighted with Juliet: Lord Overton's little note, which lay snug and safe in his breast-pocket, would assuredly never have been penned had she sent the tidings flying south. It was plain, it was clear as day, that she had not heard a syllable, and the reason for such ignorance was seen in the charge laid by Mr. Tufnell to her hosts the Windlasses; and — and such being the case, the devil returned to tempt Challoner. The night of the ball was near and Miss Juliet was to be there. So, — he would be elsewhere.

She should not see him attached to Mary Tufnell's red cross and black gown that merry evening.

Up to this hour he had been going drearily and dutifully on with what he had to do; he had been walking in a plain path, and, though he had been unhappy, he had been able to keep his unhappiness to himself, and even to take some sort of comfort in the hope that he was at least giving no present cause of offence to an innocent girl or her relations. Even in his heart he had not given way to an unkind, or an unjust, or an unmanly thought; he had not allowed himself to fret, or to mock, or to swear; but he had risen, morning by morning, wondering languidly what the day would bring forth — how soon the blow would fall, and his fate be sealed.

Any post might bring him the cool line from Overton which should ring his knell in its congratulations and good wishes; and accordingly every postman's rap sent the blood faster through his pulses, especially when, as happened more than once, his eye caught a glimpse of a coroneted envelope among the budget brought in by the servant, and he knew as by instinct for whom it came, long before Tufnell's slow solemn voice read out, "James Challoner, Esq.," and handed the missive up the table. It would be from Teddy, of course. When Overton wrote, he contented himself with the nearest half-sheet handy; even Matilda was not particular, unless she happened to be in a stately mood; but Teddy never used any but the best paper and the biggest envelopes, and

he was always glad to show off his excellent handwriting, and make the most of his correspondence. He said he wrote the best hand in the family, as indeed he did; but Matilda appealed to Challoner, and of course he stood by her. He never saw his own name now in that bold free caligraphy without thinking of this. The scrap of paper whereon the brother and sister had contested, their beautiful faces and mirthful voices as they did so, all came before him as often as he opened a fresh envelope, and he would for the next few seconds hear nothing of what was passing in the room — not, indeed, until he could draw one short breath of relief when assured that there was nothing, nothing yet.

The letter would be long, friendly, and full of information — he thought he knew who supplied the information, — and every topic and every reference meant this: "We have not forgotten you. Do not forget us." How dear such an intimation was, how doubly dear as contrasted with what might have been, may be imagined.

Lord Overton's invitation did the rest. Every honest resolution, every worthy aspiration gave way under it; coming as it did on the very day when the report about Miss Appleby's being at the ball was confirmed, it was too much; Challoner went straight out and ordered the dress he did not mean to wear. One was ready, needing only a few slight alterations, and it could be sent in the same evening; and the gentleman professed himself satisfied, — and was so, after his own fashion.

Yes, he would give the ball the slip, plausibly. No one would guess that anything of the kind could have been his intention when the gorgeous suit had actually come in, and when his good hostess would have only seen afresh what a couple he and Willie Dobb had been. He would be off before any one was stirring in the morning, called away by business, — it seemed he was always being called away by business now; but on this occasion his departure would be easy — he would have nothing to say, and no one to see him go; he would merely leave a note of explanation, and then — then he would be somewhere else on that frosty night than in Mrs. Dobb's smart vestibule. His hand shook, and his eye glowed beneath his dark brows as he told himself where he would be, and with whom. No news could now reach Overton before he did; and once there, he might yet keep Matilda ignorant, might yet free himself, might yet — oh, he could not think of what he might not yet do, once he had broken loose, had awakened from the nightmare of the past fortnight.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TIME PASSES.

"The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way"
COWLEY.

So much for the man; now for the woman.

Very quietly, not unhappily, Matilda's days passed. Memory, on the one hand, supplied pleasant themes, which hope, on the other, whispered would soon return; she doubted nothing, and feared nothing. Challoner's abrupt departure had, truth to tell, charmed her more with him than anything else could have done; and the conviction that it only remained with herself to summon him back at any moment, rendered her able to support her dignity and pass the time of his absence without much inward, and without any apparent, weariness.

Her schools, her poor people, her brothers, even her daughter, had plenty of her company, and benefited by her cheerfulness. There was a poor woman who was sick, several miles away from Overton; Matilda visited her every day, read to her, sang to her, brightened and cheered her dingy little room, — almost made her forget her pain. The boys in her Sunday class were troublesome: she made no complaint of them, she won them over by patience and forbearance. The good rector of the parish was more devoted to her ladyship than ever. He had always said the earl was a model of a gentleman, and his sister an excellent, charitable, practical Christian, — not what you would call profoundly pious, not perhaps a very deeply thinking woman, but one who was always to be found on the right side, whose heart was in the right place, and who, he believed, would grow in grace as she advanced in life. If we are to be known by our fruits, the worthy speaker would proceed, he wished all his parishioners had as good fruits to show as Lady Matilda Wilmot. Her conduct to her brother now — he did not refer to Overton — the way she managed that young Lessingham, was beyond praise. A wild young fellow, and scarcely more than half-witted, he was going to the bad as fast as he could go when his sister took him in hand. Lucky for him it was her being a

widow, — and scarcely any other kind of a widow would have done. Why, she was as good as a young fellow for Teddy; she rode with him, walked with him, played billiards with him, amused him and kept him out of mischief from morning to night. She brought him to church, too, regularly, — brought him twice in the day; whereas until she came he had never, or hardly ever, been inside a place of worship since he was a boy.

People talked of Lady Matilda's marrying again. That was all nonsense. Poor thing! she had had enough of marriage, — given over, when she was a mere child, to a selfish old cur, who had made her life miserable. She would think twice before she burnt her fingers a second time. There was that Mr. Challoner. To be sure Mr. Challoner had been hanging about for a considerable time; and he must own that just for a short space — for a very short space — he had had his suspicions. Certainly Mr. Challoner had seemed very intimate, and he was a fine-looking man, not too young; but oh, there was nothing in it — nothing in it. Lady Matilda was a lively woman, who made herself pleasant without meaning it (he would not have said she flirted for the world); and here was a proof that it was as he said, in Mr. Challoner's having taken himself off, and all going on as before at the Hall. Lady Matilda had been down at the rectory the day before, and everybody there had remarked that she was quite in her usual bright spirits, full of the Christmas charities and Christmas decorations, and not even inclined to grumble at the frost, which compelled her to forego her favorite exercise and go about on foot.

Very little inclined to grumble, indeed, had Matilda been; that frost had another meaning for her than going about on foot; it meant Overton's despatch, and it was all that was wanted in the way of an excuse for the same. After being at the rectory, hearing and entering into all the arrangements there, and paying a long and friendly visit, the fair pedestrian found herself still with half the afternoon on her hands, Teddy being busy at the skating-ponds, which were to be cleared, swept, and tidied, in view of the approaching Christmas Eve. That Christmas Eve, it must be remarked, was the evening of the Clinkton festivity; and it was also to be signalized at Overton Hall: Challoner had telegraphed that he could not come the same day, but would be with them on that following, — it had been at once and unanimously decided that the home ponds should not be skated upon until he came.

"I had better go on to Endhill," concluded Lady Matilda, as she emerged from the rectory; "I may as well see Lotta to-day, as perhaps she may have to complain of me by-and-by," with a little smile. "It is really a good thing Lotta is so near," her thoughts ran on; "it is pleasant to be able to see her and the dear baby whenever I like; and if I lived further off, I fear I should go but seldom. Teddy dislikes it so much: that is another reason for going to-day. I don't like taking poor Teddy where he does not wish to go. And he — not Teddy this time — he dislikes it, too. Well, well, they are men, and must be humored, I suppose; we women always do have to take the disagreeables in this life on to our own shoulders. Now, of course, I like going to see Lotta, but then I hate just as much as they do going to see Robert ——" and here she caught sight of Robert, and had no more time for reflections — the reflections, you will understand, having twirled and twisted, and run in and out of her brain as she walked, so that she was still harping on the one idea, with all its multifarious variations, when she turned in at the cottage-drive.

Robert was in the garden, busy with some projected alterations, and his companion, whom he was consulting and advising, and explaining to, was Lotta. Lotta loved to consult.

"If you ask me, Robert, I should not go quite so far along the wall. That is the only thing. All the rest would be perfect. You are such a good planner ——"

"You see I have thought it out thoroughly, my dear. You may be right about its being too far; but I doubt it. However, I will consider your opinion."

"Oh, my opinion," she thought it only second to his, "my opinion is really worth very little, I am afraid, Robert. *You* know; of course, *I* — I only say what I think; this is not my department ——"

"To be sure not; but I am always glad to hear what you have to say. When one gives one's whole attention to a thing, however, as I have done to this —— Ah, Lady Matilda," as she walked up, "who would have thought of seeing you to-day? You have not ridden, of course. Uncle Edward with you? Pray come in and rest. Lotta, my dear ——"

"And without your hat, Lotta; do you want to catch a cold?" said Lady Matilda, kissing her daughter. "It is not summer, though the sun is shining, and ——"

"You are often without yours, mamma."

"I am different. I am not a catch-coldy person, and I have a thicker mop of hair," said Lady Matilda frankly. "Besides which, I don't know that you ever saw me sitting out of doors in a sharp frost with a bare head."

"I had only sat down for a moment."

"But your mother is certainly right, my dear," said Robert; "I ought to have thought of that, if you did not. I will get your hat at once," and he was starting off.

"No; stop; let me go myself," said Lotta, rising somewhat heavily, for Lotta had not grown thinner since we saw her last. "You are busy, Robert, and I have nothing to do. Let me go."

"Not at all. Stay where you are. I am never busy if you need me," rejoined he heartily. "I am only sorry that I did not notice before that you required a hat. Lady Matilda, the wheelbarrow will dirty your dress; allow me." He drew it aside, and passed on to the house. As he did so, he did not seem nearly so ridiculous as usual: Matilda felt no inclination to scoff, and looked after the retreating figure with a sensation that was almost new.

He was a poor specimen of a man, this Robert, but was he not a good husband? What would it be like to have even such a husband — one who would spontaneously avow after more than a year's matrimony that he was never busy if his wife required an attention? And she actually found herself taking note for the future, and with a sense of something like shame for the past, that there might be worse things in the world than an overdrawn politeness, when it was thus carried into the recesses of home life.

There he was, that long-backed prig, stalking solemnly back, stalking along cheerfully and readily with the precious covering for his precious Lotta's head; and there was she affectionately, if somewhat stolidly, receiving the attention, the two quite taken up with each other for the time being. With a softer feeling at her heart than she could have at all explained, Lady Matilda watched the little scene, marked the little pat on Lotta's shoulder which acknowledged Lotta's thanks, and Lotta's satisfied, tranquil reception of the same, as of one used to such kindly treatment, — and then the visitor rather suddenly said she would go indoors.

She would not hear of taking any one else in with her. Lotta had let out that Robert was busy, and her mother could wait till he and Lotta were at liberty. Lotta must stay with him, of course; she was a "a help," quite gravely ——

"Well, I suppose I am," said Lotta. "At least Robert thinks so. He says he would rather go by what I say than an architect. Of course that is going too far, but I always feel I understand a *little* of these things."

"Which I do not. And so, as I can be of no use ——"

"My dear Lady Matilda! Of no use!"

"Of no sort of use. I will just go in by myself, and you shall come when you are ready. Yes, I will rest, thank you. I have lots of time to stay. Don't hurry. I will go and fetch down baby and have a play with him;" and with a quick step she tripped off merrily towards the house.

Half an hour afterwards, which was the extreme limit Mr. Hanwell's decorum would permit of their remaining behind, he and Lotta found her in the drawing-room, sitting on a low seat by the fire, gazing into the embers, with the babe asleep upon her knee.

They stood in front of the window as they passed, and looked in, and spoke, but no one answered, and they could not attract attention by signs.

"Mamma is so absent, she never notices anything when she is in these moods," said Lotta. Then, entering, "Ho, mamma! what are you thinking about, in here? You were quite lost in a day-dream, I should say, just now. Robert and I stood and peeped in at you through the window, — we thought you would have heard us; but we did not tap, for fear of disturbing baby. We thought you would have seen us, but you never looked round."

"The window was shut," said Lady Matilda curtly.

"We must have darkened the window."

"Perhaps you did."

"And we had a good look at you. Robert said you made quite a pretty picture in the firelight, you and baby. Is he not a dear boy? Look at his little fat arm. How nicely it shows against your dark velvet! Robert said you ought to be painted holding him just like this," attaching full value to the compliment, with a distinct impression that Robert's comments, whether expressed or otherwise, were not always so favorable. "Do you know, mamma, I really do believe," continued the young matron slowly — "I really do believe that we shall have to shortcoat him before the three months are out; I really do."

"Shortcoat Robert?"

"Mamma! of course I meant baby; did I not say baby? but you were not attending."

"Perhaps not, my dear; no, I don't know that I was," said Lady Matilda calmly.

"But do attend now, for it is really a serious matter. If any one else had suggested it — but Mrs. Burrble herself said I must."

"Well, my dear, do it."

"Before the three months are out! And in the depth of winter, in weather like this! Mamma!"

"Well, my dear, don't do it."

"Mamma, you are really —— All I mean is that he grows so tremendously fast, that I don't see how we *can* keep him in his long clothes any longer: he is bursting out of them everywhere; and what to do, I declare I don't know. It is nonsense making new bodies, when he really could wear short things perfectly well; and yet I do not like — indeed I could not, and would not on any account, run the risk of shortcoating in this weather. What do you think?"

"It is difficult to say," observed Lady Matilda thoughtfully.

But her thoughtfulness was, alas! detected. "I declare, mamma, I don't believe you are thinking a bit about it," cried Lotta, unfortunately on the alert. "I believe you never heard a word I said, and I was going to tell you how nice he looks in your new pelisse," mollified by the recollection; "it is really a beautiful pelisse; and oh, mamma, where can I get that kind of edging on the frock? Nurse says it is much the finest and best she has seen, and it will wash beautifully."

"I am very glad of it."

"Do you know where it could be got? And the flannel — I should like to show you our flannel; I do not feel sure that it is fine enough ——"

"Pray don't, my dear. I — I never did know about flannel and things. And then it is so long ago, and somehow I seem to have — to have lost sight of it all. I love a baby," pressing the infant tenderly to her bosom; "I love this dear little baby very much — but I am afraid I do not care as I ought to do about its clothes," with a smile.

"Oh, but it must be dressed," said Lotta sententiously. "You would not have it without anything to put on ——"

"Oh yes, I would," laughed her mother.

"Well, you are odd, mamma. But you hold him very nicely," said Lotta patronizingly. "Do you remember the day Mr. Challoner was here — the day before he left — when you would put baby into his arms? How frightened he was! I declare I believe he had never had a baby in his arms before."

"I declare I believe you may be right, my dear." Lady Matilda was bending over the little one, and trying for her own gay tone.

"He was so very awkward."

"So very awkward."

"Mr. Whewell took him as handily as possible. But," continued Lotta astutely, "although Mr. Whewell made such a fuss over baby, and gave him a very handsome mug, and said all kinds of civil things, I like Mr. Challoner really the best of the two. Mr. Whewell grew to be tiresome. It was very good of him to come down, I know, and of course Robert and I were pleased — but he stayed too long, quite too long; and the worst of it is, Robert says he is sure he wants to be asked down again. I should not ask him though, should you?"

"Certainly not," said Lady Matilda promptly.

"Robert says he believes he will offer. I think we might almost refuse him if he did offer."

"*I* should."

"Well, I must say I like baby's other godfather the best," concluded Lotta comfortably.

"Ah, but," said Matilda to herself, as she walked home afterwards, — "but would you say the same, my dear, if baby's other godfather were to be turned into baby's grandfather?"

And the appellation struck her as so delightfully ludicrous that she laughed aloud all by herself on the lonely road.

From The National Review.

A FORTNIGHT IN FRENCH COCHIN CHINA AND CAMBODGIA.

THE action of the French in further Asia is now turning the eyes of Europe to a part of the world which, considering its proximity to the course taken by a large majority of the vessels trading with China, is singularly little known. Saigon, it is true, is known to all Englishmen who have travelled those seas in the steamers of the Messageries Companys; but their acquaintance with French Cochin China has been confined to the overpowering heat and swarms of mosquitoes, which render the twenty-four hours' delay in the

river at Saigon anything but a pleasurable one. The number of our countrymen who have taken advantage of the opportunity to visit the Khmer ruins described in this article is so very small, and there are so many who pass that way, that perhaps a short account of a trip, which will most thoroughly repay them, may induce some to get the necessary introductions and disembark at Saigon, instead of hurrying from it without regret as if there were nothing in its neighborhood worth seeing.

Cambodgia is perhaps as little known as any kingdom in the great continent of Asia; and yet it once boasted buildings, the ruins of which, now to be seen on its confines, are as well worth inspection as any in Egypt, and, with that exception, more so perhaps than any in the world. The chance of travel brought Lady Harris, myself, and two friends, in January, 1882, to Saigon, the capital of French Cochin China; whence, thanks to the kindness of M. de Villiers, the then governor, we were enabled to make — and in great comfort — the journey to the ruins of Angkor Wat.

The gunboat "Harpon" — commanded by M. Picard, naval lieutenant — fully provisioned for the ten days' voyage, was placed at the disposal of the party; and on the morning of January 6th she was steaming up the waters of the broad river Me-kong, by whose aid the French once hoped to open up trade with Yunnan, a hope frustrated by the unnavigability of its upper waters. Up it for about one hundred and twenty miles lay our course, and very varied were the scenes it presented. The banks are well wooded, and the remarkable resemblance which, at a little distance, tropical trees have to English, caused them to bear a close likeness to the banks of our Thames in summer; but there the resemblance ceased. The craft on the river consisted altogether of either huge house-boats or little gondola-like canoes, between some of which latter exciting races might now and then be seen taking place; otherwise, everything was very peaceful. Dusky families gazed mildly at us from beneath the ancestral cocoanut patch; water-oxen turned up their noses at us, in that supercilious way they have, from the muddy water in which they stood immersed to the chine; little white egrets and great cranes stood on the water's edge with their long necks and beaks pointing at the sky in a straight line, or flapped owlishly across our track; whilst everywhere darted and dived black and white kingfishers in search of their abundant prey. The evening was not so peaceful: it was rendered hideous by thousands of mosquitoes, and gruesome smells of great power and variety, wafted now and again from the banks, said to arise from the frying of certain fish for the purpose of extracting their oil, but bad enough to have been the outcome of a holocaust of Cambodgians.

Early next morning the "Harpon" cast anchor opposite Phnom Pengh, the capital of Cambodgia, a dirty arrangement in brown of little mud-houses, raised high out of the water on piles for fear of floods, with nothing imposing about it, unless a brown handbell-shaped brick-and-stone erection to Buddha, which stands at the back of the town on a little conical hill, be called so. These hillocks are to be met with not unfrequently, but whether of volcanic or artificial origin none could tell us. The country round them presents no appearance of volcanic action, whilst the rock of which they are formed frequently does.

The present ruler of Cambodgia, Norodom I., has the advantage of being under the French protectorate; a fact which, for fear of mistake, is made known to the public in letters several inches long on a notice board outside the residence of the chief French official.

The front of the king's palace stands in a courtyard, which contains several other buildings, the most remarkable being the public ballet-hall. This consists of two very long and narrow roofed sheds, running parallel to each other. That in which the performance takes place is lighted by gaudy gilt metal oil-lamps, hung from the roof, which is supported by numerous wooden pillars. At one end of this building, otherwise open to the winds of heaven, is a hideous wooden erection, indifferently representing rocks, and over that two gilt-framed looking-glasses. The floor is matted, and a curious balcony, the use of which no one could explain, is supported on one row of pillars about four feet from the ceiling. A capital N and an imperial crown are thrown indiscriminately about on the lamps, lintels, and door-posts, to let every one know that Norodom is king. The other shed is for the spectators, and contains a railed-off enclosure, forming the royal box; the wall, which divides it from the place where the ladies of the court sit, being decorated with a portrait of M. Grévy, two indifferent representations of battle-scenes, and

two likenesses of Chinese worthies. In one corner, at the moment of our visit, were seated some scantily clad but earnest Cambodgian students, reading aloud from palm-leaf manuscripts; whilst in another stood, in solemn contemplation of M. Grévy, a cream-colored pony.

Next we inspected an equestrian statue in bronze of King Norodom, of a very Napoleonic character. It stands in a "place," which had been originally a square, surrounded by a handsome balustrade, with broad walks, ornamented with bronze vases and lions, intersecting it; the whole laid out and the statue set up not twenty years ago. At the present time there is hardly a vase left on its pedestal, or a pedestal in decent repair. The lions which defended the base of the statue are no longer "rampant;" the balustrade has "caved in;" and one corner of the "place" has evidently been let out in lots for building purposes. Considering that some six thousand pounds were spent on this absurd imitation of European style, it would have been wiser if it had been placed above high-water mark. The best remains to be told. The statue had evidently been designed by an artist who knew nothing of Cambodgia, for he had put the king into a French general's uniform and on to a gigantic horse, whereas the ponies of the country are very small; the real reason for these incongruities being, that Norodom, anxious to leave behind him something more monumental than his good deeds, had caused to be purchased for him in France a ready-made equestrian statue, and substituted for the original head a likeness of himself. The inscription on the plinth is to the effect that it was presented to him by his loving people.

The following story, illustrative of his devotion to French manners and customs, is told of King Norodom, but must be taken for what it is worth. A few years back some European visitors, soon after their arrival at Phnom Pengh, were, much to their gratification, honored by a visit from his Majesty. Among other topics of conversation, the mode of carrying out military executions in France was discussed, and received marked attention from the king, who, in fact, introduced the subject. The visit came to an end, and Norodom retired. Whilst the party were comparing notes as to his affability, courtesy, and intelligence, several shots were heard, and, on inquiry, it turned out that Norodom, having learnt all he could about military executions, had at once proceeded to give a practical illustration of this recently acquired knowledge on the persons of sundry ladies of his harem, whose entire devotion to himself he had reason to doubt.

In the afternoon a visit was paid to the palace where the king was to hold a levée. The costumes of the party were varied, some in full evening dress, some in black swallow-tails and white ducks, some with white neckties, some with black, some with high waistcoats, some with low, and some with none at all; the happy possessor of a pair of grey kid gloves was regarded with much envy. Walking into the palace without knocking or ringing, for the very good reason that it was destitute of bell and knocker, we found ourselves in a gaudily painted hall, furnished with gilded tables and chairs; where presently appeared a scantily clad old gentleman smoking a cigarette, who, having glared superciliously at us for a moment, retired through a door so covered with black finger-marks that we mistook it for the coal-hole; he reappeared, however, almost immediately with a bottle, and vanished. Slightly daunted by this inhospitable reception, we seated ourselves to await further events. After some time, another scantily clad individual appeared, this time through the front door, and informed us that the king had a fever, and could not receive. He recovered sufficiently, however, to entertain us in the evening at a ballet, when he proved to be an amiable-looking gentleman of about fifty, arrayed in a white coat, a mauve shawl round his loins, ruby stockings, and black leather shoes, and wearing his hair bound up with a white fillet.

The ballet took place in his private dancing-hall, which, in addition to such lamps as those mentioned above, was lighted by the ordinary cotton-wick and cocoanut oil of the country, floating in very classical bronze tripods. The dancers' dresses of scarlet and gold, surmounted by the gilt spire-shaped Siamese headdress, were most gorgeous, but the dances utterly tedious — the same contortions of fingers, bending of knees, and ungainly spread-eagle postures that are to be seen in all native dances from India to Japan. The orchestra and chorus were, however, more worthy of notice. The latter was composed of twenty or thirty women, wearing round their shoulders bright-colored Cambodgian shawls, who sang in a very high key, and struck together two sticks in time to the music.

The orchestra, besides tomtoms, drums, and flutes, numbered a Swiss gigliara-like instrument, but of much greater range, with a very mellow tone; and another, an arrangement in a half-circle of small gongs hung on a frame, in the centre of which sat the performer using a leathern-headed drumstick.

Next morning our little ironclad was once more forcing her way against a strong current up a little stream, the banks of which were covered with a jungle of magnificent bamboos, and large trees all matted together with creepers. The only flower to be seen was a large yellow one much resembling the alamanda; but it did not require them to make it a lovely scene. Hundreds of egrets, storks, cranes, bitterns, and pelicans hovered around us, or sat solemnly on the trees, while here and there flashed, like drops from a rainbow, great blue-blacked, red-breasted kingfishers. A rustling in the thick foliage of a creeper-covered tree perhaps attracted our attention; and there went, leaping from branch to branch, a troop of great monkeys.

Presently we passed the floating village of Compong-Chnang, but put off paying it a visit until we came back. Floating villages are common enough in Cambodgia, but it was the first we had seen, and our curiosity was naturally excited. Drainage commissioners are evidently unnecessary under such circumstances, for, if a neighborhood becomes unpleasant, the inhabitants have only to up-anchor and move to sweeter quarters. On our return journey we made a closer acquaintance with Compong-Chnang, its gardens, its poultry-yards, and its pig-styes; and understand that the Cambodgian pig is an exceedingly well-shaped, gentlemanly fellow, not in the least like your razor-backed, barrel-stomached, pike-snouted Chinese porker. The vegetables, for even the salad must be grown on a raft, are raised in pots, and the poultry share the family hearth *à l'Irlandaise*.

Passing through a narrow way between the houses we crossed the Grand Square of Compong-Chnang, not at present built on, but presenting many eligible sites for family rafts, and arrived at the shore-built part of the town, where the mayor met and conducted us to the temple. This place of worship stands on a stone platform some twelve feet high, approached by a flight of steps, guarded at the base by the remains of some stone figures closely resembling the Chinese lion; on the platform have been planted mango-trees, in whose shade were standing several buff, saffron, canary, gold, every shade of yellow, clad bonzes. Presenting nothing well worthy of remark, we passed on to the village, where we found great preparations for a wedding-feast, in the shape of cooking of much pig and meal-cakes. The bride and bridegroom were presented to us, and received with much gratification a dollar as our wedding present; the offerings of their friends, chiefly eatables, were all done up in green leaves.

Leaving Compong-Chnang, the stream — we had left the Me-kong in the night — gradually widened until it opened out into a broad expanse of water, the first of the two lakes, Camman Tien and Camman Dai, to the north of the second of which lies Angkor; and what a curious sight here presented itself! A lake truly, but a *wooded* lake, for on either hand are copses, clumps, and woods, the trees forming which stand several feet deep in water. About midnight the "Harpon" cast anchor at the northern end of the Great Lake, whence, after a few miles in sampans, *i.e.* dugouts, the journey to Angkor had to be completed in the carts of the country. The following day accordingly saw us transferred to these vehicles. The body is like nothing so much as a butcher's tray resting between a pair of high wheels, the axles of which are of great length, and have attached to them long parallel bars lashed together, fore and aft, by cross-pieces. The pole is curved in a crescent shape at the tip, which rises some seven feet from the ground, and to this tip are attached the nose-ropes of the oxen; they are thus prevented from running out or getting their heads down.

An hour's drive brought us to our resting-place for the night, in the town of Siem-reep. This resting-place — *sala* in the vernacular — was a good-sized erection of straw hurdles on piles; with floors of thin bamboos laid some inches apart, so that there is no fear of spoiling a carpet by upsetting a basin. Our dinner very nearly came to an untimely end during this transit; for, the luggage having been piled into bullock-carts, on the top of one had seated himself the Chinese cook, in which precarious position he was undauntedly preparing the soup — the fish he had already cooked whilst being poled along in one of the treacherous sampans — when the bullocks took it into their heads to run away. By what sleight of hand he managed to save the eatables it is impossible to say, but dinner-time proved that he had done so.

On the following morning an early start, delayed for a few moments only that we might be presented to the governor of Siem-reep — the viceroy of the king of Siam, and a very great man indeed — enabled us to reach, by a dusty forest track, the causeway leading to the main entrance of Angkor Wat before the heat had become oppressive.

How shall we describe these buildings, which present in themselves almost the only records of the great race that raised them, occupied them, and passed away? There is no reliable history of their erection — no certainty by whom, in what century, or in the reign of what Khmer king they were built. They have been known to the French — by reason of their neighboring colony — for little more than twenty years, practically that is; though in the fifteenth century Portuguese missionaries knew of their whereabouts; and, when found, tropical vegetation had done its worst on the more ancient, and unless active steps are taken to arrest its progress, will before long have left its inerasible mark on the pagoda of Angkor, the only building in good repair. Who were these men of such gigantic ideas and exquisite skill? This much we do know of them from a manuscript in the imperial library at Peking, translated by Abel Remusat, viz., that in the nineteenth century A.D. a Chinese traveller to these countries found a highly enlightened race, possessed of much gold and silver, and far advanced in civilization. It appears to have been frequently at war with Siam, and the point of attack for the latter people was generally the city of Angkor Thom, *i.e.* Great Angkor. But Chinese records aver that as far back as the second century of our era, Cambodgia, or Tchin-la, paid tribute to China; and certainly in the sixth century they were believed to be in much the same state of prosperity as the Chinese travellers found them enjoying. About the fourteenth century their glory is supposed to have waned, dimmed by the power of Siam. Whence these Khmers, or Cambodgians, as their degenerate descendants are now called, derived their origin — whether they came north from Java, east from Cambodgia in the north-west of British India, or south from central Asia — is altogether buried in obscurity. The little that is known was only discovered by the diligent search of Abel Remusat and others in Chinese records; for, before the commencement of the present century, the Cambodgians themselves depended for their history chiefly on tradition, and had no written records — writings, that is to say, that could be translated, for, though there are many mural inscriptions, all but two are in Akson characters, a dead language for many years past to the *literati* of Cambodgia and Siam.

Angkor Wat is now visited by Buddhist pilgrims, and the village within the walls is inhabited by Buddhist bonzes; but Dr. Ferguson in his work, "History of Eastern Architecture," says of Nakhon Wat, as he calls it: "If, however, there is one thing more certain than another, it is that Nakhon Wat was not originally erected by Buddhists, or for Buddhist purposes. In the first place, there is no sign of a dagoba, or of a vihara, or of a chaitya hall in the whole building, nor anything that can be called a reminiscence of any feature of Buddhist architecture." It is reasonable to suppose that it was originally dedicated to the worship of Brahma, and was afterwards overwhelmed by the wave of Buddhism.

Our description of Angkor must be but a bald one, for it is not in our power to describe accurately or in fitting language the carvings, the bas-reliefs, the terraces, the cloistered courts, the monoliths, capitals, columns, and friezes of the great pagoda; but even if we could give a fairly correct verbal picture, it would be impossible to transmit the feelings of awe that steal over the wanderer in those far-off climes, as he walks through the bat-haunted corridors, or as he looks down on it from Ba-keng, the only rising ground near, of the solemn stillness that surrounds these magnificent remains of a race that is dead. As he sees it then, buried in the mazes of the horizon-touching forest, he might easily imagine it to be one of those weird, grey, ghost-haunted castles that Gustave Doré loved to paint, or the enchanted palace of fable with all and everything asleep in and around.

The western and main entrance, a magnificent oval-arched gateway, is approached by a causeway, the balustrades of which, as also of the steps which lead up to the arch, originally represented the body of the sacred seven-headed serpent carved in stone; while from each side of the arch start the walls which enclose the extensive park, wherein stands the pagoda. From the gateway to the pagoda itself runs another stone causeway, more overgrown with vegetation even than the first, out of which rise the steps leading to the main entrance of the temple.

The plan of the pagoda itself is, roughly

speaking, something as follows. The main building or tower, raised high above the galleries that surround it, upon a magnificent basement — ascended by twelve precipitous flights of steps, three to each face — has a circular-storied roof of great height, tapering to a blunt apex; at each corner of the cloistered quadrangle, in the centre of which it stands, and about forty yards from it, rises a smaller tower of similar shape; from midway between each of which, connecting the sides of the quadrangle with the tower, and so forming a cross, run galleries open at the sides. The cloisters of this quadrangle form the first *enceinte*, fifty feet below which is the second, and thirty feet below that again the third *enceinte*. The galleries of all are parallel to one another, while those of the second and third are on the western side connected by three more galleries parallel to one another bisected by a fourth, another cross being thus formed.

Extending through the whole length of the third *enceinte* is to be seen the *chef d'œuvre*, a gigantic carving in low relief upon the inner wall, eight feet high and eleven hundred yards long. Finely carved pillars support the roof on the opposite side, sufficient light being thus introduced to show off the carving. One cannot but admire the wisdom of the architect, who, realizing the enemies he had to contend with, succeeded in protecting his work gracefully, and at the same time admitted sufficient light. Neither Boro-boda in Java, nor Madura in British India, exhibit such foresight. The alleys of the former expose its wonderful carvings to the heat and damp of the tropics, with a result only too apparent on the weather-frayed stones; while the great hall of the latter is a dingy, smoky, oily hole, in which admiration of the great monoliths is strongly qualified with disgust at the temperature, atmosphere, and want of light.

The great bas-relief of Angkor, which to our mind is superior in execution to anything at either of the above-named temples, presents, among other carvings most worthy of the closest inspection, several different types of the human face, many animal forms, huge battle-scenes replete with incident and full of life, the capture and exportation by their conquerors of slaves, the infliction of tortures, as well as scenes of a more peaceful character. Many of the stones, from one to two feet square, on which these carvings are executed, and which form the inner side of the gallery, have taken a remarkably fine polish, looking like highly glazed earthen-ware; and on a few of the chief figures may be seen the remains of the gold leaf which once covered them. The best-known part of the bas-relief is a representation of part of the Ramayana — the song of battles — showing the great contest between Rama's allies the monkeys, armed with clubs, and the Yakshas, or demons, armed with bows and pikes. In one part may be seen Rama himself, carried by the king of the monkeys; in another, a chariot and its occupants attacked; in a third, two monkeys trying to stop the onward progress of a chariot, the agonized expression of their faces clearly showing how impotent are their efforts, whilst everywhere beneath the fury of the battle lie the dead. Again in another place may be distinguished the wounded showing their injuries to the doctors, who are tending their disabled comrades. In this part of the work it is curious to observe that the horses' tails are invariably hairless, whilst elsewhere they are as flowing as an Arab's. Besides horses, one may see carved on the wall elephants, huge apteryxes, tigers, rhinoceros, and deer, and covering the wall along half the length of one gallery, the great seven-headed serpent.

In another gallery, companies of soldiers are to be seen marching two and two, or in single file, the dressing of their bodies being quite perfect; whilst further on slaves are being driven from their homes by gigantic captors; here is one trying to escape despite his chains, there another begging on his knees to be spared the blows his brutal driver deals mercilessly around. Dr. Ferguson says: —

> One bas-relief, however, is occupied by a different subject, popularly supposed to represent heaven, earth, and hell. Above is a procession so closely resembling those in Egyptian temples as to be startling. The king is borne in a palanquin very like those seen in the sculptures on the banks of the Nile, and accompanied by standards and emblems which go far to complete the illusion. In the middle row sits a judge with a numerous body of assessors, and the condemned are thrown down to a lower region, where they are represented as tortured in all the modes which Eastern ingenuity has devised.

Perhaps there is nothing in this great work more worthy of study than the different types of face to be found in it. The slaves have an Ethiopian, some of the soldiers the old Egyptian cast of countenance, whilst here and there one would suppose the sculptor had been in ancient Greece, so correct are the profiles.

There are but few stones in this magnificent temple not carved in some way or other, whilst some of those which form the roofs of the galleries are certainly carved on both sides. Imagine the accuracy of design and fineness of execution, which turned out stones to form an arched roof without mortar or cement, every stone carved on both sides, and finished so beautifully as to drop into its place and hardly show the division between it and the next, the pattern at the same time on both sides being uninterrupted!

The columns, which support the roofs of the galleries and halls, are frequently monoliths, with bases and capitals of beautiful design; where they are not monoliths, every block is covered with carvings in low relief; those which form the door-posts being particularly fine; and, most wonderful of all, "every pillar is essentially of the Roman Doric order, which does not occur anywhere in India." The design in the tracery is certainly very similar throughout, but so graceful that the eye does not weary of it.

The arch of the roofs is a peculiar oval one, and is the only one anywhere about the buildings, for the lines of all the doorways and windows are rectangular. The window spaces, whether open or closed, as they are in places with stone slabs, have in either case curious grooved stone columns placed perpendicularly in them. The galleries of the upper quadrangles are not ornamented with anything so magnificent as the great bas-relief, but most of the stones forming the walls are finely carved, and in every niche and corner on the exterior, as high as the main tower, are *tevadas*, *i.e.*, angels of heaven, beautifully executed in low relief, some in a marvellous state of preservation. To this meagre description of Angkor Wat may be added the fact that, to whomsoever originally dedicated, it is now visited by many native pilgrims of the Buddhist faith.

But before leaving it we feel tempted to make one more extract from Dr. Ferguson's most interesting work: —

> The sculptures of Nakhon Wat are sufficient to prove the state of perfection which the art of transport had reached in this community. In these there are numerous representations of chariots, all with wheels from three to five feet in height, and with sixteen spokes, which must be of metal, for no London coachbuilder of the present day could frame anything so light in wood. The rims, too, are in metal, and apparently the wheels turn on the axle. Those who are aware how difficult a problem it is to make a perfect wheel, will appreciate how much is involved in such a perfect solution of the problem as is here found. But it requires a knowledge of the clumsiness of the Romans and our mediæval forefathers in this respect, and the utter barbarism of the wheels represented in Indian sculptures and still used in India, to feel fully its importance as an index of high civilization.
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> If, however, the Cambodgians were the only people who, before the twelfth century, made such wheels as these, it is also probably true that their architects were the only ones who had sufficient mechanical skill to construct their roofs wholly of hewn stone, without the aid either of wood or concrete, and who could dovetail and join them so beautifully that they remain watertight and perfect after five centuries of neglect in a tropical climate. Except in the works of the old pyramid-building Egyptians, I know nothing to compare with it.
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> When we put all these things together it is difficult to decide whether we ought most to admire the mechanical skill which the Cambodgian architects displayed in construction, or the largeness of conception and artistic merit which pervades every part of their designs. These alone ought to be more than sufficient to recommend their study to every architect. To the historian of art, the wonder is to find temples with such a singular combination of styles in such a locality — Indian temples constructed with pillars almost wholly classical in design, and ornamented with bass-reliefs so strangely Egyptian in character.

To the west of the pagoda stands the village of Angkor, our resting-place for the night, the only available house in which we found already occupied by three French gentlemen, viz., a sculptor taking casts of the bas-reliefs, a photographer, and a doctor. The chief of this mission, M. de la Porte, was at the time lying ill at Saigon, but eventually recovered. This house differed from our lodging of the previous night in that it had no walls at all; and, until a screen of mats and wine-cases had been rigged up, nothing in the shape of a separate apartment for a lady. What with our party and servants, and the members of the mission and theirs, the cane floors of the central dais and the gallery round it were somewhat crowded when we came to turn in for the night. Before that time arrived, however, we had in the afternoon, when the sun had lost some of its power, visited other ruins. Going out at the west gate, along the stone causeway flanked by sacred lakes, in which water buffaloes, up to their backs in their favorite element, were placidly munching the wet grasses, while all around them and even on their backs stood the great white cranes, and turning north-

wards into the forest we passed, after half an hour's drive, under the grand entrance of Angkor Thom, a magnificent but ruined gateway, with the oval arch peculiar almost to Khmer architecture. The roof appears to have been of the same shape as that of the towers at Angkor Wat; and on it, looking towards the points of the compass, can be discerned four gigantic sphynx-like faces; and above the northern of these was growing a great tree, the roots of which came creeping down the walls like huge pythons.

In the prosperous times of this country, the walls starting from this gateway enclosed a great city, numbering twenty thousand houses and some fine temples, of which last only two remain to show that there were giants in those days.

On through the forest we drove, with now and then a glimpse of elderly monkeys gazing indignantly at us, while their wives and children went jumping off from bough to bough like squirrels; under the great trees, from which the natives obtain the turpentine in which they dip their torches, each with a black hole burnt in its side for the liquid to collect in, but flourishing nevertheless; llianas, almost as long as the trees themselves are high, coming down as straight as lightning-rods from the topmost branches; with here and there, for a bit of color, great bunches of purple orchids.

Having glanced at the ruined temple of Angkor Thom — in far too ruinous a state for description — and the statue of the "Leper King," we turned back to the temple of Baion, perhaps the most impressive of all. This was originally a central pagoda, surrounded by some fifty smaller towers, on every one of which were the four sphynx-like faces. On each floor are the ruins of quaint little courts, with deliciously cool cloisters, well adapted to protect the inmates from the tropical sun; dark galleries with bright pictures of green trees at the end, and precipitous staircases. Everywhere roots and creepers are pushing their determined way, forcing asunder the unmortared stones, too surely indicating that, gigantic though it be, Baion is doomed.

It will be indeed deplorable if the rapid and destructive steps of tropical vegetation upon these remarkable buildings are not soon arrested; and it is to be regretted that the country, in which those named and others stand, is no longer under the rule of the king of Cambodgia. For the French, with all the good will which they evince in the world to preserve them, are unable to take the same steps in Siamese territory as they could in a country over which they exercise protection, and with the administration of which they have very recently more immediately concerned themselves.

The return journey to Saigon was uneventful but for two things. The one was the sight and audience of the famous musical kites. These huge toys have fastened to them a little stringed instrument, of the nature of an Æolian harp, from which the musical sounds, composed of variations on four notes, produced by the action of the wind on the strings proceed; and when four or five of these monsters are soaring placidly in the heavens the air is filled with harmony.

The other event occurred at Siem-reep, where we found on arrival an intimation from the governor that he meant to dine with us that night. All the resources of the expedition were at once called upon; the last tins of preserved meats and vegetables were opened, the last old rooster was solemnly slaughtered, and grave were the consultations whether the candles would look better stuck to the table in their own grease or fixed in empty claret-bottles.

The great man arrived in state, preceded by torch-bearers, a slave holding the vice-regal umbrella over his head, though it was after dark and no rain falling, and followed by a numerous retinue. He was dressed much as we had seen him the day before, with the exception of a white coat intead of a black one, and was accompanied by his eldest son, a young gentleman of some twenty years, who had but recently returned from Bangkok, where he had been sent to receive his education; resulting, so far as the English language is concerned, in a thorough knowledge of three words, "Yes," "No," "Brandy," all of which were at once repeated with pride and volubility.

The governor was most affable; and, having got rid of his mouthful of betel-nut, washed his mouth out and ejected the contents at his retainers, who sat cowering in a half-circle behind him, made an excellent dinner; after which the whole party proceeded to his residence to witness a ballet. The monotony of the dance was enlivened by the presence of another of the governor's sons, a precocious boy of about five, who smoked incessantly everything we offered him — cigarettes, cigars, cheroots, all were fish that came to his net, until we offered him one of the vice-regal manillas; and that he politely declined.

The following morning saw us again on board the "Harpon;" and two days later we cast anchor at Saigon, none the worse for the trip, for aiding us to accomplish which, and thereby giving us the opportunity of seeing one of the most remarkable groups of buildings, and perhaps some of the finest stone-carving in the world — an opportunity, which, at the time of our visit, had not offered itself to more than ten or fifteen Englishmen, I believe — we were and are most grateful to his Excellency the governor of Saigon.

HARRIS.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A RENEGADE.

CHAPTER I.

INVALIDS may be pretty accurately divided into two classes, those, namely, who are likely to live, and those who are likely to die, and for my own part I believe I belong to the former category. My besetting ailment — asthma — began when I was eight years old, and seems likely, as far as I can judge, to last until I am able to write myself that age with a second figure superadded. The enjoyments — doubtful ones at best, as I understand — of an English winter are, however, strictly prohibited to me, a sentence of lifelong, half-yearly banishment having very early in my career been pronounced, and being to all appearances never likely to be now seriously intermitted. As a rule I am able to submit myself to the decree with a fair show of equanimity; a moderate endowment of philosophy being eked out in my case with a really remarkable capacity for conjugating that newly invented and decidedly un-English-sounding verb "to laze." Moments however arise when even the most philosophic, or the least actively disposed, soul rebels, and when November four years ago I left England for the banks of the Nile, it was, I remember, in a distinctly less cheerful and more contumacious frame of mind than usual.

I had already been five times in Egypt. It followed therefore that I did not particularly care about going there a sixth. I had been four times up the Nile, twice penetrating above the second cataract, consequently that entertainment had long since lost whatever novelty it once possessed. Not being an Egyptologist, or as little of one as a man can help being under the circumstances, I felt no hankering to rifle the tombs of the Pharaohs myself, and no great curiosity as to who else may be engaged at the moment in so doing. In short, I was bored, and by way, therefore, of compromising matters, I resolved on this occasion to cut short the regulation winter by a couple of months, and leaving Cairo about the beginning of March, towards the middle of that boisterous month I found myself at Venice.

Here, after a week's dawdling amongst the canals and lagunes, I proposed making my way north by easy stages. At Turin, however, I was encountered by such gales of wind, accompanied by such torrents of sleet and snow sweeping down from the Alps, as called unavoidably for a halt, and — the newspapers reporting the weather, if possible, worse elsewhere — I was obliged to reconsider my decision. To push on to Paris under the circumstances was, I felt, a folly, particularly as I had really no very tangible excuse for so doing. Not caring therefore, to return to Venice, I fell back upon Genoa, intending to remain there another three or four weeks, until such time as I could with safety proceed northwards.

As any one who has ever sojourned in that city knows, however, Genoa is about the worst spring quarters any man sensitive to weather can easily select, the Mistral, the Tramontana, the Maestro, worse still, the Greco — that atrocious and ingenious combination of all the worst qualities of a north and an east wind — making it at that season their chosen and especial home. I had not therefore been there many days before it became evident to me that as I could not go north I had better move south, and accordingly I put myself in the train for Pisa, intending to devote a couple of days to that town, and then proceed to Florence.

Hardly had I started before the weather recovered its temper as if by magic. The deadly Greco gave place to a benignant breeze, laden with the combined scents of all the newly opened flowers. The sun shone; the matchless panorama unfolded itself before us as we moved. It was some time however, I must own, before these benign influences began to have any perceptible effect upon my ill humor. I had left Genoa in anything but an amiable frame of mind. Wanting to go north, here I was, on the contrary, travelling due south. I had nothing earthly to do at Pisa, and, if possible, rather less at Florence, why, then, merely to ward off a probably hypothetic peril, should I give myself such an inordinate amount of trou-

ble, I inquired of myself with petulant annoyance.

Little by little, however, the subtle charm of the scenery won me over in spite of myself. Perhaps until one has fairly tried it, one scarcely realizes how difficult it is to go on staring with consistent gloom at a landscape which in return laughs in your face, and makes mock of your woes at every turn. In this respect this eastern Riviera may perhaps be commended above every other scenic combination upon the face of the earth. Nature has endowed the Ligurian with a mine of color of its own; a land which breaks into flowers under his feet; a sea which glitters and sparkles like diamonds; a sky whose frowns are brighter than the smiles of many a less happily endowed land; and as if all this was not enough, the unconscionable Ligurian must needs improve upon matters by turning colorist upon his own account, painting the outsides of his house with strange hues of purple, crimson, and fervid yellow, varied with stripes and bars, lines, dots, circles, crescents, putting in doors and windows where no doors and windows whatsoever exist, not unfrequently ending by perpetrating some grotesque and perverse parody of those blue seas and snow-capped peaks visible to him without its walls.

Now, whatever may be said for the æsthetic merit of those audacious combination of madders and ochres, one thing at least is certain, and that is, that a man must either be in very serious trouble indeed, or else totally devoid of any sense of the ridiculous, who can continue to look at those amazing productions of the paint-box without sooner or later his muscles insensibly relaxing. Such, at all events, was my own experience on this occasion. Little by little my ill-humor abated. That austere frown with which I had embarked upon my journey gradually gave way to something more atune to the jocund character of my surroundings. Though neither an author nor an artist, nor belonging to any of those sensitive classes whose souls are supposed to be swayed by every fresh fluctuation of the barometer, that subtle chemistry which lurks in blue skies and sun-swept seas affected me as it affects every other animal with eyes, and rather to my own surprise I found myself rapidly becoming amiable and even animated under their softening and benignant sway.

The train in which I had taken my place was "all that was most omnibus," stopping not only at every station marked in my Bradshaw, but also at a good many others of which that conscientious guide took no cognizance at all. I was not particularly disposed to quarrel with this tediousness, however. Having nothing, as I have said, to do when I arrived, it did not seem to me to be a matter of any very profound importance at what precise moment that event took place. What, however, I did quarrel with, and what I did feel disposed to grudge, were the tunnels, which, not content with carrying us into the interior of the earth at the very moment when its surface became most attractive, further added to the injury by shooting out a succession of glaring lantern-like flashes into our faces, to the serious imperilment of our eyesight, and the no less serious acerbation of our tempers.

At last, when the train drew up for a few minutes at a small, vacant-looking station — a sort of smiling oasis between two yawning abysses of gloom — the impulse suddenly took me to go no further. The place looked inviting, I thought. True, I had never heard its name before. I had never heard of any one having stayed there, but what of that? There was nothing like trying. I was obviously in the mood for an adventure, and here was an adventure which seemed to suggest itself unsought.

"Have you an hotel here?" I inquired of a porter, who, attracted probably by my irresolute demeanor, had come up to the door of the carriage.

He threw out each finger separately, as an Italian does when he wishes to emphasize an assertion.

"An hotel? *Ma si*, signore — an excellent hotel — not here, but up there at San Biagio yonder. If the signore would only give himself the trouble to alight."

The signore did alight; slowly, deliberately; half ashamed of his own absurdity; half doubtful even now whether to put that absurdity into serious execution or not. Having only a portmanteau and a bundle of rugs, there was no need fortunately to make an application to the guard. Five minutes more and the yawning mountain had swallowed up train, guard, and all, and I was left staring blankly around me, suddenly awakened to the fact that I had put it out of my own power to proceed to Pisa that evening.

It was too late, however, for repentance now, and the only thing left was to make the best I could of the situation.

"Well, and your hotel; is there an omnibus to it?" I inquired of the porter.

This time he shook two fingers back-

wards and forwards vigorously before his face.

"An omnibus — but no, signore, there is not even a road."

"No road?"

"None — none, that is, that can be called *carrozzabile*." But let not the signore be disquieted on that account. There was a path, a very admirable path; he himself would with pleasure conduct the signore.

For some way this path of ours skirted the edge of cornfields, sky-blue at present with lupins or tawny with marigolds and poppies. Here and there it was arched, too, by vines just then beginning to expand their leaves and tightly curled tendrils. From the outside the town itself showed a somewhat stern and deserted aspect, but there was, as I soon found, no lack of life when once we got inside. At the bottom of a long, much broken-down and dilapidated flight of steps a pedlar had just opened out his wares — gorgeous, if flimsy, Manchester cottons, and dazzling tartans, red, yellow and bottle-green, sprawling about over the mossgrown and decaying masonry. As we advanced the crowd, too, seemed to thicken. Every window, every *loggia*, every balcony showed its head or its group of heads. Girls, bare-armed, bare-necked, bare-footed, several with huge masses of stone balanced upon their heads, were coming up the steps. Old women, with distaffs in their hands, were busily twisting tow through their wrinkled and sunburnt fingers. Old men, too, sat on the doorsteps or leaned against the wall. One or two of the latter had little capes of black velvet, trimmed with tarnished silver braid, about their toil-bent shoulders. There had been a *festa* that morning, my guide informed me — a great affair; the bishop himself had assisted at it. It was a pity, a thousand pities, he observed compassionately, that the signore could not have arrived a few hours earlier.

The street, or rather path, up which we were mounting was about as perpendicular as a path can be which does not break into actual steps. A sort of an irregular brick-work pavement ran down the middle, but the holes in it were something portentous, while on either side the natural rock on which the town grew jutted up in undisguised peaks and promontories. The steps leading into the houses, too, belonged mostly to the same description of natural architecture; the bricks which had once apparently supplemented it having now mostly retired, while the rock retained its original solidity, rising in irregular lumps not unlike the nodules of flint upon the surface of a chalk-pit.

At last we arrived at the upper level or platform upon which the hotel stood. Well, it was not so very bad — not half so bad, probably, as I had every right to expect. It was a brown-faced, simple-minded, straggling sort of a locanda, unpretending, as the guide-books say — half inn, in fact, and half public-house, with a huge, withered bush fashioned over the door, a row of cane-bottomed chairs in front, and a little vine-covered *pergola*, where two old gentlemen in nightcaps were sipping their wine from two thin-beaked, green-necked flasks. Overhead was a row of windows shaded with venetian blinds and edged with neatly painted jambs, which doubtless gave light to the guest-chambers.

Whatever mine host's private amazement at my appearance may have been, he disguised his sentiments with the adroitness of his nation, and proceeded to usher me up a trembling staircase into one of the before-mentioned apartments. It was a clean little room enough, with a brown cemented floor, four whitewashed walls, and a ceiling adorned with strangely twisted scrolls, each scroll ending with what would appear to have been intended for the semblance of a human figure.

Could I have dinner in an hour? I next inquired.

Of course I could have dinner in an hour, or at any hour. The hotel was not at present full — rather, in fact, the contrary. There was another guest, however, a young gentleman, who by a miracle had ordered his dinner for the same hour; the two signores should be served together.

This essential point decided, I presently sauntered out again and sat me down upon one of the stone ledges which ran along both sides of the little piazza.

Even without the assurance of my conversational friend of the station I could have guessed that a *festa* was in progress, it being difficult otherwise to account for the evident buzz and tremor of excitement, the endless squeaking of penny whistles and ringing of cracked bells, which had been going on without intermission from the moment I set foot in San Biagio. All the world and his wife, not to speak of his sons and daughters, his dogs, his goats, and his grandchildren, seemed to be promenading in the immediate vicinity of the perch I had selected. Below me the big town wall, shaggy with pellitories and large sedums, dropped

some thirty or forty feet into a tangle of olives and chestnuts, the latter still only in half leaf. I could see the bluish, half-ripened spikes of barley pricking their way upwards between protecting lattices of yellow canes. Beyond, a few scattered houses showed pink or brown amongst the leaves. As far as I could see, however, all this part of the region was at present deserted, the inhabitants having doubtless come to swell the pageant within the walls.

Presently the bell of the church, which had been silent awhile, broke out into fresh clamor. Some of the old men who had formed part of the procession began mounting up the steps in its direction. Nobody else, however, appeared to avail themselved of the invitation. From where I was sitting I could see its dusky interior, which seemed empty, save for two or three tinsel-clad saints, whose brilliantly pink faces blushed inanely out of the obscurity. Outside, however, the crowd grew and grew, streaming up the steps, laughing, eating cherries, chattering. The stairs were so excessively steep that these figures as they ascended from below had an oddly melodramatic effect, as though each had been pushed up separately through some invisible trap-door, and I amused myself for some time watching these successive apparitions as they rose one by one as it were from the very bowels of the earth. I had not been long, however, engaged in so doing before a new figure, of a totally different type from the rest, attracted my attention. At first I could only see its head, or rather hat, which was of bright yellow straw, with a huge bunch of crimson gladiolus stuck in one side. Erratic headgears are rather the rule than otherwise in Italy, so that this alone would not particularly have arrested my notice. As the wearer of the straw hat came up the stairs, however he gradually displayed first the upper portions of a suit of light grey summer tweed, then a pair of knickerbockers of the same material, finally red stockings and low shoes, made conspicuous with large buckles. "Come, come," thought I to myself, "evidently I am not the only tourist here. Those shoes are no products surely of San Biagio?"

While this was passing through my mind I had myself become an object of observation. Having just reached the corner where I sat, the young man in the straw hat glanced at me for a moment with an expression of mingled astonishment and, as I thought, disfavor; then, passing abruptly on, he hurried down the steps which led out of the town, skipping nimbly from step to step, and disappearing from sight the next moment along a narrow, weed-grown pathway.

I waited a little longer, wondering, rather, who and what he was, wondering, too, whether this procession, of which whispers had reached me, was about to take place. Nothing, however, happened; the people continued to drift about in more or less aimless groups; the sun sank gradually behind the poplars towards an horizon already colored to receive it. Presently a sharp-edged little breeze sweeping across the hills from the opposite side aroused me to a consciousness of the fact that a stone ledge upon the slopes of the Appenines was not perhaps precisely the most suitable position in the world for a person of asthmatic tendencies, and accordingly I descended the steps and betook myself back to my inn.

The room into which I was presently ushered by my landlord himself in person was a long, low apartment, made lower by a ceiling adorned with heathen divinities of the same peculiar and arbitrary type of anatomy as those which adorned my chamber above. A cloth had been laid across one end of the bare brown table, and here two places I found had been set.

I had just got through the soup — an oleaginous concoction of the consistency of porridge — when my fellow *convive* entered. As I was prepared to expect, it was the gentleman in the yellow hat whom I had already seen upon the piazza. He hesitated a minute at the entrance, glancing with evident disfavor at the arrangement which had made him my temporary companion; finally, however, he advanced, and with a movement of the head which may have been meant for a bow, but was not particularly like one, seated himself beside me at the festive board.

I had been puzzled at first sight as to his nationality. Germans in Italy are rather given to breaking out into wild extravagances of dress, and it had struck me at first sight that this oddly attired individual might not improbably prove to be a German — possibly a German painter. On a nearer view, however, this supposition vanished. There are indications of nationality which go beyond anything which dress or even language can furnish, and these indications convinced me, even before my neighbor opened his lips, that I was in the presence of a compatriot; with which conviction I presently requested him, in my native tongue, to hand

me the pepper, that condiment chancing to be at the moment nearer to his elbow than to my own.

He started, and for an instant I fancied that he was going to turn a deaf ear to my surely very inoffensive request. Apparently, he thought better of this, handing the article in question, however, with an averted face and a backward movement of the head which seemed to intimate that the compliance was not to be taken as an excuse for any further assaults upon his privacy.

I was a little piqued, and not a little amused. If, however, he preferred to eat the bread of silence and unsociability, why, I, too, could resign myself to that necessity; and accordingly I addressed myself to my dinner with as much equanimity as its very moderate merits would admit of.

Apparently my companion was quite unable to imitate my equanimity. A more restless individual I have rarely, I think, encountered. First he fidgeted a good deal up and down in his chair; next he poured out for himself, and drank, glass after glass of water. At last, after buttoning and unbuttoning his coat several times, he walked over to the open window, pushed it still more widely open, throwing himself back with a sort of gasp into his chair as he returned.

"Tremendously hot this evening, ain't it?" he said at last.

"Is it?" I answered rather drily. "Well, no, I shouldn't have said so myself. In fact, before you moved, I was rather thinking of asking you to close that window."

My companion stared as if I had asked him to set fire to the house.

"Close it!" he ejaculated.

"It is no matter, of course, if you would prefer not doing so," I continued politely. "It is only that as I suffer from asthma I naturally dislike draughts; added to which I have just come from Egypt, so that I feel a good deal the difference of climate."

"It was hotter there, then, than even it is here, was it?"

"Very much hotter."

"Good Lord!"

There was something so ingenuous in this involuntary exclamation that my resentment died away, and I began to feel an amused wonder as to who this very naïve fellow-countryman of mine could be, and what had brought him to San Biagio of all places in the universe.

"You were hardly well-advised in coming to Italy so late in the season if you dislike warmth so much, were you?" I observed dispassionately.

My companion reddened. "I love Italy, but I detest hot weather," he answered petulantly.

"And yet it is not nearly as warm today as it often is in London," I persisted.

"Very likely. But I have never been in London."

I stared at him to see if he could be seriously in earnest. Englishmen and Britons generally are frequently accused of being better acquainted with other countries than their own; still, for a man to come abroad without having ever taken the trouble to make himself acquainted with the metropolis of his native land seemed a degree of inattention not easily conceivable.

"Never been in London?" I repeated inquiringly.

"Never. I took the steamer at Glasgow."

"You are Scotch," I responded, this time not inquiringly.

"Yes, I am Scotch."

It was said curtly, almost defiantly; and, turning away, my fellow-lodger addressed himself resolutely to his dinner with an air which seemed to proclaim that no compulsion short of torture should again wring another word from his lips.

As I ate my fried fish, which was good, and dallied with my cutlet, which I am bound to say was detestable, my mind was a good deal exercised with speculations as to the identity and previous history of this very decided variation of the genus tourist. Despite his preposterous clothes and his uncompromising manners, he appeared to me to be a gentleman; at all events, he had not at all the air of a shop-boy who had bolted with the contents of his master's till. Indeed, what shop-boy — particularly what Scotch shop-boy, it may be asked — would have selected San Biagio, of all places, in which to make merry upon his stolen booty? On the other hand, it was at least equally evident that my new acquaintance had some, doubtless excellent, reasons of his own for desiring as much as possible to repel all unnecessary intimacies, and not unnaturally this disposition of his had an immediate and an irresistibly stimulating effect upon my own curiosity. Meanwhile, that it was no business of mine was pretty obvious, and accordingly, when our landlord returned, I diverted my unappreciated powers of conversation to him, making sundry inquiries as to the hour of post, also as to the departure of trains

next morning for Pisa. He was not less prompt with his replies than are the generality of his countrymen, and I was not long in being furnished, not merely with an answer to my questions, but with a general *catalogue raisonnée* of the social life, politics, and resources of San Biagio and its vicinity.

I observed that my unknown compatriot, though he did not join in this conversation, listened to it with marked attention, and when we were again alone he remarked abruptly, —

"How well you talk! You seem to understand everything he says."

"Well, more or less," I responded modestly. "You see I have spent several winters in Italy, so I ought to be able to speak the language. These people here, though, talk a jargon that it is by no means easy to follow," I added.

"A jargon? It is not a good place to come to to learn Italian, then?"

"That depends upon whom you find to teach you," I answered smiling. "Educated people — if there are any educated people here — talk correctly enough, I suppose, everywhere. The common people, on the other hand, are barely intelligible. Don't you observe that they talk a dialect that can hardly be said to be Italian at all?"

"I should not understand them, however well they talked," he replied gloomily. "People say Italian is such an easy language, but I can't say *I* find it so."

"It is easier, though, don't you think, than either French or German?" I answered.

"Very likely it may be, but I don't know either of them. I know Latin and Greek though, and some Hebrew," he added — "not, however, to talk."

It is possible that my countenance may have expressed some slight amusement at this last assertion, for my companion went on rather defiantly, —

"Latin is supposed to help a man tremendously in Italian, but I can't say I see that it helps me."

"Perhaps you have not been long enough in the country to make a fair trial," I said consolingly.

"I have been here three months."

"Not all that time, surely, at San Biagio?"

"No, I was a fortnight first at Milan."

"Even so that seems to me a large proportion to give to a place like this, and on your first visit too to Italy. There are so many other places of greater interest to see."

"I dare say there may be, but I did not come to look at places; I came to find a friend."

"Some one who lived here?" I hazarded, seeing that he stopped short.

"Yes. He told me so, at least. It was a man I knew at Glasgow. None of these people though appear to have ever heard his name, although I wrote it out upon a bit of paper and showed it to nearly everybody I met."

"You must remember this is not the only San Biagio in Italy," I answered. "Possibly your friend may be living at one of the others."

This seemed to be an entirely new idea to my companion.

"I didn't know there were several San Biagios," he replied. "There ought not to be different places of the same name in one country, ought there?"

"Perhaps not, ideally," I answered. "Still it does happen practically pretty frequently. Even in England one meets a good many cases of the same sort. I remember once driving through Hampshire, and I came to quite the smallest village, I think, I ever beheld in my life — three thatched cottages all in a line, with a pump and a one-storied schoolhouse. A little girl was coming along with a mug of beer in her hand, so I stopped her and asked her what was the name of the place. 'London, sir,' she answered promptly; and then opened mouth and eyes wide with astonishment because I burst out laughing at the announcement."

My companion did not appear to be at all as much struck as I expected with my little anecdote — a lack of appreciation which upon reflection I accounted for on the grounds of that metropolis being nearly as unfamiliar to him as to my Hampshire maiden.

The ice thus broken, however, he speedily became communicative, and from that time up to the end of dinner our flow of conversation rarely ebbed for more than a minute at a time.

CHAPTER II.

THIS meal ended we returned to the piazza, the cold wind which had driven me in having by this time given place to a perfect stillness. I offered my companion a cigar, which he accepted, and we strolled backwards and forwards in the growing obscurity, watching the gyrations of the fireflies as they thridded the mazes of the cane-brakes beneath, or broke in myriad sparks against the wall, sweeping up

towards us as if driven skywards from some invisible furnace.

Having by this time apparently made up his mind that I was a person who was to be trusted, my newly made acquaintance seemed to pass at a single bound from the extremity of reserve into a very abandonment of confidence. He hadn't had a single soul, he told me pathetically, to speak to for the last five weeks, except one old sailor down at the port who had picked up a few words of English in the course of his wanderings. He had met some English people in the train and elsewhere, but hadn't cared to make acquaintance. There were reasons, he mysteriously added, why he did not want to see too much of his own fellow-countrymen.

I was cautious, feeling that I had already erred on the side of indiscretion, but it was evident that my new acquaintance was not a man to do things by halves, and I was not long in being made acquainted with the short and simple annals of his previous history.

His name, he told me, was Maclean — John Donald Maclean — and until the last three months he had never left Scotland, the greater part of his life having been spent in a remote parish in Banffshire. An orphan at six years old, he had been brought up by a small and repressive circle of uncles and aunts, the latter predominating, and had from a very early age been destined for the service of the Scotch ministry. His uncle, the present head of the family, was himself a Presbyterian minister; so also had been his own father; so likewise, I think he said, had been his grandfather. In short, it was the established family tradition, and a minister, whether he liked it or not, the young man accordingly was bound to be.

As a matter of fact he did *not* like it at all; had always, he said, detested it, and grew to detest it more and more as the years went on. When the time came for his being sent to college, he had petitioned hard to be sent to an English university; his prayer, however, had been disregarded, and he had been duly despatched to Glasgow. Here, according to his own account, he had not got on particularly well, and I could readily credit it. To the average youth of that practical locality so fantastic a being must decidedly have appeared in the light of an anomaly. He was fond of music, and had taken lessons in singing, had also made some progress in learning to play the flute — an accomplishment which had not, as he hinted, added to the respect with which his fellow-students regarded him. His singing-master had been a young Italian, who had come to Scotland in the hopes of making his fortune, but was then hastening home again as soon as he had scraped together sufficient to pay for the journey. From Maclean's account he was evidently suffering severely from the distressing malady of *nostalgie;* his descriptions, glowing with all the natural exaggerations of the exile, having first aroused in the latter a strong desire to visit Italy.

With the regular work he had made but moderate progress. On the other hand, he had embarked largely upon a course of philosophic or semi-philosophic readings, which, if they had no other particular result, had at all events sufficiently demonstrated to him that to be a Presbyterian minister was clearly not his vocation. This, upon his return home, he had candidly announced, and had positively declined to proceed to the training college, which was his next predestined step. He had hardly reckoned, however, so he admitted to me, upon the violence of the opposition he was destined to encounter, while they, on the other hand, appear to have over-reckoned upon that yielding and vacillating strain which was evidently a recognizable point in his character. At all events, all the family terrors, as well as all the theological bolts, either forgeable in the vicinity or procurable from a distance, seem to have been at once set in motion against the offender. If he had not been put into a dungeon and fed upon bread and water, he had at all events supped sorrow for his contumacy. His life, he told me solemnly, had been a burden to him, so that he must either, he felt, yield, shoot himself, or escape. The end of it was, that one day, after the domestic thumbscrews had been applied with even more than usual vigor, he had retired early to his bedroom, convinced, so his relations fondly believed, of the error of his ways; had there written two letters, one individually to his uncle, another collectively to his aunts; had packed up a valise of such modest dimensions as he could carry himself; and at the first grey of morning, while the rest of the inmates were still innocently sleeping, had slipped out of the house, made his way to the nearest stagecoach, upon the roof of which he had travelled to the railway. Then, feeling that as long as he remained on Scotch soil his safety continued dubious, he had taken his passage upon a vessel which happened to be sailing direct to Genoa.

"And you have actually heard nothing from any of them since?" I inquired.

"No, nothing," he replied, with rather an air of alarm. "How should I? They don't know where I am."

"But they may think you are dead," I said remonstratingly.

"Oh no, they can't think that," he replied ingenuously, "because, you know, I have drawn my money since, from the bank at Inverness. I have a good deal of money of my own," he went on to explain. "It was my mother's, so no one can interfere with my spending it. I came of age the week before I left home."

I could not help laughing a little at the remarkable timeliness of this coincidence. "I still fail to understand how you came to San Biagio of all places," I said, pausing in our walk to look down at the ravine which lay dark and cavernous below us.

"Oh, that was on account of Signor Novaro — my music-master, you know; he came from here, or at least a place of the same name, and I wanted to find him. He is the only friend I have in the world that isn't Scotch," he added pathetically.

"But failing to find him, why did you stay on so long?" I persisted.

My companion reddened; hesitated; stole a scrutinizing glance first at me, and then around and above us as though he feared the breeze might waft away what he had to say, or the fireflies convey it to other ears than those it was intended for. At last, —

"I say, you know Italian well, really well — well enough to write a letter in it, don't you?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes, I can write an Italian letter after a fashion," I replied, perplexed at what seemed to me to be the total irrelevancy of the question. "I won't promise that it would satisfy a grammarian, but I dare say for all practical purposes it would do well enough. Why? Is there any particular letter you want me to write for you?"

He nodded energetically.

"To some one here?"

He nodded again; then paused, and again looked cautiously around him.

"The fact is it's a — it's an offer of marriage," he said suddenly, with one of those abrupt bursts of confidence to which he appeared to be prone.

"An offer of marriage!" I ejaculated, in a tone of profound astonishment. "And an offer for whose marriage, may I ask?" Then as he still continued silent, "Not your own, surely?"

He nodded again.

"And to whom, if it is not an impertinent question, do you propose to offer yourself?" I inquired. Then as he did not immediately answer, "Not, surely, to any one here?" I went on, glancing involuntarily round me at the small houses perched in picturesque squalor one behind the other over the wall.

A third time he nodded his head.

"I don't want to write to her, but to her father; that's the proper thing, I know, to do."

"And you wish *me* to write and propose for you to this father, whoever he may be? Is that it?"

This time my new friend's head went up and down like a mandarin's.

"Well, then, my dear Mr. Maclean, please don't think me disobliging, but really I'm afraid I do not see my way to doing anything of the kind," I replied, hardly able to keep from laughing, but speaking with all proper gravity. "I could not positively undertake the responsibility, and you yourself would be the first to reproach me afterwards were I to do so. Added to which you are rather young, don't you think, to take such a step? Only conceive the feelings of your relations!"

He frowned ferociously.

"My relations have nothing upon earth to say to it!" he retorted angrily. "I have thrown them off. We shall probably never meet again. In fact, I don't *wish* to see them again. I mean to live in Italy."

"Well, then, setting them aside, and thinking only of yourself, you would not, believe me, be married six months — no, nor two — before you would begin to curse the hour you ever set eyes on the young lady, much less married her; any spare time you had over from anathematizing yourself being spent in anathematizing me for having aided and abetted you."

"She's the most beautiful being in the whole world!" he exclaimed.

"Beautiful? pooh, almost all Italian women are that, more or less, at least until their youth begins to wear off. But you may take my word for it they are not as a rule the most comfortable wives in the world for Englishmen."

"I am not an Englishman."

"Well, then, for Scotchmen. Not to speak of the difference of position, which in this case — without of course knowing anything about your inamorata — I should imagine to be considerable."

Evidently I had hit another of the

many points upon which my young friend was explosive.

"Position!" he almost shouted, bringing his fist down upon the stone ledge beside him with a force which must, I think, have hurt considerably. "Position! What is position? A figment! An imagination! A lie! A thing got up for the express purpose of keeping humanity apart. What business have people to talk of their positions? How can one human being have more of a position than another? You may call me a gentleman, if you choose, I can't help it if you do. I don't call myself anything of the sort. I am a *man!*"

I felt that it would be cruel to suggest that, whether or not he was the former, the latter was exactly what it did not quite appear to me that he had as yet attained to being. I therefore proceeded calmly with some of the other points of my remonstrance.

"No sooner would you be married than you would find you had absolutely nothing in common," I said. "No tastes, no sympathies, no antecedents, not even a mutual language."

His face fell.

"Yes, that's true. It's a desperate bore, my not knowing any Italian," he said ruefully. "If those fools had only had the sense to teach it to me instead of all that idiotic Greek and Hebrew!"

"You could hardly expect them to know how rapidly you were destined to find a requirement for it, could you?" I said pleasantly. "Besides, that seems to me the least part of the impediment," I went on. "With a little industry you might soon overcome that. There are some other things though that you could not."

"Wait till you see her!" he retorted confidently.

"I fail to see how my doing that would affect the question," I replied. "Very likely I might agree with you as to her appearance, but whether that would be sufficient foundation to marry upon seems to me to be a totally different matter."

My companion did not appear to be paying any heed to my prudential observations.

"I say, should you like to see her?" he suddenly inquired.

"See her? When? Where? At this hour?" I replied with some astonishment.

"Yes, now, immediately — at least at ten o'clock."

"You don't mean to say that you're in the habit of seeing her at that hour?"

"Yes, regularly every evening," he answered, laughing. "I never miss."

"Then, my dear fellow, allow me, as a man who has spent a good deal of time in Italy, allow me to assure you that a young woman, an unmarried girl, who allows young men to visit her at this hour of the evening is not one who — other considerations apart — you ought so much as to dream even of marrying."

My new acquaintance only laughed the more, as if it was the most exquisite jest in the world; pulling out his watch, and slanting it so as to allow the light of the half-risen moon to glance across its face.

"Come along," he exclaimed hurriedly. "We'll only just be in time; there's not a moment to lose."

"Well, then, since you insist upon my accompanying you, you must at least let me go back first to the inn for some wraps," I replied. "Remember that I am an invalid, and though the evening, I own, is certainly an exceptionally warm one, I am not sure that I have not been committing an impudence by remaining out even as long as I have done."

We returned accordingly to the inn, where Maclean waited impatiently whilst I found and duly buttoned on an overcoat.

"Come along!" he cried, and seizing my arm with all the familiarity of an old acquaintanceship, he hurried me down the steps by which he had ascended that afternoon to the piazza.

If this part of the town showed weird and decrepit in the daytime, it naturally showed a hundredfold more weird and more decrepit now. Save for an occasional, and generally more than half extinguished, oil lamp in one of the lower windows, not the vestige of any attempt at illumination was to be discerned. The moon had begun by this time to struggle above the grey, semi-opaque clouds which beleaguered the lower parts of the sky; but the street, or rather *vicolo*, we were in was so narrow that only a stray and attenuated patch of light lay ghostlike here and there upon the centre of the pathway, or caught some distorted reflection of itself in one of the small-paned windows, stuck, as if accidentally, high up in the vacant-looking walls. Yawning openings, black as Erebus, and leading apparently into immeasurable space, showed here and there at the bases of the buildings. In and out and round about the crumbling, half-

shapeless masses of masonry, fireflies danced and flickered, their intermittent flashings forming to the eye a sort of pattern or network of light linked together something like those phosphorescent organisms which may be seen swarming upon the midnight surface of the sea.

At last we came to the foot of a fresh flight of stairs leading in the opposite direction to the one by which we had descended. Up these stairs Maclean, who was leading, sprang rapidly — so rapidly that it was as much as I could do to keep up with him. When we reached the summit, we found ourselves upon the small uppermost piazza, from which, as from a pedestal, springs the tall Lombardic tower conspicuous for miles and miles around San Biagio. Most of the houses here were dark and silent as the tomb, but in one, the largest of the group, which abutted on to the tower itself, a light was burning in the basement story, another, a faint, bluish flame, twinkling before an image of the Madonna which projected a little from the wall between two of the windows, and was protected by an iron grating or network.

Maclean, who was evidently much excited, seized me again by the arm, and drew me into a corner, indicating a great block of stone upon which I was to seat myself.

I obeyed, wondering not a little, and we waited in the almost total darkness, the moon, which had painted for itself a broad, lozenge-shaped patch of light — a sort of heraldic decoration upon the further side of the piazza, not having attained as yet to where we sat.

Presently the clock of the church tower beneath us struck the hour of ten, the long-drawn strokes reverberating slowly across the silent town. Hardly had the last vibration died away before an upper window in the house opposite to us opened, and a young woman appeared at the casement holding a lighted taper in her hand. She appeared, as far as could be judged in the highly imperfect light, to be tall and well developed, with that broad definition of brow and clearly marked oval contour of face of which in Italy one sees the type repeated in so many different variations. Setting down the candle, she proceeded to fill the oil lamp in front of the Madonna from a small flask which she carried in her hand. This done she stirred the wick with a long pin, produced for that purpose from her own raven tresses; then, having first glanced, stolidly rather than coquettishly, downwards into the piazza, presumably to see whether any lurking adorers were about, she shut the window again with a loud bang, and disappeared into the interior of the house.

I felt Maclean's hand tremble under mine.

"Isn't she glorious?" he whispered.

"She is an extremely handsome girl," I answered, "as, in fact, from your description I expected to find her. But if she is, what then? Surely you did not really imagine that the mere sight of those rolling black eyes of hers was to convert me to the opinion that you would be acting wisely in marrying her; throwing over all the traditions of your life, and all for what? For a rather more than usually good-looking Ligurian peasant!"

He turned away without answering, hurt evidently by my tone, and we began silently descending to the lower part of the tower, groping our way down the narrow staircases, and along narrower vicolos, braced together, the latter many of them with arches, as a preservative, it is said, I believe, against earthquakes. At one place an old woman with a flickering tallow candle in her hand was coming down the staircase of a house, muttering to herself as she did so, the light flaring with cruel distinctness upon her wrinkled neck and hollow, mumbling jaws. Then she turned at right angles into a black, cavernous recess, honeycombed seemingly like an old cheese, and the darkness suddenly swallowed her up again.

When we reached our inn I felt that it would be unkind to let Maclean retire for the night with the sound of my last disparaging remarks ringing unpleasantly in his ears, so asked him if he was not sleepy to come into my room and we would have a chat at the window over our cigars. He assented readily, and my efforts at soothing his susceptibilities appear to have succeeded, judging by his last words to me that night, which were, —

"You can't think how tremendously glad I am you've come to San Biagio. I was awfully disgusted at first though, as I dare say you must have seen. Didn't you?"

"Well, it did not strike me you were exactly pleased," I admitted.

"No, I know I wasn't; but I am now. I hope you're not going away again?"

"I had intended leaving to-morrow."

"Oh, but don't, pray don't! It's not half such a bad little place when you

come to know it. And you have no idea what a kindness you would be conferring upon me by staying. Pray do."

"It seems to me, on the contrary, that you would be very much wiser if you were to come away with me," I replied. "Why not come to Florence to-morrow? You admit that you have not seen it yet, so that you can form no idea of what an interesting place *it* is."

He shook his head vehemently. "I couldn't. Indeed, indeed, I couldn't. It's out of the question quite. Evidently you don't at all realize how serious this is to me. I don't say, of course, that I'm wise about it, very likely not. Very likely to you — a man who has been so much about the world — it may seem supremely ridiculous, but I can't help that. A fellow can only follow his own instincts. I've seen heaps of other women before, but I never saw one whom I felt I — whom I had the least bit the same sort of feeling about. Don't you think that a man must *always* be in the right in following his instincts?" he added insistently.

"Well, no, I should hardly say that," I demurred. "He must be pretty sure first where his instincts are going to lead him, you know."

He tossed up his head defiantly.

"Well, I'm not afraid. I'm a tremendous believer in instinct. It was that, much more than anything else, that drove me away from home — from Scotland. I felt sure that there must be some place or other where I should be happier, could get on better altogether, than I ever could there. And the minute I saw her" — jerking his thumb in the direction of the tower — "I had just the same feeling. It is a case of instinct, as I say — a sort of fatality."

"Let us hope that it may not prove the latter really," I replied sententiously. "There are few more serious fatalities, mind you, than falling in love with the wrong woman."

He threw up his head again.

"Well, I'm not afraid; not a bit. And as for fatalities, I'm not superstitious either, though I *am* a Highlander — not a scrap. Besides, I *know* it will come right; I can always trust my instincts. But you'll promise to stay at San Biagio a little longer, won't you?" he added beseechingly — "just to see me through it, you know? Good-night." And without waiting for my answer he ran down-stairs, and a minute later, rather to my surprise, I heard his steps resounding along the stones.

From The Fortnightly Review.

MR. HAYWARD.

THE morning newspapers of the 7th of February contained the account of a funeral ceremony held the previous day in St. James Church, Piccadilly, which must have caused many readers no little surprise. The name of the man round whose bier the mourners were gathered was probably unknown to the large proportion of the provincial public, and would have been strange to a far larger, had not the *Times* of the preceding Monday devoted two columns of big type to his life, and summed up his character and career in a leading article. But the company collected to pay the last token of respect and regard to his memory within the church, from which the din of the most bustling of West End thoroughfares is audible, comprised men distinguished in various walks of life, known and honored by all their countrymen. The prime minister placed a wreath of snowdrops, fresh from the woods of Hawarden, upon the pall. Near him stood one or two of his colleagues in the Cabinet; stood two or three ex-Cabinet ministers; stood also men famous in diplomacy, in law, as well as in statesmanship and letters — the ornaments and representatives of what is called society. It is impossible to conceive of a more typical gathering, and Mr. Hayward could have desired no more significant tribute to the position he had achieved long ago, and the kind of ascendency he had held. Those to whom his patronymic either conveyed no idea at all, or little else than a dim impression of some powerful reviewer whose writings they could not well indicate, must have been at a loss to account for the attention paid to him by men who are already part of English history. I propose briefly, and, as it cannot but be, most inadequately, to give some explanation of this phenomenon; hereafter I trust there may be published in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* a more finished and worthy study of Hayward's life and labors.

Nothing can be more misleading than many of the estimates of Mr. Hayward which have already appeared in print. He has been represented as a professional diner-out, a *raconteur*, a trifler, a cynic, a mere wielder of flippant persiflage. If he had been only one of these persons, or if he had been all of them combined, he would have failed to acquire the influence and distinction which belonged to him. English society, whatever its follies and frivolities, is essen-

tially serious. The wits and wags, the *farceurs* and light comedians of the dinner-table, make a transient reputation, but they never reach the place which, willingly or unwillingly, was accorded to Hayward. He had his angularities; he had his faults; but the estimate in which he was held and the authority which he had won were, on the whole, not more creditable to himself than to the society from which he derived his power. If he had been less passionate in his love of truth, less eager in his pursuit of it, less intrepid in his championship of friends and in his denunciation of foes, he would never have come to eminence and even autocracy. Endowed with a legal and thoroughly logical mind, with accurate and abundant knowledge, with prodigious energy, with a rare power of argumentative speech of the kind one may call overbearing, he still will not be remembered as a great lawyer. He produced no independent work of large dimensions, and he was not, in the sense in which that expression might be applied to some of his contemporaries, a great writer. His essays, indeed, which fill five or six stout volumes, may be described as a thesaurus of miscellaneous information, not more curious for its comprehensiveness than admirable for its accuracy and precision. It is no exaggeration to say that any person who had assimilated a tenth part of the knowledge contained in Hayward's occasional pieces would be unusually well informed. The literary merit of these compositions is considerable; but it was as little in his capacity of *littérateur* as of lawyer, anecdotist, and critic, that Hayward took the most powerful and brilliant portion of the English public by storm, and, once having captured it, held it in fee. The qualities which were the instruments and guarantees of his success were his thorough genuineness, his intensity, his abhorrence of falsehood and sham, of trickery and imposture, his dauntless and fiery determination to arrive in every case at facts, to prevent others being misled by phrases, and, in the words of Figaro, to "whip hypocrisy." Attributes of this kind generate a moral atmosphere. They may often offend, but they never fail to attract.

When Johnson asked Boswell his impressions of the conversation over night, the faithful satellite replied to his master, "Well, sir, you gored and trampled on a good many people." These words exactly describe Hayward's attitude to every species of falsehood, inaccuracy, or cant. One can understand how a young lady, on being told that Hayward was the sort of man who would do vehement justice to her if she were wrongly assailed, but would bring any slip she might make into prominent relief, had the *naïveté* to say, "What a horrid man!" and it was in the nature of things impossible for such a fierce hunter after truth to be extensively popular. People observing from without his distinguished position in society sat down at their desks and deliberately ascribed his elevation to a cause the reverse of the truth. Samuel Warren attempted to assail him in "Ten Thousand a Year" as Mr. Venom Tuft. Lord Beaconsfield, who often worked hard against him by manipulating the hogshead of abuse which his followers brought him and distilling it into three drops, was supposed by many persons to have lampooned him as Mr. St. Barbe in "Endymion." The original of that character, it is now known, was Thackeray, whom Lord Beaconsfield disliked for the same kind of reason that he disliked Hayward. As he resented Thackeray's burlesque of his literary style in "Codlingsby," so he resented Hayward's exposure of his plagiarism from Thiers's funeral panegyric on St. Cyr. Hayward had convicted him of a twofold rhetorical dishonesty: first, his appropriation of Thiers's masterly composition, ideas, words, and all; secondly, his appropriation of the language in which it was first placed before the English public by the *Morning Chronicle*. But, independently of this incident, there was a natural antipathy between the two men which could not have failed to breed a reciprocity of dislike. To Hayward, Disraeli's character seemed essentially false; and the very reasons which made him, during the latter years of his life, so warm an admirer of Mr. Gladstone, prevented his ever being a sympathetic critic of Mr. Gladstone's great opponent. The reasons of Hayward's unpopularity during the earlier stage of his career were, on the part of those who knew him, impetuous aggressiveness; and on the part of those who did not, a mistaken estimate of him. No man ever less merited the surname bestowed upon him by Warren; no man was ever less of a parasite, a toady, or a tuft. He performed no acts of unworthy or interested homage. Where others won by blandishments, he succeeded with frowns and reprimands. If the number of those who entertained towards him any warm sentiment of friendship or affection was small, it was larger than falls to the

lot of most of us, and few men have ever received on their death-bed such marks of patient and tender devotion from those outside the pale of their own kindred.

Hayward, indeed, had outlived his unpopularity. He ceased to be unpopular when he became privileged. The vast legion of his acquaintances did not measure him by the standard which is usually applied as a guage of social amenity. He occupied a position of his own, apart from others, and he was not expected to conform to any conventional canons. If these traits in his character had not been accompanied by sterling and rare merits, society would not have tolerated and have smiled upon him. In addition to his truthfulness and thoroughness, he was absolutely loyal to his friends, not only doing justice to them in his talk, but, when necessary, and often when unnecessary, doing fierce battle in their behalf. He was, moreover, of great practical assistance on more than one occasion to some of those friends when they were entrusted with the administration of the nation's affairs. He was never the depository of State secrets, for it was his way when anything had been told him which interested him to talk about it everywhere. Hayward's relations to statesmen and to governments will be correctly indicated if it is said that before passing into action irrevocably, ministers found it occasionally convenient to try the strength of their case before him. When a Liberal Cabinet was preparing to deliberate on any measure, some of its members instinctively liked, before confronting the public, to "talk it over with Hayward." This "private trial," as racing men might call it, was of infinite service to ministers adventuring on new ground; for they learnt what could be effectively said both against their project and for it. If once brought to approve the design, Hayward never failed to become its strong partisan.

It may be convenient here briefly to glance at such stages and aspects of Hayward's life as are necessary for a correct understanding of the place he filled, and his connection with the politics and politicians of his time. He came of a good Wiltshire stock, descending from the Haywards of Hillcot, a family owning landed estates which, along with high moral characters, entitled them to the envied privilege of entering church before all the other parishioners. Hayward was indebted for his baptismal name to an uncle who lived at Taunton, with whom his nephew frequently stayed, and who was much shocked when, on calling on Hayward in his chambers in the Temple, he found him in the company not of a future lord chancellor, but of one whom, in an angry letter still extant, he called an adventurer — the future Napoleon III. In point of property his family encountered vicissitudes, sometimes in the downward sometimes in the happy direction. He was educated at Blundell's school at Tiverton, then a west-country Winchester. The discipline was harsh, the diet meagre, and his family believed that the lad's health was permanently injured by the rough life and the scanty fare. On leaving school he went to a private tutor, and learned German. He was articled to a solicitor at Ilchester, who had little business, but an excellent library of the orthodox English classics, on which Hayward feasted at leisure, and acquired much of the varied and profound knowledge of English literature that appears on every page of his writings. Before he was twenty he began to keep his terms in the Temple. His means were at this period exceedingly slender. His chief pleasure, and, as it proved, a most valuable portion of his education, was to attend the debates of the House of Commons, admission to which was then to a large extent gained by favor of the doorkeepers, who were entitled to charge half a crown, and to whom consequently many of Hayward's spare half-crowns went. While he was yet a law student he joined the London Debating Society. This event had a great influence on his life, and constituted a turning-point in his career. Roebuck was the leader on the Liberal side. Hayward quickly stepped into the place of Conservative chief; and, among all the ardent young members of the society, there was none who pursued the pith of the argument with more closeness than the Blundell scholar. On being called to the bar, and finding practice slow in coming, he established the *Law Magazine*, which was devoted largely to the philosophy of jurisprudence, and which brought him into connection with George Cornewall Lewis and John Austin, as well as some of the chief German authorities of the period on legal science. In 1832, Hayward paid a visit to Germany. He did not meet when there, as has been incorrectly said, Goethe, but he made the acquaintance of Savigny the jurist, and the father of the subsequent Prussian minister. He was also thrown into the society of Tieck, and frequented the *salon* of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, whose ac-

quaintance and friendship he retained during several years, and with whom he maintained a correspondence even after she had retired into a convent at Mayence. Few Englishmen, indeed, have had a larger personal acquaintance on the Continent. Few knew the character of France and Germany better, or had a juster appreciation and a deeper insight into the spirit of their literature. Hayward's visits to Paris were frequent; and to the end of his life he seldom crossed the Channel less than once a year. He was on intimate terms with Thiers, Broglie, Dumas, and many others. He introduced more than one French writer for the first time into England. One of his most interesting essays is devoted to Madame Mohl, at whose house he was a frequent guest. When Thiers, in his futile quest for an alliance, visited this country just before the investment of Paris in 1870, the first person whom he saw on his arrival was Hayward. He sounded his old friend as to the possibility of the English government giving France its support. Hayward at once said the idea was hopeless. Thiers then began to argue his case, and to show that in the interests of the balance of power it was the duty of England to support his country. "My friend," broke in Hayward abruptly, "put all that stuff out of your head. We care for none of these things."

The achievement in literature which firmly laid the foundation of his literary reputation, as the London Debating Society had done of his political and oratorical reputation, was his translation of "Faust." Society now commenced to welcome him; and when, in the year following the Reform Bill, a hundred members were added to the Carlton Club, he was included in the list. At the same time he was elected by the committee of the Athenæum, under the operation of Rule 2, providing for the admission of men distinguished in literature and science. Nor was he by any means a briefless barrister. Though a junior, he was entrusted with the lead in the great Lyme Pathway case, which he conducted with extraordinary energy, carrying everything before him, and bringing his local knowledge, as well as his legal acumen and forensic power, to bear upon his adversaries with an effect that achieved complete victory at every stage. Taking silk in 1845, he seemed "to have the ball at his feet;" but at that very moment he abandoned all thought of "the ball" in order to fight out a battle. He had years before quarrelled with Roebuck, who now excluded Hayward from the benchers of the Temple, entrance to whose body was an honor that would have come to him in the natural course of things, on his promotion to the dignity of a queen's counsel. Hayward engaged in the business of redressing this wrong with characteristic vehemence. He brought the matter before the judges, and so far succeeded that they recommended the benchers to revoke the decision. The recommendation was not acted upon, and Hayward, in the din of his fight with the benchers, lost or rather abandoned the opportunity of acquiring a considerable legal practice.

But an eventful, and, as it afterwards proved to be, an auspicious epoch was at hand for him. He entered into the political controversies of 1846 with immense spirit, and throwing over the Protectionists, worked night and day for Peel and his followers. This schism between the Protectionists and the newly-converted Free-traders caused angry dissensions in the Carlton Club, and together with his Peelite friends Hayward ceased to frequent it. The *Morning Chronicle* was next started, Mr. Sidney Herbert putting then and afterwards into the paper £120,000, while the Duke of Newcastle contributed £20,000. In conjunction with his friend George Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford, Hayward took a very active part as a leader-writer, and one of his achievements in this capacity was to finish an article in the House of Lords with his pencil on his knees while Lord Derby was delivering his famous speech on the Navigation Laws, answering the chief arguments of the speaker. In 1852 the first Derby government was formed, and Hayward addressed a letter to Lord Lansdowne asking him whether there would, in his opinion, be anything dishonorable in a union between the Peelites and the Whigs. The reply, which exists among Hayward's papers, came speedily — to the effect that, so far from Lord Lansdowne's seeing anything dishonorable in such an arrangement, he considered it a political duty. Hayward's Temple chambers now became the scene of events of great political interest. The formation of a coalition government was preceded by a dinner in them, at which Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and Sir James Graham were among the guests. Hayward himself would probably have gone into the House of Commons but for his disagreement with popular feeling on the question of Maynooth. As it was, the

government did not ignore their obligations, and they resolved to secure him permanent employment under the crown. Before this, it should be said, Hayward had had some experience of the public service. Shortly after he was called to the bar he had been appointed a revising barrister in the west of England, and at a later date he had been dispatched to Ireland as one of the commissioners for the readjustment of the municipal boundaries of Dublin. He brought back with him to England a host of good stories from the other side of St. George's Channel. In 1852 it was arranged that Hayward should have a place, and Lord Aberdeen actually wrote a letter promising him one. The press condemned his contemplated promotion and scented a job. The courage of ministers waned, Hayward never obtained the merited reward of his services, and the late Mr. Fleming was appointed in his stead. His conduct throughout the whole of this incident was admirable. He showed great magnanimity. He insisted on no claim, he bore no grudge, nor did he solicit place at any later period. Independence in such matters as these was one of the notes of his character.

A single anecdote will suffice to show the quality of the political influence exercised by Hayward, and the degree of political authority he occasionally exercised. In 1864 Palmerston and Russell were both bent on going to war for Denmark. The newspapers applauded their resolution. It gradually became known that some of their colleagues in the Cabinet dissented from this view, and that it was thoroughly unpopular with the rank and file of the Liberal party. When the tide of popular feeling was decisively setting against the war policy, inside and outside the House of Commons, Hayward called at Cambridge House. After some conversation with Lady Palmerston, to whom he represented the realities of the position, Lord Palmerston entered, fresh from a Cabinet, looking unusually tired, and Hayward left. He had scarcely descended the stairs when Palmerston came out of the room, and, leaning over the banisters, exclaimed, "Hayward, Hayward, come back!" The summons was obeyed, and the minister at once asked what all this meant. Palmerston was nettled, and with some impatience proceeded to demonstrate the unreasonableness of the antagonism to his own and Russell's policy. Hayward, in his turn, was put upon his mettle, justified his opinion by explaining the structure of the political groups which were forming against the war, said, "Ask Brand," and roundly told him that unless he executed a change of front he would be out in a week. Palmerston rejoined: "I ought to have been told of all this." On the following Monday, Palmerston went down to the House of Commons and announced the right about face.

It will not be denied that the man who exercised such an authority as this with those high in power, merits the epithet remarkable. One of the secrets of Hayward's influence, as with Lord Palmerston, so with Mr. Gladstone, and many more of the public men whom he knew, was his singularly practical mind. Fond of speculation as he might be, Hayward was never dreamy or conjectural in his political judgments. He talked on these matters with authority, and not as the scribes; as a Cabinet minister and not as a publicist. Whenever his advice was asked or his opinion declared, he exhibited a sense of responsibility entirely foreign to the political quidnunc. He did not say what he would wish to be done, but what in his view could be done and must be done at once. He dealt with an existing situation, and showed, at every point, the statesman-like instinct which prompted him to avoid barren inquiry into what might have been prevented in the past. He was a man of letters, but he was pre-eminently a man of affairs. In every business, great or small, which he undertook, he was supremely trustworthy. Lady Palmerston and Lady Waldegrave were of those who used habitually to consult him about the composition of their parties, and they both of them paid him the same compliment in very nearly the same words. "You have never brought me an unattractive woman or an undistinguished man," and, unless I mistake, a great lady, now happily living, has awarded him the same grateful praise. Naturally, a councillor who was as deeply in the confidence of these arbitresses of fashion was not unfrequently the object of gentle importunities at the hands of his fair friends. "Beauty parties" existed even in the days when there were no professional beauties, and Hayward received hints now and again that invitation cards would be welcome in particular directions; but the hint was never acted upon unless he considered that the aspirant guest came up to the prescribed standard of good looks and good company. Hayward's relations to women will constitute a very interesting chapter in his his-

tory. He won the favor of many ladies of consideration during his earliest years' experience of London society. He was the confidant and counsellor of other ladies than Viscountess Palmerston and the Countess Waldegrave as his life drew to a close. There is nothing which is not graceful, of which both he and they might not have been proud, in his friendship with those ladies whose good looks have familiarized the whole public with their photographs. They recognized in him a man of consummate knowledge and experience, and of no little kindliness. His advice was always trusted by them because it was always disinterested, and so it came to pass that when he was laid to his rest less than a month ago, beauty as well as power followed him to the grave. There is no reason why the fact should not be here recorded that when Mrs. Langtry made her private *début*, the late Mr. Chenery expressed his relief at discovering that Mr. Hayward possessed a ticket for the performance and was willing to write a notice of it. The critique might not have been a masterpiece, but it struck the keynote which the press of two countries at once took up.

Whatever Hayward undertook to do he did exhaustively. He was ever on the crest of the social wave. No matter what might be the most prominent feature in the social life of the moment, he seized upon it, developed it, studied it, made it his own. In this way he brought his great and carefully trained intellectual powers to bear upon the smallest subjects. Let us suppose that some ministerial crisis or some little, yet it may be, deeply instructive social incident is the topic discussed in a drawing-room. Hayward enters, and instinctively people say, "Here is Hayward, now we shall know the exact truth." He soon shows that he knows more of the subject than any of the gossips. He is not content with retailing the current comments of the hour, or of expressing a few disjointed ideas on the topic. He delivers not an opinion but a judgment, and a judgment of a kind from which there is no appeal. Hayward has spoken; *causa finita est.* In society this was uniformly his way. Hayward bore down everything before him, and the polite world, finding that it could not resist him, that its protests against his vehemence were ineffectual, ended by doing him homage. He dragooned the society in which he moved just as he commanded the waiters at the only club of which he was a member. He occupied the same portion of the dining-room at the Athenæum as tradition assigns to Theodore Hook, and it is not upon record that the instructions he issued upon any special occasion as to the disposition of places and tables at dinner were ever disregarded. Seldom has there been such a combination of manly intellectual strength with feminine activity. It is no paradox to say that though Hayward was a confirmed bachelor he was a born housekeeper. The qualities which made him a social king would have enabled him to organize and control the household affairs of any establishment, big or small. Guests and waiters, masters and servants, mistresses and maids, instinctively gave way to him. They were conscious of the presence of the dominant man, and if they occasionally reflected that his despotism was somewhat galling, they could no more resist him than they could the law of gravitation. Hayward has been described as an habitual diner-out. It would be more correct to say that he was a fastidious, and therefore a comparatively infrequent, diner-out. He chose the houses that he visited with great care, and not merely with a view to the *cuisine*, but to the company. Occasionally he went to houses where there was little on the part of the hosts to attract him, because he knew he would meet amusing people at the table.

I have already said that great as were Hayward's powers and extraordinary as were his resources of anecdote, his social position was not won by his faculties in this direction. Indeed his skill and faculty as a *raconteur* were perhaps somewhat overrated. His admirable love of brevity caused his narratives to be wanting in embellishment and local color, and as a sayer of good things and a narrator of interesting *historiettes* he had several superiors. He never, for instance, attained the happy art that nature has conferred upon Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, in the description of incidents to which society is never weary of listening. He never acquired, as Sir Henry Wolff has always possessed, the capacity of accompanying the narrative of occurrences with a vein of meditative comment so ingenious and apt that it recalls the peculiar conversational felicity of Lord Melbourne. On the other hand, his conversation was invariably apposite and cogent, and those who listened to it across a dinner-table rose with the knowledge that they had heard everything it was possible to say, said in the best possible of all ways, upon the events of the hour. For these pur-

poses Hayward of course required an appropriate audience. He could tolerate the presence of no rival, and if such an one, who was usually his inferior, asserted himself, he generally relapsed into silence. Above all things he disliked the loud man; and this was probably the reason why he could never arrange a social *modus vivendi* with one of the best and kindest friends I have ever been privileged to possess, the late Anthony Trollope. In the same way, though having the truest regard and liking for Bernal Osborne, he never succeeded in overcoming his objection to Osborne's habit of talking across the dinner-table and silencing the rest of the guests. Between Bernal Osborne and himself there was indeed an utter want of intellectual affinity. Although a large purveyor of humorous and witty narratives, Hayward was neither a humorist nor a wit. He was, as has been said already, possessed of an overmastering, intellectual love of truth, and he regarded the badinage and cynicism, the quips and facetiæ of talkers like Osborne as impediments in the way of his favorite inquiry and as calculated to distract conversation from its legitimate path. It must not, however, be supposed that Hayward's talk was invariably didactic and austere. On the contrary, he considered that an occasional laxity of tone, or, as he might have expressed it, a *grata protervitas*, was one of the conversational notes of the high-born gentleman, and he would have found little difficulty in defending the assertion that, as Bacon has declared there is no perfect beauty which hath not some strangeness in its proportions, so no talk can be perfectly high-bred which is without a certain *soupçon* of license. Hayward's mind was essentially that of the *littérateur*, and, as such, it was unsympathetic with the scientific mind. He was, moreover, so passionately fond of ascertaining truth and verified certainty, that he could not simulate fondness for subjects or inquiries which did not admit of demonstration. He might have said of himself as Lord Derby did, that he was born and educated in a pre-scientific era. He had little knowledge and less appreciation of the Darwinian doctrine. He had not mastered the philosophy of evolution and he disliked it. "About," to quote the exact language he used to a friend during his last illness, "a future state, we can know nothing, but there is something great." These words, as they appear in type, bear little meaning; their significance was derived from the tone in which they were uttered. In another conversation with one of his best and most illustrious friends, he said he had no fear of death, denied that he was a sceptic, and spoke with loving and tender reverence of the Lord's Prayer — though "he had talked sceptically" — in which, he said, he found the most natural and frequent vent for his feelings.

As with Hayward his social occupations were part of the serious business of his life, so his literary business, whatever for the time it might happen to be, was manifest in the field of his social occupations. No person who met Hayward in society could fail to know what occupied him at the moment in his study. When he had exhausted a subject with his pen on paper, he would press it home to his audience of private friends with, if the metaphor be permissible, the bayonet point. No sooner had any article of his appeared than, especially if it happened to be of a controversial kind, he proceeded, to use his own phrase, to follow it up. His persistence was as intrepid as it was astounding. He gave his acquaintance no rest until they had not merely read what he had written, but assimilated it. He catechised the company in which he was at home upon it as a lecturer may catechise undergraduates with a view of discovering whether they have followed and understood his discourse. This method, not unnaturally, frequently led him into animated discussions. He was intolerant of contradiction, and often went to invective against those who presumed to differ from him. But if he ventured more upon the license which society accorded him than others might have done, and in doing so occasionally transgressed the limit of politeness, he was generally ready with the *amende*, and, once satisfied that he had been unjust or discourteous, he seldom failed to make an adequate apology. Nor was he unforgiving of casual wrongs. A friend once remarked, when he was in one of his most critical humors, that his translation of "Faust" was exceedingly — only a stronger adverb, or rather not an adverb at all, but a past participle, was employed — bad. He was very indignant at the moment, but he was soon conciliated, and he may well have found substantial satisfaction in the circumstance, generously communicated to him by the aggressor, that Carlyle, who was the chief theme of the conversation in question, declared of the nineteen translations of Faust extant, Hayward's was the best.

For some years past Hayward never exceeded and never fell short of four articles a year in the *Quarterly Review*. These were always looked forward to with the keenest expectation, and their author never failed to herald their advent in society. The income which he made from his pen was disproportionately and, in comparison with the time he devoted to it, even ludicrously small. Most of his mornings were given to writing, and his way of work was this. Having collected all the books which told upon his subject, he would devour whatever was essential in their contents, and would then ascertain who were the persons living most likely to give him original and authentic information. He then worried his subject as a dog worries a bone, and when his mind was filled with all the necessary knowledge he would concentrate every fact relevant to his theme into a focus, and display in his treatment of it an omniscience, combined with a lightness of touch, seldom if ever equalled in periodical literature. He did not produce the stately essay of Macaulay or Lockhart, but instead he gave the public a literary *macédoine*, in which the hand of the artist was apparent throughout. Such, then, in brief, was Abraham Hayward, the man and the writer. In society, in letters, and in politics, he has left a place vacant which will never be filled. His writings are already part of English literature. His rare personal qualities are sufficiently attested by the extraordinary devotion and affection which waited upon his last hours, and by the brilliantly representative character of the mourners who met round his bier in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, three weeks ago.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

I have been favored with this interesting reminiscence by one who knew Mr. Hayward well: "Naturally, like all men who have the courage of their opinions, Mr. Hayward possessed enemies, but I have heard it asserted by some of these that he never forgot a slight, even when the offender belonged to the weaker sex. From Hayward himself I received once some sort of confirmation of this. Years ago I was reintroduced to him, for he had known me when a child, one morning in the Park, by a lady who was a friend of us both. He seated himself by my side, and we talked, at first, about old times. By-and-by, in answer to some remark of mine, 'That reminds me,' said he, 'of the celebrated story of "Hymen."' But I could not at that moment take any interest in 'Hymen.' I had had an object in coming into the Park, which seemed to me, then, to be all-important. I was giving one of my first dinner-parties that very evening, to consist, so I had intended, of some twelve or fourteen congenial guests, and Fate was trying hard, as Fate generally *does* try, upon such occasions, to arrange that it should become a dinner of thirteen. I had come into the Park to look for a *numéro quatorze*. Before the story was finished I broke away, and darted across the gravel-walk to the railing which divided it from the ride. I had seen my *numéro quatorze* upon a prancing steed, and to secure him was but the work of a moment. In that moment, however, Mr. Hayward had departed. He had risen abruptly, just after paying the chairman, my friend informed me, with a frown on his brow. 'He will never forgive you,' she said tragically, 'as long as you live!—you who wish to succeed in literature, have stupidly offended the severest critic of your time!' I was terrified, but made up my mind that when next I saw Mr. Hayward I would endeavor to atone. As it happened, however, owing to a combination of circumstances, it was nearly four years before I had an opportunity of doing so. Only quite lately I confessed to him what I had done—my supposed offence, my remorse and terror, my atonement. 'Would you really have been so hard and relentless?' I inquired; 'and unless I had asked you for the end of that story should I never have been forgiven?' 'I should have forgiven you, I dare say,' he answered, 'but perhaps I might have forgotten you too.' And he then read me a lecture upon the satisfaction which a man well-stricken in years may derive from perceiving that younger men—and more especially younger women—are anxious to avoid wounding his susceptibilities. It was this almost feminine sensitiveness, I think, which made him ever anxious to do a kind act or to say a kind word to a friend. He knew, from personal experience, the effect that only a word can produce, and I have known him to go out in bad weather and when every moment was precious, on purpose to tell some one something which he knew it would give them pleasure to hear. VIOLET FANE."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LIFE OF LORD LYTTON.*

BIOGRAPHY in its present form is altogether a modern invention. Of yore the records of the most famous men were seldom longer than the magazine article of our day. Reynolds is said to have read through Johnson's life of Pope while standing with his arm resting on the mantelpiece; indeed all Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" together fall short in bulk of

* The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. By his Son. London: Kegan Paul Trench, & Co.

the life of Scott, of Dickens, or the present life of Bulwer. The life of Shakespeare, excluding comment and apocrypha, might be contained in a couple of octavo pages. Many famous personages have had no other memoir than notices prefixed to their works. It was Boswell who set the fashion, which his success confirmed, of placing before us not only the great character, but the individual man, with his mode of utterance in speech and in letters, his prejudices, the incidents of his daily life, his peculiar ways, his bodily aspect, and his garments. A further stage was reached when a near relative or a professed eulogist undertook the office of biographer; sometimes with excellent results, as in Lockhart's "Life of Scott," but only too often displaying chiefly the inordinate devotion of the chronicler. Finally, we have the deliberate autobiography — the author's recollections and revised journalizing about himself — which, if in some respects a more authentic and intimate chronicle than could have been framed by any other person, may also, quite unconsciously to the writer, be more than commonly deceptive. The most notable example, perhaps, which exists of that rare production — a sincere self-portraiture by a genuine man — is the autobiography of Anthony Trollope.

For all these forms of biography an appetite prevails so general and so insatiable, that a great many readers find entertainment in the lives of persons who were in no way specially remarkable. When Smith's Life of Brown, Robinson's of Jones, do not pass unappreciated, the Life of Bulwer cannot fail of an audience. His endowments were so remarkable as justly to create a desire to know what manner of man their possessor was; and his character was so marked, individual, and interesting, as well to repay the inquiry. When he died, ten years ago, he had been for more than forty years a personage — a personage, too, the current of whose fame was fed by so many streams that it went on expanding to the end. As a novelist, popular from the first, he was one of the very few whose genius gained in strength and flavor with time. "The Caxtons," written in middle life, and published in these pages, was an immense advance on "Pelham;" and the tale of his completed works showed such variety of high-class excellence, that it was rightly said in an obituary notice of him in this magazine, that his death had deprived his country of her foremost man of letters. He was always writing, and never at any stage showed a sign of having written himself out. He succeeded to the audience, and in some degree partook of the characteristics, of two famous writers who could no longer satisfy the tastes they had created. At a time when Byron was still a pagan deity, worshipped by romantic youth, Bulwer arose to carry on the Byronic tradition. Don Juan, clad by a fashionable tailor, and with a seat in Parliament, frequently reappeared among us, and was always sure of a Donna Julia in the boudoirs of Mayfair or of the Faubourg St. Germain. Prose Laras and Corsairs and Giaours again stalked before us, intoning the sentiments which the young called passionate, the old high-flown. And at the same time, to no quarter did the admirers of Scott look with more interest than to the young author of "Pelham" and "Devereux." His aim, like Scott's, was the representation of an epoch, whether the present or another, by painting its manners and setting its imaginary men in action. But the difference in their methods was too complete to admit of any comparison, and may be seen, in a compendious form, in the prefaces introductory to later editions of their novels. While Scott narrates in these the circumstances under which the incidents and characters of his story were impressed on his memory, or were bodied forth by his imagination, and how the tale itself subsequently took shape in his mind, Bulwer gives us an essay on the philosophy of art, states an abstract problem in life or conduct, and explains how the ensuing novel is its demonstration. Bulwer's method had its own special value, and it was infinitely better that he should work in his own way than imitate Scott, however successfully. But in these days, when the wand of the Northern Magician is losing its power with each successive generation, it is only just to record our conviction that, even in employing the resources of the art which he seems to ignore, he is supreme. We have never wavered in our belief, after all that has been said by devotees about Miss Austen and Charlotte Brontë, about Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Victor Hugo, that Scott at his best is the prince of novelists. Certainty of touch, richness of color, interest of plot, vitality of character, humor, pathos, descriptive faculty, set forth in narrative the genial ease of which conveys a sense of mastery and power, combine to place him on a height unapproached by any other writer of romance.

Be that as it may, there was a large

public ready for Bulwer, and he was a favorite with it from the first. For readers of primitive tastes there was great variety of romantic incident, situation, and adventure; while another large class was attracted by the evidence of thought and the mixture of philosophy which seemed to render novel-reading respectable by elevating story-telling to a higher stage. And while his novels were the mainstay of his popularity, there were other fields in which he was a personage of mark, and his successes in which widened and strengthened the foundations of his fame. Essays, in themselves evidences of a mind unusually thoughtful and discursive; poetry, both original and in the form of translations from ancient and modern classics; plays which managers accepted and audiences applauded; speeches in Parliament and a place in the Cabinet — combined to keep him before the public as a man not merely of great but of singularly various ability.

When he was about fifty he began an autobiography which forms the substance of the first volume of the life; but it was never completed, and does not even include the beginning of the literary and public career, the record of which must supply the chief interest of the biography. Apart from the skilled workmanship of the practised chronicler, the recollections of his childhood and youth are not likely to inspire, or to satisfy, curiosity; but they contain one incident of importance, for it left a permanent mark on his mind and his works, and illustrates what will be to many an unsuspected quality of his nature.

When he was between seventeen and eighteen, and while living as a pupil in the house of a clergyman at Ealing, he had a mysterious love-adventure. For a time not specified, but apparently lasting through the summer, he used to meet, under a dwarf tree overhanging a little stream in a meadow near Ealing, a young lady about his own age, whose time was left very much at her own disposal. Whatever attractions she may have derived from the glow of his fancy, it is apparent that he saw in her something like a divinity. He repaired to their meetings with the feelings with which Rhœcus may have sought the oak where dwelt his dryad. Her face always continued to be his ideal of beauty; her affection, no less strong than his own, his ideal of feminine tenderness. She was for him glorified into a being sacred beyond humanity, to be approached with feelings as devout as they were ardent. But admiration even so deep as this is not unexampled in lovers of eighteen. The empire which Mary Chaworth established over Byron at an earlier age was powerful enough to be the inspiration at a later time of some of his most pathetic and popular poetry. But Byron's may be called a boy's fancy in comparison with the permanency of Bulwer's devotion. Like Rhœcus he soon lost his goddess forever, and she was mourned for as only goddesses should be mourned — that is to say, as a man may lament throughout his life the loss of what had promised happiness too great for expectation, and which not even fancy could ever restore. It was, he says, "a brief tale of true passion and of great sorrow — a tale never to be told." One day she failed to meet him, and never came again. "Some months afterwards there came a letter. Not from her. She was married. She, whose heart, whose soul, whose every thought was mine to the last, she who never spared even a dream to another, lost, lost to me forever!"

Three years later, when dying, she wrote to him expressing a wish that he should visit her grave. He made a pilgrimage to the north of England in obedience to this desire, passed a night of suffering on the spot, yet left it at dawn "as if rebaptized or reborn. I recovered the healthful tone of my mind; and the stage of experience and feeling through which my young life had passed contributed largely to render me whatever I have since become." This, however, was far from implying that here he dismissed his sorrowful remembrance of the past. The anguish of that night was recorded in a poem called "The Tale of a Dreamer." It was inevitable that this should recall Byron's "Dream." The two cases were so strikingly similar in their chief incidents, that had they been tales of fiction, one would have been condemned as a copy. Whole passages might be quoted from the earlier poem which would exactly apply to the later history. Remembering how strong was the influence of Byron on the clever young men of those days, it was certain that the later utterance, though the outpouring of strong and genuine feeling, would be more or less an echo. Yet Bulwer had more than common power of versification, and his lines, though not calculated to catch the ear or charm the fancy like the melodious lament of Byron, are good poetry, — infinitely better than the doggerel — also

inspired by admiration of Byron — which his clever contemporary found a place for in the pages of, we think, "Venetia." In Bulwer's first published novel, "Falkland," the hero's recollections of his youth contain the brief but exact record of the real incidents. In an essay in "The Student" there is a kind of prose monody inspired by the same deep sorrow. The epic of "King Arthur," written long afterwards, has three fine stanzas which owe their inspiration to that early source. And in the last work he ever wrote, when quite an old man, the love episode was still a transcript of these ineffaceable impressions. His son tells us that he was greatly agitated in reading the manuscript aloud, — that when the chapter was finished describing Kenelm Chillingly's sufferings at Lily's grave, he was dejected to a degree that his listeners were unable at that time to account for. Besides all these testimonies of his unforgotten grief, many passages throughout his works assure us of its enduring influence in his heart.

It is not our function to reconcile the undoubted depth and permanency of this attachment with the susceptibility to the charms of the other sex which the biography shows to have been a main feature of his early life, and which is proved by the whole course of his novels to have characterized him to the end. He owned soon afterwards a very different kind of enchantment, under the spells of a very different kind of siren. Lady Caroline Lamb, best known by the connection of her name with Byron's, a very frisky matron of somewhat mature years, took a fancy to the clever young collegian, and flirted and corresponded with him for some months of the very year of Byron's death; but she soon abandoned him for "Mr. Russell, a fashionable beau, extremely handsome, but dull, insipid, and silly." The effect of this intimacy may be traced (besides in several unpublished novels) in the Lady Roseville of "Pelham" and the Lady Hasselton of "Devereux;" and he may have repeated in other novels the favorite situation, probably derived from "Don Juan," of the introduction of the hero to fashionable life, and to the extreme of flirtation, by a mature but still charming lady, generally the friend of his mother.

Bulwer was entered at Cambridge, first at Trinity, then at Trinity Hall. The intellectual youth is fortunate who meets early with gifted and congenial associates, for he probably gains from them the best part of his education. He learns to recognize various kinds of excellence, to measure himself with others, to know his relative powers, and finds in his intercourse with high minds both a chief pleasure and a chief stimulus. Bulwer's associates were Praed, "first in readiness and wit," but who never fulfilled the promise of his youth; Cockburn, who was probably indebted for much of his later success to his college reputation, and who displayed to the last qualities better suited to dazzle undergraduates than to impress his brethren of the bench; Charles Buller, Wilson, and Maurice; and Benjamin Hall Kennedy, "a young giant in learning." With these Bulwer took part in the debates of the Union Club.

> Men came from London to hear us. . . . The greatest display of eloquence I ever witnessed at the club was made by a man some years our senior, and who twice came up during my residence to grace our debates — the now renowned Macaulay. The first of these speeches was on the French Revolution; and it still lingers in my recollection as the most heart-stirring effort of that true oratory which seizes hold of the passions, transports you from yourself, and identifies you with the very life of the orator, that it has ever been my lot to hear — saving, perhaps, one speech by O'Connell, delivered to an immense crowd in the open air. Macaulay — in point of power, passion, and effect — never equalled that speech in his best day in the House of Commons. His second speech, upon the Liberty of the Press, if I remember rightly, was a failure.

In these debates Bulwer was a conspicuous figure; he also succeeded in gaining a general reputation for ability, and in exercising that power of application which always distinguished him; and won the prize for English poetry, in a poem on sculpture, dealing (we may venture to assume) rather with the picturesque than the technical aspect of that difficult art.

The autobiography ends with his twenty-second year, soon after he had left college. It is probable that, to all but his intimate acquaintances, he appeared at this time as a youth merely eccentric and dandified, and perhaps affected — characteristics which, joined to his sense of superiority, were likely rather to repel than to attract. But those who knew him better had already learned to expect that his ambition and capacity would conduct him to eminence. The only doubt was as to which of the many paths open to him he would select. He had it in him to become an essayist, a writer of fiction, a poet, a Parliamentary orator, or a student.

Nor was he without experience of a kind very uncommon at his age. He had looked on the world with an observant eye, exercising his activity of mind and his constructive faculty in framing theories about the philosophy of life; while the grief he had passed through had struck in his nature a chord which vibrated through his whole existence, and imparted to all his thoughts and works a tone of serious romance.

His choice of literature as the chief occupation of his life was determined by the unfortunate circumstances of his early manhood. A mutual interest sprang up between him and Rosina Wheeler, a young Irish lady of great beauty. His mother, for what will seem to most mothers just and excellent reasons, strongly opposed the match. His income, independent of what his mother gave him, was quite insufficient to marry on. Miss Wheeler had next to nothing; and her mother, who lived separate from her husband, was "the *bel esprit* of a little group of socialists and freethinkers, to the support of whose doctrines she devoted both her purse and her pen." It was inevitable that Mrs. Bulwer, ambitious for her son, and building his future happiness on a very different kind of alliance, should be actively hostile to this; and Bulwer, the most affectionate of sons, believing that it was not a case where the affections on either side were strongly engaged, promised his mother that he would not marry without her consent. Having given Miss Wheeler, to whom he was at that time under no engagement, to understand what his mother's view of the matter was, and that he was entirely dependent on her, he betook himself to a distance from temptation. But he was presently made aware that there was another side to the question, which he could not thus easily dispose of. Miss Wheeler, far from making a corresponding effort, let him know that she was quite prepared to brave his mother's opposition. It was under these circumstances that Bulwer, weighing his obligations to each, found himself so bound to Miss Wheeler, whose singular family circumstances had left her unusually friendless, that he could not keep his promise to his mother. He therefore returned to the young lady, and engaged himself; upon which there ensued a correspondence with his mother, full, on his part, of openness, reasonableness, and affectionate pleading. Up to this point Mrs. Bulwer had done nothing inconsistent with the truest wish for the welfare of her favorite son. Had his choice fallen more happily, she would have been the most indulgent of parents; and that his fate should have impelled him in a direction so opposed to her views, was a terrible misfortune for both. But it was simply a misfortune — one in which both parties were absolutely right from their own points of view, and fate only was to blame. A new situation, however, now presented itself with his marriage. The time of remonstrance was over, but not, unhappily, the time of maternal displeasure. His mother was for years unappeasable, though her son, whenever an opening was afforded, continued to address her in terms the most manly and affectionate, — such as cannot fail to impress the reader with the sense that here was a character revealing itself, under heavy pressure, as of unusual strength and excellence, and such also, we will say, as should have restored him to her affection. But the mother's sense of injury prevailed. Representing his breach of faith to her as the cause of estrangement, — though the real sting probably lay in the defeat of her hopes for a match such as should correspond with her high and just sense of her son's value, — she not only broke off all intercourse with him, but accepted his resignation of the large allowance which he had hitherto received from her. The marriage took place in 1827, when he was twenty-four; and the imprudence of that step — always foreseen and admitted by him — at once made itself felt. The young pair might have lived on what they had in a humble and economical way. But Bulwer's projects were different. Though all his life a man of careful habits, he thought nothing extravagant that could minister to the enjoyment of his wife, who had not herself the slightest idea of economy or management; and they started on a large scale of expenditure, thus entering on a course which led in more than one way to disastrous consequences.

Bulwer's sense of honor was so high, that the endeavor to continue to live beyond his means would have been to him an impossibility. But he believed, and proved, that he could by his own efforts raise his means to the level of his expenses. In the determination to do this, he accepted every kind of literary work that was offered to him. Magazines, reviews, newspapers, and the volumes known to that generation as annuals, received incessant contributions from his pen, very few of which have been rescued,

or, probably, have been found worth rescuing, from the oblivion which naturally awaited them. It was not wholesome literary work — it was toil and drudgery. But at the same period he found time to finish "Pelham," which, pleasing the public, brought him offers for novels advantageous enough to justify him in devoting his pen henceforth chiefly to the compositions which exercised all his best faculties, and have made him famous. But the incessant activity of his mind, and the labors to which it prompted him, proved too much for his never robust health. Even this result was not more lamentable than the effect on his domestic life. "So incessantly," wrote his wife to his mother, "is he occupied, that I seldom or never see him, till about two or three in the morning, for five minutes." It is evident that no amount of literary labor would account sufficiently for this neglect of his wife, and that, if the statement is not exaggerated, she had grave cause of complaint. Many circumstances are wanting to explain a situation which is in itself incredible. However this may be, things were evidently tending, even in these early days, towards the estrangement which finally became irremediable.

The novels which he produced within the period of his life comprehended in the present instalment of biography, were five in number — namely, "Falkland," "Pelham," "Devereux," "The Disowned," and "Paul Clifford." "Falkland" was written before his marriage, — a gloomy story, or, rather, an essay upon a distressing situation created for characters which were mostly too unattractive to excite much interest in the reader, yet displaying earnestness and power. Perhaps the best testimony to its merit is his mother's really clever criticism, conveyed in a letter, in which, after enthusiastic praise of what she deemed its excellences, she freely censured its faults, ending by saying, "Child, this is unworthy of you." It was his next book, "Pelham," which gained his public and fixed his vocation. A few years before, Disraeli had made a clever coxcomb his hero, and showed how amusing the sketch of sheer audacity, giving the adventurer, its possessor, an extraordinary influence in what was then called "high life," might be. Pelham also was a clever coxcomb; he, too, moved in the fashionable and political world, showing an adroitness far beyond his years, and exercising an influence far beyond his position. But Pelham was also represented as a man of honor, with sentiment and principle beneath his coxcombry; and his cleverness, instead of ending as Vivian Grey's ended, in the exposure of an unprincipled charlatan, led him to success, and his varied career, interesting all through, left the reader satisfied as well as pleased. The immaturity of the author is, it is true, frequently visible: the conduct of the hero during his canvass of a constituency, intended to display his dexterity, was more adapted to broad comedy than to a novel, and would in real life have appeared as vulgar impudence; in the clever episode of the student Clutterbuck, that personage's simplicity and antique phraseology are overdrawn; while in the entertaining scenes with the *gourmet*, Lord Guloseton, their creator would not, a few years later, have represented the gluttonous host as entertaining a single guest at a dinner, meant to be especially choice, with, besides a pair of fowls, *entrées* of *filets de poulet* and of veal — a combination quite incredible on the part of a professed epicure, and therefore false to the picture. But there was a vivacity and impetus in the book which would have carried the reader airily over greater defects than these. There was a melodramatic thread woven into the plot which perhaps pleased more than it offended; and the character of Glanville, so strongly imbued with the odor of the footlights as to seem now quite incongruous in a tale of ordinary life, had for readers of those days this much in common with Pelham, that each was a different phase of the Byronic hero. And all the merits of the book were far more conspicuous then than now, when as a picture of manners it is somewhat obsolete, and gave assurance no less of versatility than of power.

This versatility displayed itself in the subject of his next work, "Devereux," intended to be a picture of the times of Queen Anne. Here the melodramatic element came out very strongly indeed. The hero's brothers, and tutor, and wife, and father-in-law, are of the stagiest; and on such grounds it is dismissed in the biography with less respect than, as we think, it deserves. The hero is a very fair hero; and the early scenes at Devereux Court, with the clever and pleasant characters of Sir William the uncle, an embodiment of the spirit and the reminiscences of Charles the Second's court, and the Lady Hasselton, the clever, light-souled, artificial fine lady of the De Coverley period, have always seemed to us among the most agreeable he ever painted.

"The Disowned" was constructed on a

principle which could hardly produce a good novel — that of embodying abstract qualities, and setting them in motion, like chessmen, to work out some moral problem. "Vanity (Talbot); Ambition (Warner); Pride (Lord Borodaile); Selfishness and Sensuality (Crawfurd); Philanthropy (Mordaunt);" such is the author's own list of his *dramatis personæ*, as set forth in a preface — the design being, he says, "to personify certain dispositions influential upon conduct." Except John Bunyan (who did not write novels), nobody ever succeeded on such a plan, which, however, some whose genius was most opposed to it have been at times so ill-advised as to follow: thus the ugly puppets, old Martin Chuzzlewit, and young Martin, and Anthony, and Jonas, were intended, their fabricator tells us, as different manifestations of selfishness, their rag-and-sawdust material becoming all the more apparent from association with such spontaneous personages as Mrs. Gamp, Mr. Mould, and the party at Todgers's, who drew their origin from a very different source. Theory of this kind was always more or less an element of Bulwer's plan, and indeed was an essential quality of his literary faculty; and, in less degree, we find it inspiring his next novel, "Paul Clifford." The motive of this book was to expose some of the defects of the criminal law of the time. But this is evidently a much more practicable scheme than that of personifying abstract qualities; and the book was popular, notwithstanding an unsightly excrescence in the shape of an attempt to caricature public men of the time (mixed with some abstractions as "the Whigs in general," "the Scotch ditto") under the guise of a gang of highwaymen. Of the popularity of the work there can be no doubt. Not only did it please novel-readers, but as letters from well-known literary men show, caused the author to be regarded as a growing power in literature; while the biographer claims for it a share in the reform of the criminal law. A few years afterwards, Dickens, consciously or unconsciously, worked on the same lines in "Barnaby Rudge," even to the extent of reproducing the main incident, in the final attitude of Mr. Chester towards his convicted son the ostler; the tale, as usual, owing its vitality to the characters outside the theory, as the Varden family and the party at the Maypole — while the hero Barnaby is much less of a real personage than his own raven.

Thus far is Bulwer's literary career followed in the present volumes. His books had made him a popular novelist and something more. While one large section of his public listened eagerly to the skilful *raconteur*, another found more serious satisfaction in the thoughtful writer whose romances were a treat for the intellect. It was certain that he would improve with practice, for his novels were the result of skill. His faculty was constructive, not creative. He had none of that power of imparting individuality to his personages by which Scott and Dickens have peopled the world of imagination with characters whom we quote and converse about as if they were our personal acquaintances. His faculty of humor was small — that he should have had more would have been inconsistent with the general cast of his mind and bent of his thoughts. Of wit he had keener perception, and there is a great deal of it in his novels, especially in the condensed form of epigrammatic phrases and smart sayings; yet it seldom seems spontaneous, looking rather like the product of a theory framed from analyzing the wit of others, and therefore fails as often as it succeeds. But he wove a good plot, and strengthened it with vivid situations to which the course of the story led up, — as where Brandon the judge condemns Clifford the highwayman to death, after having just learned that the convict is his son — where the guidance of Nydia, the blind girl, enables the lovers of Pompeii to escape amid the darkness from the doomed city — and where Zanoni takes his wife's place beneath the guillotine. This constructive faculty came out again conspicuously in his plays, which contained for the chief personages situations such as actors love; while the characters afforded outlines that, in the hands of such artists as Macready and Helen Faucit, grew into impersonations of so great vitality as has borne them down the stream of time to our own day. "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons" have all been played very recently to full audiences. This thoughtful and careful attention to construction was properly accompanied by an equal solicitude for expression. His style was, or grew to be, in the main excellent. At a time when a flood of washy literature — especially the writings of clever men who, capable of better things, have to work against time for the fleeting occasion — has corrupted the queen's English, it is restorative to turn to the best composition of Bulwer. And while his range of subjects presents more variety than that of any

other novelist, his work never failed to be distinguished by erudition as well as power. It was always evident that the care to make it as good as he could extended into every particular, and that is a compliment to readers which they always appreciate.

Mixed with these sterling qualities was an element which, respecting them so highly as we do, we may venture to notice; indeed it is too characteristic to be passed over in an estimate of his literary qualities — namely, a kind of staginess, the more curious because associated with the excellent common sense which was more and more, as years wore on, a main feature of his work. In his pages, along with clever and practical men of the world, we meet with the personages of melodrama, arrayed as if by Nathan, and intended to impress the reader by dint of the fine sayings put in their mouths and the fine things said about them by the author. In unison with these are the phrases descriptive of their doings. Drawing-rooms are "halls of pleasure," — heroes of the piece have a "knightly bearing," or other exalted attributes — an elderly lawyer "bows his kingly crest," — and perhaps the climax of this kind of phraseology was reached when Roland, the representative of Sterne's Uncle Toby, in "The Caxtons," denounces his son, who has attempted to carry off a young lady, as "baffled ravisher"! And in the same vein, which runs through all his works to the last, are passages of rhapsody, — as, for instance, in the excellent novel "Night and Morning," where stages of the narrative are marked by semi-poetical flights embodying some supposed analogy between the progress of events and the change from night to morning. But we are far from thinking that what were blots to a refined taste did not help him to gain popularity. The "gods," who exist in the reading no less than in the play-going public, enjoyed what was specially addressed to the shilling gallery, and by joining in the applause, helped, in theatrical parlance, to bring the house down. But it is a curious fact, that, notwithstanding the undoubted favor of the public, he never gained even the toleration of the critics, who are generally at least quite as prone to follow as to lead popular opinion. Up to the close of his life, and beyond it he was the subject of habitually unfair and ungenerous comment; indeed, we observed lately, with reference to the present biography, a stupid sneer at him in a weekly journal, remarkable chiefly for its crotchets and its parasitical devotion to Mr. Gladstone.

The melodramatic tendency evident in his works, found expression also in his manner and attire, in this, as well as in his literary aspect, serving to intensify his individuality. His son describes him at twenty-two as "a good-looking, dandified, and eccentric but decidedly clever and ambitious young man." His harmless eccentricities of costume did not cease with youth; the present writer saw them in full efflorescence when he was past fifty. These adornments, which perhaps he had imagined as picturesque investments for some of his heroes, were of the florid kind, coming out in silks and velvets, remarkable trousers, brooches, pins, and even straps, making up an *ensemble* such as might have been gathered from the wardrobes of Charles Mathews and Edmund Kean. We remember an old lady, his guest, after surveying him with respectful admiration, in his sufficiently unconventional attire, turning to us with the eager question, "Have you seen him in his velvet hat?" a privilege which we shortly afterwards enjoyed. This taste for splendor he shared, as he shared other peculiarities of character, with a novelist and statesman, his friend and contemporary, who loved to invest himself, no less than his imaginary characters, with spoils won in incursions into the tailor's art so daring, that, in one instance, even Bulwer owned to a misgiving. Writing to Disraeli about the manuscript of the novel of "The Young Duke," he suggests, "I would give matured attention to the duke's dress. I confess I think the blond edgings too bold" — a criticism which, among others, seems to have preyed on Mr. Disraeli's mind. We must leave it to students of the work to discover whether the blond edgings were sacrificed, or whether Mr. Disraeli found himself unable to part with them. When the novelists first met, in their youth, the habiliments which each, being specially on his mettle, would have thought suited to convey a due impression of the magnificence of his fancy to the other, must have displayed extraordinary powers of invention. Also there were not wanting, to increase the singularity of Bulwer's presence, gloomy smiles, stately bows, and lofty gestures, suitable to a stage potentate. Yet with all this, his appearance was naturally distinguished and striking. He was an excellent man of business, and a reliable adviser, full of common sense. He was also exceedingly good-natured: no man

(as the present writer can testify from personal knowledge) could speak more generously, whether of rising aspirants or successful rivals. He never retaliated on his contemporaries the aspersions lavished on himself. None was more ready to help others with friendly offices, or bestowed them with a better grace. He liked to do a service, and showed that he liked it. Ready to listen as well as to talk — entering with warm interest upon a vast variety of topics, and bringing to them unusual stores of knowledge — he was one of the most agreeable of companions, especially in a *tête-à-tête*. In larger companies, a deafness which came upon him with years deprived both him and his associates of much of that pleasure in social intercourse which he enjoyed himself, and largely conferred upon others.

His relations with Mr. Disraeli, beginning with mutual courtesies as literary men in 1829, always continued to be cordial; and it is to be reckoned as a notable tribute to Bulwer's rising fame at that time, that the author of "Vivian Grey" should have submitted the manuscript of his next novel for the opinion and advice of the author of "Pelham." There were many points of resemblance between these remarkable men. Both surveyed the problems of life with an inventive as well as a penetrating glance — both were fond of constructing theories about human nature and how to deal with it — both were confident in putting their theories into practice. Their eccentricities no less than their serious work may have originated in a purpose; even their exuberant dandyism may have been founded on the expectation of attracting by it some additional consideration or attention. Bulwer, as might have been expected from a man of his candor and good sense, never held either of the extreme views which at different times prevailed respecting the powers of Disraeli. When, in his earlier career, he was generally regarded as merely a charlatan, Bulwer recognized the uncommon gifts which conducted him to power and fame; when he had already attained to these, Bulwer did not vary his estimate because of the rising tumult of applause which finally reached such an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm. A very singular incident in their friendship is Bulwer's construction of what he called a "geomantic figure" of the character and career of "B. Disraeli," made in 1860. It is accompanied with an interpretation in the form of a prophecy, drawn from a process of divination. With some passages which persons not of the race of the prophets might have written, there are others, relating to his private as well as his public life, which dealt with the events of the future, and were fulfilled with extraordinary exactness, and much in opposition, as the diviner records, to what he should himself have augured. In a notice like this we should hardly have paused on the incident but for its connection with some remarkable tastes and tendencies, without mention of which any sketch of Bulwer's character would be incomplete. Occult studies, comprising the magic of ancient times as well as the spiritualism of the present, had a great charm for him, and he entered on them with the earnestness which marked his pursuit of less mysterious knowledge. He dived into wizard-lore, equipped himself with magical implements, rods for transmitting influence, and crystal balls in which to discern coming scenes and persons, and communed with mediums and spiritualists. There can be little doubt that, whatever faith he might have in particular manifestations, he believed in certain occult powers of nature, to deal with which is the object of these mysterious arts. On more than one occasion we have known him to dilate on such themes with great copiousness of knowledge, and apparent trustfulness in the reality of their marvels. Once, as he stood before the fire in a large old room in which a *séance* had lately been held by the well-known spiritualist Home, and, his aspect rendered more weird by the theme and the twilight, described the ghostly things that had been apparent, — hands and arms rising through the table, touching those who sat round, revealing, when grasped, the startling fact that they ended at the elbow, and finally rising into the air, clad in a greyish drapery, and floating out of a particular corner of the room, he almost gave a listener the impression of being in the presence of a veritable necromancer. To this taste we are indebted for several well-known works — the novels of "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story," and the remarkable tale, by common consent the most powerful ghost-story that ever was written, called "The Haunted and the Haunters." So illusive is the atmosphere of the tale, so vivid the description of its terrifying appearances, and so effective their connection with the agency of a malignant being possessed of supernatural powers, that on its appearance in this magazine, an anxious father adjured the editor for God's sake to tell him what truth

was in it, as his daughter had known no rest or peace since reading it. Not the least interesting part of the biography will be a promised chapter on these mystical studies.

The volumes yet to come will be fuller of interest than the present instalment, for Bulwer went on ripening, and "hiving wisdom with each studious year." In middle life he entered on a new phase of his career and a new aspect of his reputation. In "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What will he Do with It?" and "Kenelm Chillingly," the public recognized a maturer wisdom, a wider experience of life, and a more disciplined style, than had hitherto been associated with his name. It was a theory of his that when an author had for a time receded from view, the best way of renewing his intercourse with the public was in the pages of a periodical. It was in *Blackwood* that the first of these novels came out, which, quaintly founded on the relation existing between the chief characters of "Tristram Shandy," was so full of playful wisdom and ripe observation, and so distinguished by graces and excellences of style beyond his previous work, that readers hesitated before assigning the authorship to their old favorite. Henceforth he commanded a wider and a choicer audience. John Blackwood was always proud and happy to think that it was through his mediation, either in the magazine or in separate publications, that most of Bulwer's work in this later and nobler development of his genius was wont to appear. All through the rest of the novelist's life the connection between them continued to be marked to the last by cordial friendship, constant correspondence, and consultations and exchange of views on matters connected with his writings, such as the experience and well-known judgment of the publisher rendered especially valuable. The great writer, among the most eminent of those who have adorned these pages, always repaid the warm admiration, tempered by honest judgment, of John Blackwood, with thorough confidence and affectionate regard.

It appears to us that the present Lord Lytton's part in the writing of his father's biography is well and judiciously done. Especial tact has been shown in dealing with the unhappy circumstances of Bulwer's married life, a matter which could not be avoided, and yet was so full of difficulty for the present biographer. His comments on his father's works and genius, while showing the most genuine filial devotion, never pass those limits in eulogy which may ensure every fair-minded reader's assent. We could have wished that what he had to say had not been so overlaid as it is with other matter. At least one of the two volumes before us is filled with an autobiography and with literary remains. A large part of the autobiography is taken up with an account of personages antecedent to his parents, the mention of whose names in the family pedigree would have sufficed, and whose lives and characters cannot be expected to excite any general interest. Another large part is taken up with youthful adventures, met with in rural excursions, which certainly bear a very close resemblance, in all respects, to the incidents described in many of his novels as befalling their heroes, and will therefore inevitably excite the suspicion, in the case of one so habituated to this vein of composition, that they spring as much from imagination as from memory. And as to the policy of including the literary remains in the present work, there can hardly, we should think, be two opinions. Some of them consist of work abandoned before completion, others of matter which the author did not see fit to publish; and after perusing them, we must say that his judgment in abandoning the one and suppressing the other was right. What makes this arrangement of special importance is, that there remains a vast quantity of heterogeneous writings, consisting of several dramas, a volume of a history, sketches for historical works, and "an immense number of unfinished novels, plays, poems, and essays"—and all of these, we are told, "have been reserved as materials for the present work." Fully respecting the feeling which has impelled Lord Lytton to destine all this to form part of the forthcoming volumes, we would point out that it is a case where (especially with part of the work before us) ordinary readers are better judges of the result than a biographer so near as he is to his subject in kin and affection; and it is with the sincere desire to see the book made as attractive and as likely to be permanent as possible, that we would urge him still to take the opinion on this important point of some friend in whose judgment he can confide. This is not the case of an obscure or infertile author, whose unpublished writings may be the chief evidence of his title to be remembered. To our mind, such a lavish outpouring of crude or inferior matter as that which is contemplated, can only have the general effect of diluting the *premier cru* of a famous vintage with the washings of the wine-press.

From The Spectator.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

MR. LLEWELYN DAVIES, who of all men living, probably, except the members of Mr. Maurice's own family, understood Frederick Denison Maurice best, has declared in the *Contemporary Review* that his calling must be described as mainly that of the prophet, — in other words, of the impassioned preacher "pouring forth warnings and encouragements to his own generation," and constantly distressed by the failure of that generation to apprehend his meaning. Mr. Maurice himself, in what the present writer has often regarded as his most effective book, — his book on "The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament," — has told us what he himself considered the calling of the prophet to be. It was, in the first place, he said, a calling for which it was quite possible to be educated. The "schools of the prophets" were the natural places of preparation for the effectual work of a prophet. "The Jewish prophet, as we have found him in the Scripture records which we have gone through, was not primarily or characteristically a foreteller. The essence of his office did not lie in what he announced respecting the future, though he might speak of it very decisively and authoritatively. Nor did he seek to draw any special wonder to himself as an improviser, though he might be called upon to speak out at once on great emergencies that which had been put into his heart. But the sole power which the prophet possessed of declaring that which should be, arose from his knowledge of that which had been and which was. He meditated in the law of the Lord, and in that law did he exercise himself day and night. In this exercise he learnt what was in conformity with the law, what was contrary to it. In this exercise he learnt to believe in a divine Teacher, and to commune with him, to believe in him as a permanent and continual Teacher, as the guide of his own heart; to believe that all other men's hearts were right, so long as they were under the same guidance, and wrong when they were breaking loose from it. The fruits of revolt his inward monitor enabled him to foresee and to predict. The prediction might take a general form, and point to a distinct issue or a number of issues; it might speak of that which was definite and immediate. There would be the same proof in both cases that the word came from a hidden source, and from a moral being; a proof addressed to the conscience of the hearer, seeing that the prediction would always come forth with some warning respecting his actual conduct, some denunciation of an idolatrous or unrighteous act. Everything, then, that was sudden in these utterances bore witness to previous trains of thought and habits of reflection. So far from wishing to deny the existence of these, as if they interfered with the genuineness of his inspiration, the prophet would be grieved if his hearers did not give him credit for them. If his utterances seemed to be fortuitous, they could not bear the witness which he desired they should bear of a permanent ruler; they could not remind the listener of the deep fountain from which they had proceeded, or encourage him to ask in wonder and awe whether that fountain was not also in himself. The knowledge of passing events, too, would be sought for, not declined by the true prophet. He had no need to bandage his eyes, that the spectator might be sure he derived his insight from some other source than actual observation. He might observe, he was bound to observe whatever came before him, in any way, from any quarter. All facts were to him signs of a divine purpose, solemn indications of truths which they could not themselves make known, but which nevertheless lay in the heart of them, and which God would discover to the patient and faithful seeker. . . . Supposing the habitual belief and work of the prophet to have been of this kind, it does not seem very strange that he should have been an educator of others, or that one main object of his education should have been to fit them for the exercise of functions like his own." We have quoted this long passage because it seems to us to delineate very vividly that side of the prophet's mind which Maurice himself possessed. He had the deepest belief in the power of education to fit him for such an office as his, and had spent long years in the preparation for it. He valued it greatly as a means of acting upon others, and devoted much of his own time and his own means to the work of education. He had the strongest belief in the teaching of the past and the signs of the present, as interpreted by the divine Spirit. He believed in the moral value of historical studies as few of his stamp have ever believed in them. He studied the minutiæ of political and social events as few spiritual teachers of our time have had patience to study them. He utterly distrusted "improvised" oracles of all sorts. And yet he poured out

his soul on the lessons of history and the signs of the times, with all the passion of a man whose heart was in the task of reading those lessons and interpreting those signs aright. "There is no flight," he said, for the prophet, "into quiet religious contemplation; he cannot persuade himself that he is to prove his difference from his countrymen, and his superiority to them, by withdrawing from the circle of interests in which they are dwelling. He may pass hours or months of solitude, but he will not be away from the events which are befalling them; he will be more deeply occupied with them; he will be contemplating them with a closeness and intensity to which the mere actors in them are strangers." And that certainly describes most accurately Mr. Maurice's own attitude towards the events of his time. How far, then, did he prove a true prophet in the denunciation, from a truly spiritual point of view, of the worst evils which he discerned in himself and in others? in the sympathy which he accorded, from the same point of view, to its noblest tendencies? and finally, in discerning the direction in which evil was most to be feared for the future, and in which good was most to be anticipated? We will try and answer these questions with full honesty, for our reverence for Maurice is quite too deep to say of him one word that can have the savor of mere compliment, or even of excessive appreciation.

No one can doubt that Maurice's denunciations of the coldness, of the opinionativeness, of the oracular irresponsibility, of the insolence and arrogance of our life, of the superficiality of its sympathy with so many types of feeling, and of its want of depth, were directed, in the first place and with most ardor, against those evils in himself; and only in the second place, and with much less heat, against those evils in others. He confesses very early in life to his father the frigidity which he felt in his own heart, which he terms a "vice;" and in middle life describes himself to Mr. Ludlow as "a cold-blooded animal, very incapable, I know, of entering into the enthusiasms of better men;" and he meant to the utmost what he said. Moreover, he actually did more than any one man we could name to open his own heart, and the hearts of all on whom he had any influence, to the wants, and hopes, and enthusiasms of other men. Never was praise so generous as his for the slightest evidence of good, even in works with which he had, on the whole, little sympathy. Never was sacrifice more generous than his for the various practical schemes by which he hoped to awaken the sympathies between class and class. Never was preaching so sure as his preaching to be illustrated by practical effort. Never was opinionativeness more eagerly repented of, or more anxiously abjured, than his own opinionativeness; and never was there effort made more ardent than his to help men to discern the difference between the truth in which they absolutely and unreservedly trusted, and the view or theory which they patronized and connected triumphantly with their own discriminating intellects. Never was knight-errantry more healthy and noble than Maurice's against the tyranny of undigested and often shallow public opinion, or indignation deeper against the irresponsibility of anonymous journalism. The present writer did not and does not agree in the belief that the signing of names is any protection against these evils, or that anonymousness tends to increase them; on the contrary, he holds that signed journalism, both in England and France, tends to foster petty vanities more effectually than unsigned. But that is a matter of detail. The present writer, at least, as a journalist of old standing, can bear witness that no great teacher has done so much in his day to prophesy against the many idolatries into which the worship of public opinion runs, and to strike down these idolatries, as Mr. Maurice. Again, who has taught us more than he of the attractiveness and mischief of widely diffused and superficial sympathies, such as best suit our age? Of one remarkable man, — for whom in later life he felt much deeper admiration, — he said, with just discrimination, "The circumference of his thoughts is enlarging continually. I wish they had a centre." And it was after that centre, and after referring life to the true centre, that he habitually strove for himself, and it was this that he most severely reproached himself for missing or passing by.

If we pass from Maurice's continual and most earnest endeavor to understand truly the past and present, — we may say parenthetically with regard to the past, that his history of philosophy is one of the most memorable and one of the most painstaking endeavors to enter into the heart of long-past ages which our literature contains, — to his tact in discovering the good and evil tendencies of the future, we should accord him, so far as we can judge, considerably less of the prophetic insight, except, indeed, as regards the

centre of all his thoughts, — the theological tendencies of the day. That he predicted again and again in years long past the outbreak of atheism which, in its fulness, we have only seen since his death, and have then seen at its worst, in the very form in which he predicted it, — the atheistic persecution of atheism, — every one who knows his writings will admit. But that on secondary subjects, such as the political drift of popular tendencies, he was much more misled by his deep Conservatism, and his profound sensitiveness to English feeling, than some others political observers, we freely admit. Undoubtedly, he was hardly more farsighted than Mr. Gladstone in relation to the American Civil War, and was surpassed in moral discernment on that subject by some of his own most intimate friends. Undoubtedly, again, he was much less far-sighted than Mr. Gladstone in relation to the political destiny of the Mahommedan races, and he more or less misled some of us, — the present writer amongst the number, — in his relative appreciation of the political worth of Russia and Turkey. These were subjects on which Mr. Maurice's moral insight was more or less blinded by his historical Conservatism, and his passionate love for the old lines as regards both constitutional government and English traditions. But these are, indeed, small matters, when we compare them with that far-sighted and purifying teaching of his on theology, and that noble protest against a narrow and petty commercialism, by which he raised the whole temper of English artisans. Nor was his personal insight without a prophetic force. Witness this passage, in a letter written concerning the Oxford election in 1847: "Mr. Gladstone gave up place that he might confess, what he need not have confessed, what it would have done him good with his Oxford constituents not to have confessed. Whether he was wrong or right about Maynooth, this was the reverse of following expediency; it was acting upon principle. It is a kind of principle which you have need of at Oxford; it is the very principle which saves a man from becoming the slave of circumstances, which is in effect the same thing as making his steadfastness depend on his determination not to understand circumstances. For the steadfastness of Balaam in refusing to turn aside when the creature on which he rode refused to go forward, is precisely the steadfastness of our country gentlemen, be they High or Low Churchmen, and false prophets. They do not believe that facts are angels of the Lord, saying, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;' they merely kick, and beat, and rave, determined to do what they cannot do, always mistaking adherence to their own maxims for obedience to the divine will." There is a great share of the luminousness of the true prophet there. But it was in his insight into the evils of our social life that Maurice's prophetic insight was most powerfully illustrated.

From The Spectator.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

In "C. S. C.," the world of letters has lost one of the most skilful and ingenious of writers. Mr. Calverley (in these days, Mr. Blaydes) won a scholarship at Balliol, then, as now, perhaps more emphatically then than now, the "blue ribbon" among such distinctions. A disagreement with the authorities caused his migration to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated as second classic in 1856. Shortly afterwards appeared his first volume, "Verses and Translations."

Mr. Calverley's reputation as a scholar has been so thoroughly well established, that we venture to recall, for the encouragement of learners, and perhaps we may add, of teachers, two curious mistakes which occurred on the first page of a Latin version of "Lycidas." *Baccar* (commonly translated "foxglove," but possibly "valerian"), was confounded with *bacca*, a "berry;" and *prae* was constructed with an accusative. These were mistakes which the ideal "fifth-form boy," of course, would not have made; but which, it is instructive to observe, were quite possible to one of the most elegant and accomplished scholars of his day. The "Translations" which formed part of this volume were republished in 1867, with many additions. Some of these are as masterly in their way as anything which modern scholarship has produced. It would not be easy to surpass, or perhaps to match, this rendering of a stanza from "In Memoriam:" —

We keep the day with festal cheer,
With books and music. Surely we
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear:

Hunc dedicamus laetitiae diem,
Lyraeque, musisque. Illius, illius
Da quicquid audit: nec silebunt
Qui numeri placuere vivo.

As we are speaking of Mr. Calverley's Latin verse, we must not pass over without notice the exquisitely humorous "Carmen Seculare." What could be happier than the warning to the purchaser of tobacco, a slander, we should say, too funny for even the slandered to resent? —

O fumose puer! nimium ne crede Baconi:
Manillas vocat, hoc praetexit nomine caules;

or than the description of the freshman taking to billiards, —

Ille petit virides (sed non e gramine) mensas,
Pollicitus meliora patri, tormentaque flexus
Per labyrinthëos plusquam mortalia tentat,
Acre tuens, loculisque pilas immittit et aufert,

a passage to which are appended the annotations, "*Tormenta p. q. mortalia.* Eleganter, ut solet, Peile, 'unearthly cannons.' *Loculis*, bene vertas 'pockets.'"

In this volume, which, a few years afterwards, was followed up by another, bearing the title of "Fly-Leaves," Mr. Calverley worked a peculiar vein of humor with a success which we venture to think scarcely any writer, in the past as well as in the present, has equalled. He had, in the first place, an extraordinary facility of expression. His rhymes flow with an ease and an abundance which are absolutely astonishing. He seldom, indeed, indulges in the *tours de force* with which "Ingoldsby" so often dazzles us; but there is never the faintest sign of constraint, — however heavy the fetters which he chooses to impose upon himself, he moves under them in the airiest and lightest fashion. In "Play" and "Under the Trees," for instance, he disports himself with a multitude of rhymes which would be sufficient to set up half-a-dozen minor poets in business. Here are some sample lines from "Under the Trees:" —

Some sit in twos or (less frequently) threes,
With their innocent lambswool or book on their knees,
And talk, and enact, any nonsense you please,
As they gaze into eyes that are blue as the seas;
And you hear an occasional, "Harry, don't tease!"
From the sweetest of lips, in the softest of keys;
And other remarks which to me are Chinese.
And fast the time flies; till a lady-like sneeze,
Or a portly papa's more elaborate wheeze,
Makes Miss Tabitha seize on her brown muffatees,
And announce as a fact that it's going to freeze,
And that young people ought to attend to their P's
And their Q's, and not court every form of disease;
Then Tommy eats up the three last ratafias,
And pretty Louise wraps her *robe de cerise*
Round a bosom as tender as Widow Machree's;

and so on, till he comes to an end, because all things human must so come, not in the least, it would seem, because he is exhausted. Then, again, he is very great in the art of the unexpected. We know that he is preparing for us some ludicrous contrasts to his beginning with its grace and tenderness and pathos; but when the contrast comes, when the "young, fair thing with a shy, soft eye," turns out to be a water-rat, and "the perfect shape, that lay still warm and fresh and fair," in "Motherhood," is found to be an egg, it is always a surprise. Who could guess what these exquisite stanzas, entitled "Waiting," are leading up to? —

O come, O come, the mother pray'd,
And hush'd her babe; let me behold
Once more thy stately form array'd
Like autumn woods in green and gold!

I see thy brethren come and go;
Thy peers in stature, and in hue,
Thy rivals, some like monarchs glow
With richest purple; some are blue

As skies that tempt the swallow back;
Or red as, seen o'er wintry seas,
The star of storm; or, barr'd with black
And yellow, like the April bees.

We do not deal in conundrums, so we shall tell our readers that "the stately form" is the St. John's Wood omnibus. Another kind of the unexpected we have in such pieces as "Sad Memories," the sorrows of a misunderstood cat, of which these are a sample: —

Men prize the heartless hound who quits dry-eyed his native land,
Who wags a mercenary tail, and licks a tyrant hand;
The real, true cat they prize not, that if e'er compelled to roam,
Still flies when let out of the bag precipitately home.

In parody, of course, as we should expect, some of his happiest successes are made. He parodies particular poems, and — a far more difficult art — he parodies style. "Disaster" is perhaps, as good a specimen of the former kind as we can choose. Here is a stanza from it: —

I never nursed a dear gazelle;
But I was given a parroquet —
(How I did nurse him if unwell!)
He's imbecile, but lingers yet.

He's green, with an enchanting tuft;
He melts me with his small black eye;
He'd look inimitable stuffed,
And knows it — but he will not die.

The "Ballad," too, with its refrain, "Butter and eggs, and a pound of cheese," has a prototype which it is easy to recognize; and so has "Lovers and a Reflection:" —

Through God's own heather we wound together,
I and my Willie (O love, my love!)
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitter-bats waver'd alow, above.

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing
(Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands wore a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sun dazzle on bark and bight!

Through the rare red heather we danced together,
(O love, my Willie!) and smelt for flowers;
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.

By rises that flush'd with their purple favors,
Thro' becks that brattled o'er graver sheen,
We walked and waded, we two young shavers,
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

Of parodies of style there is nothing better than "Forever:" —

Forever; 'tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deemed it two;
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?

Forever! what abysms of woe
The word reveals, what frenzy, what
Despair! For ever (printed so)
Did not.

. . . . . .

And never more must printer do
As men did long ago; but run
"For" into "ever," bidding two
Be one.

Forever! passion-fraught, it throws
O'er the dim page a glow, a glamor;
It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
It's grammar.

Forever! 'tis a single word!
And yet our fathers deem'd it two;
Nor am I confident they err'd;
Are you?

We must not forget to mention that masterpiece of ingenuity, the "Pickwick Examination Paper." Not only is it funny, but it would puzzle many, who, like the present writer, have studied "Pickwick" from their youth up. Here is a sample: "Προβατογνώμων: a good judge of cattle; hence, a good judge of character." "Note on Æsch., *Ag.* — Illustrate the theory involved by a remark of the parent Weller."

It has been doubted whether Mr. Calverley was really a poet. Only once, as far as we remember, is he serious, and that is in the last ten stanzas of "Dover to Munich;" but these forty verses are almost enough to prove his title. And now and then, when he is in his lightest mood, there is a touch of pathos in him which goes to show the same thing. The little maiden in "First Love" (possibly a reminiscence of "little Em'ly" in "David Copperfield") is not altogether comic, even when we read: —

There she sat — so near me, yet remoter
Than a star — a blue-eyed, bashful imp;
On her lap she held a happy bloater,
'Twixt her lips a yet more happy shrimp.

It matters but little, however; he followed his own bent, and followed it with a success which has enriched our literature with work which is quite perfect in its way.

Mr. Calverley published in 1869 a verse translation of Theocritus, a work of elegant scholarship, and exhibiting much of the felicity of diction which was his peculiar gift. His life, though not as busy as it might have been had the stimulus of necessity been present in it, was not inactive. He had begun to acquire considerable practice as a local barrister when, about two years ago, an accident on the ice shattered his powers both of mind and body.

From Knowledge.

GREEK FIRE.

At what period the ancient Greek fire was invented has never been certainly determined. There are many writers who place the invention in a far antiquity. Historical details have been adduced pointing to the period of the earlier wars between the Greeks and Romans as the true era of the discovery. But we do not find any certain evidence of the use of Greek fire until the sieges of Constantinople, in the seventh and eighth centuries, though a Father of the Christian Church, writing in the fifth century, gave receipts for making a combustible substance of similar qualities from the compounds resin, sulphur, pitch, pigeons' dung, turpentine, and the juice of the herb "allheal." It is related that the true Greek fire was in

vented by a certain Callinicus, an architect of Heliopolis, in Syria (Baalbec) in 678. The secret of the composition of this artificial flame, and the art of directing its action, were imparted by Callinicus — who had deserted from the caliph — to the emperor of Constantinople. From this period until the year 1291 the use of Greek fire was an important element in the military power of the Byzantine empire. The progress of the Saracens was, more than once, decisively checked by the destructive action of this powerful and terrible flame. The important art of compounding the fire "was preserved at Constantinople," says Gibbon, "as the palladium of the State; the galleys and artillery might occasionally be lent to the allies of Rome; but the composition of the Greek fire was concealed with the most zealous scruple, and the terror of the enemy was increased and prolonged by their ignorance and surprise." The accounts which have reached us respecting the properties of the Greek fire are such as to justify the high value attached by the Byzantine emperors to the secret of its composition. It was a liquid, which was propelled by various methods against the ships or engines of the enemy. So long as it was kept from the air, or remained in large masses, the liquid appears to have been perfectly safe from combustion; but as soon as it was poured forth it burned with an intense flame which consumed everything around — not merely burning upward, but with equal fury downward and laterally. Water not only failed to quench it, but made it burn with new ardor. To subdue the flames it was necessary to employ, in large quantities, either sand or vinegar. Various methods were employed for propelling the liquid fire toward the enemy. Sometimes it was inclosed in vessels made of some brittle substance, and these were flung at the enemy by means of suitable projectile machines. "It was either," says Gibbon, "poured from the rampart in large boilers, or launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil." But the effectual use of the destructive compound seems to have been best secured by means of a species of fire-ships specially constructed for the purpose. Copper and iron machines were placed in the fore part of these ships. Long tubes, fantastically shaped, so as to resemble the mouth and jaws of savage animals, formed the outlet for a stream of liquid fire, which the engine — literally a fire-engine — propelled to a great distance. Hand-engines were also constructed by which the destructive compound could be spurted by the soldiers, Beckman tells us. The secret, as we have said, was carefully kept by the Byzantines. The emperor Constantine suggested the answers which in his opinion were best fitted to elude the pertinacious questioning of the barbarians. "They should be told that the mystery of the Greek fire had been revealed by an angel to the first and greatest of the Constantines, with the sacred injunction that this gift of Heaven — this peculiar blessing of the Romans — should never be communicated to any foreign nation; that the prince and subject were alike bound to religious silence under the temporal and spiritual penalties of treason and sacrilege; and that the infamous attempt would provoke the sudden and supernatural vengeance of the God of the Christians." Gibbon adds that the secret thus religiously guarded was "confined for above four hundred years to the Romans of the East; and at the end of the eleventh century the Pisans, to whom every sea and every art were familiar, suffered the effects without understanding the composition of Greek fire." This, however, is not wholly true. The secret was preserved, indeed, from the Romans of the West, but the Saracens managed to possess themselves of it very much earlier than Gibbon's account would imply. For, at the siege of Thessalonica, in the year 904, the Saracens, we are told by John Comeniata, threw liquid fire, by means of tubes, upon the wooden defences of the besieged, and by this means principally succeeded in capturing the town. In the Holy Wars the Mohammedans freely availed themselves of the use of Greek fire. Gallant knights, who feared little the swords or lances of the Saracen host, were terrified by the uncouth aspect and the hideous noises of machines which belched forth upon them a torrent of liquid fire. Joinville tells us that "it came flying through the air like a winged, long-tailed dragon, about the thickness of a hogshead, with the report of thunder and the velocity of lightning; and the darkness of the night was dispelled by this deadly illumination." It does not by any means follow because the invention of gunpowder rendered the ancient Greek fire no longer a very useful military weapon, that the knowledge of the secret of its composition would be of little value. We must remember that the use of fire-

arms rendered the old-fashioned engines, by means of which the liquid was propelled, no longer available, since those who worked the engines could no longer venture near enough to the enemy. It was to this cause, we suspect, rather than to any want of efficiency in the compound itself, that the discontinuance of the use of Greek fire should be ascribed. The time had not yet come for making gunpowder itself a useful adjunct to the employment of liquid flame. It is not so clear, however, that the ancient Greek fire was much more efficient than that which has recently come into use. Still, the inquiry into the nature of its composition is not without interest. The princess Anna Comnena states that Greek fire was compounded of sulphur, resin, and oil. It may be well to dwell on this point, since many writers have been disposed to consider naphtha, or liquid bitumen, to have been the principal ingredient of the Greek fire. Possibly, however, the oil mentioned by Anna Comnena may have been naphtha, and not, as one would be disposed to infer, any of the ordinary vegetable or mineral oils; for the use of naphtha in lamps is of great antiquity. Gibbon writes: "Naphtha was mingled, I know not in what proportions, with sulphur and with the pitch that is extracted from evergreen firs — that is, resin — in forming Greek fire." It is a moot point whether Friar Bacon ever discovered the true composition of the liquid fire. Many supposed that he concealed a real ignorance on the subject, when he supplied an apparently unmeaning answer to the questions addressed to him. Others, however, assert that two of the components of Greek fire were, as Bacon said, sulphur and saltpetre, and that the third is to be detected in the logogriph — "Luru vopo vir Can utriet." We leave this anagram to the ingenuity of our readers, mentioning, in passing, that it contains the apropos words, *urit voraciter*, but that the extraction of these words leaves us only the combination *lupovun*, from which it will not be found easy to form a word. Possibly there is a mistake in transcription to add to the anagrammatic difficulty. Many others have tried to elucidate the question. Friar Bungay, Charles du Frene, Ducange, and Joinville — a host, in fact, of commentators, historians, and antiquaries — have all had something to say more or less to the purpose. But the satisfactory solution of the problem has not yet been obtained, nor perhaps is it likely to be. It has been well remarked by a writer on the subject that "gunpowder blew the ancient Greek fire out of the field." But during the American war of 1860–65 it was shown that gunpowder might be used to blow modern Greek fire into cities. Whether the example will ever become a recognized military precedent is uncertain. But it has been shown that Greek fire may be flung into a city by means of a suitably prepared shell, and that its destructive properties may thus be made available when the besieging force is four miles or more from the central parts of the city. Charleston was certainly not destroyed by General Gillmore's fire shells; in fact, there are difficulties connected with the construction of such shells which, though far from being insuperable, were not wholly mastered by the artillerists under Gillmore. But that an immense amount of damage was effected is shown by the fact that General Beauregard hurled from the mouth of his cannon denunciations against Gillmore for employing "the most villanous compound ever used in war." That Greek fire will one day be employed as a fearfully destructive agent in warfare seems scarcely probable. Yet, so far from looking forward with dismay to the prospect of such an application for its properties, we may rather, perhaps, consider that prospect as favorable to the interests of peace. We may apply to this case the remarks applied by Fuller to the use of cannon: "Though some may say that the finding of such appliances hath been the losing of many men's lives, yet it will appear that wars are now fought with more expedition, and that victory standeth not so long a neuter, before she express herself on one side or the other."

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POETRY.

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SONGS SENT SOUTH.

BY M. M. M.

I.

My love, beside the southern sea,
Of busy streets is fain to tire;
Up to those hills that shine on me
She stretches arms of vain desire.

Tired of the billowy thunder made
When the sou'-wester calls so loud,
Tired of the glittering long parade,
And all the changeful restless crowd.

She sees the Grampians' heathery blue,
The snow-fed river rushing by,
The Ochils, steeped in emerald hue,
Kinnoul, dark-stemmed against the sky;

And far above, the briar-bush sweet,
That only passing airs betray
To lovers who, with tardy feet,
Are lingering on their homeward way.

'Tis these she loves. O constant hills!
I cannot all forsaken be:
Something of her from you distils,
Some of her heart you give to me.

II.

Chafed by these swaddling-bands of fate,
'Tis ours to see, and not attain:
The spirit oft but meets its mate
To drift apart, and lose again.

One day stands out o'er other days
In vision of the "might have been:"
The vision flies, the hard world stays,
And rears its wall of brass between.

They two had climbed the mountain's brow
Higher than morning mists have birth:
Life seemed one endless wondrous *now;*
They were alone in all the earth.

Above them but the solemn blue
Whose hush of noon no motion stirred,
And as their hearts together grew
Between them was no need of word.

O that the soul on such fair height
Could linger! There 'twere good to dwell!
Transformed by something of that light
That first on love in Eden fell.

III.

Soft western breezes o'er us creep,
Faint-sweet, from hills of whin in flower;
With strange sad cries the pee-wits sweep—
And now it is the sunset hour.

No words can tell that glow of gold,
Those tender mauves, those peaks fire-stained,
That pure translucence, heaven unrolled,
That when all else was past remained.

Bluebells and primroses emboss
The turf, the little ferns scarce stir.
She laid her head upon the moss,
And let her soul go out from her.

And thou wast there, poor heart! Thine own
Beats feared to break the silence through;
So darkly deep her eyes had grown,
So strong the spell her presence threw.

Her thoughts were far away from thee,
Yet by her side she let thee stay.
He who the shrine may never see
Will gladly watch its door all day.

IV.

The long June sun could hardly bear
To leave the north he loves so well:
All night the soft glow hovered there
As of his swift return to tell.

But now he hurries down the sky
Ere half the afternoon be o'er;
And bare and brown the hedgerows lie
Where roses blushed through green before.

Spring will return; but if she stays,
Who is the crown of Spring's delights,
Without her, what are lengthening days,
Or balmier softness of the nights?

And yet such hope is in the air,
Such stir of promise in the trees;
The rooks glad tales are telling there,
And whispers come upon the breeze—

"The world's year has its June of mirth,
And thine shall not all winter be;
God gives the flowers back to the earth,
And he will give thy love to thee."

Good Words.

AYSGARTH.

WHERE Aysgarth's arch spans Ure's resplendent river,
Where down the rock the shining cataract leaps,
And flashing from between its marble steeps,
From ledge to ledge the silver lightnings shiver,
I gaze, o'erwhelmed with stress of joyous thought,
And backward trace the path of those sweet forces
Which, from their home among the far hill-sources,
This tumbling wealth of beauty here have brought.
Ravine-born, mid the many-chasmed mountains,
A thousand brooklets trickle into life,
Mingling their myriad murmurs in sweet strife,
And fill the constant stream from lonely fountains.
So spring thy truest peace and holiest power,
O man! not from the tumult of the hour!

Bradford. J. ARTHUR BINNS.

Spectator.

From The Month.

RICHARD DOYLE, PAINTER AND HUMORIST.

It is a happy thing for mankind that God has different vocations and widely varying careers, to be allotted to men according to their varying characters and dispositions. It would be a great misfortune if none were called to the peaceful retirement of the cloister. It would be a greater misfortune still if he counted his faithful servants only among those who devoted themselves to what is called a life in religion, for then outside the monastic and conventual walls there would be nothing but a barren desert, rank with vile weeds and poisonous herbage, whereas now there bloom in the world's wilderness sweetly scented flowers which make the name of wilderness almost unsuitable. The world is rather a garden, overgrown indeed with many a weed and bramble, but yet flowering here and there with flowers, often unnoticed, often hidden, often trodden down, but yet, in spite of all, always loved, always honored, always cherished by those who know them best. Wherever they grow, whatever the path of life that they adorn, they seem to breathe an atmosphere of fragrance and to dispel the noxious odors of the weeds around; and when they have been gathered by the Master to deck the garden where all are flowers of beauty and not a weed can be found, they leave behind them the sweet perfume of their virtues. Even those who ridicule them during life, when they hear of the death of one of these chivalrous servants of God, know in their secret hearts that one is gone whose standard was different from their own, and to whom they were compelled to look up by reason of their instinctive consciousness that he was altogether superior to themselves.

There has lately passed away one who, amid the world's turmoil, never failed to raise the moral and religious standard of the society in which he lived. In the world, but not of it, possessed of talents which gave him the first place in his own special line of art, a favorite everywhere, possessed of an intensity of humor and an appreciation of the grotesque such as is not found in one in a million, gifted with an artistic skill which will secure an immortality for the works of his pencil, Richard Doyle was still more notably than any of these, a man whom no attractions of gain or honor would induce to deviate a hair's breadth from his lofty principle; a Christian who carried his religion with him unobtrusively, but none the less really, into every scene and every company; a Catholic faithful to his religion with all the faithfulness of his loyal heart, and ready to make any sacrifices rather than even appear to throw in his lot with those who ridiculed or misrepresented it.

Such a man ought not to pass unnoticed in the pages of a Catholic magazine. Wherever English is spoken, the inimitable sketches of his pencil are familiar to the readers of the works of Thackeray and Dickens. If his water-colors are less widely known, it is not that they are at all inferior in merit to his pen-and-ink sketches, but that the latter were essentially popular, suited to the popular taste, and spread throughout the English-speaking world through the medium of a popular periodical and the writings of popular novelists, whereas a painter has necessarily a smaller public, at least until many long years have elapsed. But some at least of our readers have admired on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery his sylvan scenes and their fairy occupants, or have seen them in private houses for whose owners they were painted. It is through his talent (though not through his alone, since Leech and Tenniel among his contemporaries, to say nothing of those who have come after him, must share his laurels) that the illustrations in the representative journal of English humor are of their kind unequalled in the world. Who has not laughed and laughed again over the "Manners and Customs of the English in the Nineteenth Century," over the "Adventures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," over "Mr. Pepys' Modern Diary," and above all, over that inimitable picture of a "Christian gentleman denouncing ye Pope," in which each face deserves a careful study, and tells the tale of bigotry, prejudice, and gaping cre-

dulity which has made Exeter Hall a by-word among men?

Richard Doyle's life was not an eventful one. He was born in London in September, 1824, and was the son of Mr. John Doyle, the political caricaturist, whose sketches, under the signature of "H. B," exhibit a talent not less remarkable than that of his gifted son.* Dicky never went to school: in his childish days a governess, in his boyhood and early youth a tutor, came every day to his father's house. Almost from infancy his talent began to show itself, as well as his kind heart and religious nature. There is still extant a little sketch of the Crucifixion which he drew to console his governess for some passing disappointment in her prospects. The absence of school-training had not on Dicky's character that enervating effect that we sometimes witness; on the contrary, it seems to have been a real benefit to him. It did much to preserve in him that domestic sweetness, that simplicity and innocence of heart which was one of his greatest graces before God and man.

But he was no spoilt child: a boy who grows up with brothers and sisters around him is rarely spoilt. Besides, his father devoted himself from the first to the careful training of his children. Every Sunday they had to write a letter to him detailing all the little events of the week and the work they had been doing. When Dicky, like most children, had not much to tell, he would cover the sheet with fantastic designs, crude, of course, and childish, but full of promise for the future. It was from his father that he not only inherited his artistic talent, but received, and that almost exclusively, his artistic training. Mr. Doyle would not allow him to draw from models — his plan was to teach the boy to observe with watchful eye the leading features of the object before him, and then some little time after reproduce them from memory as nearly as he could. It was this method of education which helped to give to his genius its special characteristics; it nurtured side by side those apparently incompatible qualities, accuracy and the play of fancy, and both of these are prominent in all that he drew or painted. He had no regular training in academy or school of art; he painted in the studio of no master save his father; and it is curious to see how his genius overleapt what would have been serious disadvantages to an ordinary man. Like Horace's philosopher, he was literally *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.* He attached himself to no school; he was not familiar, strange to say, with the masterpieces of foreign artists. He had never been in Paris, or Rome, or Vienna. No one owed less than he did to those who had gone before him; and if this rendered his works less elaborate and conventional, it gave them a freshness and originality which might have been hampered if he had been forced into conformity with the accepted canons of the professional studio. It has been said of him that he had no models, no masters, and belonged to no school of art. All this is true, but all things around were his models, his own genius was his master, and nature's school of art was enough for him. Yet we cannot say he was self-taught. Through all his early years he was guided and trained by his father with wise and judicious care, besides the aid and instruction derived from a young artist rather older than himself, who used often to accompany him on long suburban and country rambles, in which the object was to train the eye and develop the love of nature's beauty.

Richard Doyle's first work was the "Eglinton Tournament, or the Days of Chivalry Revived," published when he was only fifteen years old. Young though he was, it is eminently characteristic of the special bent of his genius. There is a dashing boldness in it which is one of the advantages that we often see in the works of youth as compared with those of later age. There is an ignoring of difficulties of which men often become painfully conscious after the hard lessons that experience is wont to teach. There is the courageous hopefulness of youth and the absence of self-criticism and its twin-

* "Whoever 'H. B.' is, he is a man of great genius, and has an instinct for expression and power of drawing without academical cant, that I never saw before." (Extract from the Journal of R. B. Haydon, quoted in his Life by Tom Taylor, vol. ii., p. 292.)

brother discouragement. Three years later he produced a somewhat similar work, but one in which his talent had greatly developed itself. It is called "A Grand Historical, Allegorical, and Classical Procession," and combines into a humorous pageant a curious medley of men and women who played a prominent part on the world's stage, bringing out into good-humored relief the characteristic peculiarities of each.

In 1843, when he was only nineteen, he was asked to be regular contributor to *Punch*, a great compliment to one who was a mere boy. Mark Lemon, who was by origin a Jew, a man of generous heart and liberal mind, was then editor, and the young recruit was set to work first of all on a set of theatrical sketches. But the managers of *Punch* soon found that it was wiser to give his genius freer play. He was allowed to choose his own subjects. Initial letters the most fantastic, tail-pieces the most quaint, pictorial headings the most humorous for poem or paragraph, were produced with astonishing rapidity and fertility of design. We remember one of these early pieces in which Punch as Orpheus is surrounded by the animals entranced by his music. Each country of Europe is represented by the animal which symbolizes it, and the expression on some of their faces is inimitable. Most prominent of all, the British Lion, with his tongue out and his eyes half shut, lying at Punch's feet, is a picture of indolent, good-natured, self-satisfied strength. Before Doyle's time the cover of *Punch* had varied each half-year, as our readers will see if they refer to the earlier volumes, but when his master hand had drawn a design, it was agreed that henceforward it should always remain unaltered. Half a year after his first design some modifications indeed were introduced into it, but substantially it remained the same. Since then no sort of change has been made in it. It has been stereotyped more than once, and the readers of *Punch* at the present day have before them, as a familiar monument of his talent, identically the same frontispiece that Doyle designed for them. After the first year or two the large cartoons were very frequently his work. Perhaps the best known of all is the Political Sea Serpent of 1848, Revolution suddenly appearing above the surface of the sea, and upsetting one after another the cockle-shell boats in which the various European monarchs are sailing o'er the main. The picture was drawn in the early part of the year, before the Roman revolution, and the holy father is still riding safely unharmed by the monster which is working havoc in France and Germany and Austria and Spain. England of course shares this political security, and is loyal to her queen. Other cartoons of note were, Louis Philippe as the Napoleon of Peace; Disraeli as Gulliver, inspected by the Brobdignag statesmen, Robert Peel, and Sir James Graham; Cobden, with long strides, hurrying Peel along the road of Reform, while the pupil is scarcely able to keep up with his master's steps.

One characteristic of all Mr. Doyle's pictures is the absence of any sort of bitter ridicule of authority. He was most intensely loyal, and did not at all approve of some of the liberties *Punch* from time to time took in pictures of her Majesty. Douglas Jerrold now became one of the chief contributors to *Punch*, and it was not likely that a man with his radical opinions would show any great spirit of reverence for the throne. Doyle's influence was always used to prevent any sort of disrespect to the queen, and in his eyes the shadow of the reverence due to her fell also to some extent over the prince consort. He was sadly offended at one or two of the pictures which threw ridicule on the prince's doings, and protested more than once. There was a certain cartoon in Buckingham Palace, by a celebrated figure-painter, which Prince Albert did not like and had removed. The painter's friends and fellow-artists took up his defence, and the prince's action was severely criticised, and attributed to ignorance and to the want of appreciation of high art. There was an article in *Punch*, in which the prince was attacked on this subject. Doyle did not like this, and persuaded Thackeray, who was one of the most prominent writers in *Punch* at the time, and was himself a trained artist, to

inspect the picture, and with much satisfaction compelled him to confess that the prince was quite right in having the picture removed. His divergence from his colleagues in these matters of loyalty at one time threatened to sever his connection with the periodical, but the storm blew over. There is no doubt that it was his influence which aided in giving to *Punch* that tone of loyalty and good taste which has ever since generally characterized it.

But a heavier storm was preparing for him. In 1850 the Catholic Hierarchy was established in England, and the Protestant public raved and stormed and talked bigoted nonsense without end respecting this new invasion. Parliament passed the futile and obsolete Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and *Punch* took up the popular cry. Cardinal Wiseman was represented as "tree'd" by the papal bull, and comic verses and personal ridicule were lavished on the pope, the new hierarchy, and Catholics generally.

Doyle remonstrated, but received answer that, as he had been allowed to turn Exeter Hall and its doings into ridicule, it was only fair that his own opinions should have their turn. But those who used this argument little knew, and could scarcely be expected to know, the difference between the devotion of supernatural faith and the bigotry of a self-chosen creed. Doyle was anything but narrow or overscrupulous. It was not any of the cartoons which was the immediate occasion of the step that he took, nor was it (as some of the notices of him have intimated) any mere personal attachment to Cardinal Wiseman. "I don't mind," he said, "as long as you keep to the political and personal side of the matter, but *doctrines* you must not attack." Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray were not likely to appreciate this reversal of the general sentiment which resents personal attack above all else. "Look at the *Times*," they argued; "its language has been most violent, but the Catholic writers on its staff do not for that reason resign. They understand, and the world at large understands, that the individual contributor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by other contributors in articles with which he has nothing to do." "That is very well in the *Times*," was Doyle's answer, "but not in *Punch*. For the *Times* is a monarchy [we believe these were his very words], whereas *Punch* is a republic." So when, a week or so later, an article, attributed to Jerrold himself, jeeringly advised the pope to "feed his flock on the wafers of the Vatican," it was too much for Doyle. Dignified protest was not sufficient now. To be any longer identified with a paper which could use such language was intolerable to the faithful soul. To ply his skilful fingers and busy, inventive brain in behalf of those who scoffed at the blessed Sacrament of the altar was out of the question. His connection with *Punch* must cease. But is he bound in conscience to throw away a good income and congenial work, because there were expressed opinions different from his own in a paper in which, republic though it was, solidarity was scarcely possible? Who would expect that, in a comic journal, each and all of the contributors should agree with each and every sentiment expressed? Never mind; whatever Richard Doyle might have been strictly bound to do, generosity at least urged him to make the sacrifice — the sacrifice of his career, of his future success, it may be. At least he could show that Catholic belief was no empty superstition, no set of mere traditional observances, which sat lightly on the man of culture, even if in his heart he accepted them at all. So he wrote to resign his connection with *Punch*, stating the reasons plainly and simply. This was in 1850, after he had been contributing for more than six years. Now he must simply start afresh, in consequence of what his Protestant friends regarded as an ecclesiastical crotchet. He must turn aside from the path of worldly success; he must give up all for conscience' sake. But as the *Daily Telegraph* remarks, in an article respecting him that does it honor, "He made a wise and prudent choice. The loss was ours, not his; and, apart from the claims of his genius to admiration, such conduct at the critical moment of a career will never cease to command respect."

But we do not altogether agree with another sentence occurring in the same article. "It is deeply to be regretted," continues the writer, "that the deplorable spirit of sectarian hostility should have driven such a man from the proper arena of his worth and fame." We are inclined to believe, though we know that in England the popular opinion differs from our own, that, apart from the respect he earned by his noble sacrifice, Mr. Doyle achieved a higher reputation, in consequence of his retirement from comic journalism, than if he had continued to employ his pencil in its service all his life through.

It is true that his name was not, towards the end of his life, so familiar to the popular mind of England as was that of John Leech at the end of his career, and as that of Du Maurier at the present time. But the work which he did in his later life was more lasting and more world-wide. *Punch* is an English periodical — you must be an Englishman to understand the allusions. The humor is essentially and almost exclusively English; it would never attain any great popularity in other English-speaking nations, in spite of its undoubted claim to be the first comic journal in the world. If Doyle had confined himself to the pages of *Punch*, or directed his energies mainly to the weekly issue of some design in its humorous columns, the limnings of his pencil would scarcely be known outside of England, whereas all over the continent of America, and in the English colonies, the old Colonel Newcome and the Marquis of Farintosh, Lady Kew and Trotty Veck, meet us with their familiar faces as we turn over the transatlantic editions of Thackeray and Dickens, not to mention the exquisite paintings, of which we shall have more to say presently, exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, and to be found in many a country mansion as a lasting memorial of Dicky Doyle.

But we must return to our story. On his retirement from *Punch* he received letters of regret and sympathy and of congratulation from every side, especially from Protestants. One of the first was from the well-known champion of Protestantism, Sir Robert Inglis. An English nobleman, also a Protestant, lodged in the bank a little sum of money in his name, fearing lest, with his generous heart and open hand, he might not have provided against the evil day, and wrote to him at the same time to ask him to draw some sketches for him, and to consider the money standing in his name as an acknowledgment of the work.

Meanwhile, in spite of the break with the journal published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, he continued to work at the inimitable "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," according to the agreement made with them at the time that he was drawing for *Punch*. It is quite unnecessary to say anything in praise of a book which is so familiar to Englishmen, and which hits off, with such an astonishing variety of good-natured, innocent fun, the mistakes and misadventures, as well as the most striking peculiarities of young Englishmen on their holiday. What is still more clever is the wonderful skill with which the individuality of each of the three is kept up. Robinson, fat, and always inclined to laziness; Jones, lanky, and overfull of activity; while Brown is a contrast to the other two, a nondescript sort of character, who does not make himself so ridiculous as his two friends. Soon after "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" came the more important task of illustrating some of the works of Thackeray. By common consent Colonel Newcome is acknowledged as the masterpiece of his illustrations of Thackeray. The novelist is happy in a likeness which reflects so admirably the character. Little Barnes Newcome, cunning and contemptible, is also well portrayed; not to mention Lady Kew, Clive, and the Campaigner. It has been remarked, and we think truly, that Mr. Doyle was not so successful in drawing fair maidens as he was in depicting other varieties of beauty — little children for instance, as well as men and women of a more advanced age. This is probably true; Ethel, for instance, is a simple, pure-minded girl, but she lacks in the picture the charm that the novelist would wish her to be invested with.

But we must not linger on what is, after all, a point of detail which rather lies outside our sphere. Our business is to sketch the man, not presumptuously to play the part of art-critics. Every one must allow that the interest of "The Newcomes" is very much heightened by Mr. Doyle's admirable illustrations. How the reader rejoices in Thackeray's tardy wisdom in handing over his pencil to one so appreciative of the novelist's idea, and so skilful in carrying it out!

To the *Cornhill Magazine* Richard Doyle contributed the "Bird's-eye Views of English Society." They were afterwards published separately. They are more elaborate than "Ye Manners and Customs of ye English," but we think that the earlier series had more salt and humor. There is nothing in them equal to the scene at the "Cider Cellars," which is worthy of Hogarth, or to the wine-tasting at the London Docks, where there is something comically illustrative of the general design even in the quaint fungus which hangs from the roof. But the sketches in the *Cornhill* were more finished, and each series was after all better suited to the periodical in which it appeared.

He continued his work of book-illustration until the last. Among the best-known books illustrated by him are Mr. Ruskin's "Golden River," Percival Leigh's "Jar of Honey," and "Fairyland,"

which has been wrongly described as if Mr. Allingham wrote the poem and Doyle illustrated it for him, whereas the whole design from first to last was simply and solely the artist's, and the verses which accompany it were written *for* the drawings, by way of explaining them and weaving them into some sort of connected story. We must also mention what we regard as one of his ablest works, though it is now scarce and little known, his "Rejected Cartoons," a series of humorous quasi-historical designs, supposed to be intended for the new Houses of Parliament, and which are beautifully drawn, full of exquisite drollery. Some of them are caricatures of living artists, Maclise, Pugin, etc., so like their works as to be scarcely caricatures. Others are unspeakably ridiculous in their historical absurdity: for instance, the faces of King John and the barons in the signing of Magna Charta.

Another little work, to which he drew a frontispiece during this second period, we mention rather because it is so little known, than because it is so well known. When Adelaide Proctor's poems were published, it was thought well to omit a certain number which were distinctively Catholic. These were afterwards collected into a small volume, under the name of "A Chaplet of Verses," for private circulation and for private sale. Mr. Doyle designed a beautiful little vignette, very appropriate to its contents, of an angel covering with his wings a crowd of the poor, the sick, the distressed, the miserable. We do not think that the book was ever sold publicly, and it is now very scarce. We wish it could be reprinted, and at the present time it would be very opportune. The merit of the poems themselves claims for them remembrance. The artist's handiwork is also worth preserving, the more especially as it was one of the rare occasions on which he ventured on a sacred subject.

During the later portion of his life, Mr. Doyle's genius developed in a new and a higher phase. He gave himself to water-color painting. His favorite topic was wild scenery of heather and woodland, the unrivalled beauties of Devon and the bleak hills of Wales. But it was not scenery pure and simple. It was scenery with appropriate inhabitants. In his sketches he had a curious fancy for fays and fairies, for elves and pixies, and he liked scenery which was suggestive of their presence, a wood with bluebells and foxgloves scattered in wild profusion to favor their gambols, with an open space amid the trees, where they could dance around a huge fungus or boulder in a fairy ring. Often the scene was not only suited to them, but all alive with graceful forms —

> Running o'er his mimic world
> Creatures winsome, quaint, and jolly,
> Arabesquely blown and twisted
> From his pencil point profusely,
> Scattered like the flowers of spring,
> Lightly, lavishly, and loosely,
> When Doyle's wit is on the wing.*

One of the pictures exhibited in the Grosvenor represented a woodland scene, covered with dock-plants, under whose sheltering leaves the quaintest of quaint little creatures are taking refuge. Another, and one of the best he painted, was taken from a Welsh hillside. There is a Welsh legend that, on a Friday even, the fairies are wont to indulge their wayward fancies, by catching the goats and combing smooth their tangled beards, to make them decent for Sunday. The picture is beautifully painted, and full of the most grotesque designs. One old Billy, covered with rough dark wool, is submitting with an almost human complacency to the combing process, gently and deftly done by a graceful little fairy. Another seeks to fly his pursuer, who follows in hot pursuit. A third old nanny seems touched with the unwonted attention from the sprite-like form that is performing for her her toilette. A fourth is thrusting out its head and horns furtively from behind a rock, whither it has fled from a sylph-like fairy, who is beckoning it to its unwilling toilet. The whole scene is most comic, and the double element of Mr. Doyle's character, the intense appreciation of the humorous and the almost intense appreciation of nature's beauty, are curiously combined in the picture.

But we must draw this little sketch to a close. In the autumn of last year Mr. Doyle spent some time in North Devon, and while there painted a picture of Lynton Churchyard. The view is taken at a distance of some ten or fifteen yards to the south-west of the church, and is looking in an easterly direction. In front of the picture, one sees far down below the blue waters of the Bristol Channel, while behind, the picturesque little church nestles among the trees. In the churchyard, an old man is mowing down the long grass amid the graves, while two or three little

* From some verses, "In Memoriam," in *Punch* December 22, 1883.

children scatter flowers on one of them. This picture was unfinished at the time of his death. A strange coincidence that he should have chosen such a scene for his last picture, when, as far as man can judge, he had no sort of reason for thinking that death was so near; stranger still, that on his return home he chose for the sketch a black frame, as if to clothe it in the garb of mourning for its maker. There it remains on his easel, unfinished still, as if to tell of one cut off so suddenly, not indeed in the summer of life, but in a mellow autumn, which seemed to give promise of many years of good work still to be done. But the time had come when the little sprites, who peopled his dreams of earth, were to be exchanged for the angel forms who were to welcome the faithful servant to his reward in Heaven. On the 10th of December, as he was preparing to return from the Athenæum Club, Mr. Doyle was struck down by apoplexy. An ambulance was procured, and he was carried home. He never regained the power of speech, and it is doubtful whether he was ever again conscious, though the priest, who anointed him for his journey from thence to heaven, thought that he detected some traces of a joyful acquiescence in the rite. The next morning, in the home where the last years had been spent in quiet peaceful pursuit of the art he passionately loved, his simple, innocent, loyal soul passed away from earth to heaven.

If Richard Doyle will live in the memories of men as an artist of genius, he will live in the records of the servants of God as a man who was in the world but not of it, blameless in the innocence of his life, generous to the poor of Jesus Christ, chivalrous in the defence of truth, an example to Protestant society of the simple guilelessness of Catholic purity. A Protestant lady of rank in whose house he often stayed, writes thus of him to her husband on hearing of his death: "Your news has indeed saddened me. One of the rare ones of the earth is gone: for he was indeed unique. When shall we, or any one else, see again such a combination of childlike simplicity and warmth of heart, joined with such sparkling genial humor, such high honor, and such instinctive good sense and judgment? It is another dear friend gone."

With all his amusing talk and frolicsome humor, which gave such a charm to his conversation, no word of scandal was ever heard from his lips. He was remarkable for the gentle, kind, indulgent way in which he spoke of all, even of those of whom ordinary men would have spoken with harshness or bitterness. Under his humor, too, there always ran a vein of seriousness. It was not the light thoughtlessness of one who turns all things into ridicule, but the bright happy mirth of one who knew how to be grave as well as gay.

What were the chief characteristics of his artistic skill? The most striking is the wild extravagance of his fancy, the power of his imagination. He draws all sorts of things that he never could have seen — no, nor seen anything like them. He did not so much idealize the really existing as fill it up and people it with what he had himself drawn out of his own mental picturings. Fairies and elves were his especial delight, some elegantly beautiful, some indescribably grotesque. He loved to take an actual sylvan scene, and there to plant his fairy forms skipping over the hills or sporting amid the dew-bespangled undergrowth of a summer wood. We also observe that all his details serve his purpose. This is particularly noticeable in his comic sketches. If he is drawing some grotesque figure, all is grotesque, boots and gloves as well as face. He used to criticise the elaboration of French art. It was a positive fault, in his eyes, to bestow labor, in a picture which had a story to tell, on any details which did not contribute to the telling of the story. He said it gave a formality to the painting, and injured the general effect. In his own pictures we find this rule carried out, and a sort of rough negligence about those accidental details which did not contribute to the end in view.

Besides this, we notice what we remarked at the beginning of our article, that there is about all his paintings and drawings a wild freedom, an exemption from the conventionalities of this or that school. He was not a self-taught artist, for he was trained by one who had a genius kin to his own, but he was an artist who had never forced himself into the observance of those mechanical rules and canons, which to ordinary men are necessary to their correct painting (just as rules of grammar are necessary to correct writing), but hamper and trammel the man of genius, who has in himself the fount whence such rules proceed, and instinctively follows them in the spirit, though not in the letter, so far as they will forward the end he has in view, and no further.

Last of all, with all his reckless fun and merriment, he never drew a line or wrote a word which ever approaches to coarseness or indelicacy, to bitterness of spirit, or disregard of the feelings of others. His arrows rankle not; they leave no wound behind them. He seems to say with his innocent laugh, "You see I am full of fun, and I am sure you won't mind my making a little bit of harmless fun at your expense." We have reason to be proud of his pencil, as always marked by that spirit of purity and high-toned morality which characterized him as a man. We can put everything he ever drew into the hands of a child without the slightest fear. He liked to show his pictures to children, and to listen to their childish criticisms. He himself ever retained many of childhood's sweetest characteristics. To the last he was innocent as a child, simple as a child, loving as a child, generous as a child, with his hand ever open to help any who were in trouble or distress. As we sometimes see, and cannot but admire, the unselfish attachment of a child to father and mother in the natural order, resenting a word spoken to their disparagement, firing up at anything that he reckons a slight upon them, ready to forsake friend or companion who seems to him not to show them due respect, so Richard Doyle, alike in youth and middle age and in the autumn of his life, had that chivalrous devotion to God his Father and the Catholic Church his mother, which led him to spurn all other considerations when it was a question of defending their honor or upholding their interests. The withdrawal from *Punch* was by no means the only sacrifice he made for conscience' sake; it was only one of many. At one time he was offered a very handsome income to draw for a weekly periodical started some years ago, but he refused as not approving its principles, or the want of them. At another he had a similar offer made him by a distinguished statesman in behalf of a political journal, in which the work would have been light and the remuneration excellent. He was offered his own terms if he would illustrate an edition of Swift's humorous works, but here too he refused, as not admiring the morality of that eminent moralist. In these and other cases like them, religion, virtue, high principle, carried the day against interests which would have proved too much for any but a man of Doyle's noble and lofty character. All this too while he had to look to his pencil for his bread, for it is quite a mistake on the part of one of the leading newspapers to say that during the latter part of his life he was independent of his profession.

We conclude by quoting the touching little poem which appeared in the *Athenæum* in memory of Mr. Doyle. If the poet is one who has followed him of whom he writes neither in his faith nor in his practice, yet even his pen seems to have been chastened by his theme, and to have caught an inspiration of better things from the fact that he was writing of Richard Doyle.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DOYLE.

A light of blameless laughter, fancy bred,
Soft-souled and glad and kind as love or sleep,
Fades, and sweet mirth's own eyes are fain to weep
Because her blithe and gentlest bird is dead.

Weep, elves, and fairies all, that never shed
Tear yet for mortal mourning; you that keep
The doors of dreams whence nought of ill may creep,
Mourn once for one whose lips your honey fed.

Let waters of the Golden River steep
The rose-roots whence his grave blooms rosy-red,
And murmuring of Hyblæan limes be deep
About the summer silence of its bed,
And nought less gracious than a violet peep
Between the grass grown greener round his head.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

BEAUTY.

LADY FERMOR was a bad woman; she had been a bad daughter and sister, a bad wife, mother, and grandmother. She had been weighed and found wanting in every relation. Lord Fermor was not her first husband, nor was she his first wife. It had only been after passing through the divorce court that she had attained her present position. But that was half a century ago, years prior to the birth of Iris Compton's mother, Lady Fermor's only child to Lord Fermor.

For many a long day the respectable world refused absolutely to condone the heinous offence. But time will serve to obliterate the blackest stains, and two

facts were in Lady Fermor's favor. The sinner had for a period which was equivalent to a moderately long lifetime refrained from her old sins against moral and social laws, and she was now an aged woman. These facts upheld self-interest, easy-minded tolerance, and charity, in granting some renewal of the lady's passport to mix with other than the utterly reckless of her sex. Though Eastham was largely conservative, and its population by comparison stationary, Lady Fermor had neighbors nowadays who knew nothing further of the mistress of Lambford than that there had been something wrong where she was concerned, long, long ago, something which was better kept out of hearing, and gradually lost sight of.

Lady Fermor was too wise a woman not to avail herself of the slow, shy relenting, though she felt more contemptuous of it than grateful for it. She had never cared for the members of her own sex, while she had always been able to be on "hail-fellow, well-met" terms with a wide circle of men, so long as she was young enough to love company and enjoy her part in it. Nevertheless there was a small triumph in surmounting what she considered milk-and-water and bread-and-butter scruples. Besides, it was desirable for Iris, her granddaughter, for whom her guardian had some consideration though little affection, that she should have the entrance to respectable houses presided over by women on whose reputations suspicion had not so much as breathed.

Lady Fermor had not secured the last boon for her daughter, Iris's mother; she had moved chiefly in Bohemian sets, and as a natural result had married ill, in every light save a worldly one, at her mother's instigation. She had led a wretched life. She had not possessed either spirit or power to rebel against her fate. Both she and her husband had died young, and she had left a helpless child, another girl, to the care of her mother's nearest relatives, who had made shipwreck of her fortunes.

Hard, heartless, coarse, and corrupted as Lady Fermor's career had left her, she felt that she owed some reparation to her unhappy daughter's child, and she did not mean that Iris's history should resemble that of her mother. Lady Fermor put herself to the pains to secure an excellent governess — who did not refuse to enter the family at Lambford — and placed the pupil entirely under the teacher's charge.

The mistress of the house did not interfere; unless it can be called interference, that in the early days of Miss Burrage's domestication, Lady Fermor did not consider it any breach of the contract or source of peril to her scheme, to encourage the little girl when she came to the drawing-room to mimic the small peculiarities and *gaucheries* of her schoolmistress, and to reward these exhibitions of talent by herself furnishing lessons in this histrionic display. She was a well-qualified professor, and showed up poor Miss Burrage's weaknesses so as not only to cause the child Iris to dance with delight, but to awaken universal laughter among the drawing-room groups, made up of the fastest men and women in that corner of the kingdom.

Iris used to cry bitterly, a little later in her life, over her share in the game; and she would wonder in her troubled mind whether the hard, flippant, or affectedly languid laughter was that crackling of thorns under a pot of which the Psalmist wrote. It was not any direct word or act of Miss Burrage's which aroused the remorse and suggested the simile. On the contrary, when the poor lady could not help learning the extent to which so modest and retiring a person as she was had contributed to the entertainment of the drawing-room, she contented herself with discharging a delicate duty faithfully. She was forced for conscience' sake and in Iris's interest to say to the weeping girl, insisting in an agony of contrition on confessing her falseness to the obligations of friendship, "Very true, my dear, it is not right or kind to mock at your friends behind their backs, especially for such physical misfortunes as a lisp, or short sight, or a queer gait. But don't worry about it, only don't do it again. I am sure you never will. Do you think I cannot say all my absurdities off by heart at my age, or that I mind much other people's noticing them, especially as many persons have a strong sense of the ridiculous which they cannot easily curb? You must remember jesting and laughter break no bones, though the fun might sometimes be suppressed with a good grace, and the suppression, strange to say, rather tend to increase true merriment."

Miss Burrage was a very remarkable woman, though she could be guilty of lisping and blinking and stalking as she walked. She was not merely well informed and accomplished, a capital teacher with a high character for uprightness, steadiness, and kindness to her pupils. She had come to Lambford well aware of what she was doing without saying any-

thing to anybody — not even to herself, unless in the vaguest way, untempted by the salary her employers offered, undazzled by their rank — much as she would have gone into a zenana or a lazar-house.

"I shall take no harm," she told herself, "and while I know I have not ten years' more work left in me, I should like to do something apart from earning my bread, for love's sake."

Miss Burrage did more than give Iris a new experience, she brought to her a revelation. In that intensely wordly house, where there was hardly a law save that of wayward inclination, Iris came into closest contact with a woman to whom the divine command of duty was the ruling, well-nigh the sole power. At Lambford the pursuit of pleasure, though it had cooled from its passion and fever, and was now more of a hard, hackneyed round than a headiong race, continued to be the entire business of life. But Iris heard of work, not as the degrading curse, but as the ennobling blessing of man's earthly sphere.

Miss Burrage, somewhat homely and dowdy in those points of personal appearance and dress which were extravagantly valued at Lambford, did not hesitate to believe that from no material throne but from the blue sky, high as heaven above her, God saw her and loved her, and held blessed communion with her as in the old-world Hebrew stories, when the same God walked among the trees of the Garden of Eden and spoke with the first man, Adam, and called the patriarch Abraham his friend.

It was not in Lady Fermor's bargain, as she had read it, to allow her granddaughter to be reared an enthusiast, with a vocation for religion and virtue quite out of the common, and a troublesome, impracticable forte for righteousness. Lady Fermor considered that, with all her slips and stumbles, she had not been a bad Churchwoman on the whole; she had always stuck to mother Church as "good form" to say the least, and she had her reward. She was willing that Iris should go farther and be more consistent in her walk; but as to her becoming over-pious and over-upright, a benevolent platform scold, or a meek martyr, Lady Fermor would sooner have Iris a lunatic at once, and dispose of her in the safe seclusion of an asylum.

As soon as Lady Fermor perceived the mischief which was at work — and it was her thorough scepticism which rendered her blind to it in the beginning — she did her best to stop the evil by dismissing Miss Burrage summarily, and taking Iris, who was then a girl of sixteen, into her own charge, to be cured by a course of such knowledge of the world and unrestricted gayety as Lady Fermor could administer to her. But the harm was done; rather the bent was given to the twig and the inscription carved on the grain, which not all the king's horses and all the king's men could untwist or efface. There had been a seal set on Iris Compton's modest forehead, which Lady Compton's brow, at its smoothest, least guileful stage, had never borne. Iris was not wax, though she had proved pliant to the highest culture. She could not unlearn all she had been taught; she would not if she could.

Lady Fermor did not believe in supernatural aid, but she found in her granddaughter a quiet power of endurance and passive resistance which ended by baffling her. For she was a shrewd old woman. Her wickedness had destroyed many a faculty of mind and quality of taste, but it had not interfered much with her native shrewdness. She could submit, after a struggle, to the inevitable. She had no notion in those days of persecuting the girl, or driving her to greater folly or madness, or breaking her spirit. Nay, there was a degree of respect along with the eternal grudge of evil against good, bred in the veteran, by the staunchness of the recruit to the marching orders which the miserable marplot Burrage had given. If Iris's mother could have had as clear an aim and been as constant to it, she need not have come to such irreparable grief.

Happily for all concerned, the sinner, Miss Burrage, had implanted the principle in Iris that goodness was not a charm confined to any sacred place, or solemn routine of daily engagements. The first binding debt the girl must pay was that rudimentary obligation which Lady Fermor had never dreamt of acknowledging in her day or contemplated transmitting to her successors, unless in the sense of a superior force or a convenient form. It was that primitive call to reverence, obey, and be tender to every elder and ruler who is the ordinance of God, unless the homage defies and outrages the unassailable majesty of truth, purity, and that beauty of goodness which can know no decay.

All these encounters were things of four or five years back. Iris had not seen Miss Burrage from the hour they were

parted. The pupil had heard of the governess's death. Then Iris had shut her eyes and seen a lonely, ill-trained little girl, and a good woman striving with kind patience to win the child to all that was honest and lovely. "And I have done nothing for her in return," cried Iris with the tears bursting forth; but after a while she admitted, with tender magnanimity, "She was getting feeble before she left. I know she dreaded to be dependent, and shrank a little from a lonely old age. I wish, oh! I wish I could have cared for her; but since that was not to be, shall I, of all people, grudge to her the 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' when we shall not miss each other at last?" Lady Fermor had come to let Iris alone. The old woman was not fond of her granddaughter. Occasionally she showed herself spiteful to her with a spite which might increase on provocation to a formidable malice. But as a rule the venerable matron, with so little to be revered in her, alas! was reasonable, with a sort of masculine *bonhomie* about her which saved her from being guilty of petty tyranny, and caused her to like that the members of her family should be comfortable in their own way — always provided that way did not interfere with hers. Contradiction roused the demon in her.

Iris was now over twenty years of age, a tall, slender girl, with a small, well-carried head. She had auburn hair, which she had worn since childhood, anticipating the fashion, in little clustering waves and rings, low on her forehead. The mode had been her grandmother's decree when she discovered the chief defect in the little face, which was the disproportion of the broad, full forehead to what lay beneath it.

"Good gracious, child! who ever saw such a top to a Queen Anne's sixpence of a face? You only want spectacles to grow up like Miss Cornelia — I forget her name — that schoolmistress of Dickens. Every man will be frightened away by such a brow, unless he imagines he can save himself trouble by using it for a dictionary. Bid Woods take crisping-tongs or a wet brush and cover over that huge overlapping promontory as much as possible.

Thus the defect was veiled, and Iris happened to be one of the very few women improved by borrowing a hint from her cousins the monkeys.

In spite of the ominous indication, nature had not destined Iris for a prodigy of brains, and Miss Burrage had not completed her pupil's demoralization in this respect. The girl was quick and intelligent, and had received a solid foundation to her education, that was all. As she grew up she proved enthusiastic in an age which has invented a new application for the adjective "gushing," and sympathetic in a dry and parched atmosphere which would have withered all save keen sympathies. She was fertile in resource. She had a natural gift of working skilfully in womanly fashion with her hands. The little face under the softly masked brow remained small, and when the hazel eyes were clear, the mouth rosy, while the cheeks too had their roses, the head was a wonderful reproduction in form, coloring, and expression of the cherub head which Sir Joshua painted in so many different poses; having found the original in the head of the Honorable Isabella Gordon, the kinswoman of a bouncing beauty of a duchess and of a crazy fanatic who led a national riot. But sometimes the cherub was under a cloud, with drooping eyelids, drooping mouth, and a pale, wistful little face more suggestive of piteousness than beauty.

The last was not the normal aspect of the girl. She had a healthy constitution, physically and spiritually touched with the highest, finest influences. She had been accustomed to an isolated life in that most depressing atmosphere of age without the attributes which render a hoary head a crown of glory. But she was far from friendless either in her own class or among servants, working people, and poor people. In the neighborhood of Lambford there was a great deal of feeling for Iris Compton, an orphan under bad guardianship, though she never dreamt of herself as an object of compassion. The rector of the parish and his wife, well-meaning if somewhat self-conscious people, made a pet of her without any interference from Lady Fermor. Their only son, Ludovic Acton, was like a brother to Iris; and the daughter, nearest to Iris in age, was Iris's bosom friend, exalted by her lively imagination far beyond Lucy Acton's deserts, though Lucy was a good girl.

Iris had a happy temper and a mind that was neither suspicious, nor exacting, nor foreboding. She was always busy when she was by herself, as she was to a large extent when she was at home, with her share of the club books, her music, her art needle-work, her favorites among Lady Fermor's poultry, her rockery, and such assistance as she was sometimes allowed to give Lucy Acton in the church

choir and in parish work. Iris had a reserve of courage in her character, which lent an attribute of the heroic to the girlish womanhood. She had been thrown from her horse when riding with her groom near the town of Knotley, and had her collar-bone dislocated. She had been carried into a house, where she had given no trouble beyond begging her hostess to allow the doctor who attended Lord and Lady Fermor to come and set the bone and take her home in his brougham, in order to spare her grandmother the shock of hearing of the accident before she knew it was nothing and that Iris was safe back in her room at Lambford.

A painful accident occurred in the butler's pantry at Lambford; an unlucky footman in drawing the cork of a soda-water bottle wrenched off the neck and cut his hand severely. Everybody called out a remedy, but nobody could bring himself or herself to look at the wound or touch it. Then Iris ran in from the garden, bound up the gash, kept the bandage in its place, gave brandy to the man when he grew faint, and stayed to help the doctor after he arrived in time to take up the severed artery, because no one else had sufficient nerve to make him or her willing to become the medical man's assistant.

Lady Fermor was very angry when she knew what had taken place, and said if she had been aware of the disgraceful chicken-heartedness of every soul about the place, she would have ordered each and all, on pain of instant dismissal with a month's wages, to stand beside the doctor and prevent Miss Compton's being taken advantage of and put to such uses.

In spite of her ladyship's indignation, from that date, whenever a misadventure happened in the household, the sufferer was sure to make a secret humble application for help to Iris, though the girl protested laughingly her inexperience, and the absence on her part even of any intention of being trained for a nurse.

While things often went wrong at Lambford and in the world, Iris was as sure as she was of her own existence, that there was a Ruler over all who ordered things aright, and brought good out of evil, and light out of darkness. She believed he had work for her to do in his world, and would show her more and more clearly what it was, if she waited for him and did the least thing her hand found to do, with all her might, for the good of herself and her neighbors, to his praise. And when this scene of blessing and tribulation was ended, there remained the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelt righteousness and the Lord of righteousness.

Iris on the whole was a happy girl, as who should be if she were not? She was kept ignorant, as those nearest the sinner often are, of the worst of the iniquities of the past at Lambford. Still she heard and saw much to distress her, but while she shrank from further enlightenment, the wrong-doing fell away from her as something entirely foreign to her nature and history. She was very sorry sometimes. She could not fail to be grieved and shocked, but it was not for her to judge and condemn those who were far older than herself, her natural superiors. She had an inextinguishable spring of hope in these years. She was always hoping the best. This was especially true of the wound dealt to her affections by the knowledge that neither her poor old grandfather in his great infirmity, nor her grandmother in the possession of all her powers of mind, but bending under the heavy burden of an aged body, cared much for her.

Iris walked in the light of her innocence and rectitude in the love and fear of God, and in the honor of all men, unhurt by her harmful surroundings, one of the strange, sweet, incontestable answers to the carping, doubting question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

CHAPTER VII.

BY LADY THWAITE'S WORK-TABLE.

THERE are women one of the principal objects of whose lives consists in providing themselves with fine feathers, and in pluming the feathers after the wearers have got them. There are other women among whose chief aim is that of lining their nests luxuriously and agreeably, and displaying to envious neighbors those well-furnished nests. Not unfrequently these moods show themselves in the same women, and rather mark different stages of development than contrast of inclination in one person.

Lady Thwaite had married a man old enough to be her grandfather, without entertaining for him any of the sentiments of respect, gratitude, or pity, which could by the wildest flight of fancy have stood for parallel sympathies and mutual inclinations. She was one of a family of many poor, pretty daughters, belonging to the slenderly provided for widow of a hunting squire-parson, or "squarson" as

the type is sometimes entitled in Eastham. She hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt, especially in the shape of fine feathers, and she saw no other way of procuring these than by the marriage which she made.

To do Lady Thwaite justice she was just the wife old Sir John wanted, with the signal exception of there being no heir, to live and flourish after him instead of handing over Whitehills to degenerated Thwaites. She disappointed him in nothing else, and she was reasonably contented with the result she had achieved. So having accomplished two things which the world thoroughly approved, done well for herself, and made the most of her gains, she was popular; she was regarded as a fairly fortunate woman and a highly available acquaintance. Unlike old Lady Fermor in everything else, Lady Thwaite was like her in this, that both of them had always dispensed with female friends, and been perfectly satisfied with acquaintances of their own sex. Going back so far as her girlish days, Lady Thwaite's mother and sisters had been no more to her than intimate acquaintances. The point at which the resemblance broke down was that neither had Lady Thwaite shown any need of male friends. Beyond the wide, easy bond of acquaintanceship — and no woman cultivated more acquaintances, she had been sufficient for herself.

Mr. Miles, before he left, was as good as his word, in introducing Sir William to the former mistress of Whitehills. She struck an unsophisticated stranger as a fair-haired woman with a figure inclined to stoutness, and a fine presence which was "stunning" to him. Her black silk and crape and white cap set off her fairness, diminished her stoutness, and caused her to look younger than she really was. She received him with ease and friendliness, which might have been still more cordial if he had been able to advance half-way to meet her. There was nothing distressing in her allusions to Sir John. She spoke of the loss she had sustained with no more than the quiet gravity and gentle sadness which the death of so old a man was calculated to excite in his kindred of the second generation. She was his widow, no doubt, as her dress indicated, but only a widow who had been his contemporary could have experienced sharp pain or keen desolation at old Sir John's having passed away before her, by ever so short a time. Very soon the conversation took a more cheerful turn, and Lady Thwaite's social gifts, as a lively woman of the world, came out to anybody capable of appreciating her.

The interview had not proved very formidable, and from the date of the introduction the gentleman found himself, he could hardly tell how, in frequent communication with the lady. He did not like her particularly, though she was good enough to lay herself out to please him, but he had a sense that he ought to feel obliged to her for bearing no grudge against him after he had turned her out of his house, and he had an honest wish to serve her.

Lady Thwaite approved of Sir William's intention and recognized his capabilities of usefulness. She speedily extracted from him sundry china jars, a marquetrie table, and a pair of old Dutch leather screens which she considered would be acquisitions in her rooms.

Netherton was already a wonderfully cosy, pretty dowager house. Lady Thwaite had kept a careful, fostering eye on it, ever since she married Sir John, and particularly after the death of their son. She had moved in the background, but not the less successfully on that account. She had seen that the house was in perfect repair. She had bestowed unremitting attention on the improvement of the grounds. The place was not and could not be like Whitehills. It was only a smallish, nineteenth-century country house, built in the earlier years of the century, when bow windows were synonymous with light, not shade. The lawn was almost too like velvet in its pile to be spoilt — as it often was, to the mortification of the one adult gardener — by tennis. There was a carriage-drive in the perfection of order, and a belt of rarer, though younger shrubs and trees than any at Whitehills. Altogether it was a very different establishment from the ill-kept, run-out, over-crowded house from which Lady Thwaite had been led by Sir John.

The lady, like Mr. Miles, was gratified to find the representative of the family, whom she had elected to make her *protégé*, hopefully docile and tolerably presentable. Yet she felt a pang in connection with the thing which had gone nearest her heart, in the whole course of the deliberately planned, worldly prosperity of her life. It was the failure of the hopes with regard to her son. "To think such broad, manly shoulders and such a resolute mouth should have been given to a lout, a common soldier, while my boy, the

true heir of Whitehills, was like a thread-paper and had no more firmness in his poor loose lips than when he was a senseless baby," was her inaudible cry on the first peep she got at the new comer. But she swallowed the bitterness and was altogether bland and propitious, finding the subjects for conversation as became a fair, fat, well-bred woman, so good-natured and accessible in her circles that there sometimes crept out just the faintest suspicion of lady-like wheedling and cajoling in her attitude.

It was that fresh season of the year when spring is still glad, and not yet growing languid as it passes into the heat of summer. Chequers of sunshine and shade were woven on the floor of the pleasant room, where the fire, still gleaming on the tiles, was tempered by the open door, into the little conservatory, bringing wafts of fragrance from violets, lilies-of-the-valley, and jonquils. A far-away window open to the garden admitted the full-throated singing of blackbirds and thrushes in the early joy of mating. The silvery light crossing the soft gloom, kindled up here and there in chair-covers, *portières*, and cushions, admirably blended lines of cool blue and white creton, mellow olive velvet and dead gold plush. There was an effect like the wavering motion of leaves on the dull reds, and blues, and greens of the Turkey carpet, an ivory-tinted softness and delicacy in the revived satin-wood with its fine hand-painting of flowers and fruit, contrasted with the rich black of ebony in the framework of the piano, chairs, and settees. Of the pictures on the sober grey walls, that of old Sir John, padded, buttoned up, and looking as if he had just come from successive visits to his barber and his tailor, was in the merciful shadow; while Lady Thwaite's likeness, in the light, showed her considerately crowned with a small cap, and draped in a shawl so as not to look younger than her husband's daughter. There was also a careful representation of a baby shrouded in a cloak, not to be superseded by a bluff or prim little boy sitting on his pony or standing by his dog, the ordinary style for the heirs of the family as preserved at Whitehills.

Though April days invite to dawdling idleness out of doors, the April sun shone on manifold signs of busy idleness within the house. The temperate beams scattered themselves freely on newspapers and books, a well-filled music-stand, the paraphernalia of easel and color-boxes, and a dainty work-table containing half a dozen pieces of pretty work — all of which were necessaries of life to Lady Thwaite.

Sir William, late private in one of her Majesty's infantry regiments, remained an incongruous figure, not at home in such an *entourage*. It must be confessed that he was not in himself entertaining, so Lady Thwaite had ensconced him in one of those torturing, retreating, subsiding seats of the second last fashion, in which no man who was not to the manner born could have settled himself otherwise than uncomfortably and awkwardly. She was talking to him in her smiling, fluent manner on subjects of which he could know nothing. If he answered at all, he must either express the most refreshing ignorance, or perpetrate the most grotesque mistakes. She asked him to help her with the arrangement of some of her silks and wools, and he did not see how he could refuse to oblige her, by declining to comply with her demurely put request. But his proceedings, while she would take care that they did no harm to her property, must be more ludicrous than those of Hercules with Omphale's spinning-gear, for Hercules had the unfettered mien of a demigod, while Omphale's establishment was sure to have been simplicity itself. Sir William's spasmodic actions in the Netherton drawing-room bore more resemblance to the uncouth demonstrations of a bull in a china shop.

"Ah! there is somebody coming," Lady Thwaite cried, interrupting her little game, as a shadow crossed the window. "I believe it is Iris Compton. Don't go, Sir William," — detaining him when he sought to accomplish a shamefaced retreat. "You may rise if you will, that is if you can. Let me give you my hand. Dear! dear! I must bid Charles take away these low chairs with their sloping backs. They are a snare to half the people who sit down in them. Miss Compton ought to be one of the belles of the neighborhood, though her fine figure is rather slight even for a girl." She favored him with a preparatory criticism, sitting serene in her own becoming matronly bountifulness of outline. "There is certainly a suspicion of red in her hair — ill-natured people call it red — and her face is too small; it is even inclined to be chubby. But in spite of trifling defects she would be one of the county beauties if she were properly seen. She goes out very little, however; her relations are very old and don't live in the world; all the same you must know her like everybody else some day, and I am charmed

that the encounter should take place here. I am fond of young people meeting and making themselves at home at Netherton. It is not so very long since I was young myself, but my youth passed soon," remarked Lady Thwaite with an echo of pensiveness in the reflection, pausing as if she expected to be contradicted, and then going on with a furtive smile, faintly acidulated, at the omission of any contradiction, "Poor, dear Sir John liked the society of his contemporaries, naturally, and I was only too happy to accommodate myself to his tastes. It was no less my pleasure than my duty, and you cannot think the comfort it is to me to remember that now. Ah! here she comes."

Sir William recollected perfectly what he had heard of Miss Compton and her grandmother, Lady Fermor. He had struggled out of the cramping chair, and, as he stood stiffly, feeling very much in the way, he glanced up, expecting to see a woman like Lady Thwaite, but younger. His eyes fell on the tall, erect figure of a girl like a straight, slim sapling. She wore a dark blue velveteen gown and jacket, with a little cap of the same color. Beneath it was the loveliest silken thatch of hair, not unlike his own in hue, but how different in texture, as it strayed and curled at its own sweet will! Beneath the thatch was a line of white forehead and fine brows, with the rest of a little face lit up by hazel eyes, half eager, half wise. The round cheeks were rosy; still rosier was the delicate mouth, which had no inherent weakness in the curve that broke its straight line. She was smiling upon him, and going through her part of the introduction as if she liked it, and wished him well.

He had, not seen, he had not so much as conceived of a beautiful, simply refined girl like this, with so much of the child in her that she gave him the sense of being open and frank as the day. Yet there was something in her which daunted him, more than he was impressed by anything in the mature woman of the world beside him; though when he was beside Lady Thwaite she had him in her power, and caused him to do her behests.

In the presence of a third person Lady Thwaite was doubly bound to refrain from the faintest approach to making game of her kinsman and guest. But she imagined Sir William did not see what she was about. Iris Compton was not much of a third person, while her company enhanced the fun of the thing to such an extent that Lady Thwaite could not resist prolonging the joke, were it only to watch its effect on Iris, and how far her gravity would stand the strain to which it was subjected.

Lady Thwaite sought to inveigle Sir William back into the hollow of the detestable cavernous chair. She gravely asked his opinion of the genuineness of her old Chelsea. She said Miss Compton would excuse them if they went on winding their silk, after a scene in a great English classic which Sir William must recall.

Iris's carnation cheeks flushed a rosier red. She started up, as when she ran to the aid of the unfortunate footman with the gash across his palm. It was a mental wound which at this moment called for her aid, and she could no more withhold it from the second than from the first sufferer. To be art and part in hurting anybody's feelings, wilfully and wantonly, was about as impossible to Iris Compton, as to conspire in dealing a stab with a knife, or to refrain from seeking to stem the flow of the life blood. Nay, she went farther in her sensitiveness, her own feelings were hurt in the hurt feelings of her neighbors, with a keenness which was positively painful. In addition, she endured uncalled-for remorse and affront as if she were accessory to the offence.

Iris protested quickly, "No, no, Lady Thwaite, I can help you far better — Sir William will forgive me for saying so. Besides, what has become of the ingenious winding-machine you showed me the last time I was here? Ah! I see it on the table in the corner. If you have tired of using it let me try it."

She sat down, made the machine fast to the table, and twirled it round with her light fingers. She kept up the other ball of small talk with Lady Thwaite, making it turn upon the weather, about which anybody surely could venture an observation. Then she referred tentatively to the meteorological signals from America transmitted across the ocean. At last diverging adventurously to sea voyages, she said pleasantly that she believed Sir William Thwaite was the only person present who had any experience in that respect. The manœuvre was as prettily ingenious as the winding-machine, without containing a grain of affability or patronage.

He could not help answering the bright appeal. He said he had made two voyages, the one in rough and the other in fine weather, and he could not help thinking she — the ladies before him, would

have liked the sea and the great steamer after they had grown accustomed to the motion of the vessel.

Lady Thwaite, restored to her good behavior, professed an ardent interest in porpoises, albatrosses, and flying-fish, as if each belonged by right to the other, jumbling the whole together in a somewhat astounding fashion for so clever and fully equipped a woman.

Then more visitors came in whom Lady Thwaite went to entertain, while Miss Compton stayed for a few minutes talking to Sir William. She set him at his ease in the simplest, kindest manner. She made him feel that he was the conveyer to her of some unsophistically, graphically given descriptions of wonderful places where she had never been and was never likely to be. He was able to tell her particulars worth hearing of the Hooghly and the Sunderbunds, the Ganges and the Ghauts, Delhi and Benares, and far-away Affghanistan.

Suddenly he broke off and startled her with the mute eloquence of those dark-blue eyes of his, before he began to speak on a totally different theme. He was so stirred and roused by her sweetness and fellow-feeling that he was moved to confide in her.

"I have not read much," he said modestly, "mostly travels and histories of campaigns such as they provide for fellows in barracks, but I have been turning over some of the Whitehills books since I came here — stories and that kind of stuff. I think I know the book and picture Lady Thwaite referred to. But if I am like that nabob fellow — though I have not brought home shawls and muslins and fine stones, how can she compare herself to the woman who tried to take him in?"

"Oh, she did not mean to carry out the comparison, she was not in earnest," said Iris, coloring and very much in earnest herself, to reassure him and to withdraw if possible the sting from the absurd simile. "Thackeray is so popular that a trifle recalls his famous scenes, don't you see?"

He did see that she was good to him. Was she one of those fine young ladies — as good as she was fine — of whom Jen had spoken? But if so she was only the farther removed from him. Whatever her grandmother might be, these lips of hers looked as if they had never spoken an unbecoming word, while his had been soiled by the coarse language of the barrack yard and the ale-house. He was surprised that he could have taken it upon him to speak to her; yet here again she was in her innocent ignorance asking him more questions about punkahs and howdahs, elephants and tigers, and pretending interest in his answers, so that he could not reply shortly and evasively.

Lady Thwaite cast a doubtful, inquiring look at the couple.

"Can that girl be making a dead set at my Sir William? Did I ruffle the gentleman? Has he got on so fast that his pride has to be studied? My humblest apologies to him; my bear is learning to dance. It is the first time she has seen him. If it were any one else I should know what to think, but Iris Compton is half a goose, half a saint, and she may just as well leave her settlement in life to that formidable grandmother of hers, who will never suffer another finger — not that of the person principally concerned — in the pie."

He rode home, wondering if he should ever see Iris Compton again, and assuring himself that it did not signify in the very least whether he did or not. She was a creature made of another clay. He was a fallen spirit beside her. In her beauty, which he compared to that of an angel, and her tenderness of heart, she could feel compassion for his degradation and for his miserably false position; but as to drawing nearer to her, the step was impossible, and he would die sooner than take advantage of her. Yet, apart from so gross an abuse of her charity, he had a notion that he could have gone on speaking to her, enticed by her gentle encouragement — even telling her of Jen and Lawrie and beseeching her forgiveness as if he had sinned against her in his sins against them, and in his rough falls — begging for counsel and guidance in the troubled life which lay before him.

Iris Compton drove back to Lambford and went to her grandmother with the scrap of news she would care to hear.

"I have met Sir William Thwaite, grandmamma. He was with Lady Thwaite at Netherton when I called," she addressed a wizened mummy in an envelope of sealskin drawn over a quilted woollen dressing-gown, hugging her dressing-room fire, but turning on the speaker a pair of the keenest, most undimmed, cat-like eyes that were ever sunk in the puckered, fallen-in face of a human being who had seen more than eighty summers and winters.

"You were in luck, child," said the old lady, propitiated by the offering. "What was the ogre like?"

"He was not very big," answered Iris with momentarily stupid literalness, puzzled at the same time to give a description that would satisfy her grandmother. "He seemed a good sort of young man. He was homespun certainly, but he did not assume anything. I rather liked him." Then she went on with a great deal more animation. "I don't think Lady Thwaite was behaving well to him. She was amusing herself at his expense when I went in, and she wished me to join in the amusement. From what he said afterwards, I think he saw what she was about. I hope it was not officious in me to try and stop it, but I could not stay and look on and laugh in my sleeve, as she meant me to do."

Lady Fermor did not care either for what her granddaughter had thought or done, though these were exactly the points which would have bulked largely in the minds of most mothers and grandmothers. She was only interested in Lady Thwaite and Sir William. "Just like Ada Thwaite," she began, with an impatient snort; "always taking her own in the way of diversion when she cannot take it in more solid coin, picking the parvenu's pockets, no doubt, and in the act showing him up to the polite world."

"But she is very good-natured," remonstrated Iris, beginning to repent of her own censure; "she put herself about to chaperon me to the hunt-ball before Sir John's death, and she drove all round by Cavesham the other day, to ask at the station for your parcel, which was supposed to have been left there."

"She is as fond of company as the youngest chit she professes to take care of; and she wanted an excuse to call and hear what I had to say about the bumpkin baronet. She thought I might remember something of wild Dicky Thwaite, but though I have met one of his nephews, he had done for himself and left this part of the country long before I came to it. I suppose she will imagine I saw Noah go into the ark next. You have never told me what the man is like?"

"He seemed a good sort of young man," repeated Iris not very clearly.

Lady Fermor gave another snort. "That is nothing to the purpose, unless you thought of engaging him for a footman," she said ironically. "I conclude you know a man when you see him. Is he a fine-looking fellow under his rough rearing? or is he a cut below being polished? I have known the day when I should not have had to take at second hand the report of any young spark in my neighborhood."

"I think he is rather nice-looking — I should say so — yes, I am sure; he has good eyes," hesitated Iris, growing confused under the cross-examination and the certainty of giving fresh offence. Conscious, too, alas! that, though she had shared in the lively curiosity of the neighborhood, still after the first glance, she had not bestowed the most careful inspection on Sir William's outer man.

"You will tell me next that he has a nose and mouth like other people," cried Lady Fermor scornfully, "and that he speaks when he is spoken to. But I will judge of Sir William Thwaite for myself. I shall drive over and leave Lord Fermor's card, and then invite the man to a family dinner. He is our nearest neighbor, and we have not too many available neighbors; only old fogies and young scamps out-at-elbows, and long-faced hypocrites. I don't know what has become of all the honest, open-hearted, open-handed fellows I knew when I was young."

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR WILLIAM'S FIRST FAMILY DINNER.

LADY FERMOR was as good as her word. She left Lord Fermor's card, she invited Sir William, and, although he had refused other invitations, he accepted this, drawn by an attraction he fought against in vain.

"The old woman may not be too particular," Sir William brooded; "if all is true that is said of her, she ought not to be. But Miss Compton will not look twice at a clodhopper — at worse than a clodhopper, a wild, senseless brute when I was drunk. By George, if she heard of what happened at Nhilpoor — that I rubbed shoulders with the lash, the next thing to rubbing shoulders with the gallows! How dare I go where she is? What if I were found out, and kicked out, as I deserve to be?"

He went, however, committing the presumption and braving the risk.

Lambford had been an old house not unlike Whitehills, but, in an evil hour for architectural harmony, Lord Fermor had built an addition to the house in the utmost discordance with the original, and in the worst possible taste. He had tacked on a new wing twice as high and half-a dozen times as ornamental as the main body of the building. The entrance, by a great flight of stairs, penetrated this wing, and in this favorite quarter were the pub-

lic rooms, with their ceilings so high that the size of the apartments did not keep them from looking like telescopes. As much light as the season permitted poured between the curtains of rows of great windows extending from floor almost to ceiling. Huge heavy marble chimney-pieces surmounted the great grates of polished steel. When Lady Fermor came to Lambford she had caused the principal rooms to be refurnished according to her theory. This was, if a man wanted a handsome dining-room and drawing-room — and if they were not handsome, what were they? — bid him go in for good bright colors, massiveness of form, and plenty of carving. Above all, don't let him grudge plate-glass and gilding. She hated the dim, dirty tints that people pretended to admire nowadays. And as for lattice panes of green glass, worm-eaten chests and cupboards, rickety rush-bottom chairs, and blinking wax candles instead of paraffine lamps, she would not harbor such trash in her garrets. Lambford had been a place to strike the eye when she ordered its upholstery. It had been as magnificent as some of the saloons she had seen in Paris. She admitted the gilding had become tarnished, and the gorgeous colors in the big patterns had parted with much of their splendor, but the solid mahogany, walnut, and rosewood, and the colossal mirrors had worn well, and would last her time. For true superbness of style recommend her to the era which reflected the influence of the first gentleman in Europe, George, prince regent.

Sir William Thwaite was certainly impressed when he was shown into the loud, loaded, once costly drawing-rooms, where there was not a particle of evidence of culture beyond an appetite for barbaric weight and glitter, and where the worn, smirched traces of age brought no kindly air of family use and wont — no sense of domestic charities. Lady Fermor had presided with spirit all her own over a great house, but she had never made it a home. Lord Fermor, who had been born and spent his youth there, had no homelike feeling attached to the place, except what belonged to a shut-up portion of the older half of the house, to his private sitting-room and the billiard-room, and to the stables and the kennels, when he was still able to frequent them. Iris was the single member of the household, out of the servants' hall, who had found a home at Lambford; but her home was centred in the old schoolroom, which she was allowed to keep for her morning and working room, and her white, dimity-hung bedroom.

To Sir William's uninitiated eyes Lambford looked as grand as a palace — not so far removed in its atmosphere from some of the marvellous Indian palaces which he had visited; but it was not in a palace like this that he would have expected to meet a princess like Iris Compton. On the whole, mock palace as it was till Iris came in, he knew himself less out of his old element than he had been conscious of feeling in Lady Thwaite's drawing-room. Lady Fermor, with her strong passions unbridled in the violence of their prime, her long expatriation from any save the fastest and shadiest society, had forfeited in a large measure any claims she had ever possessed to gentle bearing. She was not very different, except in accent and phrase, from the coarse, untrammelled queens of some of the baggage-wagons.

But to do Lady Fermor justice there were other reasons why Sir William should feel at ease with her. All that was most honest and least vindictive in her nature came out when she encountered simple youthful manhood, as the best in many bad women is shown where little children are in question. Men had always exercised far more influence over Lady Fermor than women, and it is just possible that if she had come in contact with better men when she began her career, if she had even borne a son in her younger days, she might have been a very imperfect but a far less guilty woman than she had lived to prove herself.

She had Sir William brought up to her sofa, where she sat by the side of a blazing fire, with her Indian shawl wrapped round the bent, shrunk figure which had once been that of a tall woman, while the yellow old lace of her ruffles and headdress flapped about her shrivelled hands and creased and crumpled face. She looked him through as he came up to her, and then she rose with the slow stiffness of her years; but there was no stiffness in the cordial tones of the cracked but still resounding voice with which she greeted him, as her young neighbor and friend.

She bade him sit down beside her and began to talk of horses and dogs, of which in truth he did not know much. But as most young men have at their command some sort of vocabulary where these interesting lower animals are concerned, and as she led the conversation, the circumscribed character of his information

did not become conspicuously apparent. She went on to farming, of which Mr. Miles had been talking to the squire of Whitehills, and on which his mind had been naturally dwelling a good deal since he came to the place. Lady Fermor in ruling for her lord had done a considerable amount of highhanded farming for him. She was quite competent to speak on the rotation of crops, on short-horns, South Downs, and Berkshire pigs. And her listener would have followed her vigorous, if one-sided details, with comprehension and tolerable interest, if his attention had not been distracted by the obligation of listening for a coming footstep, varied by an aroused, disturbed apprehension — since he was not acquainted with the habits of the dwellers in these regions — that Miss Compton might not appear or dine with him and her grandmother as he had counted upon her doing.

At last Iris came in, advanced straight to him, and with an outstretched hand and eyes raised to his face, said, without the slightest semblance of insincerity, that she was very glad to see him. At that moment he felt as if it would have been a relief if she had stayed away, he was so dazzled by the vision before him; and mingled with the dazzling there was so little self-assurance and so much trepidation, approaching to discomfiture. He had seen ladies in full dress as he had seen feasts before, but both had been at a distance, and he had never seen any lady like Iris Compton.

Iris wore an Indian muslin with a little bunch of blue field hyacinths at her throat, agreeing with the turquoise brooch that fastened them, the turquoise earrings and bracelets, and the turquoises set in the handle of her ivory fan.

Sir William felt abashed by the fair sight. He shrank secretly from the notion that he might be "paired" with her, which seemed to him not unlikely from their similarity in age, and because there were no other young people present. He was not aware that his rank and importance as a stranger awarded Lady Fermor to him, and that Iris was destined, as a matter of course, to the only other guest present, a middle-aged Major Pollock from Knotley.

Lord Fermor, though in fact younger in years than his wife, was too feeble to take his place at table. The company formed a *partie carrée*, somebody said, which was a statement as mysterious as any sentence in a Chaldean manuscript to Sir William, but he swallowed it with courageous stolidity, as he did many more things. He sat at the right hand of Lady Fermor, and continued to hear her opinions on farm stock and the grain markets. He was not asked to carve. Her ladyship had accepted a fashion which chimed in with the disqualifications that had long been invading the powers of the host and hostess at Lambford. Everything was carved at the sideboard. There was actually nothing to disturb the guest, whom her ladyship delighted to honor, in his proper business of dining and listening to his companion, unless he let his eyes and thoughts stray to the couple opposite. He had conceived an instant aversion to Major Pollock, which subsequent inquiries justified. He was a gentleman of decidedly objectionable antecedents, whose only merit, if it could be called a merit, was that, when a young man, he had stood by Lady Fermor in the miserable crisis of her history. She boasted that she never forgot an old friend, therefore Pollock continued an *habitué* of the house, though in this instance the wicked had not flourished like a green bay tree. The major had played what might have been a pleasant, but what had also been an unmistakably losing game throughout the greater part of his life. His ungilded sins were not of such a remote date as to have sunk into partial oblivion like Lady Fermor's; one especially — an affair at a London club, which his fellow-men had decided to be of an aggravated character, and had insisted on regarding with righteous indignation — had very nearly done for the gentleman. This was true even in the wilds of Eastham, to which he had returned with his fallen fortunes, setting up a bachelor's household — fastidious only on the grand questions of meat and drink — in a house which belonged to his family, in the market town of Knotley.

All these parings of biography Sir William picked up and fitted together later. His dislike to his *vis-à-vis*, with his burly person, exceedingly black hair, twirled moustache, and crows' toes, was purely instinctive. Sir William had not even the excuse of finding Major Pollock on a detestably friendly footing with Miss Compton, such as the gentleman's freedom of the house, and the unceremonious terms he was on with Lady Fermor, might have warranted. It was clear that even Miss Compton's unsophisticatedness and good-nature rebelled against the mingled leer and sneer which constituted Major Pollock's odious expression where women were concerned. She looked as if she

had an uneasy sense — similar to the old pricking of the thumbs — of something evil, beyond her power to cope with and remedy, in her vicinity. Even a neophite could not mistake the constrained civility of her bearing to her partner at table. He submitted to take his cue from her, probably with the sullen, cowed notion that Lady Fermor, who kept all that remained of her graceless satellites well in hand, approved of her granddaughter's conduct in this particular, and did not choose that a notorious black sheep should approach too closely to the girl.

The *contretemps* of the evening occurred when Sir William drew back his glass, a third time, as it was about to be filled.

"What is it, Sir William?" cried the old woman of the world, puzzled, through all her accumulated knowledge, at this marked instance of abstinence. "If you will not have Château Margeaux, try Madeira, or do you prefer dry champagne? We must have some brand that will suit you. Let me help you myself."

"Thank you, my lady," said the incorrigible Sir William, not troubled by the form of address, but showing symptoms of agitation at the hospitable contention which he foresaw awaited him, and which was inexpressibly painful to him, "I don't drink anything except water; I never do."

"Not drink anything except water!" exclaimed Lady Fermor, in so high a key as to have attracted the attention of the whole party if it had been otherwise engaged, and not lying in wait for any general discussion, "I have heard that the old, under-bred temperance movement is spreading in odd quarters, and making the noise in the world which empty tomfoolery always makes. Acton," naming her rector, "has taken it up — Bands of Hope, coffee-houses and all, 'for the good of his working-men,' he says, as if his working women never enter an ale-house, or as if his claret has anything to do with their beer. But you are not a parson; there is no earthly call for you to serve as an example."

"It is not that; it is my own look-out," he stammered bluntly, fidgeting and crimsoning, thinking that he was badgered, and conscious that his temper was rising, but striving to bridle it in such a presence; "a friend made me promise."

"Oh, bother such promises!" interrupted Lady Fermor with impatient scorn; "I wonder you pay heed to such stuff. Some officious idiot has taken advantage of you."

While he listened — amidst what seemed to him the splendor of the Lambford dining-table, with its blaze of lights, its glittering silver and crystal, its sweet flowers and dainty cheer — there rose up before him the interior of a soldier's hut, and the spectacle of Jen worn out by her efforts to save him, pleading with her last gasp that he might redeem himself from destruction.

His manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. He lost command over himself. His blue eyes sparkled like steel. "I will do as I choose in what is nobody's business save my own," he shouted, looking round him fiercely; "and whatever you or other gentlefolks may think of promises, I will keep mine."

He brought down his clenched hand with violence on the table.

The effect of a sudden thunderclap so loud as to warrant the suspicion that the house had been struck, might have borne some resemblance to the shock Sir William produced. Lady Fermor, possibly for the first time in her long life, sat open-mouthed, with her shaking hand, arrested on its road to a bottle, which a servant was presenting to her, lying orthodoxly on its side.

Major Pollock swore a private oath, which had to do with a "canting brute," champed his moustache to prevent an audible "Haw! haw!" or a snarling reminder of his warning of what might come of ladies having anything to do with the scum of a barrack-yard such as he had known, even though this man had been discovered to represent a baronet and squire.

Iris looked half frightened, but her eyes shone.

The servants, not unaccustomed to extraordinary demonstrations at Lambford, preserved their composure, though they were posed by a novelty.

Sir William, who had become as pale as he had been red, rose to his feet. "I have to beg every one's pardon if I have given offence and been insufferably rude," he said, with proud humility, inadvertently glancing across at Iris. "Everybody knows what I am come from, that I have grown up a rough chap, unfit for such company."

Lady Fermor interrupted him. She had been looking him through again, and now she put her weak hand, with an imperative gesture, on his arm, as a signal to him to sit down again. "My dear boy — you will suffer the word from an old woman," she said a little hoarsely, "let

the matter rest. You shall never be interfered with again, though you should take it into your head to eat pulse as well as to drink water. I could have wished, for your own sake, you had not adopted this freak, for it will be against your making your way in the county. You see I speak plainly in defence of my opinions, though plenty of people will tell you they are not worth defending. But the affair is your own, as you say. If anybody is called on to apologize for getting up a row, I think I ought to figure as the guilty person. But I have lived more than eighty years a sinner instead of a saint, so what would you have?"

"Nothing, nothing," he protested incoherently; "you can't suppose that I want you to excuse yourself, that I did not guess you meant kindly by me, or that I sought to dictate — save the mark! — to anybody."

"Well, then, we'll let the argument drop and the dinner go on in peace," said Lady Fermor, with the quickly restored philosophy of a once practised judge of appeal in dinner and card-table squabbles.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CARD-TABLES.

Lady Fermor showed no diminution of favor to Sir William because of the sharp skirmish that had followed his introduction to her house. She would never have forgiven a woman for persistent opposition to her will, and the consequent outrage on conventional good manners. But her estimate of men had always been as far apart as the poles from her judgment of women. She liked men to have wills of their own.

When she rose from the table she took Sir William's arm, availing herself of his support instead of her old ally's aid, or her granddaughter's shoulder, or her own stick, to help her to reach the drawing-room, where she still kept her new friend by her side. She improved on her lectures on agriculture by presenting him with sketches — pungent, though kept within bounds — drawn from her circle of neighbors.

Once Major Pollock tried to strike in with a malicious inquiry whether Sir William still interested himself in military matters. The public found men in every branch of the service favoring it with their experience nowadays. It might be worth while to get Sir William's opinion on recruits, or rations, or the like. Major Pollock felt sure it would carry weight, and would receive all the attention it deserved.

Sir William had from the first looked askance at the half-pay officer — who, by the way, had never seen more distant regimental quarters than were to be found in Ireland — and now knit his brows in perplexity and annoyance. But Lady Fermor promptly interposed and put a stop to the cross-examination. She was more than a match for a creature like Pollock, and she would show him what he should have for his impertinence in daring to plague any person she protected. "We will have no shop talk here, Pollock," she said with grim decision. "Indeed, your theories must be so antiquated, and, if I am not mistaken, some of your recollections of your old regiment so disagreeable, that I recommend you not to attempt to compare notes with Sir William here or anywhere;" a significant reminder which caused the gentleman to retreat with a scowl.

Tea and coffee were brought in. Major Pollock read the newspapers sulkily. Iris flitted like a white butterfly through the great gorgeous room.

"Play or sing something, child," cried her grandmother; and then from the grand piano, massive like the rest of the furniture, though the march of time had reached the instrument in its corner, there issued for the intruder not the bravura strains which the once strong fingers of Lady Fermor had forced from the cracking strings, but the music of the spheres wistfully rising and softly falling and dying away; songs with words and without words, by Schubert and Mendelssohn, Chopin's passionate, pathetic Polish mazurkas, quaint, tender ballads by unknown singers in the far-off, misty past. He on whose ear every note thrilled, would sooner have faced the cannon's mouth hot with the death-warrants of battle, than approached uninvited the girlish figure behind the heavy barricade, even though he had been freed from Lady Fermor's detention.

Though Lord Fermor could no longer take the foot of his table at dinner, he tottered into the drawing-room on the arm of his valet. The peer was a bent wreck of a man, with lack-lustre eyes, and a tongue which still wagged at intervals, no doubt, but had ceased to be under the sure control of the brain. He looked so pitiable an object, that Sir William sprang up, as if he, a young man in his strength, were fain to salute age in its last mournful decay.

"Come along, Fermor," cried Lady Fermor in what had been her view-halloo voice, "you are as fresh as a daisy to-night. We'll have you following the hounds again, one of these fine days."

"If you say so, my lady," piped Lord Fermor in his thin treble, showing his toothless gums, with the ghost of a smile for the woman who had been his ruin and was his last stay, "then it must be all right. But where are the card-tables?"

Cards were the sole means of excitement remaining to the couple; and to do the two justice, it was more for a necessary stimulant, than from an unholy greed of gain, that Lambford had acquired its last bad name for play. Lord Fermor's encumbered rent-roll was still more than enough for their fast diminishing expenses, and would last their time, while Iris was the only descendant of the two to profit by their acquisitions. There was an heir to the barony and entailed estate who was a nephew of the present Lord Fermor, his first wife having died childless. But though the reigning peer and his second wife consented to accept Mr. Mildmay's tardy overtures, the master and mistress of Lambford cared nothing for their successor, naturally. They regarded him as looking out for their deaths, and taking stock of what was to come to him, every time he showed his face at his future place.

Major Pollock had thrown down his paper to be ready for action, though he received no further encouragement from his host than a peevish, scantily civil, "Dear me, Pollock, have you ventured out in this east wind? I rather wonder at you, but since you are here, you'll help us with some game or other."

"All of us have not your privileges, Lord Fermor," said Major Pollock dryly, "but it is always something to be of use."

"I am afraid to ask if you play cards, Sir William," said Lady Fermor, with the drollest suspicion of timidity, which was yet perfectly sincere, in her voice and manner, as she spoke to her next neighbor in a tone half doubtful, half insinuating.

"I have played," he admitted, "but I may not know any of your games."

"*N'importe, mon cher*, I will teach you," she said gayly.

"No, Pollock, you are to have nothing to do with the lesson," she interposed peremptorily, to prevent a quick movement of the major in their direction; "Sir William is to be my pupil, and my opponent when he has learnt his lesson, do you hear? I don't want any interference with the course of instruction which I propose to give him."

"Very well, Lady Fermor, you shall make your little game," said Major Pollock, retreating with a shrug and the beginning of a snarl worked off by the relief of delivering an unpleasant *double entendre*, "I may as well take myself off, and face the east wind which has incurred Fermor's displeasure, since I cannot even have the comfort of finding myself useful."

"Bosh, Pollock," exclaimed the old lady, who belonged to the generation of women that had taken delight in addressing men freely by their surnames. In fact she was even now dropping the formal "Sir William," and, somewhat to his surprise, calling her newest fancy "Thwaite," as his old comrades' wives had done. She was not out of humor. She had just been propitiated by Sir William's concession to card-playing. She desired to make amends to her old ally. "You are not going to set up being thin-skinned at this time of the day," she rallied him; "you know I don't like my lord to play without me at his elbow, since he is not able for too much excitement, and wants me to keep him in order, don't you, Fermor? But there, you may tackle him to-night, and Iris will help him with his cards."

"Thanks," said Major Pollock. "It will be an unequal match; I shall have to put forth all my skill against the combined forces of Lord Fermor and Miss Compton. Besides, don't you think" — he passed behind her chair and dropped the words into her ear — "it is late in the day for me to begin to play the parts of dry nurse and keeper?"

She frowned with rising wrath, but she shook her fan at him the next moment. "You are a queer creature. You have gone on finding fault with the side on which your bread was buttered, ever since I have known you, and as that is neither to-day nor yesterday, I fancy I must put up with you to the end."

Sir William ran the most imminent risk of convincing Lady Fermor, against her will, that he was a blockhead of the first water, for the same couple that had threatened to play ducks and drakes with his powers of attention and response during dinner, now formed part of a trio, with only two little tables between him and them. Major Pollock, whose sight was failing, sat turned to one side in order to

catch the full light from the lamp on its stand just behind him. He did not serve as a screen to shut out the view of Miss Compton and her grandfather from the furtive gazer. Dewy youth and decrepit age sat side by side, as Iris marshalled her grandfather's cards, put them into his fumbling hands to play out in their order, and marked his numbers for him. She devoted all her care to Lord Fermor, as if she would look as little as possible at their antagonist.

Major Pollock did not play with the scornful, reckless indifference that he might have displayed, had there not been golden stakes on which his eyes gloated; for he was a broken-down gentleman, up to the neck in difficulties, as everybody knew. But Iris did not wish him to have her grandfather's money. Major Pollock made her very angry by the want of feeling and reverence with which he took off, every now and then, the scarcely conscious old man's pitiable weaknesses, turning them almost openly into merciless ridicule. She believed he dared not have done it, if Lady Fermor had been disengaged enough to see what he was about, but he dared to do it before her, Iris, in mean revenge for being set down to play this poor little game of bézique instead of being allowed to play a higher game.

As a rule Iris was not called on to assist at any of the Lambford card-tables unless her grandfather and grandmother were alone, when they strictly limited their necessarily tame diversion to taking from Peter to give to Paul. It was the first battle she had fought on her own — that is on her grandfather's account against an unscrupulous adversary. She regarded the field as unworthy, but she stood by her guns and showed no want of courage and determination. Young as she was, the protective instinct was already strong in her. All that Sir William understood of the pantomime, was that Iris's little face was flushed, and her lovely bow of a mouth straightened and compressed. If he could only have seen beneath the soft, fine rings curling like a child's hair on her forehead, he would have discovered that the big brow which ought to have been smooth as ivory, was ruffled and rumpled with intentness and vexation.

The young man could not imagine that the girl cared any more than he did for the little heap of sovereigns with which, at Lady Fermor's suggestion, he and she had also adorned their table. Any former experience he had enjoyed in this line, had been in trials of chance of a nature little better than pitch and toss, and in betting on such races as some of his officers had managed to get up even in India. His losses had never been so deadly as to imbue either himself or Jen with a horror of the propensity. But he could see that Miss Compton had enough to try her. Not merely was her grandfather inclined to be aimlessly restive and to remonstrate without any distinct notion of what he objected to, with regard to every card she sought out, and number she marked. Between the deals, Lord Fermor's clouded memory invariably reverted to an awkward subject of inquiry. "Who is the youngster playing with your grandmother, girl?" he demanded irritably, over and over again. He spoke as if the knowledge had been wilfully and injuriously withheld from him, and Iris had to hasten to reply in a succession of explanations delivered, with regard to Lord Fermor's deafness, in full ear-shot of the object of his curiosity. She bit her lips and looked in an opposite direction, as she kept saying every time, "It is Sir William Thwaite, grandpapa."

"And who the mischief is Sir William Thwaite? never heard of him in all my days," grumbled the insatiable questioner.

"Oh, Sir William who has succeeded old Sir John, and has lately come to Whitehills."

"What! Is Sir John dead? Why have I never heard of it? Who the dickens will go next, I wonder?"

She would not laugh, because Major Pollock was grinning maliciously without scruple or disguise. And if that grin were observed either by Lord Fermor or Sir William, it might be enough to exasperate the innocent offender into a frenzy, or to cover the still more innocent victim with confusion of face. She bore the assaults on her patience and temper wonderfully, but at last her girlish gravity gave way; yet even in yielding to the irresistible provocation, she did not join in Major Pollock's laugh. She looked across with half-shy frankness and laughed a deprecating appeal to Sir William, who colored to the roots of his hair as he smiled slowly back to her. She was like an angel, Sir William vowed, with a swelling heart, and he was inspired and emboldened to take a step on which he would not have ventured earlier. When the game was finished and everybody rose, he happened to be standing near Iris for a moment. In that moment he had "the impudence," as he called it afterwards, to

speak to her for a second time aside, to beg her pardon specially.

"I am sorry for what took place during dinner," he muttered. "Lady Fermor has been good enough to look over it, but I behaved like a sulky brute."

She glanced up at him with a light kindling in her hazel eyes, her face grew grave, but it was very gentle and sweet in its womanly gravity. She spoke with generous impulsiveness, "Don't apologize, I am sure you did quite right."

The Greek Iris was said to cut the last strand of human destiny, to refresh the parched earth by pouring down rivers of waters from the lowering clouds, and then to glorify them with all the colors of the rainbow. But this English Iris unwittingly knotted instead of cutting a terrible tangle in a poor mortal's career, poured out the beginning of a flood of trouble and sorrow on his devoted head, and then shone above him in incomparable radiance, as if that could have brought any balm to his woes.

From The Contemporary Review.

ABOUT OLD AND NEW NOVELS.

THIS essay — the scanty fruit of a long leisure, shortened only by light reading and reflection on it — was originally to be entitled, "Why are old novels so entertaining and modern ones so tedious?" Fortunately for him, the author met in time a highly cultured, and, on the whole, unprejudiced English lady who confessed to him that she had never been able to read "Tom Jones" to the end, whilst a young diplomat of literary pretensions assured him that "The Nabob" was infinitely more entertaining than "Don Quixote." Then only the author began to understand how relative an idea is attached to the word "entertaining," and that perhaps the modern reader is quite as accountable as the modern novelist, if the novel of to-day is so — well, so different from the old. Let us then speak only of this difference. For why establish supervision, distribute praise and blame, by which nobody learns anything, when it is so much more instructive to investigate the what and the why of certain phenomena, and to leave every one to be judge of his pleasure and displeasure.

As, however, there has been a question of entertaining reading, be it understood from the beginning that the amusement novel, properly so called — *i.e.*, that which has no other aim but amusement, and which the French have brought to perfection in our century, shall be at present excluded from consideration, although it often shows more talent and artistic instinct than more pretentious work of the *genre*. If we thus exclude such novels it is because we wish to limit ourselves to those productions of literature which give themselves out as works of art, and which realize as well as explain to us the mode of thinking of the different periods. Let us not forget either that in all such historical comparisons dates must not be taken too literally, and that exceptions are not to be taken into consideration. The fact that Manzoni, Jeremiah Gottholf, Gottfried Keller, have written between 1820 and 1860, and have even given a voice to certain currents of the century, does not make it the less true, that, considered as artists — *i.e.*, in their way of seeing and treating their subject, they do not belong to the time which has seen the *floraison* of George Sand and Dickens, still less to the time which has produced a Freytag, George Eliot, and Octave Feuillet.* For whatever one may think of the fact, it would be difficult to deny it; the whole literature of fiction in Europe, from Homer to Goethe, is severed by a deep abyss from that of our century, whose productions bear always, in spite of all differences, a certain family likeness; in other terms, men, authors as well as readers, for three thousand years saw the task of literature in another light from that in which we have seen it for the last hundred years.

Strangely enough, the novelists of the younger generation, who, like E. Zola, Spielhagen, Henry James, and W. D. Howells, are never weary of treating their own art in a theoretico-critical way, which would probably never have occurred to a Charles Dickens, seem to have no consciousness whatever of this difference of periods. No doubt all the theories of those practitioners rest upon the tacit, sometimes also the outspoken, supposition of the superiority of the novel of to-day over that of former times, or at least of a progress in the development of this *genre*. To this there would be little to object, if the writers in question were awake to the fact that such a progress can only concern what is technical, and

* Björnsen too might be numbered among those few artists whom chance has allowed to be born in this unartistic time, were it not that he has so often, particularly in later times, let himself be carried away by the example of his contemporaries.

consequently is of very little artistic value. The progress in technique from Benozzi Sozzoli to the Caracci is very considerable; nobody would admit as a consequence that the artistic value of the Farnese gallery is, in spite of its cleverest *raccourcis*, greater than that of a fresco in the Campo Santo, with all its defects in drawing and perspective. Now, it is difficult not to feel in these disquisitions of the specialists a consciousness of having also realized a progress. The new novel is "finer" than the old one, says Mr. Howells quite candidly, while the others plainly imply the same; and they mean not only a superiority in composition, dialogue, etc., but also a more careful study of feelings and passions, a more delicate delineation of characters, a deeper knowledge of society and its influence on the individual; for that the older writers could have no other reason for their reticence than ignorance or want of power to show their knowledge of these things, is an undoubted fact to our modern novelists, who have never learned the art of "wise omission."

It is characteristic that this ignoring of the past and forgetting of all proportion show themselves most crudely in the North Americans, for whom even Dickens and Thackeray belong already to the antique. Thus, even people of an entirely European culture like Mr. H. James speak of M. Alphonse Daudet with an admiration so unlimited that one might be tempted to believe that the readers beyond the Atlantic are unaware of the existence of a Fielding. Fortunately, Mr. J. R. Lowell's beautiful speech on the author of "Tom Jones" proves that there are still Americans who know where the real models of the art of narration are to be sought for. Besides, there are people enough in the Old World also, who, like Mr. John Bright, do not hesitate to place any middling novelist or historian of our time above Homer and Thucydides, whom they ought to have had more opportunity to read than their American co-religionists. It is not uncommon to hear such *naïveté* praised as an enviable freshness of impression and judgment; but this rests on a thorough confusion of ideas. Such impressions are not received, such judgments are not given, by people who stand nearer to nature than ourselves, but on the contrary by such as have no bridge behind them which might have brought them over from nature to our civilization. I can with confidence place "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Numa Roumestan" in the hands of a boy who was brought up in the country and has never seen a newspaper: he will not hesitate a moment between the two. The trial would already be more doubtful with a young man of classical culture; but as to a lad who had learned to read in leading articles and had left the professional school only to enter on the wholly artificial relations and modes of thinking of our society, one could scarcely expect from him that he should prefer the pure wine of Goldsmith to M. Daudet's intoxicating beverage. The great majority of the younger generation has come into the world as it were grown-up, has been born into the modern civilization, whilst we older ones have at least slowly grown into it, and have consequently some inkling of the fact that under the clothes there is also something like a body. Now, the clothing of our century — *i.e.*, our civilization, is perhaps more complicated and artificial than any that went before it, and those who live in it like to imagine that what is more complicated is also more valuable. Hence the accumulation of details which characterizes our literature and corresponds at the same time to our scientific habits. A microscopic anatomy of human nature — now in its coarser manifestations, as with M. Zola or Guy de Maupassant, now in its nobler organs, as with George Eliot and Ivan Turgenief, would be vainly searched for in the older authors. The style has become more complicated; all sciences, every technic, are forced into service, all archaisms and neologisms gathered together in the dictionaries, unusual and surprising juxtaposition of words are used to make the descriptions more effective, without however attaining the wished-for effect. It is particularly the native country of taste, the home of measure and "sobriety," which pleases itself with these exercises; and on the one hand, persons with no other talent than that of corrupting language, taste, and morals, weary themselves — *cauta Minerva* — with manufacturing so-called *tableaux de mœurs*, while, on the other hand, richly gifted writers trade upon their facility in order to bring all their superfluity on the market and to suffocate the readers under the weight of their adjectives. But "when the taste for simplicity is once destroyed" says Walter Scott, "it is long ere a nation recovers it." It is perhaps worth while to investigate more clearly than has been hitherto done, the essence of this new tendency of mind and taste.

I.

THE whole intellectual life of our century, and especially of the second half of it, is permeated by the scientific habits and the new morals which came into prominence shortly before the French Revolution, and which since the definitive defeat of romanticism towards the middle of our century, have attained almost absolute power. Now, both the scientific and the moral view of the world are not only insusceptible of artistic treatment — they are incompatible with it, nay, are the negation of it. Also, the novel, as far as it is an artistic *genre*, has suffered from the reign of these modern principles as much as, and more than, all other artistic *genres*, because, thanks to its form, it lends itself more easily to scientific treatment and moral jurisdiction than any other. No doubt there lived before the Revolution individual men who carried the scientific and moral standard into regions where they have no right nor currency; but they were isolated instances; nowadays, this double point of view dominates the whole of literature, and — as our culture has become exclusively book-culture — of culture also. No doubt mankind lives on even to-day as if those principles did not exist. It would be impossible otherwise to live; but as soon as it is bent upon judging, knowing, or reproducing life, it no longer uses any but those two methods.

Science aims at the knowledge of the world and its casual connection. It destroys individual life in order to find its laws — *i.e.*, what is common to individual phenomena. Art, on the contrary, seeks to know and interpret the world by seizing and reproducing the unity of individual life; it eliminates the general in order better to seize the particular, and in the particular it eliminates what is accidental that it may better see and show the essential. Now, as the general is only an abstraction of our intellect, and real life manifests itself only in the particular, it follows that art, in one sense, is truer than science. This, however, does not touch our question; what I want to prove is, that the so-called scientific treatment of an object can only be harmful to art, in the same way as the artistic treatment of science on its side can give rise to the monstrosities about which scientists are fond of telling edifying stories. When however M. Zola, for instance, declines the honor of having constructed works of art, the men of science will not therefore be much disposed to ascribe to him merits in science. For his works, whatever else they may be, are productions of the imagination, and consequently utterly useless to science, which reckons only on realities and can found no laws on such phantasms. Besides, all scientific labor is collective and progressive; artistic work is individual and self-inclusive. Each new work of science supersedes its predecessor, at least in part, until it is entirely antiquated. The scientific achievement remains immortal, the scientific work must perish. Would M. Zola resign himself to that, and does he seriously imagine that "Nana" and "Pot-bouilli" are scientific achievements — *i.e.*, rings in the infinite chain of science? Certainly not. At bottom, however, these gentlemen of the scientific school make their scientific pretensions in no such strict sense. What they aspire to is to create works of art by the instrument of science, and to treat of objects, which are the results of science, while they have only the instrument of art, as well as the standard for judging the artistic value of objects; and here arises the question whether such an enterprise is not from the beginning sure to be a failure.

The instrument, if I may so phrase it, which science uses to attain its aim, is understanding; that of art intuition. Science knows only a conscious knowledge of things, art only an unconscious one; and as the artist renders only what he has acquired unconsciously and directly through intuition, the artistic spectator or reader seizes what is given to him only intuitively, not consciously. Both proceed as we proceed in ordinary life and for practical purposes; art, therefore, is much nearer life than science. We know a person as a whole: often we do not even know whether his eyes are blue or brown, whether he has a high or a low forehead; and we are nevertheless surer of this our unconscious knowledge than the most accurate physiognomical analysis could make us. Language has equally formed itself unconsciously, is learned unconsciously, and is for the most part used unconsciously, particularly in emotion; but it renders our feeling more faithfully than any elaborate choice of expressions would be able to do. For the scientist, it is true, language is what numbers are for the mathematician; it gives no image, but only the abstract expression of things. The physician — we Germans call him the "artist," *Arzt* — seizes first the total impression of his pa-

tient, without rendering to himself an account, often without being able to render to himself an account, of its components; and he relies exclusively on the thermometer and determinate symptoms, precisely because he has not the *coup d'œil*. Now our whole cultured society, readers as well as authors, have no longer the *coup d'œil*. The latter *see* only what they have consciously considered, and consequently give only that; the former on their side have got accustomed to be content with that, nay, to be proud of it, because they thus can give themselves an account of everything, which is no small satisfaction to the vanity of the understanding. But what is the consequence of the whole proceeding?

An author undertakes to paint the inner man and the outer world. He is to fulfil the former aim by an accurate psychological analysis; the latter by a careful description. Now, in reality those psychological qualities have no existence whatever; they are an abstraction of our intellect, and therefore even the completest enumeration can produce no living image, even if our imagination were able to reconstruct a unity out of such plurality; whereas one characteristic feature would suffice to evoke the total impression of a personality. For it is not the parts which make man, but the cohesion; as soon as this ceases, life ceases. Now, conscious intellect never seizes the cohesion; unconscious intuition alone seizes it; and to render this with conviction is art — *i.e.*, reproduction of life. As much may be said of the description of the outer world; a whole page of M. Daudet, in which he describes all the articles to be sold in the shop of a southern provision-dealer, not omitting each individual smell, and all the furniture with all the lights falling on it, is not worth the two verses in which Heine calls up to us the cavern of Uraka, as if we saw it with our bodily eyes. The former, in fact, is a faithful inventory, which we never make in life, and which consequently touches our imagination as little as the list of an upholsterer; these two verses awake in us a sensation, and so dispose our mood as to set at once our imagination to work, because there is action in them, and the action therein shown acts in turn on the reader.

Art is more economical than science; and the lavishness of authors who believe they proceed scientifically when they omit nothing of what a careful examination of an object or an action and its motives has revealed to them, is nothing but the profitless expenditure of the prodigal. Art shows us Philina, in the general confusion and despair, sitting quietly and rattling with her keys on the saved trunk, and the irresistible stands more vividly before our eyes than would have been possible by a long enumeration of her charms, or a detailed description of the means by which she has succeeded in getting off so cheaply, and a modern writer would certainly not have let pass the opportunity of both without taking advantage of it; for second to description, explanation is his principal pleasure. It is not to be denied that in these modern novels there is a more minute observation of social and psychological facts, a closer exposition of all laws of feeling and thought, a more conscientious watching over their growth, and a more laborious analysis of the passions and their motives, than are to be found in the older novels of this, and apparently of the past, century. The whole development of a man is gone through; and if possible even that of his parents and grandparents — for this, too, passes for an application of scientific results — until finally we have forgotten the man himself, as he is. True art cares little about the genesis of character; it introduces man as a finished being, and lets him explain himself by his acts and words. Shakespeare leaves it to the German *savant* to explain how Hamlet has become what he is; he contents himself with showing him as he is. And not drama alone shows man as he is; the novel, as long as it is a work of art, is contented to do so.

Pourquoi Manon, dans la première scène,
Est-elle si vivante et si vraiment humaine
Qu'il semble qu'on l'a vue et que c'est un portraît?

asks Musset. Is it not precisely because she is not described, analyzed, and explained, but simply appears and acts? because the poet gives us in few words the impression which he has himself received, and by the rendering of his sensation our sensation is produced? We never see persons and actions in fiction; we feel the impression they exercise; this is convincing; an enumeration of qualities and circumstances, even if it were possible to make it complete, produces no disposition whatever; it produces knowledge.

Let nobody say that the older writers contented themselves with sketches and gave only the outlines. It is by no means

so. What the narrator gives are the dramatic moments of an action, the characteristic features of a person. The truth and liveliness with which he gives the particulars that contain the whole *in nuce*, awake the image of that whole with its antecedents, its consequences, its secondary circumstances — *i.e.*, the cohesion. His process is similar to that of the sculptor, who renders only the plastic elements of his object; of the painter, who renders only the picturesque elements of it, and makes an abstraction of all the rest. He takes only those traits which are fitted to produce a literary effect. Now, as I just said, it is with actions as with men. A minute and methodical enumeration of all the movements of the different regiments, accurately ascertained, which have taken part in a battle, such as we have it in the history of the war by the great General Huff, may have a scientific value; from an artistic point of view, it is without any effect, for it leaves us no intuitive image of the total action; whilst the description of the battle of Zutphen from the pen of "the poor man of Tockenburg," or that of the battle of Waterloo in Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," are works of art, because they render faithfully the impression of such mass movements on the individual. If, on the contrary, the novelist proceeds with that scientifico-historical conscience, we get something like the struggle of the two washerwomen in the "Assommoir," which fills I don't know how many pages, and which nevertheless one has not before one's eyes, whereas the Homeric battle of Molly Seagrim remains unforgotten by whosoever reads it once only. Here, indeed, the total impression dominates the detail, whilst there the number of particulars forbids the forming of a total impression. M. Zola takes up his object like the man of science, destroying it in order to recompose it; Fielding, as the artist, who seeks and reproduces unity, not to speak of the art with which he renders the repulsive object attractive by irony, which alone gives such objects the passport to literature, drawing them out of common reality. This observation, however, would lead us to a controversy with the verists, realists, naturalists, or whatever their name, and I should like to defer this disquisition to another opportunity.

II.

EQUALLY with the scientific view, the moralizing view of the world has come into prominence; and it proves to be still more dangerous to art than the former. All modern morals aim at making men better — *i.e.*, other — than they are. Art takes them as they are; it is content to comprehend them and to make them comprehensible. And the more mankind have abandoned the fundamental ideas of Christian charity, election by grace, and predestination, which are so repulsive to rationalism, the more decisively the tendency of morals to change men has come to the foreground in literature. It is so with society; all are to become equal in virtue, as all are to become equal in possessions. These of course are Utopian views, which have little or no influence on the course of life: no moral system changes the nature of men, as no socialism is able to change the inequality of property; but they have an influence on the way of judging things; and, as judgment plays so large a part with modern writers, so it does also on literature.

Until the middle of the past century, every class and every individual accepted the world as we accept nature, as a given order, in which there is little to be changed. People lived and acted, wrote and enjoyed naïvely, without reflection, or at least without comparing the existing world and its laws with reasoning and its norms. A man of the people thought as little of becoming a burgher, as any of us wishes to become a prince of the blood. If any one ventured to raise himself and knew how to penetrate through his circumstances, it was because he felt himself, this strength of mind and will — *i.e.*, his individuality — and not because he thought himself justified by his quality as "man." What he became, he became

Et par droit de conquête et pas droit de naissance.

His legal title was founded on his personal gifts, not on a so-called justice, which nowadays every mediocrity thinks himself entitled to invoke, and the idea of which is suggested to him by all our speeches and institutions, inasmuch as they almost directly entice him to leave his station in order to feel himself unhappy in a higher one, for which he is not fit. This eternal comparing of the actual world with the postulates of reason has "sicklied o'er" our life in more than one sense. For the whole of this so-called humane morality consists in nothing else than in exhorting us to try to put ourselves in other people's steads, not by a

direct intuition, but according to an all-levelling abstraction, which from its very nature must also mean putting other people in our stead. Both are fictions, which take place in our head alone, and have no reality. Every man feels differently, and *grosso modo* one might say that every nation and every class feels differently. This ignoring of natural limits has led in political life to pretending to and granting rights which those whom they concern do not know how to use; in social life, to a dislocating of fixed relations and wandering from the natural atmosphere, which must always be a painful sensation; in literature, to lending to their *dramatis personæ* thoughts and feelings which they cannot have, but especially to requiring them to be something different from what they really are, since they must correspond to the abstract moral type which we have constructed. Completely isolated are the writers who know how to divine to the reader the sensations of uncultivated people — as *e.g.*, Jeremiah Gotthelf; the large majority of readers properly so-called, prefer ideal figures in George Sand's style, which have nothing of the present but the certain.

In political and social life such aspirations do mischief enough, without, however, being able to change the essence of either state or society. In literature, where we treat not with live people on actual ground but with the docile creations of our imagination on much-enduring paper, the new view of the world has worked as its consequence a much deeper revolution. It is true that the pretensions of rationalism to regulate legislation according to preconceived ideas of equality and justice have not remained without influence; on the whole, however, States have continued in our century, as in all former ones, to register and codify existing customs and to regulate newly-formed interests and relations. It is true that in most countries each citizen has been recognized as of equal right and equal value, but in fact power has remained in the hands of the man of culture and property. It is true that people have tried to bestow on Egypt and Turkey the blessing of Western constitutions; but not a year was required to show that one thing does not suit all. The same is the case in society. It never enters the heads of children to find social order, in so far as they know it, unjust or even unnatural. We have seen the mason join his bricks, the peasant mow his grass, the woodcutter saw our wood, without even asking ourselves why our father had nothing of that kind to do. In this sense, almost all men before the Revolution remained children, as nine-tenths of them remain children to this day. And it is good that it should be so; for the whole machinery of humanity would stop if we wanted continually to put ourselves into the place of others and to endeavor to ensure for every one, according to the exigencies of an abstract equality, the same conditions of life. So in consequence we stop short at good wishes, sufficient to make men, who formerly were quite happy in this limited existence, and reflected but little upon it, discontented with their lot, but insufficient to change this lot. "For there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," says Hamlet. When man ceases thinking on what he has to do in order to think that he has to do it, good-bye to all content. Now, this is the clearest result of principle which underlies modern philanthropy as opposed to Christian charity, although it has called into existence many things which have alleviated and improved the life of the working classes within their station, helping them in illness, old age, and want of work, without spoiling their normal existence by illusive pictures of a better condition. Besides, the positive wrong is, I repeat, much less than one might suppose, precisely because the mass of mankind continues taking the world as it is and does not demand that the sun should henceforth rise in the west.

In fact, it is only with men of letters, who are in quite a different relation with the world from other people, that the new way of thinking has become predominant; but then their number has wonderfully increased in the last three hundred years. As the whole of our culture has become a literary one, a book culture, all we who call ourselves cultured (*Gebildete*) are at bottom men of letters. The cultivated man of former times, who had been formed by commerce with men, for whom a book had interest, not as a book but only in so far as it reflected life, becomes rarer and rarer. Our whole civilization is influenced by literature; readers and authors live in the same atmosphere of unreality, or, to speak more accurately, they divide life into two halves, that of practical activity — the bookmaking of the author is also a practical activity — and that of intellectual activity, two spheres which touch each other nowhere, not even where the intel-

lectual one borrows its object from the practical one; for it divests them immediately of their reality and shapes them only after having falsified them.

Tocqueville has a chapter headed: "How the men of letters became, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the principal politicians." This is now universally the case in one sense; for even in England political life has been infected with the spirit of the men of letters, through the advance of the Radical on the one hand, and the reform of Toryism by Disraeli on the other; the fact remains, however, particularly true of France, where the whole polity suffers cruelly under it. Nevertheless, art and literature are always the two activities most affected by it, and it is with them that we are here concerned.

III.

THE novels of our time in which the moral point of view does not absolutely predominate may be counted on the fingers. Even where unveiled immorality, or at least indecency, displays itself, there is from beginning to end, with or without the author's consciousness, a certain didactic tendency. In the apparently most objectionable of all modern works of fiction, in "Madame Bovary," one feels that the writer has an intention which is not purely artistic, the intention to warn us against certain modes of education and kinds of readings. In M. Zola it is clear that his workmen and workwomen who perish in the mud are to serve as deterrent instances. Neither do so. The German novelists conceal the moral standard which they use in their novels, the English and North Americans even boast of it. Certainly morals, as well as any other human interest, have their right of citizenship in art. Only it is important to know what is understood by morals: the natural and sound ones which culminate in the worship of truth, or the artificial, made up, unhealthy ones, whose mother is human vanity, whose godmother is falsehood. It is sound morals when Prince Hal leaves his pet favorite in the lurch as soon as, with the responsibility of the crown, the earnest of life begins for him; it is unhealthy morals when Victor Hugo disturbs the ideas of right and wrong by glorifying a galley-slave who has become the victim of an error of justice. This is not the place to examine at length what were the instinctive morals of men before the victory of rationalism, nor to recall to mind how Kant has scientifically established these unconscious ethics by his doctrine of the intelligible character, and Schopenhauer by his theory of compassion; suffice it to state that the morals of our authors have another origin and another aim, and that these are as incompatible with art as the older ones are fitted to accommodate themselves to it. Now, modern morals may apparently differ as much from one another as Zola's from Howells'; but they have the same family feature — discontent with this world as it is; and the direct consequence of it is the sombre tone of all this literature.

Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst,

thought Schiller; to-day, art is to be earnest, a species of worship for Richard Wagner, a moral or political lesson for Gustav Freytag. And how could it be otherwise? If one compares unceasingly this world and human nature with a high, arbitrary, self-created *ideal*, void of all reality, they must appear very insufficient, and may well lead to bitter judgments. How morose at bottom are all the novels of George Eliot, in what one might call their keynote; how bitter Charlotte Brontë's, how infinitely sad Miss Poynter's "Among the Hills," — to instance a little-known masterpiece of this sombre moralo-psychological art. All great narrators of former times, from Homer to Cervantes, and from Chaucer to Walter Scott, unchain our hearts by their good humor; even the tragic muse has always known how to translate

das düstre Spiel
Der Wahrheit in das heitre Reich der Kunst.

Here, on the contrary, we always feel oppressed by the long face and the lugubrious tone which our authors take when they relate things our ancestors were prone to laugh over. Sensuality even, which formerly used to present itself with ingenuousness, healthy and naked, or forced its entrance into literature by a smile, is now grave, reflective, a product of corrupt intelligence rather than of overstreaming force and fulness. In deference to truth it must, however, be said that the modern novel has on the whole kept itself freer than poetry from this unwholesome and over-refined sensuality. On the other hand, it has become more sentimentally charitable towards all those phenomena and types which were formerly the object of mirth. Who would dare nowadays to treat comically poor

stammering Bridoison? Compassion for his infirmity would get the better of us; full of human tenderness, we should "put ourselves in his stead," and forthwith make a tragical figure of him. The dry *savant* whom the world has laughed at for centuries as an awkward or vain bookworm, becomes in George Eliot's hands an unfortunate, who sighing for a false ideal, is on the other hand seen by the noblest of women herself as an ideal. For whatever is comical objectively becomes tragical when it is taken subjectively: our tender little self suffers, and no wonder it pities itself.

How rudely would all the serene figures which live in our imagination be destroyed, if we were to put them under the discipline of our conscientious authors! Only fancy poor Manon under the birch-rod of Jane Eyre, the schoolmistress! Imagine Squire Western in M. Zola's *clinique:* "If you continue getting drunk every night, whilst your daughter is playing the harpsichord, a terrible end is awaiting you, Mr. Western. Shall I describe it to you? I have accurately studied several cases of *delirium tremens potatorum*, the punishment which is in store for all alcoholized persons as you are." And our old friend Falstaff, whom that losel Shakespeare treated so indulgently, what lessons George Eliot would have read to him! "For really, Sir John, you have no excuse whatever. If you were a poor devil who had never had any but bad examples before your eyes; but you have had all the advantages which destiny can give to man on his way through life! Are you not born of a good family? have not you had, at Oxford, the best education England is able to give to her children? have you not had the highest connections? And, nevertheless, how low you are fallen! Do you know why? I have warned my Tito over and over against it: because you have always done that only which was agreeable to you, and have shunned everything that was unpleasant." "And you, Miss Phillis," Mr. Howells would say, "if you go on being naughty I shall write a writ against you, as I did against my hero Bartley, who, too, won everybody's heart, but at bottom was a very frivolous fellow; or I shall deliver you up to my friend James, who will analyze you until nobody knows you again. That will teach you to enter into yourself and to become another." "Become another," is that not the first requirement of a novel hero of our days? Fielding would have rather expected that the adder should lose her venom, than that Blifil should cease to be a scoundrel.

I spoke of Howells taking part against his own hero in the most perfect of his works. You will find something similar in almost every novel of our time. It seems as if the authors could not refrain from persecuting in an odious type certain persons whom they have learned to know and to hate in life — a disposition of mind which is the most contrary to the artist's disposition which could be thought out; for he neither hates nor loves his objects personally, and to him Richard III. is as interesting as Antonio, "one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appears than any that draws breath in Italy." Remember only George Eliot's character, Rosamond, and with what really feminine perfidy she tries to discredit her. How differently Abbé Prévost treats his Manon! Even if Richardson, and, in our time, Jer. Gotthelf, do take a moralizing tone, and begin with ever so many preachments and good lessons, the artist runs away with them; they forget that they wanted to teach and paint their objects with artistic indifference: *sine ira nec studio*, not to speak of their morals being of a kind which have nothing in them rebellious to art. With George Eliot and W. D. Howells it is the contrary: they want to be objective, but the moralist soon gets the better of the artist.

I hope the reader has observed that I choose only novels and novelists of first rank, in order to compare them with those of former times, such indeed as might, perhaps, come out victoriously from such a comparison, if they were not infected by the moral epidemic of our time. How deeply our generation is steeped in it we generally forget, because habit makes appear as nature what is only a moral convention. Other times have advocated more severe conventions, but they remained on the surface; ours seem lighter, more accommodating, but they penetrate to our marrow. It is incredible how great a mass of artificial feelings, interests, and duties we carry about, how our language and our actions are dominated by them. Fine scenery, fine arts, philanthropy, etc., without any inner want, fill our intellectual life; we believe in the reality of sensations we never experienced; or we drive out nature by culture. Shakespeare would not be able nowadays to create an Othello who would listen to Iago's insinuations, because no gentleman nowadays would

allow such calumnies, and the gentleman has driven out the man. Language has suffered so much under this rule of conventionalism, that to the cultivated it has become quite insufficient for the direct translation of sensation. Let a lady to-day speak like the queen of Cortanza or Margaret of Anjou, and how the public would protest against the coarseness of her language and feeling! This, by the way, is also the real reason why all our dramas are and must be so lifeless, as well as of the striking fact that all the more important works of fiction of our time move, with few exceptions, among the lower spheres of the people, where alone there still survives a direct relation between language and sensation. Even in America, which is always lauded as the virgin soil of a society without an inheritance, convention rules unconditionally, particularly in moral views; for this society has not yet even known how to free itself from the absurdest and most tyrannical of religions — Puritanism, on whose inheritance it has grown and developed. Only a remnant of Puritanism can give the key to the stilted tune of Hawthorne's adumbration, or explain how a writer of the taste and talent of Mr. W. D. Howells, who besides does not lack a keen sense of humor, has been able to create a comical figure like that of Ben Hallack, without as much as an inkling of the comicality of it.

People are never weary of inveighing against the prosaicism of our time — the yelling whistle of the locomotive, which has superseded the musical post-horn, the ungraceful chimney pot, etc.: nobody thinks of the unnaturalness of our sensations. Where, however, is the source of all poetry, in the truth of our sensations or in the decoration of the stage on which we move? In the cut of our coat or in the heart which beats beneath it? Let us only learn again how to feel naturally, to think naturally, above all, to see naturally, and art will not fail to reappear. But "the spirit of history" takes good care that *we* should no more learn it, carrying us off irresistibly, and for a long while, I am afraid, in totally different tracks. And who would demur against it? Only we must not imagine that art, too, can meet us on these tracks. The novel of the future will remain what the novel of the present is: a work of edification, of instruction, of amusement — perhaps, also, of the contrary; it will be long before it becomes a work of art.

KARL HILLEBRAND.

From The Argosy.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SHE SENDS HER VALENTINE.

THE guard had whistled, and thrown up his hands in that attitude of despair always assumed by a really reliable guard. The train had just begun to slip away from the platform, when a young gentleman rushed up to the moving carriages, opened the first one he came to, and flung himself in, having hurled in various minor articles of baggage before him. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted to a groom standing on the platform: "Have you seen to the luggage?" Receiving an affirmative touch of the hat, he added, at the top of his voice, "Tell them I was in lots of time," and subsided into his seat. Then recollecting the reckless way in which hat-box, sticks, and rug had preceded his entry, he looked round the carriage with a view to collecting them, and met the gaze of a fellow-passenger, at whose feet his hat-box had rolled. This was a girl of about seventeen, with a small pale face, clear-cut features, and a rather large mouth, whose amused expression displayed a very white and regular set of teeth.

"I am afraid I must have startled you by my abrupt entry," said he, agreeably surprised, as he picked up his various possessions, and began to arrange them in the rack above his head; "but it was a very near thing. I ran it rather too close."

"Indeed," rejoined the young lady. "I thought I overheard you say to some one on the platform that they were to be told you were in lots of time."

"A pious fraud!" exclaimed Mr. Trevor — to give our hero his name. "To have to scramble for your seat, as I have just done, is almost worse, in my governor's eyes, than to miss the train altogether."

As neither of the travellers was at all shy, they were soon deeply immersed in conversation, in the course of which the singular coincidence was elicited that they were both bound for the same destination.

"You see," said Mr. Trevor, who, after the ice had been broken by various commonplace remarks, had begun to wax confidential, "my father thinks it is time I got through sundry examinations. So he would'nt let me go back to college this term, but packed me off to a parson; and

I've got to read hard with him for the next three months. A lively time I shall have of it by all accounts down in Glendale."

"Glendale!" exclaimed the young lady, "why, I am going there. How very curious!"

"Indeed!" said Trevor, thinking it might not be so unmitigatedly dreary as he had at first feared. "Do you live there?"

"No; I'm only going to stay with my aunt for a few weeks. It certainly is not a very lively place. But you knew I was going there," she added suddenly, "for you have read the label on my hand-bag. I've seen you looking at it a dozen times."

"I have certainly tried to read it," said Trevor, "but I could never get my neck far enough round to see the last word. 'Miss Kate Grey, Miss Foster, the Grange,' is as far as I ever managed. I hope we shall be able to keep the carriage to ourselves till we reach our destination."

And they did have it all to themselves as far as Glendale: during which time Miss Grey had told him that she was very angry at having to leave home to-day, as to-morrow was Valentine's Day, and she felt sure her sisters would open her valentines to see from whom they came, and then pretend they did it under the belief that they were addressed to themselves. Mr. Trevor sympathized with her, inwardly resolving she should have one valentine, at least, that no one should be able to open but herself.

At last they steamed into Glendale. A prim old lady standing on the platform as they passed being identified by Miss Grey as her aunt, the young lady suggested they should shake hands in the carriage. Which they did; Trevor remarking that it wasn't going to be good-bye for long, as of course he should see her often enough during the next month. At which Miss Grey blushed slightly, and said "Perhaps."

On emerging on to the platform Miss Grey was at once claimed and marched off by her aunt to point out her luggage to a porter; while a tall, pale, handsome man of about thirty, in most untidy clerical garb, introduced himself to Trevor as the Reverend Paul Vyner, remarking that he believed he was right in supposing him to be Mr. Trevor.

We must now say a few words in defence of our heroine, whose conduct so far may appear indiscreet, if not reprehensible. Certainly she was wrong to enter into conversation with a strange young man in a railway carriage, and very wrong to more than half promise to meet him on some future occasion; but as we have started a paragraph in defence of her, we must do our best in her behalf.

Firstly, then, she was caught laughing at his unceremonious entry, and so, in the most innocent way, laid herself open to be addressed. Secondly, he was not only a handsome man, but evidently a gentleman. Thirdly, she *was* a flirt, though a very pretty and innocent one, and was very glad to meet with some one likely to relieve the monotony of a month in the country with no one to speak to but an elderly maiden aunt.

Now all this may account for her behavior down to this point: whether it will continue to do so, is for the reader to judge.

"Aunt," began Miss Grey at lunch, "who is the rector of the parish?"

"Mr. Vyner, my dear," replied Miss Foster. "The Reverend Paul Vyner. He is a Cambridge man, and, I am told, of very good family. However, he is poor, and takes pupils. He conducts the service very badly, and is utterly useless in the parish."

"Oh! Has he any pupils just now?" inquired Miss Grey innocently.

"No, my dear," replied her aunt; "and I don't see what difference it would make to you if he had."

For Miss Foster, though a kind-hearted and good woman, was a great stickler for propriety. Her other main characteristic was that of saying disagreeable things she didn't mean, and was sorry for afterwards. This quality she was especially proud of, aired it on all occasions, and called it speaking her mind.

Miss Kate, having learned all she wanted to know, now glided gently but swiftly away from the dangerous topic of young men, and being a bright, clever girl, succeeded in producing a favorable impression on her aunt. During the afternoon she retired to unpack. In the course of this occupation she came upon a large envelope, which she took out of her trunk and balanced thoughtfully in her hand; then shook out the contents on to the dressing-table and began sorting them through. They were half-a-dozen cards, bearing the devices common to the feast of St. Valentine, which she had brought with her to despatch from Glendale to various acquaintances. Having selected one which seemed to suit her purpose, she wrote two lines on it in pencil, and, placing it in an envelope, directed it to

"A. T.,
"Care of the Rev. P. Vyner,
"The Vicarage,
"Glendale."

For though Trevor knew her name, it being written in full on her luggage, she only knew his initials, which she could see painted on his hat-box. However, having ascertained from him that he was going to live at the vicarage, and from her aunt that the vicar's name was Paul Vyner, and that he had no other pupils just now, she felt sure that her letter, though vaguely addressed, must find the right person.

CHAPTER II.

HE SENDS HIS VALENTINE.

THE next morning at the vicarage, when Mr. Trevor lounged down an hour late for breakfast, he found his future tutor in a curious state of bewilderment. "Considerably knocked out of time," commented that shrewd youth, when Mr. Vyner answered his apologies by saying in an absent way, "I believe it is only selfishness." And then perceiving by Trevor's face of astonishment that he must have said something very odd, he got up from his untouched breakfast, and went into the garden, pleading a headache.

This is what had happened.

On coming down that morning, he saw on the mantelpiece, in the spot where his letters were always placed, an envelope with his name written across it. Being the most careless of men he never noticed the "A. T." written above, tore open the envelope, flung it behind him, and to his surprise, found in his hands a card, bearing on it a gracefully executed bunch of primroses, while underneath was pencilled in a lady's hand:—

In the spring a young man's fancy,
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.

His first thought was to examine the envelope: he turned round to pick it up, but, alas! he had thrown it into the very heart of the fire, and nothing remained of it but a sheet of black ash. After all, there would be nothing in this to account for the vicar's mental disquietude. The reception of a valentine from an unknown hand would hardly disturb the equanimity of most young men. But Kate's seed had fallen on fruitful ground. It was so singularly apposite (when opened by the wrong person), and chimed in so well with many of Mr. Vyner's thoughts during the last year or two, that, while the valentine in itself, or its sender, never cost him another thought, the tempest of recollections, wishes, self-reproaches, and plans for the future that it raised in him were more than he could at once allay. The reflections that had so engrossed him at the breakfast-table, and which he was now attempting to reduce to order, by walking up and down the garden puffing furiously at a big pipe, ran briefly something like this:—

"Why don't I marry? Is it, as I tell myself, because I do not wish? Because I am too poor? Because no girl would marry a slovenly object like me? Or is it because I am too selfish? Because I should have to sacrifice so much that has now become second nature to me? My bachelor's ease; my summers on the Continent; my untidy habits; and, sensual wretch that I am, my claret, cigars, and novels? Do I do my duty here? Not a bit: I know no one intimately; I care for no one's opinion; I hate the place. With a wife, all that might be changed. A pleasant companion and a comfortable home are surely worth the surrender of a few of my special self-indulgences. I should be a better and a happier man. Besides," he thought, with a touch of selfishness on the other side of his argument, "she could do that horrid visiting: I absolutely dare not. I should resent anybody coming here and telling me I was leading a wretched and godless life. Why should anybody else be better pleased if I drop in at their cottage, and tell them so? Women do that kind of thing much better than we do."

Thus the result of Miss Kate's valentine was that, for his own good and the good of his parish, the Rev. Paul Vyner decided to take unto himself a wife.

During the afternoon of Valentine's Day, Miss Grey started out for a walk, and we blush to state that she stopped the first rustic she met, and asked the way to the vicarage. "It will amuse me to see him, and please him to see me," ruminated the young lady. "And after all, where is the harm so long as we understand each other?" With which very stale apology for flirtation she comforted herself, and strolled on until she came to the vicarage.

The house, a handsome, old, red-brick building, stood in extensive grounds surrounded by a high fence. On one side, between this fence and the adjoining

fields, ran a narrow lane, and down this lane Kate made her way, trying to persuade herself that she went there because it was pretty, and a likely spot to find primroses, and not because it was now possible for her to see into and be seen from the vicarage grounds.

So she dawdled listlessly down the lane, half amused and half angry with her own folly; at one minute wishing to see Trevor, at another, hoping she should not; poking the end of her parasol into the banks as she passed, with a vague sort of idea that that was a recognized way of hunting for wild flowers.

Suddenly she was brought to a full stop by a voice right above her, inquiring if she was looking for anything. Kate turned her eyes up, and mentally decided that she had seldom seen a handsomer man than the one now leaning over the hedge, and in whose eyes she was quick to detect no little admiration of herself.

And certainly the parson in his lawn-tennis costume was a goodly sight. Six feet high, long in the leg, broad in the shoulder, and flat in the back, his loose flannel attire displayed as much as his dilapidated clericals concealed his personal advantages. His handsome, clean-shaved face, glowing with exercise, small head, and closely cropped dark curls, surmounted by a shooting-cap, which he had pushed back as far as was compatible with its remaining on his head at all, formed a *tout ensemble* that was undeniably pleasant.

But before going any further, let us just account for the vicar's presence and his pupil's absence.

After lunch Mr. Vyner had suggested a game of tennis. Both being expert, they had no difficulty in keeping themselves warm, even in February, and were just playing the deciding game of a hard-fought set, when suddenly Trevor remarked, —

"I say, isn't this Valentine's Day?"

"Yes," replied his opponent, thinking that it was the first time for ten years that he had had any special reason for recollecting the date. "Yes; why?"

"Well!" said Trevor, "I ought to send a valentine. I'm afraid I'm rather late about it; where can I get one?"

"I don't know much about that kind of thing," returned the parson; "but I should say not in Glendale."

"I think X—— is your nearest town. How far is that off?" inquired Trevor.

"About two miles."

"Then, if you'll excuse me," said the young gentleman, turning rather red, "I think I'll run over there."

"Certainly," replied the vicar, surprised at finding himself so sympathetic.

And so it came to pass that while Mr. Trevor hurried over to X—— as fast as his legs would carry him, his preceptor took a stroll round the vicarage grounds, and coming to a railing in the fence overlooking the lane, leant over it lost in reverie.

"And as in uffish thought he stood," he was startled by the apparition of a young lady strolling slowly down the lane towards him. "Surely," said the parson, "you are a little too early; they don't blossom till May." Then seeing by Kate's extreme discomposure that she was meditating a hasty retreat, he deceitfully added: "At least, most of them. Of course there might be a few early ones about, but they are rather difficult to find. I'll come and help you hunt for them, if I may."

The next minute he was on the path by her side, looking rather ashamed of his own alacrity. Though of late he had abjured female society, he was not one of those unfortunate men who cannot open their mouths in a lady's presence; and in a few minutes he had set Kate at her ease by a few commonplace remarks. Introducing himself as the vicar, he expressed a belief that she was not a resident in his parish. Miss Grey faltered an apology for her trespass, said who she was and where she was staying, and in a very little time had completely recovered her equanimity, and was chatting affably with her new friend.

A very pleasant change the vicar found it from his ordinary afternoon's employment, to saunter down a lane with a pretty and amusing girl. There was a spice of romance about the suddenness of their acquaintance that just suited his present state of mind; while the mischievous Kate almost laughed outright, when she remembered that she had come out to look for the pupil, at finding herself strolling about in a confidential manner with the tutor.

But all good things must have an end, and when they had walked to the top of the lane and back once or twice, Miss Grey said she must be going.

"I hope I shall see you again shortly," said he, as they parted. "I must furbish up some excuse to call upon Miss Foster." And then he leant over the gate, and watched her graceful figure to the corner in the road, where she turned back and

smiled. The vicar, forgetting alike his manners and his cloth, kissed his hand to her, then bolted down the lane as hard as he could go, blushing like a girl; until he was suddenly pulled up in his stride by a thought so ridiculous that it first made him laugh, and then made him downright angry with himself for being such an idiot. That thought was: "I have decided I want a wife: why won't she do?"

On reaching the house he found Trevor just returned. He held a parcel in his hand and asked the vicar if he had a small box that he could pack it in, as he wished to despatch it by post.

"Come into my study," said the latter, "and we will see what we can find."

After a few minutes' rummaging about, Trevor found one to suit him. It was a small card box that had lately come down from London with some fishing-tackle, and still had the vicar's address upon it. This box Trevor carried off: and placing the parcel within it, despatched it to Miss Grey, astutely remarking to himself that "it would be a pity to scratch old Vyner's name out, as then she won't guess who it comes from; but knowing I am at the vicarage, and seeing the parson's name on the box, I shall get the credit of it."

CHAPTER III.

THE RESULT.

It was with considerably more consternation than pleasure that, next morning, when Miss Grey opened this parcel, she found herself the possessor of a very handsome locket and chain. Never doubting that the parson was the donor, she argued that she had given him no right to take such a liberty. She grew angry with him for his want of tact; and then remembering her valentine to Trevor, and the fact that she had taken that eventful walk solely to meet him, she grew angry with herself, and also was illogical enough to be angry with him for not meeting her or sending any answer to her missive; for which variety of reasons she avoided the side of the village on which the vicarage lay.

Trevor, not seeing or hearing anything of her, decided he had offended her by sending her presents on so short an acquaintance, and cursed his folly for so doing; but of the three Mr. Vyner's plight was the worst. That ridiculous idea of his, that Kate, if he could persuade her, would make him the very wife he wanted, would keep recurring to him. In vain he told himself he had only seen her once; in vain he tried to persuade himself that what he had seen he didn't like; he was haunted by the idea, and at the end of a day or two he made up his mind to see her again at all hazards.

Having arrived at this decision, he was prompt to act upon it. Making as an excuse a subscription for a Christmas treat to the poor children of the parish, he called the very next morning upon Miss Foster. That good lady received him in a manner peculiarly her own.

"Good morning, Mr. Vyner," said she; "it is a very long time since I have seen you. I suppose you want some money."

Mr. Vyner explained the object of his visit as well as he could, remarking that the idea only occurred to him that very morning; that the third week in February was late for a Christmas treat; but that he supposed children could eat cake at any time in the year.

Kindly Miss Foster told him that he was the worst clergyman both in the church and the parish she had ever met with, and then got up to fetch her chequebook, remarking as she went out of the room: "That's my niece. Katie, dear, Mr. Vyner, our vicar."

There was a very embarrassing pause when they found themselves alone. Then he said blunderingly, "You see, Miss Grey, I found an excuse."

"I hope," said Kate, "you don't mean me to believe that this children's treat exists only in your imagination, for my aunt has gone to get some money to pay for it."

"No, not exactly," said the vicar, who felt himself on rather dangerous ground.

"Because," continued the young lady, "I should not think very highly of you, if such were the case."

And then rapidly leaving the subject, she remarked in very chilling accents upon the state of the weather.

Mr. Vyner, who was no fool, in spite of his infatuation, was quick to perceive by Miss Grey's manner that he had not found favor in her sight, and immediately there flashed across his mind a remembrance of the parting salute he had waved to her. Just then Miss Foster's step was heard outside. Determining to make the most of his opportunity, he bent down over her seat, and said, —

"Miss Grey, I owe you an apology for my conduct. At the risk of making matters worse, I'm going to beg of you to take a walk to-morrow afternoon in the

lane where we met before, and I will try and remove the bad impression I fear I have made on you."

Before he could receive any reply, Miss Foster, entering, handed him a cheque, and begged to know if it was enough. The vicar, who felt heartily ashamed of this part of the business, began to stammer something about munificence, but was speedily cut short by the old lady, who said that now he had got what he wanted, he need not make himself miserable by stopping any longer out of politeness; that she herself was not amusing company; that Kate never flirted in her aunt's presence, whatever she did out of it; that doubtless his duties (strongly emphasized) in the parish required his presence elsewhere; and fairly drove the poor gentleman out of the house.

The next afternoon the vicar, who was now growing old in deceit, gave Trevor a holiday, despatched him to X—— on various pretences, and then went and sat on the railing, where he had first seen Kate, and smoked a pipe and waited. He had resolved that he would fall in love with her if she would let him (rather a gratuitous resolve on his part, seeing he had already done so, we fancy); and he was wondering how long she would consider he ought to cultivate her acquaintance before making any advances of that sort, when her slender figure came slowly down the lane. In another minute he was below, shaking hands with her.

"I don't think I ought to have done this," said Kate, "but as you asked me, you must not think any the worse of me for it; and" — extracting the obnoxious parcel from her pocket — "I have brought you back your very kind present."

"Done what?" said the astounded vicar.

"Brought back the chain and locket," said Kate. "I was so sorry you sent it: I have been very silly, but I never gave you the right to send me this."

"But," said Paul, turning Trevor's luckless valentine over and over in his hand, "I never sent you anything. Hullo! this box is directed to me. Why! it's that young scamp Trevor who sent it you; I gave him the box. How came he to send you a valentine?"

Poor Kate! This was turning the tables upon her with a vengeance.

"I suppose because I sent him one first," said she defiantly.

"Well!" returned the Reverend Paul, "this is most extraordinary. I suppose you sent it by a messenger. There was only one letter delivered at the vicarage on Valentine's Day, and that was for me."

"Oh!" said Kate, glad to get a chance, however poor, of carrying the war a little into the enemy's country. "Is she good-looking?"

"Who?" said the vicar innocently.

"Why, the young lady who sent you the valentine, of course."

"I haven't the least idea who sent it. I burnt the envelope without looking at either writing or post-mark. Here it is," he added, taking a crumpled piece of card from his pocket, and handing it to her.

"Why!" said Kate, "that's the valentine I sent Mr. Trevor."

"Impossible!" cried Paul; "it was addressed to me."

"No — I am sure this is it. It was addressed, 'A. T., care of the Rev. P. Vyner.' You see," said Katie, "I knew he was at the vicarage, but I didn't know his name."

"I am so sorry," began the parson. "I quite thought it was addressed to me. Indeed, I hardly looked at it outside at all. It stood where all my letters are always placed, and I opened it, never doubting it was for me."

"I am so glad he never got it," said Kate. "I have been ashamed of myself ever since I sent it. I am afraid you must be dreadfully disgusted with me."

"I think she's very pretty," said Paul, smiling rather wickedly.

"Who?" asked Kate.

"Who? Why, the young lady that sent me the valentine, of course."

"Oh!" said Kate slowly, and looking down on the ground.

Then, as if anxious to change the subject, she suddenly asked, "What were you going to apologize to me about? As you didn't send me that thing, how did you think you had offended me?"

"I was afraid you were angry because I kissed my hand to you when we parted last time," said Paul, stammering and blushing and hardly knowing what he said.

"I suppose I ought to have been offended," said Kate laughing, "but the truth is I didn't think you quite knew what you were doing. I — I forgot all about it the next moment."

There was a minute's silence, broken suddenly by Paul. "Kate, I may offend you in reality now, but I cannot help it.

Will you forgive *me?* Nay, more: will you give me some answer, if I ask you — to be my wife?"

"Your wife!" cried Kate. "Impossible, Mr. Vyner! I know nothing of you, and what you know of me is not to my credit. You cannot mean what you say."

"Listen to me," said Paul, quite in earnest now, and catching both her hands in his. "I have loved you since the first moment I saw you; I have tried to persuade myself that it was impossible. I have laughed at my own folly (as I thought it), but all to no purpose. Kate, I love you. What chance have I of winning your love in return? Not now: I am not so foolish as to suppose you can answer me yet. But in the future?"

"But I know so little of you," stammered Kate.

"That, at any rate," said Paul, who was beginning to think he should have his own way, "can easily be remedied. Suppose, for instance, we walk up and down here once or twice, and cultivate each other's acquaintance."

So they wandered up and down the lane for the rest of the afternoon. We have never learned exactly what passed between them, but they seemed to be perfectly satisfied with each other's company.

Suddenly the *tête-à-tête* was broken in upon by a voice from the railing where Kate had first seen the parson. "Hallo!" said Mr. Trevor, "I hope you two are getting on all right. Good-afternoon, Miss Grey."

"Trevor, come here," said the Reverend Paul. "I wish to give you this back from Miss Grey. Don't take offence, my boy, you must see you had no earthly right to send it."

"There's only one decent way out of this hole," said Trevor imperturbably; "and that is, that Miss Grey should keep it as a wedding present."

And Miss Grey was graciously pleased to receive it on these terms.

Dear old Miss Foster, when told of the engagement, remarked after a dinner party, in front of at least twenty people, —

"That her niece, Kate, was a bold, unladylike girl; and that Mr. Vyner was no better than a common swindler, who ought to be in prison for obtaining money under false pretences." (For Mr. Vyner sent the good lady's cheque back.) However, she cried all through the wedding service, and insisted on refurnishing the vicarage (which certainly wanted it) from top to bottom.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SOCIAL STUDY OF OUR OLDEST COLONY.

It is a very singular thing that among the great number of English travellers who of late years have published books upon America, scarcely one has thought it worth while to turn from the beaten and hackneyed paths which habit would seem to have marked out, to those great unexplored regions lying south of the Potomac River. Many, too, of these publications, having the most comprehensive titles, bear no evidence on their pages of any consciousness in the author's mind of the very existence of that great group of States, which in his own lifetime dominated the Union, and may at this day be fairly said to represent one-third of its integral power. There is seldom even any expression of regret that time and circumstances should prevent the narrator from visiting the South, nor is there often any apparent consciousness of incompleteness in the labors of American exploration, as he or she turns sharp round at Washington, as naturally as if it lay upon the Gulf of Mexico, and strikes westward for the Rocky Mountains.

If the ordinary tourist thinks that his time is better spent over an unimportant and un-American social excrescence like the Mormon settlement, it is his affair; but in the case of those who travel for the purpose of enlightening their fellow-countrymen as to the political, social, and material condition of our transatlantic cousins, there is something strangely incomplete in the programme into which they drift, rather from precedent, or perhaps from despair at the size of the country, than from any deliberate purpose. Such works are generally but the impressions of vacation tours, and not only that, but, as a general thing, the only two phases of American life with which the English traveller comes in contact are the comparatively cosmopolitan society of the great eastern cities on the one hand, and on the other, the exaggerated crudeness of the western wilds. The great mass of the American people proper lying between these two extremes — knowing little of either, living on farms and in villages all through the older States — are hardly recognized by this class of traveller. Tucked up in a Pulman car, he goes from city to city, and from wonder to wonder, and comes home to encourage the shibboleth that America has "much land but no country." An almost contemptuous ignorance of American and colonial history is not conducive to a sympathetic apprecia-

tion or a ready recognition of that really rich local coloring whose existence no one will, I think, deny who has lived in any of the older States. For I think I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the development of our earliest colonies into a mighty nation is a historical study to which the majority of even well-read Englishmen are sublimely indifferent.

It is, upon the whole, perhaps, a good thing, excepting so far as its magnificent mountain scenery is concerned, that the South has almost entirely escaped being made a field for first impressions.

First impressions of Niagara or Broadway, the Yosemite valley or a grain elevator, would probably be as good as any later ones; but the complex state of Southern society, the attitude of the two races towards one another, and the hundred and one conditions springing from that, would lead the unwary globe-trotter on to almost certain shoals.

One or two distinguished journalists have made raids of late into Southern towns, and have discoursed with their usual brilliancy on the social joys of Charleston or Savannah, on Chesapeake oysters and canvas-back ducks; have paid pathetic tributes to the graveyards that bristle on the battle-fields round Richmond; have reproduced the negro as seen on the box of a hackney coach or behind the apron of an hotel waiter; have recalled old war correspondents' reminiscences, and noted down conversations with Southern friends, have had a few glimpses of the country from the platform of railway cars, and had a good time generally, if a brief one. To get a comprehensive view of the country, however, even north of the Potomac, from inside towns, is impossible; but to study such a country as the South — which is nothing if not rural, in whose economic structure, towns, unhappily, played but little part, and whose whole history is based on their non-existence — is, of course, under such conditions, impossible. Indeed, I venture to say, that an extended residence is necessary to understand the social conditions of the South, and it is to its social conditions that most of its peculiarities and strong characteristics are due.

Each of the older Southern States has, of course, cherished individual traditions. Each has some distinctive traits for which it is noted, yet all these minor differences seem to fade, when compared with the general uniformity of habits and ideas created by the existence of a common domestic system. All diversities of soil, climate, production, and even of origin, seem over-ridden by the long attitude of combined defence that welded the slave States together from the beginning of this century, when the really formidable development of slavery commenced, till the war. A Virginian to-day is first a Virginian; a South Carolinian is, above all things, a South Carolinian; but next they both are Southerners, and lastly Americans. This may not last for more than a generation or so longer. Probably not. But in the mean time the fact remains, and forms one general and striking contradiction, even if there were no others, to the alleged want of light and shade in the national existence.

Every one will remember the vulgar notion with which a certain portion of the English public, during the American civil war, became impregnated, namely, that the South was a nation of gentlemen in the social sense, fighting against hordes of *canaille*. Or course it is easy enough to see from what germs of truth this hallucination grew. The hasty adaptation of English social terms to conditions which were really very different, the claims of leisurely agriculture or indolence over struggling commerce, the misunderstanding of the words "aristocracy" and "oligarchy," so constantly used in a political and race sense in the speeches and articles of those times.

There was, it is true, a very numerous slaveholding gentry in the South, every man of whom would have been found fighting in the Confederate lines; but they formed a mere fraction numerically of the slaveholding oligarchy, the great mass of whom — nineteen-twentieths I should say, at the lowest estimation — were plain farmers and yeomen, neither fitted by their training and education to enter society as the world understands it in their own country, nor in any other, and into whose heads such an idea would probably never have entered. Behind these came a still greater number of poor whites, fighting, in a great measure, willingly, and whose enthusiasm in a cause that was in no sense theirs will always be a testimony to the wonderful influence which the great slaveholders exercised over all beneath them, and the persistent skill with which they made the cause of the few appear to be the cause of the many. Broadly speaking, in the South there were, and still to some extent are, three very distinct classes living on the soil. The border lines of each were not always easy to define, and there were

subtle sub-divisions within each; but still all three stood out very clearly from one another as separate bodies in the social framework of the South, while — immeasurably below the lowest — the basis on which the whole organization rested, came the negro slaves.

The proportions of these classes to one another varied in different States, and again in different counties within those States. Virginia, for instance, contained a strong upper class, a strong middle class of slaveholding yeomanry, and a comparatively small proportion of very poor whites. North Carolina was very weak in its educated class, but had a very large yeomanry and a still larger white peasantry, if the expression may be allowed. In South Carolina again the middle class was smaller. The upper was both powerful and wealthy, while the "poor white" element both there and in Louisiana was very large. Virginia, of all the Southern States, is considerably the oldest, and has by far the longest and the fullest history. Maryland, it is true, is but little younger, and her colonial period is full of color, but her slaveholding interest had shrunk so much at the time of the war from long geographical contact with Northern influences, that she was by that time quite a hybrid State. When the Carolinas, late in the seventeenth century, were represented only by scattered bands of pioneer refugees, harassed on one side by Indians, and on the other by the proprietors in England with ridiculous paper constitutions, Virginia was a large, prosperous, and well-ordered community, intensely Anglo-Saxon in blood, prejudices, and religion. Her climate was equally adapted to either black or white labor. Her boundaries embraced a great variety of physical features, from a level seacoast pierced with rivers, to the wall of mountains that divides the Mississippi basin from the Atlantic slope, and in those days divided for so long the red man from the white. So every facility was given for a population purely English, and without any cause of dislike to English institutions such as was natural to the New England colonists, to spread themselves over the land and develop quietly into a community less unlike that which gave it birth than most of the other British settlements in America. Virginia, too, it must be remembered, is the parent of other States whose territories were colonized by her people, and whose habits and ways of thought were identical with her own. There were no doubt at the time of the late war small communities here and there in the South, wealthier and more luxurious than any which could have been found in Virginia, possibly, too, more cosmopolitan and less provincial; but the general social and moral level of the Old Dominion was of a kind that no Southerner, no matter what his State, would object to having put forward as a type of his society at large; a Virginian upon the other hand would not be altogether willing to identify himself with a description of North Carolina, Mississippi, or Georgia, and with justice.

No part of America is quite free from a sort of insensate craving, among its educated classes, to connect their names with those of illustrious English houses, on grounds that an Englishman, similarly circumstanced and named, would not dream of making himself ridiculous by doing. This disease is common in the South, and particularly common in Virginia. Any tradition that connects the provincial aristocracies of the Southern States with an Old World patrician origin, is pure sentimental fiction, that is not only contrary to common sense, and to all evidence that can be collected, but is in defiance of colonial history itself. Nothing would be more interesting than to get at the early statistics of emigration; but what may be called the "cavalier delusion" in Virginia, a delusion to which the outside world, and, to some extent, even historians, taking harmless local vanities too seriously, have fallen a victim, is the result of a misconception of the social framework of the mother country, natural to a long and complete cessation of intercourse with it, and to many other reasons. Among these are the meagreness of the records of the first generation or two that struggled shoulder to shoulder with the dangers and hardships of a new country, but had unquestionably more serious things to think about than the distinctions of rank. Then there was the natural and pardonable longing of a republican aristocracy, holding its position by an uncertain tenure, to add, if possible, the pleasing glamor of ancient lineage to the more substantial pleasures of present power. Fancies, from want of contradiction, soon grow into facts. Genealogical fancies in the South, so far as they concern antecolonial times, are so vague and wild as more often than not to carry absurdity upon their very faces. Indeed some apology is needed for dwelling so long upon the subject, but it is impossible to discuss the South without allusion to it. It is quite a common belief among the people

in Virginia that they are sprung in some way from the loins of the "British nobility," who apparently forsook their estates and tenants at home during the seventeenth century, and took to the backwoods. I don't mean to say that every educated Virginian indulges in such rubbish as this, but he has probably more or less succumbed to the fetish, while Southern writers and stump orators from time immemorial have done their best to encourage these extravagant absurdities as if they were ashamed of the brave, hard-fisted pioneers that carved out those lands from the primeval forests which they themselves now enjoy. No doubt many cadets of good families found their way to Virginia — as where haven't they found their way to, particularly in more recent times? — but there is nothing in the earlier records of the colony, in the names of the first settlers, to lead one to suppose that the colonial aristocracy which arose with the development of the country and the adoption of negro slavery, was of any other than colonial manufacture. There is no trace of any persons of title in lists of vestrymen and burgesses that marked the most influential colonists of those days. Nearly all these names have an ordinary middle-class ring about them, such as are to be seen on similar, but much better kept records of Massachusetts or Connecticut. But English nomenclature for the average Virginian would have no significance, even if he took the trouble to inform himself accurately as to the early history of the colony, of which he generally knows very little. So the cavalier and the British nobleman flourish in a hazy and picturesque fashion at the root of every Virginian's family tree. No matter if he is only the third of his race that anybody in the State, himself included, can at all identify, there is always the national "Adam" to be depended upon in the far-away background — the cavalier of Southern fancy — a gentleman upon a prancing steed, with flowing locks and nodding feather, ruffling in lace and boiling over with chivalry. He, at any rate, is always there, ready for unknowing foreigners and sentimental American romancists. No doubt many Royalists came to Virginia; it was a Church of England colony; and a vulgar error, not by any means confined to Virginia, forgets the yeomanry and common folk that formed the bulk of the Royalist army, in its social estimate of the cavalier, just as it is apt to forget the men of birth and consideration that were found upon the other; but the gradual establishment of a colonial aristocracy towards the end of the seventeenth century, if it contained the children of a few younger sons of English country squires, it was because these latter had shown themselves able to cope with the merchants, traders, and yeomen in the battle of life. There is no particle of evidence to show that the aristocracy which emerged from the forests of Virginia, as these gave place to broad fields and plantations, was based on anything but the survival of the fittest. There is no question but that Smiths and Browns and Joneses were very much more numerous among them than De Courcies and Montmorencies. I could give a list of Virginian families, whose pride and whose very proper pride it is, to go back to these days, whose names have a distinctly aristocratic ring in that country, many of which have a local historical record that could gain nothing even by establishing some secondary ante-colonial social tie, and would certainly lose nothing, even from an English point of view, by running back for two centuries to some sturdy British yeoman. Most of the names, however, which Virginians reverence, point strongly to this latter origin. An early governor, writing with unsympathetic British prejudice to the authorities at home, groans over the dawn of this aristocracy, and of "men who would be of little account elsewhere, wanting to imitate the ways of living of English country squires."

Indented servants, negro slaves, an unlimited amount of cheap land, and a long-continued fidelity to everything English, were the leading causes of this social development. Agriculture, pure and simple, with an absence of towns and manufactures, and the increase of negro slavery, helped to perpetuate a social condition that, based on rural possessions, and encouraged for over a century by the law of entail, favored class distinctions. To suppose, however, that this early aristocracy survived intact, or anything like it, up till the late war, would be the greatest of errors; some few families — names well known — have, but for the most part it has been replaced by fresh recruits from below, coming up with each generation, putting on the mantle of "first familyism," and invoking the spectral shade of the plumed cavalier with delightful ease. Southerners are sentimental, and possess the American tendency to exaggeration to the fullest extent. With them, however, it does not run to international high-falu-

tin, and spread-eagleism, so much as to sectional glorification of a harmless and less practical kind, to dreamy genealogical delusions, to fantastic hankerings after somewhat tawdry ideals of mediæval chivalry, that sometimes assumes a shape so grotesque as to be quite unlike any other form of Anglo-Saxon vulgarity one sees, quite incompatible, as an unfriendly cynic might say, with the raising of negroes and the growing and chewing of tobacco; and very much to be regretted by any one who, like the writer, has a warm admiration for the many admirable qualities of the Southern people, and a very strong partiality for both themselves and their country. A Southern community in this particular failing would strike an Englishman accustomed to a different standard, and to generally honest criticism, as a species of mutual-admiration society. There would seem to be an absolute want of perspective in all description. A wooden farmhouse, with half-a-dozen rooms, is prone to become in a Southern printing-room a country-seat. A ten-room brick house, where the third generation are living, becomes a stately and ancestral mansion. A local statesman, whom history and his biographers declare to be the great-grandson of a Bristol trader, is metamorphosed by the genial influence of a Virginian sun into the "scion of a noble race."

The departed judge is eulogized as a gentleman of ancient lineage, though everybody knows that his grandfather, the Revolutionary officer, was the first of the name that anybody ever heard of, and a man of rare culture, though a line of Cicero, or Herodotus, would have put such culture to a most trying test. As an instance of the enigmas that face the student of Southern life, one may cite one of the chief boasts of slavery, "that in creating a leisured class it stimulated intellectual activity." It certainly gave a stimulus to party politics, and the kind of talent required to conduct them, and forensic ability was never wanting; but anything like such a barren literary record as is presented by the Southern States could hardly be paralleled in the history of any civilized community. Yet the claim of unusual "culture" is one of the commonest made in behalf of social Southern superiority. That very prominent feature of Southern life, "Southern pride," is a much more modern institution than it would fain believe itself to be. If it were confined to the really old colonial families who are still prominent, it would be perfectly intelligible and perfectly admissible, and the hunting up of imaginary cavaliers would be quite superfluous, but it is not. A North Carolinian, educated and well-to-do slaveholder, for instance, would have been in no way behindhand with this indescribable kind of sectional and social pride; but of all the colonies to which England ever gave birth, North Carolina was in its origin probably the most essentially plebeian, and moreover remained plebeian and rude to a very late date. South Carolina, on the other hand, which was only semi-English in origin, rapidly developed a small and well-to-do upper class with commercial and urban as well as mere planting interests. In Virginia a majority, I should say, of those families who claim and receive the appellation of "good," who hug to themselves the magic but elastic title of F. F. V., would not care to go back much beyond the Revolutionary War in the work of investigation, and would shrink from the horny hands of the honest settler whom they would in all probability find axe in hand, barring the genealogical path to the traditional cavalier.

I will take an average county in the centre of Virginia as a fair type of Southern rural life. It will be about the size of one of the smaller English shires, say Huntingdon. It will not be a recently surveyed parallelogram, like a Canadian or Western county, but will have natural boundaries of streams and ridges which were assigned to it early in the last century, within which it has had time to acquire a certain amount of individuality, to cherish a certain amount of local tradition, and to connect itself by degrees with the names of certain influential families. All classes, however, have been more or less stationary upon the soil; old tombstones in fence corners, and in forsaken brier-grown graveyards, bear for the most part on their weather-worn faces the same names as those with which the cross-road stores and the schoolhouses of the day are most familiar. Unlike rural New England, emigration westward has been trifling, and local prejudices and an ignorance of neighboring districts has developed to an extent that would almost put some of our English Arcadias to shame. Before the war sent every able-bodied man here, there, and everywhere, the parallel in that sense would in all probability have been complete. A New York friend of mine who, like myself, has lived for many years in Virginia is fond of declaring by way of illustrating this local patriotism, that no man would have a chance with the jury of a neighboring county if his oppo-

nent were a native of its soil. This is extreme, no doubt, but it is quite certain that to the mass of the people a settler from the neighboring State of Pennsylvania would be quite as much a stranger, and his mode of conducting himself and his affairs quite as much a nine days' wonder, as if he came from England or Scotland.

In this particular county, which I consider to be quite representative enough for ordinary purposes of comparison, there will be a population of about thirty thousand devoted entirely to agricultural pursuits; twelve thousand of these are negroes. Here accuracy of statistics ends. Of the eighteen thousand whites no blue-book, or red-book, or enterprising individual, ever ventured to step in and say who were gentlemen and who were not, who were "good stock" and who were "bad;" who were "mean whites" and who were "mighty respectable people;" but for all that the divisions were there strong enough, though marked by lines that grew faint and uncertain, as class touched class. The word "gentleman," though very freely used in the South, as elsewhere in America, has no social significance whatever, unless when used occasionally by people answering to that description, in a European sense, conversing amongst themselves. Even then it is uttered with a pointed significance, and a sort of consciousness that such language would not do for the street, the office, or the court-house. It was necessary that the middle and lower classes of the South should for several generations before the war be humored in the presence of the negro with harmless terms, so the old sense of the words "gentleman" and "lady," which, in colonial days, still survived, became lost in their general application to nearly all the white population, and came to mean nothing; while their place is occupied by other and less bald definitions, not calculated to offend the democratic ear. "Good people," "first families," "people of refinement," are all awkward makeshifts of social description, for the old definition which has been discarded, not only for the reasons already given, but probably from an instinct that the term in an exclusive sense would have been too marked for a state of society that blended the aristocratic and the democratic feeling so bewilderingly together.

The English traveller or settler in America often comes home disgusted by what he imagines are the social pretensions of the common farming folk, in the West or elsewhere, in calling themselves ladies and gentlemen. The fact is, the term to them conveys no distinct idea whatever; it has little or no social significance, for they share it with almost every neighbor for fifty miles around, but society adjusts itself, in spite of that, by the irresistible laws of like to like; and your plain republican farmer acquiesces without a murmur in such a disposition. When he has said, "I don't set up to be a 'ristocrat," he has said in the American tongue, as plainly as words can say it, "I don't pretend to be a gentleman," but such phraseology as the latter would be revolting and degrading on American soil, and doesn't indeed sound pretty anywhere.

From a personal acquaintance of a great many years with a district such as I am describing, I should say that out of those eighteen thousand whites, ten thousand belonged to the class that owned before the war no negroes, very little land, and that generally poor, rough, or inaccessible. The majority of these would be the genuine "poor white" of the South, the social pariah of the country. A good minority, however, would be respectable small farmers, who merged gradually and imperceptibly into the lower strata of the ranks of the small slaveholders.

Of the remaining eight thousand members of slaveholders' families, but a very few hundred would, at the opening of the war, have constituted the real gentry class — or "society" — under the most liberal construction. I should say fifty households would be a most comprehensive estimate of those in this county who were recognized, or were fitted by training and education to expect to be recognized, as having any sort of social claim. Some counties, almost as large as the one in question, had but three or four; others had as many probably as a hundred. A large proportion of these had no claim, or, at any rate, no authentic claim, to colonial descent, and a great many would have been exceedingly puzzled if accurate details about their grandfathers had been demanded; but still, all were more or less bound together by a better education and a higher standard of property than the mass of slaveholders, were recognized as "quality" by the negroes, and as "good family" by all (the word good in America not implying the sense of "old" exclusively as with us, but having a slightly different sense), intermarrying till all relationship is lost, naming their children by the surnames of mothers and cousins with a pertinacity enough to upset all

one's notions of Anglo-Saxon nomenclature, backing one another's bills with a recklessness we know nothing of. Polished in manners, but rustic and "rough and ready" in habits of life; fluent of tongue and admirable debaters. Intensely fond of talking and hospitality; contemptuous of clocks and watches and the flight of time they mark. Fond of field sports, but with a much greater respect for literature and the arts than seems quite explicable, seeing how utterly serious study of either was ignored. Not as a rule irreligious nor profane; with a decided Puritan tendency, in fact, in many outward observances. Something like this were the better-class planters of Virginia at the opening of the war; and sufficient time has not yet elapsed to materially alter their characters in the same way it has their circumstances. It does not follow that this class included all the larger slaveholders, but it included most of them, and the proportion of land and negroes per head would have been within its lists far greater than in the large yeoman class below. Rural law was administered in former days by unpaid magistrates on the English system, and from this aristocracy naturally came these magistrates. From this class, too, came the politicians, the officers in the army and navy, the doctors for the most part that practised in the country, the lawyers that clustered round the court-house. A good property would have comprised probably two thousand acres around the homestead, with another thousand or so scattered about elsewhere, and perhaps a large, vaguely defined tract of mountain forests, valueless except as ground on which to plant a small colony of slaves to clear land, make their own living under an overseer, and increase in number and value. The owner of such a property might have had two hundred negroes of all ages and sexes. The value of the land, it must be remembered, would not have been more than about ten or fifteen thousand pounds. The value of the negroes would have been at least five-and twenty, and I think this would not be far off a fair estimate of the proportionate value of slaves to land throughout Virginia and a large part of the South, taking, that is, the possessions only of slaveholders. The average number of negroes belonging to the richer class of planters would have been nothing like two hundred — not more than one, probably — men, women, and children. A few, however, had far more. A gentleman in the county of Halifax is said to have owned something like a thousand, numbers of the younger of whom he did not even know by sight. These were, of course, distributed over several plantations, and many hired out at wages commensurate with their skill as laborers to other parties, the wages going to the master, who kept jealous watch over the well-being and the treatment of his property.

The laws of entail and primogeniture were abolished in Virginia, amid tremendous opposition, by Jefferson in 1779, and the colonial aristocracy — originally, for the most part, self-made, it is true, but mellowed by a century or more of placid rural authority — collapsed on to the basis of their own merits. Many families survived this and lived on to the late war, prosperous, distinguished, and honored; but they formed a minority among the second aristocracy that arose chiefly after the Revolutionary War, on a more purely wealth basis, resulting from the rapid development of slavery and the great enhancement in the value of negroes. The crumbling mansions of the older colonial aristocracy are still here and there to be found upon the old seaboard counties of the State, lifting their dilapidated gables above a wilderness of wild growth. The sassafras and the dogwood-tree, the locust and the wild vine twine their boughs together in a tangled chaos over green strips of turf that lean cattle, wandering in the woods, still keep bright and fresh with constant and greedy cropping. The wild broom sedge has for many a long year run riot over broken tombstones, whose mossy faces still faintly proclaim the virtues and the glories of some forgotten race. The poor white or the negro, trailing listlessly behind some venerable steer or mule, turns up in ragged furrows the worn-out soil of paddocks that once echoed to the tread of imported English thoroughbreds, while beneath the warped wainscoting and the high carved mantelpieces of the desolate rooms lie piled the scanty crop of wheat or Indian corn that the ragged occupant has squeezed from the much-enduring soil. But these occasional relics in the very old and long ago semi-deserted parts of the State have nothing but a purely sentimental and pre-Revolutionary interest, have nothing to do with the late great crisis or the period before it. When the second or new aristocracy of Virginia — for, in spite of the many notable exceptions, such it in fact was — went into the late civil war, it carried a mass of individual indebtedness. Slaves had increased

far beyond the numbers required for economic agricultural production. Motives, both of pride and affection, prevented, or, at any rate, very much cramped deliberate sale without some recognized excuse, of which the most usual was intractability on the part of a negro. Negro security was admirable. To put the matter plainly, a planter's property increased annually in accordance with the increase in his negro establishment. Instead of selling that surplus, which his instinct generally revolted from, he issued equivalent paper, which, at the proper rate, was readily accepted and often not presented till some settlement by death or otherwise occasioned a wind-up of the family estate. Then, if no arrangement within the family could be made, the slave had to be sold or hired out to satisfy the creditors. This is a rough outline of the prevailing economic system of those days. Space forbids allusion to the many modifications and exceptions that existed. Credit was unlimited, economy little understood. A certain check was put upon extravagance, as the word would be understood in England, by the absence of luxury and the extreme simplicity of their ideas of life, by the absence of metropolitan centres, and the constant tie to home which slavery entailed on its employers. Entertaining, however, even when it is simply done, if carried to excess, will make great inroads on a limited property, and in Virginia hospitality was literally unbounded. Even to this day to ask a Virginian to come and stay from Monday till Friday, or from Wednesday till Saturday, mentioning, that is to say, a limit for his visit, would be considered a most barbarous outrage. There is something almost ludicrous, if it were not so pathetic, in the picture of poor Mr. Jefferson's declining years at Monticello. His property, which had amounted to something over forty thousand pounds when he left office, was literally eaten up by the swarms of visitors of all kinds, whom his ideas of hospitality forbade him to close his doors to; and when he died, the sale of his property failed to cover his debts.

From The National Review.

A SEQUEL TO "RICH MEN'S DWELLINGS."

BY LADY JOHN MANNERS.

FORTY or fifty years ago the machinery of daily life was less cumbersome, less complicated, less costly than it is at present. A hundred years ago still greater simplicity prevailed. Records of what are called household expenses in great houses, half a century back, prove that the so called requirements of society have increased, while in too many cases the incomings have not increased in proportion. About the period referred to, even in the largest country establishments, it was not the custom to offer more than one dinner in the day. The meal was of long duration, and heavy in character; frequently the potations succeeding it lasted for a considerable time. But luncheon, as it is now understood, did not exist. A slight repast, easily served, and taken without ceremony, was the usual stop-gap between breakfast and dinner, although the first meal of the day was by no means elaborate. Men of the old school seldom troubled themselves to take more than a biscuit or a sandwich when they rode across country, or had a hard day's shooting. It is true that the great battues that are at present the fashion, which are, indeed, very serious undertakings, had not then been heard of. Country gentlemen considered shooting more in the light of a recreation in those days, whereas now that vast sums are spent on preserving, the organization of a "great shoot" is a matter of importance, involving the destruction of, perhaps, three or four thousand pheasants. Now, when parties are entertained in well-appointed sporting country houses in England, or in shooting-lodges in Scotland, a succession of meals, each partaking more or less of the character of a dinner, occupies the attention of the guests, with brief intervals for rest, from morning hours till long past dewy eve.

Before the ladies — indeed, before most of the gentlemen — leave their beds, dainty little services of tea and bread and butter are carried to them. Sometimes the younger men prefer brandy-and-soda. Fortified by these refreshments, the non-sporting guests come to breakfast about ten. Four hot dishes, every sort of cold meats that might fitly furnish forth a feast, fruits, cakes, tea, coffee, cocoa, claret on the sideboard, constitute a satisfactory breakfast, often prolonged till within two hours and a half of luncheon. The shooters have probably breakfasted earlier. The important institution of luncheon begins at two. Again the table is spread with many varieties of flesh and fowl, hot and cold proofs of the cook's ability; plain puddings for those who study their

health, creations in cream for those who have not yet devoted themselves to that never-failing source of interest. Coffee is often served after lunch, which is usually over soon after three. If a shooting-party has gone out, Norwegian stoves crammed with hot dishes of an appetizing character have been despatched to the scene of action. Though champagne is sometimes sent, your crack shot, as a rule, sticks to the whiskey, or to claret; unless, indeed, he prefers some happy thought of his own, such as a mixture of curaçoa and brandy, in his flask. If hunting is the order of the day, good-sized cases have been prepared, which the second horsemen carry slung on their backs. The ladies gather round the tea-table about five, usually showing much appreciation of any little surprises in the way of muffins, or tea-cakes, provided by a thoughtful hostess. When the shooters come in, some will probably join the ladies, perhaps a few may like a little champagne, but tea and talk tempt the majority. One or two who have shot very steadily, and are themselves wise old birds, will retire to their rooms, and, perhaps, get between the sheets for an hour or two. About half past six the hostess will probably withdraw to see that there is a *menu* written out for each guest, unless it has been printed. At eight or half past, dinner will be served. The floral arrangements are probably elaborate, and have generally been carried out by the head gardener, or the groom of the chambers; the saying "C'est le trop qui nuit" is sometimes forgotten, for occasionally the table-cloth is almost hidden by masses of greenery, or literally strewn, like a forest path, with fading autumn leaves. Sometimes baskets of flowers are sent from Paris, or from Nice, to form the centre of a group. The art of decorating a table is now studied by professional experts in that branch.

Sir Henry Thompson, in his admirable book, "Food and Feeding," has laid down principles which, by directing the attention of dinner-givers to the quality of the fare provided, and by suggesting diminution as to the quantity, have greatly conduced to the pleasure of diners-out. The more moderate length of dinners in what are called "good houses" is a matter of general congratulation. The six or four *entrées* have dwindled to two or three, and those dreadful inventions formerly known as sweets, rarely touched by man, have also decreased, little savories taking the place of some of the colored jellies and creams that formerly appeared in monotonous rotation.

By ten, or half past, dinner is generally over. Coffee is brought into the dining-room, while the gentlemen smoke. It is whispered that some of the ladies enjoy a post-prandial cigarette. Liqueurs and tea are offered during the evening, and keep up flagging energies till the ladies ostensibly go to bed, after a little money has changed hands at poker or loo.

Then the serious business of the night begins for the gentlemen, who dive into the recesses of the smoking-room — recesses formerly sacred to them; but it is rumored that the rustlings of tea-gowns have sometimes been heard in those hitherto inviolable retreats, and that, if a billiard table is to be found in the smoking-room, its attractions draw ladies thither. Brews of many kinds are prepared — effervescing waters, whiskey, brandy, claret, lemons in profusion must be at hand, for the saying, "So many men, so many minds," may be rendered, "So many men, so many tastes."

If, when the party breaks up, the complicated arrangements essential to the working of the commissariat have been successfully carried out, if the shooting has been first-rate, if the wine has been so good that no one has felt particularly jumpy or chippy, the host and hostess will be rewarded. For several of the guests will probably observe, "So-and-so really does you very well." But, in order to obtain this encomium, the host and hostess, the butler, the groom of the chambers, the housekeeper, the cook, in fact, the whole staff indoors, the head keeper and his myrmidons, the different heads of the out-door departments, and, if in Scotland, the fishermen and the gillies, must each be first-rate people in their respective lines, who know their duty and are determined to do it. Americans regard with amazement the perfect organization of many of our great households; the excellence of the intelligent, attentive, respectful men, who serve us as butlers, valets, grooms of the chambers and footmen, impresses them much.

The increase of expenditure on the table has extended to other branches of household finance. Much more is spent by ladies on dress than was formerly the case; yet good, useful, and pretty materials may be had for very moderate prices. When, however, the homespun tweed, or the cambric, is made up by a tailor, or a first-rate dressmaker, ten or twelve pounds will be charged for it. This sum used to

be the price of a silk gown. Many ladies at the present time, whose fortunes cannot be considered large, spend six hundred a year on their toilettes; and it is not unusual for a thousand to be expended by those who go out a great deal. Sixty guineas for a court dress is a not uncommon price. Though brocades and satins now rival in richness those in the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, they do not seem to possess equally lasting qualities. At all events, many of their wearers are "constant to a constant change." There are now costumes for every variation of the barometer, specially adapted for every occasion. At five o'clock tea the most glowing velvets and rich laces may replace the sensible serge suit for an hour, until the tea gown has to be changed for the less comfortable but equally costly dinner dress. Young unmarried girls were formerly dressed with the utmost simplicity: white draperies, like those Sir Joshua Reynolds used to paint, were considered in every respect most suitable for them; but now, too often, three, four, or five hundred a year are spent on the dress of a girl whose fortune may never exceed that amount. How much kinder it would be, instead of letting the money dissolve into clouds of filmy net, to lay aside a part of it to increase her marriage portion! It has been said that, no matter how humble the dwelling, wherever a young man and a young woman who love each other make their home, *there* is Paradise. But, with the expensive habits of our days, it requires some courage for a young couple, who have passed their early years in luxury, to marry on small means. Experience, however, shows that those who determine to live with simplicity, and to exercise self-denial for the sake of each other, may enjoy the perpetual feast of mutual affection without spending largely. But it is easier to begin married life in an economical manner than to retrench later.

Another item of expenditure which has augmented greatly is house-rent, particularly in London. Houses in or near South Kensington and Tyburnia, some years ago, might be had on comparatively moderate terms. Now, small houses in those outlying parts of the town are scarcely more reasonable than others of the same calibre in the neighborhood of Mayfair or St. James Street. The great distances that have to be traversed make the item of journeys in and about London an important one. Busy men have been known to spend two hundred a year in hansoms, even while having carriages.

Wages have nearly doubled — but this must be a matter of congratulation to those who reflect how essential it is for servants to lay up against a time of sickness or old age. Very often a considerable part of their earnings is given in youth to help in supporting members of their family. Many, as in the case of coachmen and footmen, are exposed to risks from cold and wet; often, it is to be feared, the rooms or pantries in which they sleep are very unhealthy. Too frequently the example of those they serve does not teach them to practise thrift.

It would be idle to attempt here to enumerate the instances in which the expenses of life in London have increased. The reflection would extend to almost every form of social intercourse or amusement. A spirit of emulation in expenditure pervades the higher and the middle classes.

Entertainments are on a much more costly scale than formerly. Two thousand pounds are occasionally spent on flowers for one ball. The roses and lilies of the girls' complexions used to be considered the chief ornament of the room. Now, indeed, there are balls to which only three or four girls are invited — married women's balls, where the charm of the ladies can only be surpassed by the attractions of the supper.

Ascot, Goodwood, Cowes, are recognized institutions involving considerable expense. Some people, indeed, who would not for anything miss the Ascot week, have been known to shirk going to the races in order to enjoy the delicious feeling of rest on a velvet lawn, in the summer sunshine, after being "rushed" in London. For after some weeks of pleasure a sensation of being chivied, hunted, or rushed, occasionally overcomes the most energetic.

Rents at seaside places have risen greatly. In the autumn, a hundred guineas a month is considered a fair price for a pretty good house at any of the favourite towns on the coast within easy distance of London.

A glance at the pages of the *Sportsman's Guide* will show that £1,600, or £2,000, for good grouse-shooting and a comfortable lodge, is not unfrequently paid. First-rate salmon-fishing commands large sums, nor can the "king of fish" be relied on to come to time. Forests are let at rents varying from £2,000 to £4,000, and are increasing in value — creeping on all fours after a beast for many consecutive hours being one of the keenest delights

to all Scotchmen and many Englishmen. The large proportion of the best Scotch moors, rivers and forests, are secured by men who have made immense fortunes by commerce, or occasionally by their inventive powers, or their quickness in seizing opportunities of turning their knowledge to the best account in financial transactions.

Scotland is almost as popular with rich Americans as Paris. Even if they do not return thither year after year, they visit its most beautiful scenery, and find in the brilliant coloring of the wild cherry, the beech, the birch, in autumn, some resemblance to the vivid hues of the white oak, and the maple, on the banks of the Mississippi. Some of them make a home part of the year in the Highlands, and bring the luxuries of the Broadway to the foot of the stern wild mountains. Many merchant princes from our own great cities find a couple of months spent in a sequestered glen more beneficial than a visit to Homburg or Karlsbad. There are octogenarian sportsmen who still find the breath of the heather exercise its reviving influence on them, and enjoy it all the more after the work of the office, the bank, or the brewery.

Many of those referred to have earned their money by hard and protracted toil. They are usually very kind to the poor in their neighborhood, nor do they omit the kindly courtesies of life to the rich, or rather to the well-to-do, for riches do not abound among Scotch landed proprietors "at the present," to use a Scotch expression. Sometimes a whole countryside is benefited by the tenancy of one of these hospitable millionaires, who are often excellent sportsmen.

It is noticeable that while they do everything, as a rule, on a very liberal scale, those who have been most successful in amassing money usually have an accurate estimate as to its value. Their business habits are often kept up, as regards the administration of their private affairs, after they have retired from the management of their commercial houses — they rarely waste, or allow others to waste, their wealth.

Some of these tenants of Highland shootings may think it worth while to import wild turkeys and canvas-back ducks from America; fish, except salmon, from Bond Street; fruit from Covent Garden, and butter from Edinburgh; the appointments of their houses may be comfortable almost to luxuriousness, their equipages numerous, but they do not muddle away money without receiving its worth. And usually a large proportion is spent in benevolence, we will not say in charity, for charity does not always benefit the recipients. What is here meant by benevolence is affording employment at liberal wages, and providing comfortable house-room for dependents.

The money spent among the gillies and fishermen during the autumn in Scotland brings comfort to their homes, and enables them to help their aged relations, to whom they are usually very kind. The Scotch poor are thrifty, spending little on food. Oatmeal porridge, sweetened with treacle, when milk, as is too often the case, is scarce, constitutes the chief part of their daily fare. Dried herrings, a little tea, Indian tea being preferred, are their luxuries. Whiskey must not be omitted from this short list, but in some parts of the country the people have themselves established places where they can procure tea. Many a "John Anderson my Jo," in humble life, has a hard fight of it in winter, when the snow perhaps lies several feet high in front of his cottage, to keep his "auld wife" from the dreaded poor-house. The very poor often endure privations and intense cold, in the spirit of an aged Highlander, who was wont to say in days of sorest need, "We maun just bear what the Lord lays on us."

But in order to indulge in luxuries on the scale referred to, and at the same time to provide for the poor, very large fortunes are essential.

The number of millionaires or demi-millionaires has increased greatly of late years. In the neighborhood of our great commercial centres, palaces and villas have risen which testify to the prosperity of the owners. It is to Manchester that most of John Everett Millais's pictures find their way; the conservatories of many of the great merchants there, and near other centres of commercial activity, boast the rarest orchids, which adorn banquets not unworthy of Lucullus. Their children enjoy every possible educational advantage; and in these days, when the system of competitive examination has been imported from China into this country, educational advantages open the way to success in life. Sometimes £10,000 a year is allowed to each son who marries, and ample dowries are given to the daughters.

When the heir to the throne maintains an establishment suited to his dignity, when he extends hospitality at festive seasons to his friends, his neighbors, his

tenants, when he supplies every cottager on his estate with substantial proofs of his kindly feelings toward them, he confers benefits not only on his immediate surroundings, but on his country; for he draws closer the bonds which unite different classes in friendly union.

The same happy influence is exercised by every great noble, every landed proprietor, and every citizen whose fortune justifies him in following in the footsteps of the good old English gentleman, —

> Who while he feasted all the rich,
> Yet ne'er forgot the poor,
> Nor was the houseless wanderer
> E'er driven from his door.

While comparatively few favorites of fortune possess great wealth, the large majority of people in what is called "society" have only moderate means, a still larger proportion are struggling with financial embarrassments, and we learn from the highest source whence wisdom can be drawn that the poor shall never cease out of the land.

Now that agitators are advocating the confiscation of the lands of the rich to benefit the poor, it is well to recall to memory the words of Burke: —

> The laboring people are only poor because they are numerous. Numbers in their nature imply poverty. In a fair distribution among a vast multitude none can have much. That class of dependent pensioners called the rich is so extremely small that if all their throats were cut and a distribution made of all they consume in a year, it would not give a bit of bread and cheese for one night's supper to those who labor, and who in reality feed both the pensioners and themselves.
>
> But the throats of the rich ought not to be cut, nor their magazines plundered; because in their persons they are trustees for those who labor, and their hoards are the banking-houses of these latter. Whether they mean it or not, they do in effect execute their trust, some with more, some with less, fidelity and judgment. But on the whole the duty is performed, and everything returns, deducting some very trifling commission and discount, to the place from whence it arose. When the poor rise to destroy the rich they act as wisely for their own purposes as when they burn mills and throw corn into the river to make bread cheap.

Whether in consequence of the adoption of habits of life involving increased expenditure, or from agricultural depression, numbers of people are anxiously asking how they can discharge their duties to their families, to society, and the poor, with the funds at their disposal. Will they cast a retrospective glance on the customs of their predecessors in times not so very remote? The following passage occurs in Boswell's "Life of Johnson:" —

> Lord Shelburne used to tell me that a man of high rank, who looks into his own affairs, may have all that he ought to have, all that can be of any use, or appear with any advantage, for five thousand pounds a year.

The official salary of the prime minister was fixed at that sum by the Reform ministry, and though occasionally the office of chancellor of the exchequer, with half its emoluments, is held by the first lord of the treasury, the salary has not increased.

Perhaps the record of her expenses left by the wife of Sir Philip, then Mr., Francis, may not be uninteresting. When her husband went to India, there to occupy an important official position, she remained in England to await his return. She was to have a house in Harley Street, to keep two footmen, a carriage and a pair of horses, and a suitable establishment. On April 20, 1777, Mrs. Francis sends the following list of her expenses: —

	£	s.	d.
House and stables in Harley Street	205	0	0
Housekeeping at four guineas a week	222	0	0
Philip's school and clothes	100	0	0
Servants' wages — five in number	42	0	0
Men's Liveries	12	12	0
Girls' clothes — there are five	100	0	0
Coals and wine and apothecary	80	0	0
Coach, etc.	120	0	0
Monthlies for myself	60	0	0
	941	12	0

Country familes, even within the memory of living people, used to go for a week to the county town, where the gaieties of the races, and the ball at the assembly rooms, were supposed to make up to the young ladies for absence from London. Edinburgh had its season, and the hopes of the Highland and Lowland beauties seldom aspired beyond the border.

In the course of a recent discussion on the augmentation of household expenses, it was mentioned that the prices of bread and of groceries are much lower now than they were forty years ago. Meat has nearly doubled in price. A certain number of brewers seem to have realized Dr. Johnson's ideas, and to have found in their vats the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Dis-

tillers, more cunning than alchymists of bygone days, have extracted gold in abundance by their processes. It is stated that tobacco manufacturers and soap-boilers make four times as much money now as they did at the time referred to. A very large number of our countrymen have developed Teutonic capacities for smoking. If ten or twelve cigars are consumed in the twenty-four hours, with interludes in which cigarettes and pipes are substituted, the sum that vanishes in smoke, varying according to the price of the tobacco, is considerable. In a few instances the expenditure on cigars amounts to five pounds a day. The increase in the sale of soap may be partly accounted for by the fact that forty or fifty years ago the tub was not considered a necessary article of furniture.

It is said that the consumption of tea and sugar has increased tenfold. Now that light claret is drunk in tumblers almost universally, wine-merchants prosper; though it is no longer considered essential for a country gentleman to advise his son to "tan his inside well with a bottle of port every day," advice that was formerly cheerfully followed.

Last season the leading dressmakers were receiving almost more orders than they could get through for the most expensive dresses. Florists, even at this time of year, find no difficulty in selling huge sheaves of flowers, by courtesy called bouquets, at sums ranging from three guineas to fancy prices. Hairdressers have a brisk sale of fluffy fringes, tresses of every shade. It is true that occasionally the golden plaits, and the beautiful silver hair that we regard as the glory of advancing years, are made of the finest alpaca wool, but they are very profitable merchandise. French artists are decorating reception-rooms with snowy brocades, relieved by tints of gold for those who appreciate their taste; our own upholsterers furnish suites of rooms with the softest plush, or glowing damasks, and every imaginable appliance for luxurious lounging. Those palaces of Pall Mall, the clubs, are more than full, and women now have established their right to enjoy the delights of club life.

The composer of "Pinafore" and "Patience," as well as the writer of the librettos of those charming works, have not only won golden opinions from their delighted countrymen, but a golden harvest has rewarded their labors. In Mozart's time it was usual for the composer of an opera to receive one hundred ducats, and the librettist was given fifty. The income of Mozart's household in 1788 was eight hundred florins. In 1833 Mendelssohn accepted the post of musical director at Düsseldorf at a yearly salary of six hundred thalers (£90). In our days, a song that becomes really popular brings in large sums to its fortunate possessor. "Nancy Lee," for instance, brought over £4,000. The demand for novels is so large, that Messrs. Mudie issued in 1883 a new novel for each day in the year, while rejecting many. The excess of letters that passed through the General Post Office last Christmas week, approached twenty millions over previous years. Probably most of these letters contained a Christmas card: the sums spent in these pretty trifles are now considerable.

Theatres are thronged, concerts are crowded, at well-organized fancy fairs thousands are spent. If a young lady of average popularity marries, she is nearly sure to receive silver knicknacks, jewelled insects, and ormolu inkstands enough to fill several chests. "Articles de Paris," which, by the way, are often made in Birmingham, are eagerly bought. Money for superfluities seems to abound.

Yet, from many parts of the United Kingdom, the saddest accounts reach dispirited statesmen. Many country gentlemen have seen no course open to them but to sell their ancestral acres. Others have left their manor-houses, and have taken small residences in the neighborhood of their lands, where they can devote their energies to cultivating the farms which have been thrown upon their hands. In some instances, while they have given up their favorite sports, they have not allowed their poor people to suffer. Many more who cannot part with their estates or their responsibilities, see no satisfactory solution to the problem how to make both ends meet. Owing to financial embarrassment, the curse of absenteeism threatens many a rural community.

In London an enormous number of men are hopelessly seeking work — skilled artisans, carpenters, painters, workmen in various branches of trade. Those who see them day after day at the houses of call, where they go to ask if they can hear of employment, describe their condition as painful in the extreme. The reason assigned is that many of those who used to employ them at this season of the year cannot afford to have the usual "setting to rights" undertaken in their houses.

It is to be feared that the words of the Laureate are too true, and that these are days

When the poor are hovelled and hustled together each sex like swine.

In our great cities the "fire-water" has been as deadly in its effects as it proved in the wigwams of the Red man. Hospitals are over-crowded: a few weeks ago the wards of one of the largest were full of cases of typhoid fever; it was scarcely possible for urgent cases to be received. As Lord Salisbury recently said, "In supporting hospitals the benevolent can hardly go wrong." The steady, continuous aid required by these institutions is not given in proportion to the calls made on their resources, by the unceasing entreaties of the sick for admission.

Great poverty frequently exists in the closest proximity to the dwellings of the rich; in almost every mews a mission field may be found.

It is consoling to reflect that where there is distress, there charity is often at hand to succor the helpless and teach those who can learn to help themselves. The experiences recorded in the brief pages of Miss Octavia Hill's "Homes of the London Poor," and in the "Bright Side of Outcast London," by Lady Tankerville, are full of encouragement. Every person who provides food and warmth for the cold and hungry, who seeks out the destitute in garret or cellar, who teaches the neglected, or who, being too poor to undertake either of these works of mercy, gives sympathy to the suffering, is diminishing the vast aggregate of human misery.

In the present state of society the contrasts are startling. Perhaps the day may come when one half of the world may set itself in earnest to find out how the other half lives. When that knowledge is gained, some may see their way to ordering their lives in such a manner that, without neglecting their social duties or compromising the future of those who come after them, they may themselves enjoy the one luxury that never palls, the luxury of doing good.

"Au delà des devoirs de justice il y a les devoirs de dévoument qui ne sont plus soumis à des règles précises. Le dévoument, l'héroïsme, le sacrifice c'est le luxe de la morale, luxe nécessaire et obligatoire, mais qui ne peut être imposé sous forme de loi." In these words, the French philosopher, Victor Cousin, re-echoes the divine teaching of the Golden Rule.

From The Saturday Review.

PAPAL POETS.

HER Majesty's fresh instalment of her diary appears at almost the same moment with another volume emanating from a crowned — and indeed triply crowned — head. Under the title of "*Leonis XIII. Pont. Maximi Carmina*" Professor Brunelli of Perugia has just edited a collection of Latin poems by the present pope, with an Italian version of his own. The appearance of such a work naturally suggests reflections on the literary and especially the poetical antecedents of the long line of pontiffs to whom his Holiness succeeds. The subject is not, in one sense, a very copious one, for the number of popes, as of other rulers or potentates in Church or State, who have enjoyed a literary reputation has, as might be expected, not been very great. Mr. Creighton makes rather a strong statement in saying of Æneas Silvius (Pius II.) that "he is, perhaps, the only man of letters who has been equally eminent in literature and in statesmanship." But as a rule the two kinds of eminence are not found in combination. Many sovereigns and popes have been men of no special distinction of any sort, and those who have been distinguished were usually, to cite a phrase — if we remember rightly of Napoleon's — "too busy making history to have time to write it;" still less could they find leisure for poetical composition. As regards the early popes the fact has often been noticed, and is dwelt on by Milman, partly in proof of the inherent and growing greatness of their see, that none of them were men of very conspicuous personality; the very names and dates even of some of the series are still uncertain. It is not too much to say that Leo the Great in the middle of the fifth century is the first whose personal character emerges from obscurity; so much so that the same writer justly speaks of his pontificate as constituting an "epoch in the history of Latin, or rather of universal, Christianity." And Leo was moreover a considerable preacher; at this day many of his sermons might be preached with edification, and with scarcely the change of a word, before an educated congregation, from either an Anglican or a Roman Catholic pulpit; there is an almost modern tone about them, and Milman calls them "singularly Christian, as dwelling almost exclusively on Christ." The next great pontiff, a century and a half later, was also a preacher and a writer, and even a poet, though he has been somewhat

unfairly gibbeted by Hallam and other authorities as a typical enemy of learning. Hallam says that hostility to it "was inculcated in the most extravagant degree by Gregory I., the founder in a great measure of the papal supremacy, and the chief authority in the dark ages;" there is even a late, and probably apocryphal, story of his burning a library of heathen authors. It is certain that he spoke with some contempt of grammatical niceties in writing, and thought it improper for clergymen to be employed in teaching grammar; and that he commended the youthful Benedict, afterwards founder of the Benedictine Order, for his flight from Rome to the desert, preferring to be *nescienter sciens et scienter indoctus*. But Benedict fled to escape the vices, not the education, of the capital; and it must be remembered on the one hand that the bent of Gregory's mind was in the direction of practical energy and especially of missionary enterprise — which made him, in Milman's words, "the father of the mediæval Papacy" — while on the other hand he lived at a period when the old classical Latin was in the last stage of decay, and neither the mediæval Latin, which is really a different language, nor any of the tongues of modern Europe were yet in a position to replace it. The kind of grammatical instruction he put aside as mere waste of precious time was in fact little better than a form of obsolete pedantry. Meanwhile he was himself, as we have seen, a poet, and some of the finest of the ancient hymns still preserved in the Roman Breviary are from his pen; a monk of Monte Cassino, named Amatus, dedicated to him a poem on St. Peter and St. Paul.

It is a far cry from Gregory I. at the end of the sixth century to Gregory VII., better known as Hildebrand, at the end of the eleventh; but, with the exception of Nicholas I. and Leo IX., who also were men of action, not men of letters, there is no pope of commanding personality between them. Leo IX. is said indeed to have been an effective preacher, but rather from the saintly unction of his sermons than from any special rhetorical power. The two next great pontiffs, Innocent III. and Innocent IV., had little time for indulging in any literary pursuits, and thus we are brought, after two centuries more, to Pius II., whose name has already been referred to, and who has not been unjustly described as, in his previous life, before he became immersed in public affairs, "one of the earliest representatives of the man of letters pure and simple." His literary tastes were not indeed exactly accordant with his subsequent position. He wrote among other things a poem, as he boasted, of more than two thousand lines in length in honor of the mistress of his Sienese friend, Mariano de Sozini, and he took pride in receiving from Frederick III. the laureate's crown. It is quite true that few men of more consummate abilities or larger ambition ever sat on the papal throne than Pius II., who in changing his name, not only abandoned the immoralities, but, as Milman puts it, "boldly, unreservedly, absolutely condemned the heretical tenets of Æneas Silvius." The next pontiff of decided literary tastes, who, though not himself an author, was a liberal and appreciative patron of learned men, and especially of poets, was unfortunately still less of a credit to the papacy than Pius II. The retort of an Anglican controversialist, when charged with the Socinianism of Bishop Hoadley, "Leo X. was a pope, though an infidel," may perhaps be an exaggeration, but that his tastes and his morals were alike essentially pagan there can be no manner of doubt. The Italian poetry of the age which he and other Renaissance popes delighted to patronize, was of the type consigned to an immortality of shame in Beccadelli's "*Hermaphroditus*." If we pass over two centuries more, Benedict XIV. and Clement XIII., better known as Ganganelli, two of the best as well as ablest popes of the later centuries, were both authors, but we are not aware that either of them cultivated poetry.

As regards the present pope, his literary habits and capabilities have long been matter of notoriety; and Signor Brunelli takes occasion, in the preface to the volume of poems he has edited, to tell us some pertinent anecdotes in illustration of it. Thus it appears that, when Bishop of Perugia, Cardinal Pecci took an active interest in the working of his diocesan seminary, and was in fact "more than bishop, he was our rector, master, and father." He was constantly to be seen "in the chapel, in the corridors, at meals, at recreation, in the private rooms, in the school, and even teaching at the desk." On one morning, for instance, Brunelli, then himself a student, came down late for his class, and was much taken aback to find the cardinal bishop himself seated at the master's desk and explaining Cicero "*Pro Milone*" to his

pupils. Brunelli mentions that he knew by heart more than half of Dante, and nearly the whole of the Æneid and Odes of Horace. His recent move in regard to the Vatican Library was noticed in our columns at the time. It may be added here that three weeks ago he received in private audience the members of the German Historical Club in Rome, with each of whom he conversed separately on the particular work he was engaged upon, and then proceeded to deliver a general address, in which the following significant passage occurs: "We have no fears about the publication of documents, for every pope, one more, another less, has labored, often under great difficulties, for the advance of God's kingdom on earth, and this among all peoples. . . . Work then, with courage and perseverance, with activity and joy, not so much for earthly reward and human recognition and honor as for the honor and glory of God." The present volume is of a somewhat lighter, though mainly of a religious kind. It opens with poems commemorating St. Herculanus and another martyred bishop of Perugia, and then follow verses of a more directly personal interest. One poem is addressed to a friend, "*Ad Vincentium Panormum*," on his name of Vincent. Another, "*De Invaletudine Sua*, 1830," is on a serious illness which threatened his own life when he was only ten years old; it begins: —

Ipse puer denos, Joachim, vix crescis in annos,
Morborum heu quanta vi miser obrueris;
Juverit hos fando tristes memorare dolores,
Et vitæ ærumnas dicere carminibus.

Then follow some couplets describing his illness, and expectation of death, and the poem ends: —

Non me labentis perturbant gaudia vitæ,
Æternis inhians nil peritura moror;
Attingens patriam felix erit advena, felix
Si valet ad portum ducere nauta ratem.

After this there come lines on a certain youth, Roger A. C. by name, who "effrontem mulierem depellit;" then some in which "fons loquitur," like Horace's fountain of Bandusia; then some more "de se ipso" under date of 1875; verses on his sister, on Gertrude Sterbini, a virgin, and various sets on different priests of the author's acquaintance and superiors of convents. One poem is on "*Ars photographica*," one addressed to a Perugian friend, whom he desired to recall from an immoral life, and one bears the ominous title "*Damnatorum ad inferos lamentabilis vox;*" two are in Italian, one being a hymn to the Virgin, the other of a jocose kind, addressed to Orfei, his predecessor in the delegation of Benevento. The lines seem generally, as far as we can judge from the specimens before us, to be smooth and classical in form; but the chief and permanent interest of the volume will lie, of course, in its frequent biographical allusions, from the time of the author's early childhood down to the present day, and in the evidence it affords of classical taste and pursuits, for which neither popes nor *papalini* have of late years been remarkable. And the circumstance mentioned by the editor, of his Holiness's intimate familiarity with both Virgil and Dante, shows that in his case this habit of mind has been cherished through life. Dante is indeed the great Catholic poet of the Middle Ages, and there is a close affinity between the teachings of the "*Divina Commedia*" and of Aquinas, which may help to explain the predilection of the present pope for it. But it seems that he is equally at home in Virgil and Horace, and here no such secondary interest can have prompted his choice.

It may further be observed that the volume reflects a pleasing light on the simplicity, devoutness, and natural sympathy of the personal character of Leo. XIII. We see his patience and trust in the divine mercy under severe illness, his playful rallying of one companion, and urgent warning of another, whom he feared to be straying into forbidden paths, his affection for his sister and loyalty to his friends. There is nothing to be sure out of the common in all this, nothing we are not accustomed to meet with every day, but then somehow it is pleasant to be reminded that popes and kings are after all "our own flesh and blood," and it is especially pleasant, when they are persons exemplary and energetic in the discharge of the public duties of their exalted station, to find that their human feelings and sympathies remain warm and fresh as though no such divinity did hedge them about, and that they are quite willing to confess so much. It is this revelation which gives to the queen's Highland journal its peculiar charm, and has evoked so wide and hearty a response among its multitudinous readers. And we can well imagine that for the great multitude of Christians of various nations, who look up to the successor of St. Peter as their spiritual father and pastor, this little col-

lection of papal poems will have something of the same significance and attraction, and that they will recognize in it the "touch of nature" which makes pope and peasant kin. For those among them who are scholars and keenly alive to the importance of enlisting scholarship in the service of religion, it will of course possess a further interest as coming from such a quarter. But to the ordinary Catholic, who cares little for such matters, and has been accustomed to gaze in distant awe, as at an infallible but impersonal oracle, at the mysterious presence enthroned in the Vatican, it may be expected to convey something of the impression produced on Dr. Arnold's boys at Rugby, according to his biographer, as they whispered to each other in accents of half-incredulous admiration, "Why, he calls us fellows."

From Nature.

THE AXIOMS OF GEOMETRY.

SINCE the time when Riemann and Helmholtz began their investigations on the axioms of geometry so much has been written on this subject in learned papers and in a more or less popular form that it might have appeared superfluous again to call the attention of writers on, and teachers of, elementary geometry to it, had it not been for the publication a year or two ago of a new edition of the first six books of Euclid's "Elements," with annotations and notes, by Prof. Casey. I hope the eminent author of this in many respects excellent book will excuse me for criticising some points in it, and making them the opportunity for again returning to the question about the axioms in geometry.

The points I object to besides his treatment of Book V., of which I may possibly say a few words on another occasion, is contained in note B at the end of the book. Here Prof. Casey gives Legendre's and Hamilton's proofs of I. 32, that the sum of the interior angles of any triangle is equal to two right angles, implying, of course, that he considers these proofs valid, proofs which are independent of the theory of parallels. The theorem in question depends in Euclid upon Axiom XII., and all depends upon the question whether this axiom is necessary. For the two propositions in this axiom and in Theorem I. 32 stand in such a relation that either is a consequence of the other. Hence if I. 32 can be proved independently, the Axiom XII. changes into a theorem. But the investigations above referred to show that it is this axiom which tells us what kind of a surface the plane really is, and that until this axiom is introduced all propositions apply equally well to the spherical and to the plane surface.

I select for discussion the "quaternion proof" given by Sir William Hamilton, this being the easiest of the two. But that by Legendre can be treated in exactly the same way.

Hamilton's proof consists in the following:—

One side A B of the triangle A B C is turned about the point B till it lies in the continuation of B C; next, the line B C is made to slide along B C till B comes to C, and is then turned about C till it comes to lie in the continuation of A C. It is now again made to slide along C A till the point B comes to A, and is turned about A till it lies in the line A B. Hence it follows, *since rotation is independent of translation*, that the line has performed a whole revolution, that is, it has been turned through four right angles. But it has also described in succession the three exterior angles of the triangle, hence these are together equal to four right angles, and from this follows at once that the interior angles are equal to two right angles.

To show how erroneous this reasoning is — in spite of Sir William Hamilton and in spite of quaternions — I need only point out that it holds exactly in the same manner for a triangle on the surface of the sphere, from which it would follow that the sum of the angles in a spherical triangle equals two right angles, whilst this sum is known to be always greater than two right angles. The proof depends only on the fact, that any line can be made to coincide with any other line, that two lines do so coincide when they have two points in common, and further, that a line may be turned about any point in it without leaving the surface. But if instead of the plane we take a spherical surface, and instead of a line a great circle on the sphere, all these conditions are again satisfied.

The reasoning employed must therefore be fallacious, and the error lies in the words printed in italics; for these words contain an assumption which has not been proved. In fact they contain an axiom which completely replaces Euclid's

Axiom XII., viz., it expresses that property of a plane which differentiates it from the sphere.

On the sphere it is, of course, not true that rotation is independent of translation, simply because every translation — sliding along a great circle — is a rotation about the poles of the great circle.

From this it might be said to follow that the calculus of quaternions must be wrong. But this again is not correct. The fact is that the celebrated author of this calculus had built it up with the full knowledge of the fundamental space properties in his mind, and making full use of them. Afterwards, on reasoning backwards, he got these space properties out of his formulæ, forgetting that they were exactly the facts with which he started. The process is, as far as logic is concerned, not very different from that practised by some alchemists, who pretended to make gold, and actually did produce gold out of their crucibles, but only as much as they had themselves put in.

The following considerations may help to clear up this point still further:—

Prof. Sylvester once conceived, in illustration of some points connected with our subject, an infinitely thin book-worm living in a surface, and consequently limited in its space conceptions to the geometry on such surface. In a similar manner we may imagine an intelligent being consisting merely of an eye occupying a fixed point in space, but capable of perceiving rays of light in every direction. For such a being space would have two dimensions only, but in this space it could conceive figures for which most of Euclid's definitions and all axioms with the exception of the twelfth, and therefore all propositions up to the twenty-sixth in the first book, would hold. Only the names *point*, *line*, *angle*, etc., would stand for objects different to those which they represent to our mind. Nothing can put the vagueness of Euclid's definitions and the real nature of his axioms, viz., that they contain the real logical definitions of the geometrical entities, in a clearer light than the fact that it is possible to use these so-called definitions for objects quite different from those to which Euclid applied them.

To return to our imaginary being; let us suppose it capable of studying Euclid. A ray of light, that is, a line, would appear to it as having no extension but only position, and would answer Euclid's definition of a point. Two such rays determine a plane, but to the eye this would have one dimension only, and it would *lie evenly between its boundaries;* calling the latter "points" it answers the description of lying evenly between its extreme points, and may be called a straight line, whilst the angle between the two rays would be the *distance* between the points. If two of these lines be drawn from the same point, we get as the inclination between them a *rectilineal angle;* this being to our mind the dihedral angle between two planes. If a line A B were made to revolve about its fixed end A, the other point B would describe a *circle;* in our space a cone of revolution.

The following is a list of those definitions and axioms from Euclid with which we have here to deal. It will be seen that they hold, every word of them, for the figures above described as conceived by our eye-being. Only it must be remembered that a point for the eye-being is to our mind a line through the eye, and so for the line, etc. The words in square brackets indicate what the figures are to our mind.

DEFINITIONS.

I. A point [line through the eye] is that which has no parts or which has no magnitude.

II. A line [conical surface with vertex in the eye] is length without breadth.

IV. A straight line [plane through the eye] is that which lies evenly between its extreme points [lines through the eye].

IX. A rectilineal angle [dihedral angle] is the inclination of two straight lines [planes through the eye] to one another which meet together but are not in the same straight line [plane].

X. When a straight line [plane] standing on another straight line [plane] makes the adjacent angles equal to one another, each of the angles is called a right angle [right dihedral angle].

XV. A circle [cone of revolution with vertex at the eye] is a figure contained by one line [surface] which is called the circumference, and is such that all straight lines [angles] drawn from a certain point within the figure to the circumference are equal to one another.

XVI. And this point [line] is called the centre of the circle [axis of the cone].

AXIOMS CALLED POSTULATES IN EUCLID.

I. Let it be granted that a straight line [plane through the eye] may be drawn from any one point [line through the eye] to any other point [plane determined by two lines through the eye].

II. That a terminated straight line may be

produced to any length in a straight line [plane through intersecting lines may be produced beyond these lines].

III. And that a circle may be described from any centre at any distance from that centre [a cone about any axis with any angle at the vertex].

AXIOMS.

X. Two straight lines cannot inclose a space [two planes through a point cannot inclose a space].

XI. All right [dihedral] angles are equal to one another.

Starting with the above definitions and axioms, the eye-being would have no difficulty in mastering the constructions and theorems contained in the first propositions of the "Elements." Only in Proposition IV. a difficulty might occur. For it may perhaps prove to be impossible to make the two triangles coincident. In Euclid's triangles, namely, it may be necessary to take of one of the triangles the side opposite to the one originally given by taking it out of the plane and turning it over before it can be made to coincide with the other triangle. So perhaps our being would find out, if the two triangles [trihedral angles] were right and left handed, that it has to take of one of the triangles the opposite side, viz., that on the other side of itself [formed by the continuations of the rays], which then will answer the purpose. After this every other proposition would follow without difficulties till parallel lines were introduced, which might sorely puzzle our eye-being, and finally be dismissed as downright nonsense, parallel lines being absolutely inconceivable. And if Sir William Hamilton's proof of the proposition that the sum of the angles in a triangle equalled two right angles were given to it, it would grant the construction and every step as possible and correct, but it would "shake its head" about the conclusion included in the words printed above in italics. It might even consider Euclid a fit subject for a "Budget of Paradoxes." For it is difficult to imagine that this being *without moving in space* should be able to generalize and invent a geometry in a space of zero curvature.

If in any one of the first twenty-six propositions of Euclid the changes above indicated are made from our conceptions to those of the eye-being, we get a series of well-known fundamental propositions in solid geometry which when obtained in this manner do not require any further proof.

O. HENRICI.

From The Spectator.

THE LATE F. D. MAURICE.*

"THERE are some persons," said Mr. Maurice, in a letter written in 1849, "who need to have their own identity impressed upon them by a series of facts which positively assure them that the child and boy of yesterday is the man of to-day. I have known very thoughtful men — John Sterling was one, who never thoroughly realized this truth, but seemed to themselves like a number of different men. As they dropped their old shell or coat, it was as if they dropped their own existence. I would not have it so, but would earnestly pray that my days might be linked 'each to each in natural piety,' in spite of all the schisms which sin has made in them." Certainly, that prayer was granted, unless indeed it was one which needed no granting because it only reflected and expressed the law of the nature given to him by God from his very birth. There never was, perhaps, a great and good man who was so completely the same from his earliest to his latest day, as the subject of this very remarkable memoir. Nor has there, perhaps, ever been a more fit and striking monument raised to a great name than the two volumes before us. If there be a fault in the book, it is that it only too faithfully represents the noble and pathetic monotone of Maurice's life. There was in that life a singular blending of something like the burden of a Gregorian chant with the simplest and most homely naturalness. Perhaps the only statement made by Colonel Maurice in this marvellously faithful and striking memoir with which we should disagree, is the remark (Vol. II., p. 67) that there is much more truth in Dean Stanley's assertion that "every incident in the history of Europe and the world, and every wave of thought which passed over them, produced their impression and left their mark upon" Mr. Maurice's mind and spirit, than there is in the counter-statement made by others, that it was his principal characteristic "to be entirely uninfluenced by other men." We should say that never was there a man who studied the events and characters which came within his ken more patiently and with a more ardent desire to learn from them and understand them; that never was there one who did apprehend them better, so far as the leading convictions and general bias of his own

* *The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, chiefly told in his own Letters.* Edited by his Son, Frederick Maurice. With Portraits. 2 vols. London: Macmillan and Co.

character enabled him to enter into them; but that never was there a character so little altered by the events and persons with whom he came into contact, from the opening of his life to its close. He was almost the same in 1850, when he was a man in the prime of life, that he was in 1825, after leaving Cambridge; he was the same in 1870, just before his death, that he was in 1850, in the prime of his life. Not that Maurice did not learn from experience. He learned much in tact, in self-control, in insight. But all he learned from experience, all he learned from the lives and characters of others, was how to pour his own higher convictions more vividly and effectually into them, not how to change one of those higher convictions, nor how to add one of any importance to those with which he was overflowing at the very outset of life. No more patient and laborious student of facts ever lived than Maurace; none who felt more reverence for the teaching of facts, more anxiety to distinguish between their superficial drift and their inner meaning. On secondary subjects, the teaching of events altered his own practical mind. For example, he changed his opinion as to the practical advisability of enforcing subscription to the Articles on the undergraduates of Oxford and on the clergy of the Church; and he was at the close of his life quite prepared to give up the use of the Athanasian Creed in the services of the Church, ardently as he still held by that creed. Apparently he even modified his dislike to the form of government known as democracy, at the close of his life, — and saw that the forms of democracy might be combined with a profound reverence for that higher law which the people are bound to obey. But these are the only exceptions, — and they are very slight exceptions, — to the statement that Mr. Maurice's mind was ruled by the same class of convictions, expressed in almost the same form, at the close of his life, by which it was ruled when he first devoted himself to the Church's service. All the wealth of his subsequent experience and learning produced hardly any effect, except that of giving those convictions deeper roots and a richer medium of expression. His mind and character grew, but they grew, like an oak, in the very shape that was impressed upon the acorn. If this book wearies any one, it will be only because the letters, of whatever subject they treat, are all sonorous expressions of the same character, and the same unchanging faith. There were certain kinds of thought — Bishop Colenso's Scriptural criticisms, for example — which simply troubled Mr. Maurice, — which he could not assimilate, which made him unhappy, but with which he did not see his way to deal. Fortunately for us, his intellect was rich enough, his character great enough, his magnanimity ample enough, to enable him to make far more of the chief subjects with which he had to deal than almost any other of his contemporaries, so that the few subjects with which he dealt less effectively were of comparatively small importance. We only mention them here to illustrate what we mean by saying that he was not materially affected even by events and influences which seemed likely to make inroads on his deepest convictions. All that he could assimilate he did assimilate, and it greatly enriched his nature and his intellect. What was foreign to him, when it clamored for notice from him, made him very unhappy, and yet he hardly took it in; nor did it eventually alter either the attitude of his mind, or the proportions of his thought. He was so much disturbed by Bishop Colenso's assault on the Pentateuch that he pressed the resignation of his own living, simply in order that he might clear himself from any suspicion of selfish motive in protesting against the destructive criticism of an old and loyal friend; and he withdrew his resignation only because he found that it would injure that friend. A wilder act of chivalry was never projected by any knight-errant. Indeed, this piece of knight-errantry was the measure of Mr. Maurice's despair at finding the faith which was so dominant in himself apparently failing a friend from whom he had heard the echo of many of his own highest convictions. But the pain and dismay passed and left him, just as the same pain and dismay at Sterling's scepticism had, in an earlier period of his life, passed and left him, essentially unchanged, — delivering the same deep convictions with the same impressive air of authority and with the same deep personal humility as before. His life was a sort of chaunt, rich, deep, awestruck, passionately humble, from beginning to end.

And it was this in more senses than one. No man, as we have said, ever was more anxious to use words in their simplest, most straightforward, most obvious sense. No man was ever more indignant at the pretensions of journalists and others to speak for a class, when they really only expressed the convictions of an individual. No man was ever more explicit in making

people understand that what he said, he said only for himself, that he expressed nothing in the world but the faith, or the hope, or the opinion, or the surmise, as the case might be, of a single and very humble mind. Yet, as a matter of fact, no man's thoughts ever fell more into the forms of a kind of litany, than Mr. Maurice's. You can hardly interpret him fairly if you treat all his avowals of "shameful" failure, of humiliating inferiority to everybody with whom he acted, of suspected dishonesty lurking at the root of his best thoughts, of "hard and proud words," used when he ought to have been gentle and forbearing, as if they were strictly individual confessions limited to individual memories. They were, as we believe, nothing of the kind. They were the confessions befitting a kind of litany, poured forth in the name of a human nature the weakness and sinfulness of which he felt most keenly, most individually, most painfully, but which he felt at least as much in the character of the representative of a race by the infirmities of which he was overwhelmed, as on his own account. For example, in one letter he writes: "I wish to confess the sins of the time as my own. Ah, how needful do I feel it, for the sins of others produce such sin in me, and stir up my unsanctified nature so terribly." And that passage reveals the secret of the matter. Maurice's confessions of profound unworthiness are as simple and genuine as confessions can be, but they are confessions at least as much due to his consciousness of being able to enter to the full into all the evil of the social life to which he belonged, as to any experience that could be called strictly individual. In one who does not catch the wonderful depth of his social nature, his curiously profound sense of shame at noticing that the evil of others produced a sort of reverberation in his own heart, his constant chaunt of self-depreciation looks unreal. When, however, you catch that he feels, — as all the deeper religious natures have always felt, — a sort of self-reproachful complicity in every sinful tendency of his age, you feel that the litany in which he expresses his shame though most genuine, nay, most piercing in its genuineness, is not so much morbid self-depreciation, as a deep sense of the cruel burden of social infirmity and social sin, which he laid down, on behalf of all men in whose infirmities and sins he could perceive echoes of his own, at the feet of his Saviour. Thus, in one of his books, after criticising what is wrong in others, he adds: "If I have any occasion to speak against them, I will add that I do not hold them to be worse men than I am, and that I am satisfied they have a better and nobler spirit in them, which is aspiring to the true God, and rendering, probably, a more acceptable homage to him than I render. I will say this, because I hold it to be true, and because I 'ought to say it,' though he expects to be charged with hypocrisy for saying it. That means, what we believe to be the exact truth, that Mr. Maurice's many and strong expressions of inferiority to all the rest of the world were really as much due to the sense of shame and confusion with which the perception of other men's weaknesses and sins came home to him, when he recognized kindred feelings in his own nature, as to the urgency of those feelings in his own individual experience. His confessions must be taken as the outpourings of the conscience of a race rather than as the outpouring of the conscience of a mere individual, or they will seem artificial and unreal. Once catch the perfect simplicity with which he pours out the humiliation of the heart of man, rather than the humiliation of the heart of an individual man, — though, of course, it is the experience of the individual man which justifies him in that confession, — and you see how truthful and genuine it is, and how wonderful was the ardor with which Maurice entered into the social tendencies of his day.

Seldom have the faith and reverence of one mind been so thoroughly understood and so powerfully delineated as those of Frederick Denison Maurice have been understood and delineated by his son. The book is quite a unique piece of biography. You are made to realize from beginning to end Maurice's constant recognition that human faith can never measure God; that divine revelation is a condescension of the infinite love to us, not an intuition of ours into the secrets of infinitude; that divine light is its own evidence, and that without the humility of a willing learner, it is sure to be turned into darkness; that to submit freely to the influence of God over the heart gives a sort of strength which no opinion, however tenacious, can lend even for a moment; and you have all this, and all that was cognate to it, expressed in every variety of form in his own language, in extracts happily chosen from his letters, and as happily illustrated, wherever there is any room for misunderstanding, from his more elaborate works. You are al-

lowed, too, to see quite frankly where Maurice's own light failed him. For example, he always held the language that the whole race has been and is redeemed by Christ once and forever. Hence, in his correspondence with Mr. Kingsley (Vol. II., pp. 272–4), he admits that the baptismal service which speaks of the infant as "made" the child of God in baptism — instead of simply being *declared* so — is not entirely satisfactory to him; and he explains it away after a fashion, as it seems to us not at all different from similar explanations in Tract 90. Again, Colonel Maurice gives us, as we think, quite frankly, the origin of a certain very gross misunderstanding of his father, with which, however, when he meets with that misunderstanding in Principal Shairp's account of Mr. MacLeod Campbell's conversation, he is greatly shocked. Mr. MacLeod Campbell's statement was that, according to Maurice and his friends, "there is nothing real in the nature of things answering to this sense of guilt. The sense of guilt becomes a mistake, which further knowledge reverses. All sin is thus reduced to ignorance." Doubtless this is a gross misunderstanding of the general tenor of Maurice's writings, where the sense of guilt is profoundly, deeply, oppressively apparent from beginning to end. But surely there was much in his language at times to excuse the misunderstanding. If the only difference between sin and righteousness is that men living in sin do not recognize their accomplished redemption, while men living in faith do, the sin would appear to be a sin of ignorance rather than of will. And in exact agreement with this view, Maurice says, in a remarkable letter to Miss Barton (Vol. I., p. 233), that he wishes to treat evil "as though it were not, for in very truth, it is a falsehood. It has no reality, and why should not we treat it as having none?" If Mr. MacLeod Campbell had come upon that sentence alone, — and there are a good many partially analogous statements to be found here and there in Maurice's writings, — surely he might be excused for supposing that Maurice regarded sin as a purely negative and unreal affair. For our own parts, we have never been able to reconcile Maurice's profound and deep sense of the awful reality of sin, — expressed hundreds or thousands of times in these volumes, — with his language as to the absolute completeness of redemption even as regards those who have not been rescued from a life of sin; nor with his language here and there, — language which we believe he holds in common with the Roman Church, — as to the purely negative and unreal character of sin. But it is Colonel Maurice's great merit that he conceals nothing. He weaves together with great art, and in a fashion that must have cost continuous labor carried on through a very great portion of the twelve years since his father's death, passages of Maurice's letters revealing his thoughts and hopes as to all the main events of his life, inward and outward, and interpreting them, when they need interpretation, by the light of his own deep insight into his father's works and his own profound reverence for his father's character.

From The Economist.

ITALY AFTER THE RESUMPTION.

THOSE who prophesied ill for the success of the resumption of specie payments in Italy in April last year have been greatly wide of the mark. There were many who held that so soon as the gold got together so carefully in 1881 and 1882 was set loose it would forthwith leave the country almost as rapidly as it entered it, or that in order to retain it the rates for money in the country would have to be raised to a point that would materially affect trade. It is true that gold was let out rather cautiously at first, and that the revision of the laws in respect to the banks of issue has been postponed. But gold has come into circulation without being taken for export; trade has not been checked, neither has there been any advance in the market quotations for money in Italian centres of trade. Moreover, the national revenue has expanded satisfactorily, and if the resumption of specie payments can be held to have had any influence over these matters (and we think it can), the result is reassuring in all respects. Here are some figures on the subject: —

YEAR 1883.

	£
Gold coin imports into Italy . . .	1,558,938
" " exports from Italy . . .	327,732
Balance retained	1,231,206

	£		£
Trade — Imports	55,234,424	Increase on 1882	1,413,920
Exports	47,946,448	" "	1,713,128
Customs—Duties collected	7,170,936	" "	817,083
Market discount rate, Genoa (December)	4½ ℘ ct.	Fall on the year	½ ℘ ct.

At the present time, the market discount rate is down to four per cent., or

lower, and on all these points it will be seen the contrast is distinctly in favor of Italy. The export of gold coin was altogether trifling, the increase in the trade exports was a good deal larger than in the imports, while the increase of the customs receipts was as much as thirteen per cent. in a single year. As far as the trade of Italy with this country is concerned, there was last year a rapid expansion in our shipments of coal to that country, she having taken 2,227,964 tons, as compared with 1,821,394 tons in 1882, and with 1,727,829 tons in 1881; and this greater demand for fuel is not by any means an unhealthy sign. Since the resumption the exchanges with Italy have remained remarkably quiet, and have shown no inclination to rise above par, and the change has in every way been effected speedily, and with as little disturbance of the country's mercantile and monetary relations as could have been hoped for.

But, it may be said, the burden entailed by the resumption upon the finances of Italy is no light matter. The 29,200,000*l.* loan of 1881–2 of itself involved an additional annual expenditure of nearly 1,300,000*l.*, while the very advance of the Italian currency from a considerable discount to par entailed a heavier actual, though not a heavier nominal, expenditure. But the object to be gained was well worth the effort required, and it is to be remembered that there is a considerable gain to be set against this loss, because, as the debt is for the most part a gold, not a currency, interest-bearing debt, the raising the currency to par was a relief, as it abolished a heavy item of loss by exchange. But apart from this, there was, it is admitted, an increase in the annual charge of the debt, as the figures below will indicate.

AMOUNT of RENTE (or Nominal Interest Charge) of ITALIAN DEBT.

	December, 1883. £	December, 1880. £
Consolidated 5 ℗ ct. Rente	17,410,274	15,602,852
" 3 ℗ ct. "	256,208	256,320
5 ℗ ct. permanent annuity to the Holy See	129,000	129,000
	17,795,482	15,988,172
Debt awaiting inscription	18,461	
Debts of Old States	1,033,762	1,435,614
Railway loans, Canal Cavour bonds, etc.	540,667	
	19,388,372	17,423,786
Miscellaneous debts, including the South Austrian Railway annuity (say)	1,475,000	1,763,650
Floating debt (say)	450,000	560,635
	21,313,372	19,748,071

It will be seen that a reduction has been effected in the liabilities which are not inscribed; but that in these three years the increase in the annual charge has been 1,565,301*l.* All this increase, however, is not to be attributed to the abolition of the forced currency, and the growth in the net interest is smaller than is shown in the table, for the reason that the "income tax" of thirteen and two-tenths per cent. imposed in 1868 has still to be deducted from the totals in each case. Considerable sums are being provided annually for the construction of State railways, and these have to be covered by extraordinary revenues, or, in plain English, by loans. But the State railways are increasingly productive, and contrasting their earnings for 1880 (1,300,000*l.*) with those of 1883 (2,700,000*l.*), it is apparent that they have doubled in this period. In spite, therefore, of the additional charges recently incurred, Italy is able to maintain the budgetary equilibrium first established in 1877.

That the country is progressive the successful effort just made to return to specie payments sufficiently shows; and the verdict of the stock exchanges of Europe as to the value of Italian rente is, we are inclined to think, a just one.

LONDON PRICES OF ITALIAN RENTE IN MARCH —

1884.	1883.	1882.	1881.	1880.	1875.	1870.	1868.
92¾	89½	88	90	82½	71	56	47

There is, however, one more effort required, in justice, from the Italian government, and that is an abatement of the tax on coupons, imposed in 1868 under a very different condition of affairs.

From Nature.

THE MECHANICAL THEORY OF MAGNETISM.

IF Prof. Hughes were as great a master of writing English as he is of experimenting, his views on magnetism would receive speedier acceptation, for they would then probably be understood without that close study which his involved sentences and heterogeneous paragraphs now demand. It is very remarkable that such an ardent worker, such a deep thinker, and such a clear and simple experimenter should have such dificulty in expounding his views on paper. His experimental demonstrations are always clear and convincing, his recent lecture at the Royal Institution appealed to every degree of intel-

ligence present, but his papers at the Royal Society want some strong external directing influence to render their meaning evident.

What is magnetism, according to this expert philosopher? It is an inherent quality of the molecules of matter, as determined and constant as that of their gravity, affinity, or cohesion, and like these qualities it differs in degree with every kind of matter. He does not attempt at present to define it closer than this. We cannot tell what gravity is, neither need we say what magnetism is. All Prof. Hughes says is that every molecule in nature is a little magnet imbued with a certain polarity varying in degree but constant for each substance, in virtue of which it has a north and a south pole along the same axis, and that the only change that takes place is a change in the direction of this polar axis. When these molecules are symmetrically arranged by some external directing influence, so that all their poles lie in the same direction, we have *evident magnetism*. Iron becomes a magnet in virtue of the fact that its molecules are free to move under the influence of external magnetic action, while copper is not a magnet because its molecules are immovable and irresponsive to the same cause. Steel becomes permanently magnetized because its molecules are rigid, and retain the axial direction impressed upon them. Soft iron is readily demagnetized because its molecules have great freedom of motion. Coercive force is therefore simply absence of freedom of molecular motion — it is, indeed, molecular rigidity. The extent to which the axis of polarity can be deflected from its normal direction is its *point of saturation*.

Evident magnetism is the symmetrical arrangement of the polarized molecules along one line; *neutrality* is symmetrical arrangement of the same molecules in closed curves. In both cases the sum of the magnetic influence of all the molecules is the same; but in evident magnetism it is directed outwards, in neutrality it is directed inwards. Remaining magnetism is partial neutrality. The experimental way in which Prof. Hughes demonstrated these conclusions is the most beautiful investigation he has yet made. He proves the existence of the same polarity in the atmosphere and in the ether, and he attributes diamagnetic effects to the higher magnetic capacity of the ether than of the substances suspended in it. It is therefore a differential action. Molecules, moreover, have inertia — they resist being put in motion; and when in motion they resist stoppage — they possess momentum. The direction of the axis of polarity can be displaced by the physical forces, such as mechanical stress, heat, or electricity. He shows that mechanical motion, heat, and electricity are of similar kind — they are vibratory, or some mode of motion. Magnetism, however, he considers not to be a mode of motion, and therefore it is not a physical force. It is simply an arrangement of the molecules of matter in symmetry or dissymmetry under the influence of some physical force. He seems to imply, though he does not directly say so, that the influence of electric currents upon magnets is not due to any direct action between them, but to the fact that the currents have polarized the ether in which both are suspended.

His views are very broad and highly suggestive, but there are some points that are not clear and that demand further elucidation. Why, for instance, does mechanical elongation and contraction take place when bars of iron are magnetized and demagnetized? How can heat and strong sonorous vibrations be produced unless there be a considerable expenditure of energy? How does he account for the attractive and repulsive properties of magnets, and for magnetic induction? He has certainly wrested magnetism from the realms of hypothesis and brought it within the domain of theory. The days of Coulomb and Poisson's fluids and Ampère's elementary currents of electricity are over; the molecular character of magnetism is experimentally established; but what is a molecule, and how becomes it polarized unless it be in rotation? How does the external directing influence act? We are also inclined to ask, Has Prof. Hughes sufficiently grasped Ampère's theory? It was purely mathematical, based on the assumption of the circulation of currents around each molecule. He goes no further than Ampère did, for he has not answered the question, What is polarity? In fact his polarized molecules are all little magnets, and no theory of magnetism will be complete until it explains these little magnets. Thus the difference between Ampère and Hughes is the difference between a current and a magnet.

However, on the assumption that a molecule is a magnet, Prof. Hughes has built up a very complete theory, which he has demonstrated experimentally in a way that places him in the very front rank of experimental philosophers.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

GREEK BRIGAND AND VILLAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

THE brigands of the Balkan Peninsula, both Muslim and Christian, have, besides all the common superstitions, a great many peculiar to themselves, and more directly concerning their profession. These vary somewhat according to locality, but in the main are very similar all over the country. On the occasion of a marriage which lately took place in Macedonia between the son of one brigand chief and the daughter of another, notice was sent to a village that the brigands intended to honor it by having the ceremony performed there. Promises of protection were made if the villagers maintained silence with regard to the intended visit, and dire threats of vengeance if they betrayed them to the Turkish authorities. On the appointed day the wedding party arrived, accompanied by a Greek priest, and the ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Orthodox Church. This concluded, the bands formed a circle round their chiefs. The latter then bared their left arms; an incision was made in each; the blood that flowed from them was allowed to mingle; and a solemn vow of brotherhood administered by the priest. Festivities of various kinds followed; sheep and goats were roasted, and the villagers invited to join the feast. Then, amid many mystic ceremonies, a sheep was sacrificed, and libations of wine were poured out. The customary auguries were drawn from the appearance of the intestines, and the villagers were then informed that pursuit would be made after them; but if the soldiers came to the village to molest them the brigands would come to their rescue. One of the most ghastly Greek superstitions is that of the *vrykolokas*, or vampire. It is customary to visit the grave of a deceased relation at the expiration of three years after burial, and ascertain if the body is decomposed. If this process has been performed to their satisfaction, the bones are collected, and, after a further religious service, placed in a mortuary. But should this not be the case, the dead man is supposed to be possessed, and, in punishment of his known or unknown crime, walks the earth at night as a vrykoloka. Many of the local superstitions take the form of offerings to the spirits of the earth, air, or water. When a vine is planted, a glass of wine is thrown in "for good luck." Wine spilt on the ground or the table is also considered a good omen. Oil, on the contrary, denotes the approach of evil. A child, stunned by a fall, was picked up by an English lady, who brought him to consciousness by sprinkling water on his face. His mother came to claim him shortly afterwards, and, after assuring herself that no bones were broken, poured a pail of water on the spot where he had fallen, and added a handful of sugar, "to satisfy the demon." Thunder is believed to be produced by the demons of the upper regions, and bells are rung during a storm to drive them away. Saturday is considered an unlucky day on which to begin work of any kind, and equally unlucky to finish work upon. No money must be paid on Monday, "or Saturday will find your purse empty." To admire a child causes the greatest consternation to its mother, and the caps of infants are often decorated with coins or other bright objects to distract the attention of any evil eye they may chance to meet from the child. An expression of approval or admiration, even of the most trivial thing, is met with the entreaty Μή τὸ ματιάζῃς — "Don't give it the evil eye!" and two fingers are immediately pointed at the object or person in question, accompanied by the word σκόροδον — garlic. Indeed, garlic is considered a sovereign antidote against this malign power. A lady, watching the flight of a stork to his nest in a cypress-tree in the little town of Bournabat, near Smyrna, was suddenly assailed with a torrent of abuse from two Greeks who were passing on donkey-back, and who imagined themselves to be the objects of her attention. They anathematized "her grey eyes, that would cause them evil," with a fluency of vituperation of which a low-class Greek alone is capable.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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SIR WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

"SIR WILLIAM DOUGLAS;" nothing more,
carved on the old grey stone,
Deep in the lush green boskage, by lichens
overgrown.

"Sir William Douglas." Quietly the good
knight lies asleep,
Where the great oaks, like sentinels, their
watch around him keep.

There in the flush of springtime, the prim-
rose stars the grass,
And the wild birds on the hawthorn light, as
to their nests they pass.

There in the golden summer eves, the linger-
ing lovers come,
And tell the sweet old story, as they rest be-
side his tomb.

There fall the leaves of autumn, all russet,
gold, and red,
And, like a monarch's jewelled robe, bedeck
his lonely bed.

And when the wind of winter the wood around
him rocks,
And deepens to an angry roar the babble of
the Brox,

Wide sweeping from their mountain home, the
whirlwinds of the north
Lash into leaping, tossing foam the glittering
waves of Forth,

That crash upon the fair green Links, and
thunder faint and far,
Where from its height the massive Hold looks
down upon Dunbar.

Yet undisturbed the soldier lies, while the sea-
sons come and go,
While the roses laugh at Broxmouth, or the
Lomonds couch in snow.

And no man knows his story—if he fell in
fray forgot,
Where in the wild hill passes, Elliott met Ker
or Scott.

Or in the furious battle, where Dunse looks
grimly down,
Where on the storied plain below, the Stuart
staked his crown;

When, urged by fool and fanatic, brave Leslie
left his stand,
And Cromwell sternly smiled to see his foe-
men "in his hand;"

Dying for king and country, as die a Douglas
should?
None know, for very silently he lies in Brox-
mouth wood.

And only strangers tracking the ferny paths
alone,
Pause, to muse a wondering moment, on a
name, and on a stone.

All The Year Round.

SWING-SONG.

SWING! swing!
Birds in the budding wood, birds on the wing
Fill sweet soft air with carolling;
The woods no more contain their glee,
Joy brims over on every tree
In a flutter of leaves hilariously,
Swing! swing!

Early primroses awake from sleep,
In many a dewy dale they peep;
Lo! populous land, far field and grove,
Unreal as yonder clouds that move
In labyrinthine drifts above!
Swing! swing!

Anemone-flakes of a veinèd snow
Lie over the sunny herbs below,
Lie over brown bents, woven and wet,
Where yellow-eyed white violet
With moss and strawberry had met,
Swing! swing!

Spring waves her youngling leaves for token
Dark winter's deadlier springs are broken;
The firry roofs, with low sea-sound,
Welcome to their calm profound
The dove's long call in a love-swound,
Swing! swing!

Baby-boy lies on a sisterly arm
Of little maid Mary, safe from harm,
Little boy Willy will push the pair,
Hark! how they laugh as they rush through
the air!
All the young world laughs, oh, how fair!
Swing! swing!

Good Words. RODEN NOEL.

THE ROSE AND THE POPPY.

"STAND apart," said the Rose, "and taint not
The sweetness I throw on the air;
What art thou to man, that thou claimest
His garden with me to share?

"I soothe him with beauty and odors,
I recall the loved one's face;
I am Love's own chosen emblem,
The painter's symbol of grace.

"But thou, in thy sickly whiteness,
Or hue of blood fresh spent,—
What hast thou to offer the master,
That he should forgive thy scent?"

"I bring," said the Poppy, yawning,
"The gift man longs to possess,
That he racks the world in seeking,—
I bring him forgetfulness.

"Canst thou cancel pain with thy beauty,
O Rose! with the prickly thorn?
I can, and therefore the Maker
Chose me to grow with the corn."

Spectator. W.

From The Westminster Review.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.*

"EACH human soul gifted above the souls of common men," so it has been said, "leaves, as it passes away from this lower world, a light peculiar to itself. As in a mountainous country each lofty peak is illumined with a different hue by the setting sun, so also each of the higher summits of human society is lighted up by the sunset of life with a different color. Whether the difference arises from the materials of which it is composed, or from the relative position it has occupied, a new and separate lesson is taught by it of truth or of duty, of wisdom or of hope." †

Let us turn, then, to the popular writer whose autobiography is before us, and see what lessons we can learn from his life and character. His object in writing his life was "the benefit of those who may read it, and, when young, may intend to follow the same career;" he continues: "*Nulla dies sine linea* — let that be their motto, and let their work be to them as is his common work to the common laborer." ‡ In truth, the lesson of Anthony Trollope's life is but a fresh illustration of the rule that success almost always in the end rewards plodding, persevering diligence when animated and supported by "cheerful, lasting hope."

Perseverance and hope carried him through the first twenty-six years of his life — "years," he calls them, "of suffering, disgrace, and inward remorse;" § and then through a career of constant labor, of many changes and of failures, both frequent and absolute, until he gained, as a public servant, the respect and confidence of his official chiefs, as a writer, popularity and at least moderate wealth.

Anthony Trollope was born in Keppel Street, Russell Square, in 1815. Like Macaulay and John Stuart Mill, he had a most unpleasant father. Were we called on to decide which of the three men — Zachary Macaulay, James Mill, or the elder Trollope — is entitled to the bad eminence of being among disagreeable men the most disagreeable, we should be puzzled.

Readers of Mr. Trevelyan's life of his uncle, and, even more, readers of the "Autobiography" of J. S. Mill, on reading the following extract from A. Trollope's autobiography will recognize a strong likeness between the three fathers: —

> My father had constantly an eye to my scholastic improvement. From my very babyhood, before my first days at Harrow, I had to take my place alongside of him as he shaved, at six o'clock in the morning, and say my early rules from the Latin Grammar, or repeat the Greek alphabet; and was obliged, at these early lessons, to hold my head inclined towards him, so that, in the event of guilty fault, he might be able to pull my hair without stopping his razor or dropping his shaving-brush. No father was ever more anxious for the education of his children, though, I think, none ever less knew how to go about the work. Of amusement, as far as I can remember, he never recognized the need; he allowed himself no distraction, and did not seem to think it was necessary to a child. I cannot bethink me of aught he ever did for my gratification, but for my welfare — for the welfare of us all — he was willing to make any sacrifice.

On the same page we read of an application of Scripture of which even Zachary Macaulay would have disapproved —

> In passion my father knew not what he did, and he has knocked me down with the great folio Bible which he always used.*

He was of the same opinion, perhaps, as the Sunday-school teacher who, when reproved by his superintendent for hitting a scholar over the head with a Bible, quoted in his justification the text, "Scripture is profitable for correction."

The elder Trollope was in his early days a man of some and had hopes of higher fortune. He was educated at Winchester, and became a fellow of New College. He was called to the bar, and at the time of Anthony's birth practised in Chancery. He had the reputation of being an excellent and most conscientious

* *An Autobiography.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. In Two Vols. Wm. Blackwood & Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1882.

† From Dean Stanley's Sermon on Lord Palmerston: "Oratorical Year-Book for 1865," p. 325.

‡ Vol. ii., p. 224.

§ Vol. i., p. 79.

* Vol. i., pp. 19, 20; conf. J. S. Mill's Autobiography, chap. i. *passim.*

lawyer, but his intolerable temper drove away his clients and ruined his professional prospects; his other hopes were also frustrated. An old uncle, to whom he was heir-presumptive, married and had a family. The unsuccessful lawyer and disappointed heir was of the opinion, entertained to their ruin by so many who have failed in other trades, that farming is a business in which money may be made without special education or apprenticeship, instead of its being, as his son well says, "of all trades the one in which an accurate knowledge of what things should be done and the best manner of doing them is most necessary, and it is one also for success in which a sufficient capital is indispensable." The father had no knowledge, and what capital he had was soon exhausted. He took a large farm at Harrow, then a completely country parish, and, holding only a lease, committed the additional imprudence of building his house on another man's land. This house ere long he was compelled to let, and the family descended to a farm-house on the land, which, by the name of "Orley Farm,"* was afterwards made well known to many by the pen of Anthony Trollope and the pencil of John Millais. The father's connection with "Orley Farm" was disastrous. Not so that of his son. It stands the fourth highest in his list of the sums he gained by his works.

The elder Trollope endeavored, and with equal want of success, to combine with his calling of a farmer the additional one of an ecclesiastical encyclopædist. He commenced what he termed an "Enclopædia Ecclesiastica," on which, to the moment of his death, he labored with the same unflagging industry which his son showed in his literary career. At the time of the father's death a portion of his book had been published by subscription, but "it has long since been buried in the midst of that huge pile of futile literature, the building up of which has broken so many hearts." †

If Anthony Trollope was unfortunate in his father, he was fortunate in his mother. Of her it may truly be said that she carried her whole family on her shoulders. When her husband's misfortunes increased she, with three of her children, went to America with the view of establishing Henry, the second son, in one of the Western States. She opened a bazaar or large shop in Cincinnati; it was a failure. She was a shrewd observer and carefully noted the, to her, strange people amongst whom her lot was cast. She was then fifty, and had never written a line or earned a shilling, but she knew that unless she could make money there was no money for any of her family. She determined to write a book on America, and she produced "The Domestic Manners of the Americans." It was published in 1832, and its author was fortunate enough to receive for it £800. Thenceforth, for more than twenty years, she derived a large income from her writings.

Her son describes her as

an unselfish, affectionate, and most industrious woman, with great capacity for enjoyment, and high physical gifts. She was endowed, too, with much creative power, with considerable humor, and a genuine feeling for romance. But she was neither clear-sighted nor accurate, and, in her attempts to describe morals, manners, and even facts, was unable to avoid the pitfalls of exaggeration.*

Elsewhere he says of her, —

No observer was ever less qualified to judge of the prospects or even of the happiness of a young people.†

Charles Dickens, after his first visit to America, and the publication of his "American Notes," wrote that, allowing for the change the publication of Mrs. Trollope's book had worked "in many social features of American society," and for the time (ten years) that had passed since she wrote, he was convinced that there was no writer who had so well and accurately described it in many of its aspects.

I do not recollect [he adds] ever to have heard or seen the charge of exaggeration made against a feeble performance, though in its feebleness it may have been most untrue. It seems to me essentially natural, and quite in-

* Published in 1862.
† Vol. i., p. 19.

* Vol. i., p. 44.
† Ibid., p. 31.

evitable, that common observers should accuse an uncommon one of this fault.*

The profits of the American book caused a transient gleam of prosperity at "Orley Farm." Then there came the final catastrophe. The father fled to the Continent; his wife and four of the children followed him. The family settled at Bruges, then a cave of Adullam for impecunious Englishmen. More troubles were at hand. Consumption showed itself in the second son and the younger daughter; the father was broken-hearted, and disease soon showed itself in him. The maintenance of the whole family depended on the mother's earnings by her pen. She was at her table at four in the morning, and had finished her work before the world had begun to be aroused.† But from the time that sickness appeared in the household —

My mother's most visible occupation [writes Anthony] was that of nursing. There were two sick men in the house, and hers were the hands that tended them. The novels went on, of course. We had already learned to know that they would be forthcoming at stated intervals — and they were always forthcoming. The doctor's vials and the ink-bottle held equal places in my mother's room. I have written many novels under many circumstances; but I doubt much whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son. Her power of dividing herself into two parts, and keeping her intellect by itself clear from the troubles of the world, and fit for the duty it had to do, I never saw equalled. I do not think that the writing of a novel is the most difficult task which a man may be called upon to do; but it is a task that may be supposed to demand a spirit fairly at ease. The work of doing it with a troubled spirit killed Sir Walter Scott. My mother went through it unscathed in strength, though she performed all the work of day-nurse and night-nurse to a sick household, for there were soon three of them dying.‡

Nevertheless, it was under these circumstances that Mrs. Trollope's best novels were written.

"My boyhood," writes Trollope, "was, I think, as unhappy as that of any young gentleman could well be." * And certainly in wretchedness it equalled, if it did not surpass, the boyhood of Charles Dickens and of Oliver Goldsmith. The father, himself a Wykehamist, had decided to send his sons to Winchester; but various reasons, the strongest of which probably was his ever-increasing poverty, led him to avail himself of the almost gratuitous education which Harrow School, according to the will of its founder, then † offered to the children of residents in the parish, and there he sent his three sons. They went as day-boarders. Day-boarders at Harrow were not received on equal terms by the aristocratic crowd, composed of sons of peers and the sons of tradesmen who had made their ten thousand a year. The two elder Trollopes seem, however, to have been treated as other day-boarders. "I do not suppose," adds their brother, "that they were well treated, but I doubt whether they were subjected to the ignominy which I endured."‡ It would not be an exaggeration to apply to him Macaulay's description of Goldsmith's schooldays: —

He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the playground, and flogged as a dunce in the schoolroom.§

Trollope himself says he endured "a daily purgatory." The father's poverty increased; the boy was neglected, his clothes were shabby, his appearance dirty — the dirt of poverty.

I remember well [he records] when I was still the junior boy in the school, Dr. Butler, the head-master, stopping me in the street, and asking me, with all the clouds of Jove on his brow and all the thunder in his voice, whether it was possible that Harrow School was disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little boy as I!

What follows illustrates the brutality of the public schoolmasters of that day, and tends to confirm the accuracy, so far as

* Letters of Charles Dickens, vol. i., p. 80.
† Vol. i., p. 33.
‡ Ibid., pp 38–41.

* Vol. i., p. 2.
† We say "then," as of late years many changes have been most properly made in the regulations of the old endowed schools, of which, so far as regards Harrow, we know nothing.
‡ Vol. i., p. 5.
§ Macaulay's Miscellaneous Writings and Speeches, p. 363, edition 1871.

their schoolmasters are concerned, of the reminiscences of Mr. Serjeant Ballantyne and Mr. T. Mozley: —

I do not doubt that I was dirty; but I think he was cruel. He must have known me had he seen me as he was wont to see me, for he was in the habit of flogging me constantly. *Perhaps he did not recognize me by my face.**

After three years, Anthony was removed to a private school at Sunbury, kept by a former tutor at Harrow.

During the two years I was there [his narrative continues] though I never had any pocket-money, and seldom had much in the way of clothes, I lived more nearly on terms of equality with other boys than at any other period during my prolonged schooldays.

But even here he was always in disgrace, and, on at least one occasion, was treated with the most cruel injustice. Trollope, and three other of the boys, were suspected of being guilty of some nameless horror, of which Trollope was not only innocent, but, even when he wrote his autobiography, did not know the nature. The master condemned him as the worst of the four, because, to use Trollope's words, "I, having come from a public school, might be supposed to be the leader of wickedness." As the master had been a Harrow tutor, it is clear what was his estimate of the morality and discipline of public schools.

The other three accused [Trollope says] were no doubt wicked boys, but were the curled darlings of the school, who would never have selected me to share their wickedness with them.†

The penalties inflicted on the offenders illustrate the irrational system of punishment then, and perhaps now, common in schools, and the nature and value of the so-called religious education there given:

We had each to write out a sermon, and my sermon was the longest of the four. During the whole of one term we were helped last at every meal. We were not allowed to visit the playground till the sermon was finished. Mine was only done a day or two before the holidays. The master's wife, when she saw us, shook her head with pitying horror: there were ever so many other punishments accumulated on our heads.‡

A surfeit of sermon and an inferior and probably scanty supply of food was no doubt admirably suited to cure the moral infirmities of the offenders. At the opening of the next term the master whispered to Trollope that perhaps he had been wrong in condemning him; but he had not the manliness or honesty to make a public confession of his injustice. It is refreshing to read Trollope's outburst of honest indignation at his unjust treatment: —

All that was fifty years ago, and it burns me now as though it were yesterday. What lily-livered curs those boys must have been not to have told the truth! — at any rate, so far as I was concerned.†

But worse remained behind. From Sunbury the unfortunate boy was sent to Winchester. Here he had for teacher and ruler his eldest brother, Thomas Adolphus, who not only had studied but in those capacities put in practice the theories of Draco. The result was that, as part of his daily exercise, he thrashed Anthony with a big stick. The brothers, when they attained to man's estate, became fast friends, but in their schooldays Adolphus was of all Anthony's foes the worst. The holidays brought this miserable boy a change but not happiness. The mother and most of the family were in America, and he once passed the midsummer holidays in his father's chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

On this occasion [he says] my amusement consisted in wandering about amongst those old deserted buildings and in reading Shakespeare out of a bi-columned edition, which is still among my books. It was not that I had chosen Shakespeare, but that there was nothing else to read.†

These compulsory readings of Shakespeare were destined to bear good fruit in days to come. When Anthony had been a year and a half at Winchester his brother went with his father to America. Anthony's condition then became worse than that of Charles Dickens at a like age, and worse even than the highly colored description of it which Dickens gives in "David Copperfield." No provision was made for him; his college bills were left unpaid. The school tradesmen were told not to trust him, his pocket-money (a shilling a week) was stopped, the master whose duty it was to advance the money not unreasonably declining to continue his advances, as those for the last half-year had not been paid. Anthony skulked about, ill dressed and dirty, and became, as it were, a pariah amongst his school-

* Vol. i., pp. 5–6.
† Ibid., pp. 6–7.
‡ Ibid., i., p. 7.

* Vol i., p. 8.
† Ibid, p. 12.

fellows, who treated him with cruelty so great that, young as he was, he, as the only means of escape from his sufferings, thought of suicide. Such ill-treatment produced its natural effect; he became hardened and reckless. He thus describes his state: —

I feel convinced in my mind that I have been flogged oftener than any human being alive. It was just possible to get five scourgings in one day at Winchester, and I have often boasted that I obtained them all. Looking back over half a century, I am not quite sure whether the boast is true; but if I did not, nobody ever did.*

After about a year and a half of these sufferings the father returned from America, and took Anthony from Winchester to live in a wretched, tumble-down, ill-furnished farmhouse at Harrow Weald — "the gloom of that house," he says, "he is unable to describe." He was again sent as a day-boarder to Harrow School, where he was as much a pariah as he had been at Winchester. Every hand, both of the masters and boys, was against him. In his own words, "The indignities I endured are not to be described."† At length the much-enduring boy was driven to rebellion against his persecutors. He must be allowed to describe in his own words what he thinks the only satisfactory thing in his school career: —

There came a great fight, at the end of which my opponent had to be taken home for a while. If these words be ever printed, I trust that some schoolfellow of those days may still be left alive who will be able to say that, in claiming this solitary glory of my school-days, I am not making a false boast.‡

His father desired to send him to either Oxford or Cambridge. There were exhibitions from Harrow. Twice he tried for a sizarship at Clare Hall and failed. He made another futile attempt to gain a scholarship at Trinity, Oxford. After that the idea of a university career for him was abandoned. In such trials it was scarcely possible that he could succeed. In the twelve years of his stay at Harrow no attempt had been made to teach him anything but Latin and Greek, and very little attempt to teach him those languages. In the second period of his time at Harrow his father could not afford to pay the tutor's fees. The masters neglected the boy, as a natural consequence the boy neglected his lessons. "There were twelve years of tuition," he says, "in which I do not remember that I ever knew a lesson."* The after career of a clever, successful schoolboy often belies the promise of his schooltime. It would be curious to know how many of Anthony Trollope's contemporaries who were winners of Harrow prizes and exhibitions got on in the world as well as he did.

We have related the circumstances under which the Trollope family emigrated to Bruges. At that second-rate Continental town Anthony found himself

an idle, desolate hanger-on, that most hopeless of human beings, a hobbledehoy of nineteen, without any idea of a career or a profession or a trade. . . . As well as I can remember [he adds] I was fairly happy, for there were pretty girls at Bruges with whom I could fancy that I was in love, and I had been removed from the real misery of school; but as to my future life I had not even an aspiration.†

At this time a commission in the Austrian service was offered to him. For that service a knowledge of German and French was an indispensable qualification. Of those languages he knew almost nothing. To gain the necessary knowledge he became, as at one time of his life Goldsmith also did, an usher at a school; "My heart still sinks within me," is his comment on this event of his career, as I reflect that any "one should have intrusted to me the tuition of thirty boys."‡ In comparison with a lot so wretched as that of an usher, we should think that of a crossing-sweeper infinitely preferable. For Anthony Trollope a better deliverance was at hand. His mother's influence with the then secretary of the General Post-Office procured for him the offer of a clerkship in the office. He gladly accepted it, and left Brussels for London, passing through Bruges, where for the last time he saw his father and his brother Henry.

Anthony Trollope's life was divided into two careers — the one official, the other literary. During a considerable part of his life they were pursued at the same time — sometimes the two blended together. So far as his memory lives — which he does not anticipate§ — it will live by his literary work. Though he was an energetic and efficient public servant, his services were not generally known — scarcely by his chiefs sufficiently recognized, and it is not by his services

* Vol. i., p. 24.
† Ibid., p. 16.
‡ Ibid., pp. 17–25.

* Vol. i., p. 25.
† Ibid., p. 37.
‡ Ibid., p. 39.
§ Vol. ii. p. 3.

that he will be remembered; although he helped in bringing about many improvements in the postal service. To him we dwellers in small, remote villages are indebted for the free and early delivery of our letters, and for the privilege of being able to buy postage-stamps at our village post-office. The pillar letter-boxes, now to be found, not only in the streets of our towns, but in the hedgerows of the highways and byways of our country districts, were originated by him. He was also the friend of the helots of our public service — the overworked and underpaid letter-carriers and sorters. As far as he could, he took care they should not be overworked, that they should be adequately paid, and, on the other hand, that they should be made to earn their wages, that they should have some hours to themselves, especially on Sunday, and, latterly, that they should not be crushed by what he calls "the damnable system of so-called merit."* He certainly would have opposed the illiberal rule by which country postmen are now deprived of their holidays on Good Friday and Christmas Day.

The poverty and misfortune which overclouded his schooldays pursued him into the early part of his post-office career. He tells a sad tale: —

> My salary was to be £90 a year, and on that I was to live in London, keep up my character as a gentleman, and be happy. That I should have thought this possible at the age of nineteen, and should have been delighted at being able to make the attempt, does not surprise me now; but that others should have thought it possible, friends who knew something of the world, does astonish me.†

The natural consequence followed. He soon became deeply in debt. He fell into the hands of a money-lender —

> a little, clean old man, who always wore a high, starched white cravat, inside which he had a habit of twisting his chin as he uttered his cautions.‡

Daily visits from this gentleman damaged Trollope in the opinion of his official chiefs, nor were his relations with them improved when the air was darkened by a woman walking into the room in which he sat with six or seven other clerks, "having a large basket on her arm and an immense bonnet on her head, and who addressed him in a loud voice, 'Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?' We have all," he adds, "had our worst moments, and that was one of my worst. I lived through it, however, and did not marry the young lady." He protests that "no young man in such a position was ever much less to blame than he had been in this."* From his own admissions it is plain that he was habitually unpunctual, and that his behavior to his chiefs was brusque and disrespectful. This fact gives color to a somewhat ill-natured description of him "as banging about the world."† The powers of endurance of his chiefs must have been strained to the utmost by their unruly subordinate. Of this we give an illustration in his own words: —

> On one occasion, in the performance of my duty, I had to put a private letter containing bank-notes on the secretary's table, which letter I had duly opened, as it was not marked private. The letter was seen by the colonel,‡ but had not been moved by him when he left the room. On his return it was gone. In the mean time I had returned to the room again in the performance of some duty. When the letter was missed I was sent for, and there I found the colonel much moved about his letter, and a certain chief clerk, who, with a long face, was making suggestions as to the probable fate of the money. "The letter has been taken," said the colonel, turning to me angrily, "and, by G—! there has been nobody in the room but you and I." As he spoke, he thundered his fist down upon the table. "Then," said I, "by G—! you have taken it," and I also thundered my fist down, but, accidentally, not upon the table. There was there a standing movable desk, at which, I presume, it was the Colonel's habit to write, and on this movable desk was a large bottle full of ink. My fist, unfortunately, came on the desk, and the ink at once flew up, covering the Colonel's face and shirt-front. Then it was a sight to see that senior clerk, as he seized a quire of blotting-paper, and rushed to the aid of his superior officer, striving to mop up the ink; and a sight also to see the Colonel, in his agony, hit right out through the blotting-paper at that senior clerk's unoffending stomach. At that moment there came in the Colonel's private secretary with the letter and the money, and I was desired to go back to my own room. This was an incident not in my favor, though I do not know that it did me special harm.§

In Parliamentary or official life we can call to mind no such scene as this except the memorable occasion in the House of Commons, when William Wilberforce

* Vol. ii., p. 118.
† Vol. i., p. 46.
‡ Ibid., p. 65.

* Vol. i., pp. 63–4.
† *Vide* the *Saturday Review*, Oct. 20, 1883.
‡ *I.e.*, Colonel Maberly, then secretary of the General Post-Office.
§ Vol. i., pp. 62–3.

emptied the contents of the ink-bottle, which he always wore at his button-hole, on the white cords of Sir Thomas Acland, and then, snatching blotting-paper from the clerk's table, rushed, amidst the cheers and laughter of the House, to his friend to repair the mischief done to his apparel. Under the circumstances we do not wonder at reading that Trollope, for the first seven years of his public service, bore in the office a decidedly bad character. This is his own description of himself: "I was always on the eve of being dismissed, and yet was always striving to show how good a public servant I could become if only a chance were given me."* At length the chance was given. There had been created in the service a new body of officers called surveyors' clerks. A vacancy in one of these clerkships occurred, but it was in Ireland, and "there was a conviction [in the office] that nothing could be worse than the berth of a surveyor's clerk in Ireland."† Trollope was now twenty-six. He felt that his circumstances were desperate, and that he must do something to retrieve his position. He went, therefore, boldly to his enemy, the secretary, and volunteered for Ireland if the secretary would send him. The secretary was glad to be so rid of him, and to Ireland he went. The salary and allowance of this clerkship made up a yearly income, after deducting expenses, of £400. "This was," Trollope says, "the first good fortune of my life."‡ Certainly it did not come too soon. Hitherto he had been regarded by those connected with him "as an evil, an incumbrance, a useless thing, a creature to be ashamed of." His friends seem to have thought that no good would come of his Irish scheme, though they did not dissuade him from it. One of them who advanced him money for his outfit "looked on him with pitying eyes," and shook his head after the fashion of Lord Burleigh in "The Critic." "After all you were right to go," was his admission, made a few years afterwards, when Trollope repaid him the loan.§ "The twenty-six years of suffering, disgrace, and remorse" were now over. He landed in Dublin in September, 1841, and called on the secretary of the Irish Post Office, where he found his reputation had preceded him in the shape of "a very bad character," ungenerously sent over by the secretary of the English office. The Irish official informed Trollope that he had been told he was worthless, and must in all probability be dismissed, but, he added, "I shall judge you on your merits." The narrative continues: —

> From that time to the day on which I left the service I never heard a word of censure, nor had many months passed before I found that my services were valued. Before a year was over I had acquired the character of a thoroughly good public servant.*

His duties were at first those of "a deputy inspector of country post-offices," and amongst other things to be inspected were the postmasters' accounts, an "odd destiny for one who had never learned the multiplication table, nor done a sum in long division."† A defaulting postmaster gave Trollope an opportunity of mastering the details of the accounts, which were then very intricate. With the industry and perseverance which were ever characteristic of him, he availed himself of this opportunity to the utmost, and never had any further difficulty in the matter of official accounts.‡ But his chief work was the investigating of complaints made by the public as to postal matters. He tells a very amusing story of an Irish squire who had a postal grievance so unendurable "that he had written on it many letters couched in the strongest language." Trollope was sent to his house to investigate the complaint, and was most hospitably received. His reception was an illustration of the social habits of the Irish gentry of a bygone day. "I shall never forget," Trollope relates, "the squire's righteous indignation when I brought up the postal question after the departure of the young lady. 'Was I such a Goth as to contaminate wine with business!'" The next morning Trollope again proposed to discuss the question. His host wrung his hands in unmistakable disgust. "But what," asked Trollope, "am I to say in my report?" "'Anything you please, don't spare me, if you want an excuse for yourself. Here I sit all day with nothing to do, and I like writing letters.'" Trollope reported that "the gentleman was now quite satisfied with the postal arrangements for his district;" he felt, he says, a soft regret that he had robbed his friend of his occupation. No more was heard at the post-office of that gentleman.§

* Vol. i., p. 62
† Ibid., p. 77.
‡ Ibid., p. 78.
§ Ibid, pp. 79-81.

* Vol. i., pp. 83-4.
† Ibid., p. 83.
‡ Ibid., p. 78.
§ Ibid., pp. 88, 89, 90.

Trollope's life in Ireland was, he says, "altogether a very jolly one." After three years he married; and after ten years of Irish service he was temporarily removed to England to carry out a plan which had been formed for extending the rural delivery of letters. He spent two years on this task.

During these two years it was the ambition of my life to cover the country with rural letter-carriers; [and, with pardonable pride, he adds:] I was, in truth, a beneficent angel to the public, bringing everywhere with me an earlier, cheaper, and much more regular delivery of letters,*

a benefit for which we and all others who dwell in remote villages can never be sufficiently grateful.

I began [he says] in Devonshire, and visited, I think I may say, every nook in that county, in Cornwall, Somersetshire, the greater part of Devonshire, the Channel Islands, part of Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and the six southern Welsh counties, and in this way I had an opportunity of seeing a considerable portion of Great Britain with a minuteness few have enjoyed; and I did my business after a fashion in which no other official man has worked — at least for many years.†

This was true, for he went almost everywhere on horseback, riding on an average forty miles a day, and combining with business a good deal of hunting. Hunting was, if not the greatest pursuit, one of the greatest pursuits of his life. He began hunting in Ireland, and learned to love it with an affection which he could not himself fathom or understand. His devotion to it illustrated the applicability to him of the description of the old Roman hero, "*Quidquid vult id valde vult.*" On no such subject did he write with such delight, and he admits that he has dragged it into too many of his novels. Our readers will remember his controversy on hunting with Mr. E. A. Freeman, in which Trollope, as the advocate of fox-hunting, maintained that the fox rather likes being hunted than otherwise ‡ And yet: —

Surely [he says], no man has labored at it as I have done, or hunted under such drawbacks as to distances, money, and natural disadvantages. I am very heavy, very blind, have been, in reference to hunting, a poor man, and am now§ an old man. I have often had to travel all night outside a mail-coach, in order that I might hunt the next day. Nor have I ever been, in truth, a good horseman, and I have passed the greater part of my hunting life under the discipline of the Civil Service. But it has been for more than thirty years a duty to me to ride to hounds, and I have performed that duty with a persistent energy. Nothing has ever been allowed to stand in the way of hunting — neither the writing of books, nor the work of the Post-Office, nor other pleasures.*

He continued his favorite pursuit up to 1876. "I think," he says with calm satisfaction, "that I may say with truth that I rode hard to my end." † After hunting was once given up, "he never," his son tells us, "spoke willingly on hunting matters." ‡

Trollope's mission to England being accomplished, he returned to Ireland, and was then promoted from being a surveyor's clerk to be a surveyor. His reputation as an effective public servant led the post-office authorities to send him to Egypt to make a treaty for the conveyance of our mails through Egypt by railway, and, after the usual amount of shuffling and delay on the part of the pashas, he settled the terms of a treaty. Then he was sent to Glasgow to revise the post-office there, and thence to the West Indies, "to cleanse the Augean stables of our post-office system," and while there wrote "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," which, of all his books, he considered the best. He returned again to Ireland, and shortly afterwards changed his Irish district for an English one.§ The change was not made without difficulty. Though he was by this time, to use his own words, "known to be a thoroughly efficient public servant," he did not "stand very well with the dominant interest at the Post-Office." His old enemy, the secretary, had, as Trollope oddly expresses it, been "squeezed into," which we interpret to mean "squeezed out." At any rate, he had given place to the late Sir Rowland Hill. Trollope does not draw a very flattering portrait of the originator of the penny post.

With Hill [he says] I never had any sympathy, nor he with me. In figures and facts he was most accurate; but I never came across any one who so little understood the ways of men, unless it was his brother Frederick (the Under-Secretary). The servants of the Post-

* Vol. i., pp. 119–121.
† Ibid., p. 17.
‡ See Trollope's own account of it, vol. i., pp. 256 *et seq.*
§ Written in 1876, when he was sixty-one years old.

* Vol. i., p. 85.
† Vol. ii., p. 207.
‡ Preface, vii.
§ Vol. i., pp. 171–176.

Office — men numerous enough to have formed a large army in old days — were so many machines, who could be counted on for their exact work without deviation, as wheels may be counted on which are kept going always at the same pace and always by the same power. Rowland Hill was an industrious public servant, anxious for the good of his country; but he was a hard task-master, and one who would, I think, have put the great Department with which he was concerned altogether out of gear by his hardness, had he not been at last controlled.*

It is evident that in a different way Trollope when "he ranked among the most conspicuous members of the Post-Office," † was equally trying and embarrassing to his chiefs as when he stood lowest among the junior clerks. He calls to mind with evident pleasure, "the feuds, such delicious feuds," with his chiefs. Also that he was always "an anti-Hillite;" complacently adding, "It was a pleasure to me to differ from him on all occasions; and, looking back now, I think that in all such differences I was right." ‡ His self-complacency is only equalled by his candor, as is shown by this frank admission: —

When matters came to be considered, I generally had an opinion of my own. I have no doubt that I often made myself disagreeable. I know that sometimes I tried to do so.§

Again: —

How I loved, when I was contradicted — as I was very often, and no doubt very properly — to do instantly as I was bid, and then to prove that what I was doing was fatuous, dishonest, expensive, and impractical. . . . I have revelled in those official correspondences, and look back to some of them as the greatest delights of my life. But I am not so sure they were so delightful to others.‖

He gave official offence by the publication of his novel, "The Three Clerks," which reveals some of the *arcana* of the Civil Service; ¶ and he gave greater offence by giving to the clerks of the department a lecture on the Civil Service in the General Post-Office itself. The lecture was permitted, and he disobeyed no order, but he avows

that in it he advocated the doctrines that a Civil servant is only a servant so far as his contract goes, and that he is, beyond that, entitled to be as free a man in politics, as free in his general pursuits, and as free in opinion, as those who are in open professions and open trades.*

These views were at that time contrary to the traditions of government offices and to the prejudices of their chiefs. The secretary, therefore, reported to the postmaster-general that Trollope ought to be dismissed. The postmaster sent for Trollope, and informed him of the secretary's recommendation. Trollope knew himself to be too good to be treated in that fashion, and, being on good terms with the postmaster, simply inquired whether his lordship was prepared to dismiss him, at which the postmaster merely laughed, and the matter ended.

Officially trying as Trollope was, he was not only an efficient public servant, but he was attached to the post-office. "I," he tells us, "had imbued myself with a thorough love of letters — I mean the letters which are carried by the post, and was anxious for their welfare as though they were all my own." † He strove also gallantly to improve the style of writing official reports, never being contented with his own reports — in writing which he took extreme delight — unless they seemed to be so written as to be pleasant to read. He does not feel certain that he succeeded in this attempt, for he felt it was not regarded with favor by his chiefs. He heard horror expressed because the old forms were disregarded, and language used which had no savor of red tape. ‡ During the period of his service in the office he did very much special work, for which he neither asked nor received any remuneration, though in such cases it was then usual to give remuneration. When he determined to write a book on the United States he asked for nine months' leave of absence, which, after a good deal of demur, was granted, but with an intimation from the secretary that it was to be considered as a full equivalent for the special services Trollope had rendered to the department. If it was to be a question of remunerating him, Trollope did not choose that his work should be valued at the price put upon it by Hill; he therefore declined to accept the leave clogged with the stipulations imposed by Hill, and it was withdrawn by order of the postmaster-general. This success of Trollope was not likely to improve the relations be-

* Ibid., pp. 178–9, conf. ii., p. 119.
† From the official letter acknowledging his resignation in 1867, vol. ii., p. 115.
‡ Vol ii., p. 119.
§ Vol. i., p. 179.
‖ Vol ii., p. 118.
¶ Vol. i., p. 47.

* Vol. i., p. 179.
† Vol. ii., pp. 113–119.
‡ Vol. i., p. 181; ii., p. 217.

tween him and Hill. By 1867 his literary reputation was established, his literary earnings were great and still increasing. In the post-office he was disappointed at not being promoted to the vacant office of under-secretary. Although he had been thirty-three years in the office he was not qualified to claim a retiring pension, nevertheless he determined to end his connection with the department. He resigned, and he received an acknowledgment that his "Post-Office work had been faithfully and indeed energetically performed."* There was a touch of irony, he thought, in the use of the word "energetically," for he believes that his "energy" was the reason why the secretaries and assistant secretaries very often would have been glad to get rid of him. We think he is unjust to his colleagues. That he was highly thought of by them is shown by the fact that, after he had quitted the service, the post-office authorities requested him to go to Washington to negotiate a postal treaty with the United States. Regarding this request as a compliment he went, and the result was a treaty more or less satisfactory. The negotiation of it was a task requiring all the energy which he so abundantly possessed.†

After Trollope left the post-office, he for a short period became the editor of the *St. Paul's Magazine*, and for a still shorter time an active politician. He thought a seat in the House of Commons should be the highest object of ambition to every educated Englishman, "that to serve one's country without pay is the grandest work a man can do."‡ He had formed this opinion so far back as the days of his degradation and misery at the post-office. An uncle asked him what destination he should like best for his future life; he said that he should like to be a member of Parliament. The uncle sarcastically replied that, as far as he knew, few clerks in the post-office became members of Parliament. This jeer Trollope never forgot or forgave. The opinion so early formed was one motive which, when made free to do so by having acquitted the public service, determined him to seek a seat in Parliament. But there was an even stronger motive. Like all men of strong character he was a good hater. His uncle's jeer was to him *lethalis arundo*, the wound it had caused was not even then cured. This appears from his own words: —

> My uncle was dead, but if I could get a seat, the knowledge that I had done so might travel to that bourne from whence he was not likely to return, and he might there feel that he had done me wrong.*

The belief in human immortality surely never before had so odd a practical application. Few, if any, of those who most firmly hold that belief would incur the cost of a contested election on the chance that the news of success, if gained, might reach a departed friend or enemy, especially if the candidate bore in mind that, if the news of success could reach the departed, so also could the news of failure — and if that reached him he might say or think, "Ah! that fellow is as great a fool as ever."

Trollope knew himself to be wholly unfitted for Parliamentary life. "I was aware," he owns, "that I could do no good by going into Parliament; that the time for it, if there could have been a time, had gone by." He was then fifty-three — an age at which it is hopeless to begin a Parliamentary career. He had, he owns, no special gifts to make him naturally a good speaker, and had not studied the art early enough in life to overcome natural difficulties. As to his political creed he enters into a long metaphysico-theological argument, which he thus concludes: "Holding such views I think I am guilty of no absurdity in calling myself an advanced Conservative Liberal."†

In fact he was more advanced as a Conservative than a Liberal. Not only was he opposed to the ballot, support of which has always been one of the notes of advanced Liberalism, but he had strong aristocratic tendencies and prejudices. This is illustrated by the grounds of his objection to the competitive examination system, which by their narrowness remind one of the captain in Swift's poem who says,

> To give a young gentleman right education,
> The army's the only good school in the nation: —

I dare to say what no one now dares to say in print, though some of us whisper it occasionally into our friends' ears — there are places in life which can hardly be well filled except by "gentlemen." The word is one the use of which almost subjects one to ignominy.

* Vol. ii., p. 116.
† Ibid., ii., p. 146.
‡ Ibid., ii., p. 128.

* Vol. ii., p. 128.
† Ibid., pp. 130 *et seq.* 135.

If I say that a judge should be a gentleman, or a bishop, I am met with a scornful allusion to "Nature's Gentlemen." Were I to make such an assertion with reference to the House of Commons, nothing that I ever said again would receive the slightest attention. A man in public life could not do himself a greater injury than by saying in public that the commissions in the army or navy, or berths in the civil service, should be given exclusively to gentlemen; he would be defied to define the term, and would fail should he attempt to do so. But he would know what he meant, and so very probably would they who defied him. It may be that the son of the butcher of the village shall become as well fitted for employments requiring gentle culture as the son of a parson. Such is often the case. When such is the case, no one has been more prone to give the butcher's son all the welcome he has merited than I myself; but the chances are greatly in favor of the parson's son. The gates of the one class should be open to the other; but neither to the one class nor the other can good be done by declaring that there are no gates, no barrier, no difference. The system of competitive examination is, I think, based on a supposition that there is no difference.*

Elsewhere he says: —

I had always been aware of a certain visionary weakness about myself in regard to politics. I knew that in politics I could never become a practical man. Still [he continues] I had an almost insane desire to sit in Parliament and be able to assure myself that my uncle's scorn had not been deserved.†

It was suggested to him by the late Mr. Charles Buxton that he should stand for the new division of Essex, created in 1867, and which, as it adjoins London, was thought would prove Liberal. Had he stood at the general election of 1868 he would have been returned without a contest, but when the Liberal candidates were chosen he was in America, and another Liberal was selected. He returned from America in time for the general election, but somewhat late to look for a seat. Beverley was proposed to him, and to Beverley he went. A more unfortunate choice he could not have made. The borough was rotten to the core. From 1832 the seats had been held by a succession of members who, to use the slang of electioneering agents, had "nursed" the borough. Sir Henry Edwards, one of the sitting members, had nursed it so much and so long that he thought he had gained fixity of tenure next door to permanence in the representation. To add to Trollope's misfortunes he was yoked as a colleague with a Romanist; any one acquainted with the feeling on religious matters of the smaller English Parliamentary boroughs knows the impossibility of a Romanist gaining a seat for such a constituency. It was on this ground that Lord Beaconsfield, when, in 1859, he introduced his first Reform Bill, justified preserving the borough of Arundel, although he owned it was "absolutely the nomination borough" of the Duke of Norfolk, because there alone the nine hundred thousand Roman Catholics of England, "a number more than the population of the West Riding of Yorkshire and double that of the Tower Hamlets," could, in the person of the duke's nominee, send a representative to Parliament. Nevertheless, Lord Beaconsfield, by his Reform Act of 1867, disfranchised Arundel.

On Trollope's arrival in Beverley the experienced agent for the Liberal party met him.

"So," said he [as Trollope tells the story], "you are going to stand for Beverley?" I replied gravely that I was thinking of doing so. "You don't expect to get in?" he said. Again I was grave. "I would not," I said, "be sanguine, but, nevertheless, I was disposed to hope for the best." "Oh, no," continued he, with good-humored raillery, "you won't get in; I don't suppose you really expect it. But there is a fine career open to you. You will spend £1,000, and lose the election. Then you will petition, and spend another £1,000. You will throw out the elected members. There will be a Commission, and the borough will be disfranchised. For a beginner, such as you are, that will be a great success."*

"*Il faut souffrir pour être belle*," says a French proverb. If we change the word "*belle*" to "*grand*," Trollope in his Beverley experience abundantly verified this proverb; he describes the time he spent there "as the most wretched fortnight of his manhood." "I felt myself," is his lament, "to be a kind of pariah in the borough, to whom was opposed all that was pretty and all that was nice and all that was ostensibly good." He was subject "to a bitter tyranny from grinding vulgar tyrants," who would not let him go to church, and, far worse, would not let him go out hunting. His days were spent in the lanes and byways of that uninviting town, exposed to the rain and up to his knees in slush, canvassing voters who expected, in order to induce them to give

* Vol. i., pp. 53-4.
† Vol. ii., pp. 134-6.

* Vol. ii., p. 139.

their votes, a *lene tormentum* in the shape of a five-pound note. Every night he had to speak somewhere, "which was bad, and listen to the speaking of others which was much worse." Of course he was at the bottom of the poll. "I paid £400," he says, "for my expenses and returned to London."* For a man who had fallen among thieves he got off very easily, the expenses even of unsuccessful candidates at Beverley usually amounted to thousands. A petition followed, though not from Trollope, and Beverley ceased to be a Parliamentary borough.

We now turn to Trollope's literary career, in which he worked with as much earnestness as he showed in the post-office and in the hunting-field. He is proud to say that he, his mother, and brother wrote more books than were probably ever before produced by a single family.† In 1876 he found that his works were then more in number than those of any other living author, and he afterwards added to them considerably.‡ He had then published "much more than twice as much as Carlyle," and considerably more than Voltaire, even including his letters.§

> We are told [he continues] that Varro, at the age of 80, had written 480 volumes, and that he went on writing for eight years longer. I wish I knew what was the length of Varro's volumes. I comfort myself by reflecting that the amount of manuscript described as a book in Varro's time was not much.‖

After he left school it was borne in upon his mind "that the only career in life within his reach was that of an author, and the only mode of authorship open to him was that of a writer of novels." And he very early resolved that an attempt at novel-writing must be made, but the attempt was long delayed. To prepare himself for his career as a novelist he began to read French and Latin: he made himself familiar with Horace, and acquainted with the works of our greatest poets. Another course of preparation he had earlier begun. He resembled Macaulay in the habit which the Greeks called *κενη μακαρια* ("empty happiness"), the habit of building castles in the air, which Macaulay said he and his sister, Lady Trevelyan, indulged in beyond any people that he knew.¶ Macaulay's sister Margaret records an interesting conversation with him on this habit and its effects:—

> I said, I was surprised at the great accuracy of his information, considering how desultory his reading had been. "My accuracy as to facts," he said, "I owe to a cause which many men would not confess. It is due to my love of castle-building. The past is, in my mind, soon constructed into a romance." He then went on to describe the way in which from his childhood his imagination had been filled by the study of history. "With a person of my turn," he said, "the minute touches are of a great interest, and perhaps greater than the most important events. Spending so much time as I do in solitude, my mind would have rusted by gazing vacantly at the shop-windows. As it is, I am no sooner in the streets than I am in Greece, in Rome, in the midst of the French Revolution. Precision in dates, the day or hour in which a man was born or died, becomes absolutely necessary. A slight fact, a sentence, a word, are of importance in my romance. Pepys's "Diary" formed almost inexhaustible food for my fancy. I seem to know every inch of Whitehall. I go in at Holbein's gate, and come out through the matted gallery. The conversations which I compose between great people of the time are long and sufficiently animated, in the style, if not with the merits, of Sir Walter Scott's. The old parts of London which you are sometimes surprised at my knowing so well, those old gates and houses down by the river, have all played their part in my stories." He spoke, too, of the manner in which he used to wander about Paris, weaving tales of the Revolution, and he thought that he owed his command of language greatly to this habit.*

We would add that to this habit we owe the description of the battle of Sedgmoor, of the offer of the crown to William and Mary, of the trial of Warren Hastings.

Trollope was equally under the influence of this habit of castle-building; he often reflected with dismay on the hours devoted to it, but he adds:—

> I suppose it must have tended to make me what I have been. . . . I was always going about with some castle in the air firmly built within my mind. Nor were these efforts in architecture spasmodic or subject to constant change from day to day. For weeks, for months, if I remember rightly, from year to year, I would carry on the same tale, binding myself down to certain laws, to certain proportions, proprieties, and wishes. Nothing impossible was ever introduced, nor even anything which from outward circumstances would seem to be violently improbable. There can, I imagine, hardly be a more dangerous mental practice; but I have often doubted whether,

* Vol. ii., p. 140 *et seq.*
† Vol. i., p. 28.
‡ Conf. his list of his books, vol. ii., p. 222, with the supplemental list given by the editor, preface, ix.
§ Vol. ii., p. 221.
‖ Vol. i., pp. 70–72.
¶ Trevelyan's Macaulay, vol. ii., p. 451, note.

* Trevelyan's Macaulay, vol. i. pp. 153, 144.

had it not been my practice, I should ever have written a novel. I learned in this way to maintain an interest in a fictitious story, to dwell on a work created by my own imagination, and to live in a world altogether outside the world of my own material life.*

It determined the character of his writings: † "I am realistic," he says of himself. Speaking of Barsetshire, "the new shire he had added to the English counties" —

I had it [he says] all in my mind — its roads and railroads, its towns and parishes, its Members of Parliament, and the different hunts which rode over it. I knew all the great lords and their castles, the squires and their parks, the rectors and their churches. "Framley Parsonage" was the fourth novel in which I had placed the scene in Barsetshire, and as I wrote I made a map of the dear county. Throughout these stories there has been no name given to a fictitious site which does not represent to me a spot of which I know all the accessories as though I had lived and wandered there.‡

Again: —

It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the color of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled, or so have frowned.§

Of Thackeray, he remarks: "It is evident from all his best work that he lived with the characters he was creating," and Trollope attributes the decline towards the close of Thackeray's career of his power of charming to the fact that he allowed his mind to become weary of the fictitious life which is always demanding a new creation, and thought of his characters only when at his desk.‖

It has been well said

that Anthony Trollope's fictions are photographs of nineteenth-century life in pen and ink. They do not represent a great force of literature, though Mr. Trollope may have many imitators, like George Eliot, but they give hundreds and thousands of men and women, of all ranks, exactly what they want — light, easy reading, that requires no special thought, that is at once a pure recreation, and that presents to them, as if reflected in a mirror, the society in which they live.¶

With this agrees Nathaniel Hawthorne's criticism on Trollope, which Trollope owns to be true in its nature.

Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope? They precisely suit my taste, solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale; and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were being made a show of, and these books are just as English as a beefsteak. Have they ever been tried in America? It needs an English residence to make them thoroughly comprehensible; but still I should think that human nature would give them success anywhere.*

Hawthorne's criticism reminds us of that of the *Times* reviewer of one of Trollope's earliest novels, which the reviewer likened to a leg of mutton, and described it "as substantial but a little coarse." †

Trollope's habits of castle-building and of living with the characters of his novels make them real in a manner that could only be achieved by a master of the craft of novel-writing; they are mostly what he calls "the simple results of efforts of his moral consciousness." His mother, in her "Vicar of Wrexhill," ‡ essayed to draw the portrait of a clergyman, and produced an unpleasant caricature. In the Barsetshire novels, the bishop, the dean, and the archdeacon live and move on the page before us, yet Trollope never lived in a provincial cathedral city, he was never intimate with a cathedral close. He had never even spoken to an archdeacon, but Archdeacon Grantley has been declared by competent authorities to be "a real archdeacon down to the ground." § Equally living is Mrs. Proudie (the bishop's wife), about whom Trollope delighted to write —

so thorough [he says] was my knowledge of all the little shades of her character. It was not only that she was a tyrant, a bully, a would-be priestess — a very vulgar woman, and one who would send headlong to the nethermost pit all who disagreed with her: but that at the same time she was conscientious, by no means a hypocrite, really believing in the brimstone which she threatened, and anxious to save the souls around her from its horrors. And as her tyranny increased so did

* Vol. i., pp. 56–58.
† Vol. ii., p. 41.
‡ Vol. i., p. 204.
§ Vol. ii., p. 51.
‖ Vol. ii., pp. 64–66.
¶ England, by T. H. S. Escott, chap. xxviii., p. 481.

* Vol. i., p. 193.
† Ibid., p. 105.
‡ The vicar was said to be meant for the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, then vicar of Harrow, a leader of the Evangelical party, and author of a book called "The Velvet Cushion," p. 68.
§ Vol. ii., p. 124.

the bitterness of the moments of her repentance increase, in that she knew herself to be a tyrant, till that bitterness killed her.*

In spite, perhaps because, of Mrs. Proudie's numerous bad qualities she was to Trollope what Little Nell in "The Old Curiosity Shop" was to Dickens, and "my uncle Toby" to Sterne.† Tears did not lie so near the surface with Trollope as with Dickens, and he did not cry, as did Dickens, when he killed his favorite; yet Trollope confesses that it was with many misgivings that, in a misplaced deference to some impertinent and frivolous criticisms not meant for his ear, but which he happened to overhear,‡ he killed his old friend. As by his "moral consciousness" he created an archdeacon so also did he a journalist. In "The Warden" he introduces one "Tom Towers" as being potent among the contributors to the *Jupiter* — under which name he owns that he alluded to the *Times;* he was as ignorant of journalists as of the clergy, and had not then so much as heard the name of any of the *Times* writers, but so real and lifelike was "Tom Towers" that the *Times*, in favorably reviewing "The Warden," added a gentle word of rebuke at the morbid condition of the author's mind which had prompted him to indulge in personalities in reference to an editor or manager of the *Times*.§ Two of his characters in "The Three Clerks" he confesses are drawn from real persons. Sir Gregory Hardlines was intended for, and recognized to be, Sir Charles Trevelyan, then "the Great Apostle of the (by Trollope) much loathed scheme of competitive examination," and therefore a special object of his dislike. By the feebly facetious name of Sir Warwick West End it is intended to denote Sir Stafford Northcote.‖ In "The Small House at Alington" another hero of the civil service, Sir Raffle Buffle, is introduced; but "Sir Raffle was intended to represent a type, not a man; but the man for the picture was soon chosen, and Trollope was often assured that the portrait was very like. He had never seen the gentleman with whom he was supposed to have taken the liberty."¶

* Vol. ii., p. 109.
† "I am for the time being nearly dead with work and grief for the loss of my child" (*i.e.*, Little Nell). — Letters of Charles Dickens, vol. i., p. 38. "So much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character that I am become an enthusiast." — Letter of Sterne to a Friend.
‡ Vol. ii., p. 108.
§ Vol. i., p. 133.
‖ Ibid., p. 149.
¶ Ibid., p. 239.

It is noteworthy that in his two Parliamentary novels, "Phineas Finn" and "Phineas Redux," he distrusted his moral consciousness, and pursued the methods of observation and experience to make himself conversant with the ways and doings of the House in which some of the scenes were to be placed.

The Speaker [he says] was very gracious, and gave me a running order for, I think, a couple of months. It was enough at any rate to enable me often to be very tired, and, as I have been assured by members, to talk of the proceedings almost as well as though Fortune had enabled me to fall asleep within the House itself.*

In another oratorical arena he was pressed also to try the inductive method. During his connection with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it was suggested to him that he should attend the whole yearly series of May meetings in order to give "a graphic and, if possible, amusing description" of them. He went to one meeting, but three hours of "the bray of Exeter Hall" was more than enough for him, and he abandoned the task in disgust.

It is interesting to compare great men of letters as respects their different methods of, and habits as to, composition. Mr. Matthew Arnold says of Johnson: —

To write *con amore*, with fondness for the employment, with perpetual touches and retouches, with unwillingness to take leave of his own idea, and an unwearied pursuit of unattainable perfection, was no part of his character.†

"A man," Johnson said himself, "may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it."‡ He was constitutionally indolent, and subject to a frequent depression of spirits, and we think he oftener wrote because he set himself doggedly to writing than *con amore*. We know that many of his "Ramblers" were written in haste,§ as the moment pressed, without being read over by him before they were printed. Mr. Trevelyan tells us that the person who knew Macaulay best said of him, "Throughout life he never really applied himself to any pursuit that was against the grain."‖ He did not carry on the business of his life by desultory efforts or in the happy moments of an elegant inspiration,¶ but,

* Vol. ii., p. 160.
† *Vide* his "Six Principal Lives" in "Johnson's Poets."
‡ Boswell's Johnson, p. 45, Standard Library edition.
§ Ibid., *ubi supra*.
‖ Life of Macaulay, vol. ii., p. 215.
¶ Ibid., vol. i., p. 109.

except when at his best, he never would work at all. "I am too self-indulgent in the matter it may be," he writes in his journal, "and yet I attribute much of the success which I have had to my habit of writing only when I am in the humor, and of stopping as soon as the thoughts and words cease to follow quickly."* Trollope held a sort of medium position between Johnson and Macaulay. He certainly wrote *con amore*, but he doggedly set himself to write. We do not know that it can be said of him, as Thackeray said of Macaulay, "that he read twenty works to write one sentence, and travelled twenty miles to make a line of description," † but in Trollope's books, especially his earlier ones, there is abundant evidence of "touches and retouches" and that "pursuit of unattainable perfection" which was alien to Johnson.

The doctrine that literary men should wait for the happy moment of inspiration Trollope believed in as little as Macaulay.

> To me [he says] it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting. I was once told that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than in the inspiration.‡

His habits of composition were, if not mechanical, in the highest degree methodical. He found it expedient to bind himself by certain self-imposed laws.§ It was his practice to be at his writing-table every morning at half-past five, and in this respect to allow himself no mercy. He worked for three hours, the time he found sufficient to produce as much as a man ought to write at a time.‖ The first half-hour was devoted to reading over the work of the day before, in order to catch the tone and spirit of what he had last written, and avoid the fault of seeming to be unlike himself. This task consisted chiefly in weighing with the ear the sound of the words and phrases ¶ —

> When [we resume his own words] I have commenced a new book, I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed for the completion of the work. In this I have entered, day by day, the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there staring in my face, and demanding of me increased labor, so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time, whether my other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed, I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about forty. It has been placed as low as twenty, and has risen to 112. And, as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain 250 words; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went. In the bargains I have made with publishers I have — not, of course, with their knowledge, but in my own mind — undertaken always to supply them with so many words, and I have never put a book out of hand short of the number by a single word. I may also say that the excess has been very small. I have prided myself on completing my work within the proposed dimensions. But I have prided myself especially on completing it within the proposed time, and I have always done so. . . . I have known no anxiety as to "copy." The needed pages far ahead — very far ahead — have almost always been in the drawer beside me.*

How many an editor, printer, and publisher will on reading the last passage unfeignedly say, *O si sic omnes!*

It was Trollope's practice — a practice in which, as time went on, he became more lenient to himself — to write with his watch before him, and to require from himself two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour; he found that the two hundred and fifty words were forthcoming as regularly as his watch went. His method enabled him to produce over ten pages of an ordinary novel in a day.† In official documents — we do not know whether in his novels — Trollope thought that a rough copy, or what is called a draft, written in order that it may be touched, and altered, and put upon stilts, occasions a terrible waste of time.‡ Macaulay in writing his history composed a rough draft, and when that was finished his "daily task," which if he did not complete he was never quite easy, was to copy the draft at the rate of six pages of foolscap written in so large a hand and with such a multitude of erasures and corrections that the whole six pages were on an average compressed into two pages of print.§ The greater need of accuracy in

* Life of Macaulay, vol. i., p. 224.
† Ibid., vol. i., p. 216.
‡ Vol. i., pp. 162–3.
§ Ibid., p. 159.
‖ Vol. ii., p. 193.
¶ Ibid., pp. 103–4.

* Vol. i., pp. 159–61.
† Vol. ii., pp. 103–4.
‡ Vol. i., p. 180.
§ Life of Macaulay, ii., p. 225.

an historical work, and the longer time required to weigh evidence and collate authorities, and in a general revision, than merely to write a narrative already composed in the writer's mind, accounts for the differing amounts in the results of labor produced by two writers equally industrious. Trollope was told that his methodical ways were "beneath the notice of a man of genius." "I have never fancied myself," he continues, "to be a man of genius, but had I been so, I think I might well have subjected myself to these trammels." * If it be a correct definition of "genius" that it is a capacity for taking infinite pains, then beyond all doubt Trollope was a man of genius. We cannot discover Trollope's habit as to revising and correcting his MSS. "Every MS.," he says, "should be read twice at least before it goes to the printers;" † but he also says, speaking, however, then only of his official reports, "If a man knows his craft with his pen he will have learned to write without the necessity of changing his words or the form of his sentences." ‡ Reynolds once inquired of Johnson how he had attained the accuracy and flow of language which enabled him often to dispense with the revision of his MSS.; Johnson replied, "that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion and in every company, to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in, and that by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him." § Macaulay was as great and accurate a talker as Johnson, but we know that scarcely five consecutive lines in any of his Indian minutes were unmarked by blots or corrections. What were the corrections in his history we know by the "manuscript page thickly scored with dashes and erasures" preserved at the British Museum, along with a revised proof-sheet of Hume's history and other like treasures. ‖ It would be interesting to compare with these relics of Hume and Macaulay a sheet of one of Trollope's manuscripts, and see how far he agreed or differed with them in his habits of revision and correction. Mr. Trevelyan makes a remark which we enlarge and to which we assent —

> that such corrections are exceedingly valuable. When the great masters of the English language correct their own compositions which appeared faultless before, the correction must be based on the highest rules of criticism.*

Trollope took a high view of his work as a novelist. He admitted that from the wide extension of novel-reading in the present day that very much good or harm must be done by novels — but, referring to the objections of those who think novel-reading a sin and of those who think it to be simply a waste of time, and who agree in regarding novel-writers as mere panderers to the wicked pleasures of the world, he thus states and defends his own position: —

> I have regarded my art from so different a point of view that I have ever thought of myself as a preacher of sermons and my pulpit as one which I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience. I do believe that no girl has risen from the reading of my pages less modest than she was before, and that some may have learned from them that modesty is worth preserving. I think that no youth has been taught that in falseness and flashiness is to be found the road to manliness; but some may perhaps have learned from me that it is to be found in truth and a high but gentle spirit.†

This idea of himself as a preacher of righteousness sometimes led him on to dangerous ground. "The Vicar of Bullhampton" was written chiefly with the object of exciting not only pity but sympathy for a fallen woman, and of raising a feeling of forgiveness for such in the minds of other women. To obviate by anticipation mistakes as to the position he took on this subject he, contrary to his common usage, wrote a preface to this novel. "I do not know," he says, "that any one read it, but as I wish to have it read I will insert it here again." ‡ It is certainly well worth reading. In "Can You Forgive Her," he subjects a young wife to the terrible danger of overtures from the man to whom her heart had been given before her marriage. A dignitary of the Church remonstrated with him: "Did he think that a wife contemplating adultery was a character fit for his pages?" Trollope asked him in return whether from his pulpit or at any rate from his communion table he did not denounce adultery to his audience; and, if so, why it should not be open to Trollope

* Vol. i., p. 160.
† Vol. ii., p. 104.
‡ Vol. i., p. 180.
§ Boswell's Johnson, *ubi supra*.
‖ *Vide* Life of Macaulay, ii., p. 392.

* Life of Macaulay, ii., p. 225, note.
† Vol. i., pp. 195-6; conf. ii., p. 32, where the same view is enlarged upon.
‡ Vol. ii., pp. 176 *et seq.*

to preach the same doctrine to his? The clergyman felt worsted and abandoned the controversy.* This high view of his position did not incline him to the absurd notion of those who think that an author should not regard money. He did not agree with Johnson "that no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." † His experience gave him opportunity to verify Macaulay's remark "that the pleasure of writing always pays itself," and we believe that on that point he agreed with Macaulay. He ably vindicated the position that the literary, like every other laborer, is worthy of his hire, and shows that those who hold the absurd opinion we allude to are "like clergymen who preach sermons against the love of money, but who know that the love of money is so distinctive a characteristic of humanity that such sermons are mere platitudes called for by customary but unintelligent piety." ‡

If Trollope had not possessed what our Puritan forefathers called "the grace of final perseverance" he would never have become a writer. Discouragements of every kind marked the beginning of his literary career. His three first novels were "absolute failures." § "The Warden," published in 1855, was his first successful book, but that was not a "pecuniary success." "Indeed," is his own remark, "as regarded remuneration for the time, stone-breaking would have been better." ‖ Three years afterwards he published "Dr. Thorne," in respect of which he received £400. In another three years came out "Framley Parsonage," which he thus describes: —

> The story was thoroughly English. There was a little fox-hunting, and a little tuft-hunting. There was no heroism and no villany. There was much church but more love-making. Lucy Robarts [the heroine] is I think perhaps the most natural English girl that I ever drew — the most natural, at any rate, of those who have been good girls. ¶

This book produced him in all £1,000. The next year appeared "Orley Farm," thought by many competent judges to be his best novel, in which opinion he did not concur; from this he received £3,135. This was the largest amount but one he received for any one novel. After its publication he received £3,200 from each of his novels "Phineas Finn" and "He Knew He Was Right." Altogether, between 1847 and 1879, he earned by literature £68,937 17*s.* 5*d.*,* and after the completion of his autobiography he published thirteen other works. His receipts from these are not given, but, calculated at the same rate as those from his other works, they probably brought him in from eight to ten thousand more, making his total literary earnings about £80,000 — a large sum to be so earned had he been only a prolific writer, and not also, at the same time, an industrious public servant and a devoted fox-hunter. †

We regret that we are obliged to pass over the chapters "On Novels, and the Art of Writing Them," ‡ and "On Criticism," § both of which are full of instruction and entertainment, as is also the chapter "On English Novelists of the Present Day," ‖ from which, however, we must find space for one extract, as it is the judgment on Lord Beaconsfield's pretensions as a novelist, of a great master of fiction and of English style. Speaking of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, Trollope says: —

> To me they have all had the same flavor of paint and unreality. In whatever he has written he has affected something which has been intended to strike his readers as uncommon and therefore grand. Because he has been bright and a man of genius he has carried his object as regards the young: he has struck them with astonishment, and aroused in their imagination ideas of a world more glorious, more rich, more witty, more enterprising than their own. But the glory has been the glory of pasteboard and the wealth has been a wealth of tinsel. The wit has been the wit of hairdressers, and the enterprise has been the enterprise of mountebanks. An audacious conjuror has generally been his hero — some youth who, by wonderful cleverness, can obtain success by every intrigue that comes to his hand. Through it all there is a feeling of stage properties, a smell of hair-oil, an aspect of buhl, a remembrance of tailors, and that pricking of conscience which must be the general accompaniment of paste diamonds. I can understand that Mr. Disraeli should by his novels have instigated many a young man and many a young woman on their way in life, but I cannot understand that he should have instigated any one to good. Vivian Grey has

* Vol. i., pp. 242 *et seq.*
† Boswell's Johnson, Standard Library edition, p. 262.
‡ Vol. i., pp. 140 *et seq.*
§ Ibid., p. 106.
‖ Ibid., p. 131.
¶ Ibid., p. 191.

* Vol. ii., p. 222, 3.
† The editor states (preface, p. vii.) that the autobiography was concluded in April, 1876, but Trollope's own list of his publications (Vol. ii., p. 223) is brought down to 1879.
‡ Vol. ii., p. 25.
§ Ibid., p. 88.
‖ Ibid., p. 263.

had probably as many followers as Jack Sheppard, and has led his followers in the same direction.*

After describing "Lothair" "as undoubtedly its author's worst book," Trollope continues: —

If his mind were so occupied with greater things that he can write such a work, yet his judgment should have sufficed to induce him to destroy it when written. Here that flavor of hair-oil, that flavor of false jewels, that remembrance of tailors comes out stronger than in all the others. Lothair is falser even than Vivian Grey, and Lady Corisande, the daughter of the Duchess, more inane and unwomanlike than Venetia or Henrietta Temple. It is the very *bathos* of story-telling †

There was still a lower depth into which Lord Beaconsfield descended, as was shown when "Endymion" was published.

We must here part with Trollope, and it is with the same feeling with which we always closed his novels, — gratitude for the pleasure — in the case of this autobiography, for the instruction also — which he has afforded us.

Towards the close of his life its first twenty-six years of suffering, disgrace, and inward remorse faded away in the distance, and he looked back on his career in the spirit of epicurean self-complacency which was one of his characteristics.

It will not [he writes] I trust, be supposed by any reader that I have intended in this so-called autobiography to give a record of my inner life; no man ever did so truly — and no man ever will. Rousseau probably attempted it; but who doubts but that Rousseau has confessed in much the thoughts and convictions rather than the facts of his life? If the rustle of a woman's petticoat has ever stirred my blood; if a cup of wine has been a joy to me; if I have thought tobacco at midnight in pleasant company to be one of the elements of an earthly paradise; if now and again I have somewhat recklessly fluttered a five-pound note over a card-table, — of what matter is that to any reader? I have betrayed no woman. Wine has brought me to no sorrow. It has been the companionship of smoking that I have loved, rather than the habit. I have never desired to win money and I have lost none. To enjoy the excitement of pleasure, but to be free from its vices and ill effects; to have the sweet and leave the bitter untasted, that has been my study. The preachers tell us that this is impossible. It seems to me that hitherto I have succeeded fairly well. I will not say that I have never scorched a finger, but I carry no ugly wounds.‡

* Vol. ii. p. 85.
† Ibid., p. 86.
‡ Ibid., p. 225, 6.

He had expressed the hope that when the power of work was over with him, God would be pleased to remove him from a world where there could then be no joy. That hope was fulfilled. He continued his literary work until November 3, 1882, when he was seized with paralysis, accompanied by loss of speech and a partial failure of mind. On December 6 he was released from an existence which could not longer have joy for him. "Who has had a happier life than mine?" he wrote when he had just passed his sixtieth year. On Macaulay's fiftieth birthday he wrote in his diary, "I have had a happy life; I do not know that anybody, whom I have seen close, has had a happier." We cordially assent to a contemporary's comment on these two retrospects: —

There is something singularly pleasant and wholesome in such confessions from men who have fought the battle of life with their own good hearts and hands alone to help them; who have taken with an equal mind the frowns of fortune and her smiles; who in their own times of failure have never envied their fellows, in their times of success have never neglected nor despised them, and can thus look back with grateful eyes over the long and toilsome, but not distasteful road by which they have travelled to their rest.*

* *Saturday Review, ubi supra.*

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

LADY FERMOR'S NEIGHBORLY WAYS.

THE squires of Eastham did their part by Sir William Thwait. They all paid their respects to him and held out the right hand of fellowship, declaring that he was not nearly so bad as they had expected, and that now he was "Sir William and all that," the past had better be forgotten and he should be treated as if he had been born, cradled, and schooled in the purple. It would be hard to say exactly what the squires had expected, or what they thought of themselves. Some of them were clownish enough and not without wild ways of their own in their out-of-the-way retreats, though they had worn pink coats, sworn over grouse, handled

old plate, swaggered in dining-rooms and dozed in drawing-rooms, ever since the middle-aged men were boys.

But of Sir William's fellow-squires and nearest neighbors, every one was too old to be a natural companion for him. The way of the modern world and the poverty of Eastham rendered it impossible that the county should support a population of young men of the higher rank. These lads, including the heirs of estates, were all drafted off betimes into regiments or ships, to eat their dinners in the Temple, to wear white surplices and be petted or pitied as curates, even to figure in the upper walks of trade in the larger mercantile towns, or to make shift in the colonies. The absentees who could turn up at set seasons only fluttered home like the birds the young men came to shoot in September, or like the children and schoolboys at Christmas, or on any private emergency or demonstration in the visitors' respective families. What remained permanently was a small residue of half-pacers, pretenders to a better position than they were entitled to, scampish young fellows of whom nothing could be made, who took their cue from Major Pollock when they were within hail of Knotley. Some of these promising young people were supposed to be trying better-class farming or brewing, since there was a great brewery in Knotley, while they plagued the hearts out of their unfortunate parents or all who were responsible for the delinquents.

With both the old and the young sets representing the squirearchy, Sir William Thwaite's total abstinence, in drinking only water or tea, was, as Lady Fermor had easily prognosticated, a great stumbling-block to familiar intercourse and social intimacy. A rumor spread abroad that Sir William had made a vulgar clamor in refusing to drink wine at Lady Fermor's table, where the choicest vintages had been wont to flow in bucketfuls. Lady Fermor had condoned the offence for her own ends, but her neighbors, who might not have the same inducement, did not feel inclined to excuse the outrage. The most sober of the elder men did not scruple to declare that total abstinence was suspicious and ominous, not to say bad form. The fellow must have suffered from D.T. Depend upon it there would be reaction and an outbreak sooner or later. There was nothing like moderation in all things. The young men in great disgust voted Sir William at once a low prig, a Dissenting minister in disguise, a wet blanket, a beastly interloper. The favor of the last-mentioned critics would not have been particularly desirable for the man whom they sent to Coventry. Poor Jen's prevision was prophetic where they were concerned.

But Sir William was lonely in his new estate, and he would have been still lonelier had not Lady Fermor proved faithful to her fancy and approached him as she knew how, in a variety of neighborly ways. He had touched some softer chord in the hard, cynical old heart. Whether he recalled an honest young brother who had believed in her when she was still deserving of belief, with whom she had been hand and glove in her early girlhood; or a lover for whom she had felt the dawning of fervent respect and regard, though she had tortured and tried him, till for his honor and happiness he had parted from her forever; or the boy she might have borne instead of weak and whimpering girls, who could perhaps have saved her from the depths which had left her what she was: there was no question of the kindly feeling for Sir William which underlay her mocking defiance of the neighborhood, her determination to appropriate the new-comer, and the rapid formation in her mind of certain worldly schemes where he was concerned.

Lady Fermor kept up briskly the acquaintance which had been begun. She invited Sir William constantly over to Lambford and she returned his visits by unceremonious calls, to ask what he was doing, what he thought of the weather for the turnips, whether his lambs were in good condition. She would disturb the absolute silence of the long, low-roofed drawing-room, out of which Lady Thwaite had been wont to allow complacently so much could be made in this age of revivals. It was such a delicious place for window-seats, screens, fans, and pot-pourri. As it was now, stripped of Lady Thwaite's reversion of the screens, fans and pot-pourri, and under the superintendence of an unexceptionable housekeeper like Mrs. Cray, who hated what she termed litter, the room was quickly assuming a stiff, stony, and disused aspect. But it did not chill or daunt Lady Fermor, who claimed her afternoon tea there, and looked round her on the family portraits which were heirlooms, the couple of Sir Joshuas, the fine fragments of old tapestry, with a freedom which even she had not attempted when the room owned a mistress.

Lady Fermor declared without a falter,

rather with sly satisfaction, that she was a great deal too old for people to speak about her any longer, or to mind what she did, so that she could drop in on a young friend to see what he was about without making a rumpus. She never took her granddaughter with her on her "larking expeditions," but Sir William was in Iris Compton's company every time he went over to Lambford. He accepted the invitations. Mr. Miles's early warning proved of no avail. Will Thwaite had not been so nice in the company he had kept that he should consider himself too good for these people, one of whom was the sweetest and truest of God's creatures. So long as he did not fail in his promise to Jen, he did not see what harm could come of his going where he was made heartily welcome. He thought more of that after the first visit than of the rank of Lord and Lady Fermor or the grandeur of Lambford.

Sir William did not mind losing a little money; he supposed it was the way of such houses, and he could afford it. For that matter, Lady Fermor had interposed her shield, from the first evening on which Sir William had gone to Lambford, between him and wholesale plunder, as represented by Major Pollock and birds of his feather. She kept her young neighbor very much to herself, either as her antagonist or her partner at the card-table. She would consent to amuse herself by winning more or less of his guineas; but so long as she could help it there should be no turning inside out of his pockets, no inoculating him with the incurable disease of play, no instilling into him the arts of a blackleg in self-defence. He should come and go at Lambford without his being the worse for it, even if his being the worse were not likely to interfere with a half-formed plan of hers.

Yet Sir William did not respond to Lady Fermor's friendship without some instinctive reluctance. Whatever his youthful errors had been, his better nature was repelled by her, as by an old woman who was very far from what she should be. In spite of her gradual social whitewashing, she occasionally made revelations of herself which revolted him. He resented her lack of affection for her granddaughter, which he had been quick to notice, and felt aggrieved by it, though it was no business of his, and so far as he could judge, the indifference remained unmixed with any form of ill-usage. But it also belonged to his nature, both in its strength and its weakness, that he should be touched by any kindness shown to himself. Lady Fermor, be she what she might, was awfully good to him, and one day finding her alone among the tulip-beds on the terrace at Lambford, tottering along by the help of her parasol, he was moved to an impulsive offer of his strong young arm, the first he had made to a lady in his life.

"Won't you lean on my arm, my lady?" he said, awkwardly enough, "if it ain't too great a freedom in me to propose it."

She took his arm instantly, and patted it with her claw of a hand, as she chatted to him.

Another day he was shown into the back drawing-room — by a bungle of the servants, Sir William immediately concluded — when he found Lady Fermor almost swallowed up in wraps, in an easy-chair, with one foot swathed as in the cerements of a mummy on a stool before her, in the clutches of gout. He stopped on the threshold with a brief word of apology and regret, and was about to beat a rapid retreat when the sufferer hailed him.

"Don't go away, Thwaite," she forbade him. "Come forward, and let me see a hale and hearty fellow who has all his senses, and is neither worn out, nor deaf, nor blind — even Pollock has to use glasses in private, though the fool goes blinking without them in public. You have not had a twinge of my enemy. Ah, your day will come. Well, perhaps not, if you go on drinking ditch-water; but I dare say worse will happen to you. Sit down and tell me what news is going, or read the papers to me for a bit. I am sick of that hole of a dressing-room of mine, to which I have been confined for three days. I dare say I shall die some day without my friends having had the grace to inquire for me. No; I know you had not heard, but whose fault was that? Now that you are here I am going to make you useful. See, there is a draught blowing from that window, draw the curtains more to my side."

He did as he was told, handily enough this time. He was one of those rough fellows who are gentle in sick-rooms. Indeed, he had a greater knack at nursing even than Iris Compton possessed. This gift had become known both in and out of hospital in the course of his soldiering. He had been repeatedly told off as the orderly appointed to wait on a sick comrade or officer. But he had certainly never waited on an old lady under an

attack of gout before. *Mais ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* When he turned and saw better the hollow eyes glittering with fever and pain, the puckered, yellow face, the constrained attitude, the helplessness, he was full of pity, and of a craving to be of service to her.

"It ain't a joke. Have you had your medicine? Don't it ease you the least thing? No; I am main sorry. I think, if you would let me, I could lift you right up and set you down again more comfortable like."

"Ah! thank you, my dear fellow, that is ever so much better. I am in the very best corner of purgatory now. How long would it have been before any idiot of a servant or a doctor would have managed it? Of course a well-meaning baby like Iris would only kill herself without being of an atom of use to me. There, will you read to me? for the truth is I am not up to talking. You'll find some of the morning papers on that table."

He fell into the trap, if trap it was, instantly. He brought the paper, and read fluently in a stentorian but perfectly distinct voice, which had lost its self-consciousness for the moment. He picked out carefully the paragraphs relating to races far and near, and the last report of the *Mark Lane Express*. Then he courageously attacked the columns that set forth a trial for murder. He was satisfied that these were the portions of the paper in which she would take most interest.

Sir William read till Lady Fermor, growing drowsy, dismissed him with thanks and praise.

"I don't know what I owe to you, since you are sending me off to sleep, which is the very best thing you could have done for me,—what Sawbones has tried in vain to bring about with his abominable opiates. You have read what any rational, unaffected person would like to listen to, and I have heard every word you said, for you don't cheep like a girl or mouth like a play-actor."

The last hit was directed against Mr. Acton, the rector, who, in seeking zealously to be eyes to his discreditable old parishioner, had neither succeeded in affording pleasure nor conveying profit.

But to-day Lady Fermor's heavy eyes were moist as they glanced after her nurse and reader. She was a good deal of a stoic, and wished to feel sufficient for herself, but it was so long, so very long, since she had been served with any service she cared to accept out of pure, disinterested good-will, with some kindly care for her at the bottom of the act.

CHAPTER XI.

RIVAL CLAIMS.

LADY THWAITE soon became aware of the degree to which Lady Fermor had diverted Sir William from what, after Lady Thwaite's advances, ought to have been his grateful, trustful reliance on the only person near who had the most distant pretension to being connected with him by a family tie. The absence of any natural Netherton influence over him, and the fact that he could not find anything in common with the late Sir John's widow, were disappointing traits in Sir William. The conclusion might have been held a compliment to her ladyship, still it was a piece of great stupidity in the young man, since Lady Thwaite was so popular in the neighborhood. She was not bluer or more æsthetical than the custom of the day required. She was not stuck-up or puritanical. She was a woman of society, a charming woman in most people's estimation, the secret of whose charm was that she could suit herself admirably to any commonplace, tolerable company, in her own class of course.

The cool appropriation of Sir William by Lady Fermor was a lawless interference with the rights of another, and an arrogant trampling upon them which savored of the woman's old machinations. But Lady Thwaite, though she had all her life shown that she could look out for herself, was no match for her neighbor, and knew it, which was a considerable proof of Lady Thwaite's cleverness. She felt provoked and aggrieved, but she did not dream of entering the lists against the successful competitor. If Sir William Thwaite had the bad taste and the bad moral perception — and after all, what could be expected from him? — to accept Lady Fermor for his sponsor and to turn to Lambford for countenance and guidance, unquestionably he was at liberty to do so. Thanks to her mother's lawyer and the late Sir John, his widow was not by any means dependent on the favor of his successor, though she would have liked to have done her duty by him and by the fine old place over which she had presided, which she had once hoped would have descended to her son. But if Sir William showed himself incapable of appreciating her motives and was infatuated, there remained nothing more to be said.

Lady Thwaite in her calmness and reasonableness was, as Mr. Miles had vouched for, not at all difficult to get on with, up to a certain point, and if you expected nothing further, you would not be disappointed. She had at once suspected Lady Fermor of ulterior designs. "Trust the naughty old woman not to do anything without having a sufficiently selfish end to serve," said Lady Thwaite to herself. The preponderance of a certain quantity of brain over heart in her, prevented her from so much as conceiving the lingering womanly regard with which Sir William had inspired his undesirable monitor. "What is it?" pondered Lady Thwaite. "Does she want a fit victim for the intermittent gambling that still goes on fitfully at Lambford? I know I — who make a rule of never staking anything save gloves — was forced into losing three guineas the last time I dined there. I did wish I had paid heed to poor Sir John, and kept clear even of *ci-devant* black sheep, or that I could have plead, like demure Mrs. Acton, that the rector would not permit me to play for money. Is Lady Fermor bent on making a match between Sir William and Iris Compton? I did think, when they met here, that if it had been anybody else I should have said she seized the first opportunity of taking his homely measure and laying herself out for him. I wonder how it would do! Iris would be a great improvement for a cousin, and she would not rule with a high hand. She is the style of grand simpleton who would never forget old favors and former conditions — for instance, that I had been kind to her, and had been mistress of Whitehills in my day. Ah! but nice as she is, there is *that* in the blood, while the association might prove a fearful risk in its utter unsuitability. Beauty and the Beast, the princess and — not the knightly page — the ploughman squire."

After further thinking over the subject, Lady Thwaite saw herself called upon to attempt a talk with Sir William. She would drop a gentle hint — double-barrelled — against the danger of houses — of which Lambford was not the only one in Eastham — in which play was an essential element, and against the rashness of marriages which involved bad connections.

Lady Thwaite sent Sir William one of her little notes, summoning him — with the most disarming, compelling confidence in his obeying the summons — to come over to Netherton either for luncheon, afternoon tea, or dinner, as he felt inclined, to discuss a tenant difficulty with regard to one of the farms set apart for her jointure, about which, by the way, she was a hundred times better informed than he could be. "Men like to be consulted whether they know or not," she reasoned. "Poor Sir John always did. It used to put him into a good humor, and the less he knew, the better he was pleased. I am right to begin by asking Sir William's opinion, and young Sam with views about a new lease will do as well as any other subject."

Out of three evils Sir William chose the least, the slight refection which ladies affect as afternoon tea. Though he never drank tea then, for his own part, it was not such a novelty to him as many another thing. His sister Jen, the washerwoman, and her cronies, had taken tea at all hours! Here was the touch of nature which seemed to make the whole of women kin. Besides he had been fortunate before on such an occasion. Who knew what graceful figure might pass the windows, what flower-face blossom before his ravished eyes, what eager, gentle interposition save him from a horrible strait?

It is a curious study both for philosophy and satire, to recognize how soon a man of ordinary aptitude and fair opportunities accommodates himself outwardly to a change of circumstances. There may be a thousand things, *petits soins* of etiquette, tricks, turns, and shades of behavior which take years, nay generations to acquire, which, when all is said, women learn sooner and better than men. But it would have been either encouraging or mortifying, according to the creed or temper of the individual, for an onlooker to have watched the way in which Sir William had accustomed himself, on the surface at least, within three or four months, to a new style of living. He now sat, or leant back, very much at his ease apparently, in one of Lady Thwaite's *fauteuils*, and looked round with calmly observant, she could almost have said critical eyes, on her treasures, the orchids from his own greenhouses, the Banksia rose-tree covering the door of the conservatory with its myriads of minute flowers. But she did not have him there that she might privately remark on the improvement in his manner and bearing, which, save for his soldierly carriage, owed little or nothing to his training. The only sign she gave of noticing his progress, was that the faultlessly well-bred widow, in her faultless weeds, did not again break down by

committing the solecism of converting her guest and kinsman into a butt.

Lady Thwaite discussed fluently the grievance of young Sam Withers wishing a new lease to his farm already, and settled the question without much help from Sir William, whose one idea, as yet, in such difficulties was Mr. Miles. Then she glided on to general topics, chatting easily and brightly. There was not much going on in the neighborhood just then — there was not much at any time. Eastham was a little slow, even those who loved it best — and she hoped Sir William would grow fond of his county — must own that. But it would have been a blessing if the quality of slowness had been the only old fashion which still held its own in Eastham. Was Sir William aware that a considerable — she might say a lamentable — amount of high play survived in every class, with the most distressing results in some cases? The rector could tell him tales of its demoralizing effect on many of the farmers. She trusted Sir William as a new-comer would set his face against the practice, when he met it in their circle.

Sir William in his gravity was not without a sense of humor, and now that he was beginning to get over the shocks he had sustained, the humor had room to play at times. "I beg your pardon, Lady Thwaite, I think it is just because I am a new-comer, that it is not for me to interfere; now, you are an old hand ——"

"An old hand!" she swallowed the brutal plain-speaking. "I would gladly try the little I can, but except abroad a woman has nothing to do with play."

Poor Lady Thwaite! she was an innocent woman dwelling among green fields after all. She had little suspicion of the reappearance of the mortal malady among the grand dames of the generation. Such a relapse consummates the ruin of old historical families, brings to the hammer broad acres, and scatters art collections which have taken centuries to acquire, and have been kept together through changes of dynasties and national upheavals, to be gambled away by the turning up of a knave or the loss of an ace.

"It is a vice," continued Lady Thwaite in her simplicity, "which you men keep very much to yourselves in England. But Lady Fermor is an exception. Is it not a melancholy spectacle to see a poor old creature like Lord Fermor, and a battered, bedizened old woman like Lady Fermor — they say she came out at Almack's — cling to cards as their chief good, when one would think the couple might be turning their attention to other things?"

"To their graves or their winding-sheets, I suppose?" Sir William rose to irony. "I thought the Fermors were your friends," he said, repeating the objection he had made to Mr. Miles's opinion, as if the higher Sir William rose in the world the more social hypocrisy he encountered. "They can take their choice, I fancy. If they are too stiff to walk or ride, and can't see to read, and are not able to entertain their friends in any other way, ain't cards made for them, and the like of them, to pass some of their slow creeping time?"

She hastened to explain herself. "I quite agree with you that cards, or backgammon, or chess, in moderation, are excellent resources for old people, especially if they are deaf. Don't imagine for a moment that I am so narrow or silly as to object to cards in themselves. Why, I used to play draughts with Sir John as regularly as the evenings came round. It is perfectly depressing to come across the board now. But it was play for high stakes according to people's means, that I was deploring. If that has ceased at Lambford it can only be lately. Oh! Lady Fermor has been a dreadful woman," exclaimed Lady Thwaite, as if on the impulse of the moment, shading her face with a fan which lay at hand. "One cannot speak of such things, unless when an old married woman, as you rightly regard me, opens her mouth to put a stranger and kinsman on his guard. There is no end of skeletons in that house — very grisly skeletons. The first Lady Fermor died mad. A visitor staying in the house locked his room door and shot himself, after quitting the card-table. He was a young man engaged to be married; the only son of a widow, and he was a clergyman — I am sorry to say, when he yielded to the madness and could not face the disgrace and destruction in store for him. Poor Iris Compton! it is very sad for her, but although she is a charming girl, as good as gold, and all the horrors happened before she was born, still the reproach attaches in some measure to her — a portion of the shadow falls on her. It is grievous, but it cannot be helped."

It was a rainy afternoon in May, and he had been sitting with his long legs and his boots — not free from mud — stretched out before him, while he glanced out of the window nearest to him with a mind half wandering from the conversation, because of her he might see among the

laurels, in spite of the rain which had only begun to fall. He drew himself up with a suddenness that made Lady Thwaite start, and turned upon her a lowering brow and a hot cheek. He was unused to any diplomacy in conversation; he only knew that he hated to have his friends called bad names — all the more, perhaps, if they deserved them. But it made him furious to listen to the most distant insinuation of a stain on the spotless plumage of a white dove like Miss Compton. "I have found Lambford a jolly house," he declared defiantly. "Old Lady Fermor behaves like a mother to me. Why do you smile and shake your head? I am sure she is old enough to be my grandmother." At that word, which slipped out inadvertently, he colored more violently than before, and began to flounder in his speech. "You don't mean me to rake up old scandals, and to distrust everybody who speaks me fair and makes me welcome, because they have not always been on the square. I am not their judge; I have sins enough of my own to answer for — if you only knew. As for Miss Compton, I will not speak of her; she is not to be brought into such talk, only she is as much beyond reproach as the stars in the sky. Good-bye, Lady Thwaite. Oh! I am not displeased. What right has a fellow like me to be displeased or to object to any word which a woman — a lady — likes to say of her friends in her own drawing-room?" and out he marched.

She rose, went to a window, and stood looking after him as he walked fast across the sweep and down the little avenue. She laughed a little at her own dismissal. "Yes, he has dismissed me; I have not sent him away. He might have taken an umbrella; but I suppose he has stood sentinel in the wet like the man in Tennyson's verses. It is a plain-spoken Sir Will; yet I am not sure that he saw my drift. It is evident he is hit by Iris Compton. He has not the self-control or delicacy to maintain a becoming reserve, not to say to throw dust into people's eyes. If the old witch at Lambford does incline in that direction, I dare say the match is made. Poor Iris! she will have many a yawn and many a blush — though she has been accustomed to a dead-alive household — to submit, and to look aside when she cannot look straight before her. She will not have everything her own way — when all is done, in spite of his present blustering worship. I could imagine that a hero from the ranks would have a primitively passionate courtship while it lasted — to be followed by a reaction of coolness, neglect, and rudeness, even when he did not beat his wife like a coal-heaver. Now Sir John was calm and deliberate in his well-bred wariness; one always knew what to do with him. He did not change much, though he could be cantankerous at times, poor old soul! I don't know — she may be good enough to stand it all, and bear with him while she is making as much of a gentleman as can be made of him.

"If he is to marry somebody soon," Lady Thwaite cogitated farther, "I would rather a great deal have Iris than any of the Acton girls — only Lucy is old enough, the others are too young, and Lucy has not a soul above choir practising, Sunday-school teaching, and poor people's clubs — an excellent eldest daughter or wife for a clergyman, but not a wife for a squire. She would have neither time nor tact for taking the lead in county society, and she might drive the squire to become Dissenter or the worst of landlords, out of pure contradiction. Such things are heard of nowadays, noblemen holding forth at conventicles and squires declining to interfere between farmers and laborers, and refusing to put another foot in the village, where their wives are forever pottering and making paupers.

"Maudie and Nanny Hollis might have the monster for a trick on their brothers, or a wager; but that would not do at any price," Lady Thwaite pursued her musings. "If an alliance be unmistakably impending, I shall throw my weight, such as it is, into Iris Compton's scale. I suppose she would go up to town for her trousseau. I might chaperon her *faute de mieux*, if Lady Fermor did not choose to accompany her granddaughter. The old lady will not give in; but she cannot attempt many more journeys. I should not dislike it. Iris would have to make Sir William do a good deal of refurnishing, and I should be the best qualified person to advise the couple.

"There! I believe Lady Fermor has infected me or suborned me," the schemer ended. "I could not have believed that I should be so easily reconciled — not to say that I should take kindly to Sir William's marriage — to another Lady Thwaite at Whitehills. Heigho! But it is natural that I should continue to take an interest in my old belongings; at the same time he and she ought to be much obliged to me, as I don't doubt they will be. If my poor boy had lived the place would never have gone away entirely from

me; I should have been living over there still, till he was of age, and it was his marriage which had to be planned. Oh, my little baby!" cried the woman with a momentary softening. "I thought for a brief, blessed time that you would grow up like other babies — that we should make a man of you. But it was not to be, and there is an end of it. Where is the use of idle lamentation? The rector would say it is as unchristian as it is unwise."

Lady Fermor had often astonished — nay, astounded — the world, and she was to astonish it again, by boldly proclaiming that she was to return to it for one night. She would not put herself about to go up to town during the season, while she must have Iris presented next year; but she would have gay doings once more at Lambford — unexceptionally gay doings this time, though she did not supply the qualification. Her granddaughter would be twenty-one in June, and Lady Fermor would have a ball in honor of Iris's birthday. There would not be a multitude — nothing like the festivities when she and Lord Fermor kept open house for a week at a time in a close run at an election, or when the hounds hunted five times in succession at the different fox-covers within twenty miles round to oblige the duke, who was staying at Woolaston Lodge. Tom Mildmay, Lord Fermor's nephew, would be down about that date to look around him, curry favor with the steward, lounge through the offices, and take solitary rides over the property, pricking his long ears all the time. They would see whether his wife could find an excuse for not accompanying him on this occasion. Lucy Acton would be at Iris's beck, as was her duty, and the younger girls could come, if they were required. She might count on the Hollis girls, who were never behind when any diversion, within the scope of girls, was in the wind. That meant also their father and mother. Were not those she had mentioned women enough? Very well, Lady Thwaite was to have her house full in June, and she would bring further contributions, if more partners were wanted. Leave the men to Lady Fermor; she could undertake for them, since Fermor was *hors de combat*. There would be Thwaite first — the ball was as much to introduce him as Iris — Lady Fermor said, with full comprehension of the sense in which the words might be taken, looking her hearers full in the face while she spoke. Any men Tom Mildmay might like to bring down — they would not be much worth, still they would be men — old Hollis and the train of fellows his girls kept at their heels, the officers from Birkett, — they were a new set, but every man would jump at his card. Ludovic Acton need hardly be counted; but since he had been blown up by torpedoes he might come, and old Pollock must not be left out.

Nobody was more taken by surprise at the compliment paid to her than Iris. It was an acceptable compliment to a healthy-minded young girl, leading a singularly retired life; but any exultation she was tempted to feel became a good deal subdued after a comment of her grandmother's. It followed on Iris's expression of grateful thanks, and concern lest her grandfather and grandmother should suffer from the disturbance of their usual habits. "Though you and I don't pull in the same boat, Iris," said the old lady with her hardest look and tone, "you have not given me any particular reason hitherto to think you a liar. But don't make pretences that I cannot take in. No girl that ever was born would heed the comfort of Noah and his wife when her first ball at home was mooted. Make the most of your youth and what good looks have fallen to your share, and any other good thing that comes in your way, while they last. Be sure they will not last long, and that you will have a price to pay for them. But leave me to take care of myself and my lord. I am still fit for that and more. Pray don't waste your compassion upon us. I for one should hate it, and I think I can answer for Fermor."

Did the reader ever receive a welcome gift and a slap in the face — figuratively — from the giver at one and the same time? The process is not pleasant, especially to a sensitive, affectionate nature, and goes a long way to spoiling the gift, only, happily, custom blunts pain, and youth is elastic.

Lady Fermor chose that she should be the person to apprise Sir William of her project, making him one of her first confidants. When he received it doubtfully, rather hanging back from the promised boon than jumping at it, as she had described the action of the jubilant officers over at Birkett, she took him in hand, and pursued him with her design on his company. She had a number of *tête-à-têtes* with him on his resolution to oblige or disoblige her. These *tête-à-têtes* waxed positively mysterious to the on-lookers — of whom Major Pollock sneered the

ugliest sneers, and Iris smiled without a grain of anxiety because of her grandmother's great fancy for poor, rude, sober, agitated Sir William.

Sir William's agitation increased under the pressure put upon him, and the notions deliberately and persistently introduced into a mind which, though very far from weak, was at its best single rather than subtle, and was narrowed by defects of education and absence of experience. His assailant, on the contrary, was as rich in the experience that served her purpose, as she was destitute of misgivings and scruples.

Sir William, still drinking water, grew practically an intoxicated man, dazed, to begin with, in his intoxication, but at every moment liable to a violent outbreak of his disordered faculties. It was at this point that he started for London with the acknowledged intention of spending three or four weeks there; but he was pledged to return to Whitehills in the end of June, in time for Lady Fermor's ball.

Any one interested in the manœuvre could detect that Sir William went with Lady Fermor's permission, if not at her instigation. The last conclusion was the more likely, since she had been heard to dwell with some testiness on the stupidity of lawyers, even those in greatest repute, and their common failure in securing for clients the very advantages of which they stood most in need, which would be really available to them.

But what did Lady Fermor send Sir William to London for? Did she fancy that knowledge of life and the world, was imperatively called for to finish Sir William Thwaite's halting education? Greenhorns of young squires were wont to be sent up from the country to have their eyes opened, and learn how few people they could trust, and what a "precious difficult" task it was to take care of themselves. Were rides in the park, and visits to Lord's, and running the risk of being black-balled by a West-end club, judged the proper materials for lending a speedy polish to Sir William's original style? Did Lady Fermor's intention of bestowing her granddaughter on the gentleman induce her to intrust him, of all people, with the delicate responsibility of buying a birthday *cadeau* for the heroine of the ball? Left to such taste and judgment what might it not be? A hideously set necklace, fit for a South-Sea Islander; a brooch and earrings as big as a plate and a pair of cups and saucers; a new watch, which could be worn by an alderman?

CHAPTER XII.

A HAND IN NEED.

THE simple truth was that Lady Fermor had counselled Sir William to run up in a hurry to London, and, though it was the season, to live as quietly as he could manage it, not even calling at Messrs. Miles and Dickinson's office, unless he felt bound to do so, for he would have little enough time for the business he had in hand, which was to take private lessons from a dancing master. Lady Fermor would furnish him, by the aid of a friend, with the address of the best man for his purpose. While he was about it, he might as well go to a riding master and get a little training from him also. With regard to the last obligation, Sir William had the liking for a horse which reigns in the bosom of ninety-nine out of a hundred young men. Sir John, as a matter of course, had kept up a good stud at Whitehills long after he was incapable of taking exercise on his cob, or having anything farther to do with horses than being driven out for a carriage airing. It had been one of the first of his possessions of which Sir William availed himself, and to the credit of his courage and natural instincts, he had neither come to serious grief, nor made a notorious spectacle of himself. His seat and hand might not be all that could be desired; there might be traces of swallowing a ramrod in the saddle as elsewhere; still Sir William did not look amiss on horseback, while his attainments in this respect were deserving of cultivation.

There is no one to tell what heart Sir William carried to his studies in the freshness of early summer in London; whether he did not attack the first, mostly with spasms of shamefacedness and self-ridicule; whether he were not often tempted to abandon it, and find manlier and nobler teaching in that great, wonderful world of stone and lime, which he had not known hitherto, except in the most cursory, one-sided fashion.

Only this is certain, that a strong, sweet inducement was beckoning him on to submit to what was like the binding and teasing of Samson by Delilah, after she had subdued the giant with the spell which he himself had put into her hands.

At the same time absence and leisure for reflection, since he was not capering in one fashion or another all day, and all night to boot, did something to dispel the fumes of the intoxication, under the influ-

ence of which Sir William had rushed off to town.

He strolled many a night with his hands in his pockets and a pipe instead of a cigar between his teeth, where not a mortal knew him, past houses in Piccadilly and Park Lane, lit up that gentlefolks might hold their revels. He pushed his way through the crowds collected to stare at the carriages, as they rolled up to the covered entrances and put down the occupants — of whose fine feathers and sparkling stones the mob had a glimpse while the guests passed into the flower-lined halls and went up the embowered stairs to the ballrooms, from which the music of brass bands kept sounding. The fellows, who seemed still more the masters of the situation than the footmen, as they rid themselves of their crush hats and other encumbrance, and proceeded to join their partners, were perfectly at ease, and had not been condemned to undergo an absurd ordeal for a full-grown man, or to feel hot and cold in such scenes, as he would feel, even after he had taken lessons in dancing. He hoped desperately Lady Fermor would not turn round and "peach," and Miss Compton find him out. His heart swelled with angry despair of ever feeling on a level with born and bred jackanapes. It seemed to him that he was going on the course and entering the lists for the sweepstakes, with such a mere shred of a chance that his failure would be accompanied with the roars of ridicule and shouts of derision which he had often helped to raise on other courses. Yet there were drops of blood in his veins which gave him some title — as the squires of Eastham had long ago admitted — to enter such houses, where his acres and title put him, so far as they were concerned, on an equality with all, save those of the highest rank, in these assemblies. In the process of becoming a finished gentleman, Sir William was, to a certain extent, disillusioned and rubbed the wrong way; so that when he returned to Whitehills in good time, and found as the first thing that awaited him, a note in a shaky old hand from Lady Fermor, to tell him that Lord Fermor had been seized with one of his attacks, and been so ill that, though he was now better, the ball was unavoidably postponed for a month, he said to himself he had known all along this was how it would end.

It was in vain that he had sought by despicable efforts to cut the figure of a monkey obeying the directions of an organ-grinder, who did not even play his own organ, and who put his scholar through his paces as if he had never been drilled, as if he had not been a drill sergeant in his own person, and ended by finding fault with his step and his carriage! He was rightly served for his folly. What a grin it would call forth if it were ever known to his old comrades of the barrack-yard! for whom, though they were rough chaps enough, he was free to own he sometimes secretly sighed. He missed his mates, among whom he had crowed, instead of hanging his head and singing dumb. Where was the good of a title and an estate if they only made a man feel small among other baronets and squires who had worn their honors all their lives, to whom their grandeur came naturally, who knew what to say and do on every possible emergency? Yet with one notable exception, Sir William did not see that the circle, the members of which ought to be his associates, were so very much better than their fellow-creatures after all.

Sir William put no faith in Lady Fermor's assurance that the ball was only postponed for a short time, since she would have Lord Fermor as well as when the affair was proposed, before many weeks were over. She could not make him live or die, though she had driven rough-shod over many a barrier, and stuck at little in her time. It sounded heartless and profane in the old woman, who had wound him round her finger, to pretend to such power.

The young man was suffering from one of the fits of reaction which beset many people who have far less reason for them than he had. His loneliness, which had haunted him in town, struck even more coldly to his heart when he returned to Whitehills. He was not without invitations to his neighbors' houses. Lady Thwaite and Lady Fermor were not the only women in that part of the country who decreed that Whitehills, even with Sir William into the bargain, was not to be despised. Every woman with marriageable daughters, from office-bearing, harassed Mrs. Acton, who was as poor as a many-childed church mouse, to Mrs. Hollis, of Thornbrake, who was rich in her own right, and rich in her husband's, felt bound to cultivate the new-comer for the good of womankind, so far as to see what could be made of him. But Sir William, though he might kick against his subjection at intervals, remained loyal to his chief patroness. In the present state

of matters at Lambford he would not go into company. His unvarnished refusals, together with the extent to which he had previously availed himself of the Lambford hospitalities, tended to confirm the rumor which was already afloat that, in newspaper language, there was a marriage on the *tapis* between Sir William Thwaite and Miss Compton.

This gossip impaired one source of attraction — that of a disengaged eligible young man — but filled its place with another. It would be interesting to see Sir William Thwaite and Iris Compton together, and judge if there were any truth in the story, anything serious between the couple. To think that a woman over eighty should step in adroitly, while younger people held back, in order to subject the prize to inspection, and win it before their eyes! Here was food for excitement in a dull country neighborhood, while the question in suspense promised to prove an important agent in filling the Lambford ball-room. Instead of a sprinkling of reluctant guests, Lady Fermor, chuckling in her sleeve, was in danger of being publicly and privately assailed for invitations.

In the mean time, one of the two centres of interest was utterly unconscious of the potent charm with which she had been invested. Her great friend, Lucy Acton, might have given Iris some inkling of the truth, but unfortunately Lucy had been working day and night to enable the female teacher in the rector's school to bring up her pupils to the standard of attainment which should secure a government grant, and Iris was occupied at home and less at the rectory than usual at this date.

The military discipline which Sir William had known, helped his sense of propriety in holding himself aloof from his servants. The one to whom he drew nearest was the young groom who accompanied his master in his rides. This was an honest, sensible lad, a countryman, born and bred at Whitehills. Sir William and Bill Rogers were about the same age, while Bill was *au fait* with all the rural knowledge, with which Sir William, brought up in a town, proved scantily acquainted. And a lad like Bill had at his finger-ends the local annals of which his master was profoundly ignorant. From a casual observation now and then, the two took to chatting a little together — quite respectfully, on Bill's part — about the crops and the crows, the colts and the rabbits. Bill would venture to call Sir William's attention to this farm, and tell him there had been Wilkinses in it, folk said, as long as there had been Thwaites in Whitehills. He would point to that mill, the lease of which belonged to Sir William also. It seemed but right the squire should know what trouble there had been in the miller's family, for the last two seasons, since the miller met with the bad accident, when his arm was caught in the machinery, and his wife was of no use because of "a waste," while their eldest son had taken to drink. Mr. Miles had striven in vain — as it seemed to him — to awaken in Sir William sufficient curiosity about his tenants, with whose interests his own must be inextricably bound up. He was new and strange to the place and life, and he was still staggered and shaken by the events and revolutions of the last few months. It was different now, or Bill communicated the information in a simpler, more telling manner. Sir William listened, asked questions, even went so far as to certify some of Bill's narratives and make a movement in connection with them. And it must be said of Bill that he did not abuse the influence of which he was not altogether unconscious.

In other departments, even of his own house, the squire of Whitehills continued terribly unsocial. He gave deep offence to Mr. Cumberbatch, the butler, by ordering his — the squire's — meals to be brought into the library, and by keeping a book lying beside his plate. Sir William might think of his butler's feelings, if he had none of his own. It was too absurd for a fellow who had pipeclayed his belts and cleaned his boots to make a pretence of being "that scholarly." Why, the dean had never looked at a book for full half an hour before luncheon, saying the mere sight of print, hard on a meal, spoilt digestion. As for reading during dinner, of course he knew better; he was a gentleman. Even when his ladies were from home he was sensible what was due to the table and the wines — not to say to the cook and the butler. But what could be expected of a squire who drank water like a temperance lecturer? The dean was an affable gentleman in proper quarters; but Sir William had not half-a-dozen words to say — except, as Mr. Cumberbatch had heard, to that lump of a lad, Bill Rogers. Mr. Cumberbatch had no fault to find with Bill; but what could *he* tell a gentleman that would be of use to him?

Mr. Cumberbatch was not a bad fel-

low himself in the main. He could be just, he could even be magnanimous. But he was full of class prejudices, and he had not the breadth of mind to comprehend that while he himself might repel, even alarm, Sir William as an old prig and humbug of a butler, Bill was Sir William's contemporary, "a nice chap" who would not have been more than "a cut above Will Thwaite" in the old days.

The long summer evenings tempted Sir William to saunter, generally aimlessly enough, beyond the park, along the country roads. When he passed the wayside inns of Eastham, the sound of skittles and jovial voices rich in the inflections and idioms of the native dialect, filled the air. But the only effect of the lively turmoil was to hasten the wayfarer's steps, and cause him to turn into more secluded by-paths. There was one which led by a high, matted-together, hawthorn hedge, one tangle of traveller's joy and black and green bryony. Beyond lay a long strip of underwood, prized as an excellent covert for game. Sir William knew that to his cost. He had happened to take a terrier, which had attached itself to him, along the field path. The seductions of scent had proved too strong for the small animal. She had forsaken her late love, and plunged into the underwood, over a sluggish ditch and through a hole which was by no means large enough to admit her companion. Sir William had hesitated to tear his way through, and face, perhaps, one of his own indignant keepers. He had fought shy of them, as he had fought shy of his retainers generally. And the keepers, especially, were down in the mouth with regard to a master who, so far as they could discover, had not asked a single question about the state of the birds and whether poachers were hard to grapple with on the Whitehills ground. The keepers' importance was as seriously threatened as that of the butler. They were only dimly aware that Sir William had in his day fired at game rather bigger and less safe than partridges and hares. Nor did they suspect that he had been testing the truth of his aim at a target, and had inspected all Sir John's guns with some interest and a clear idea of trying his luck on the first of September, or whatever day was the law of the land and the gentry.

In the mean time Sir William had stood still and listened to a great hurry-skurry behind the hedge, and such sharp yelps of frantic eagerness and delight from Vixen, that he was sensible all his whistling and shouting would not bring her back. He feared that dog-slaughter would take place before he could prevent it, and before the perpetrator of the act was cool enough to recognize the intruder, and to realize that the owner of both dog and game stood on the other side of the hedge. However, there are consciences in dogs, and Vixen awakened in time to a sense of the folly and impropriety of her conduct. She sneaked back with her eyes scratched and watering, her nostrils full of sand, and her coat stuck all over with dead leaves, broken twigs, and seeded heads of grass, presenting the usual disreputable look of a poacher caught red-handed. Sir William took care not to include Vixen in his further rambles in the direction of Hawley Scrub.

He was alone as he strolled one memorable evening across the meadow-land by the Scrub. It was the loveliest hour of the twenty-four, at the height of the young summer. The sun had set, but the light was still clear, not only in the west, where rose and purple had given place to a pale amber, but in the rest of the blue sky, bluer than at any other time, as the corn in the ear and the leaves on the trees were greener.

The trumpets of the greater bindweed and the round faces of the moon daisies, already wet with dew, still stood out prominently among their surroundings, but they were rapidly assuming a character totally different from that they had borne at noon. They were becoming ghostly as by moonlight, and striking even an unimaginative person with a vague impression of something wistful, solemn, mysterious in their ordinarily frank, familiar, cheerful beauty. Just so the commonest, homeliest pieces of furniture acquire an altered aspect when seen by the strange lights and shadows of a solitary candle in the hush of midnight or in the half obscurity of the grey dawn. As for the closed poppies, like big blood-drops, and the blue corn-flowers, like clippings of the sky, they were growing dim and indistinct in their deepening, darkening color.

Sir William had a love of nature, though he could not have expressed his feelings on the subject very intelligibly. He liked the look of the place at this season. He liked the occasional rustle and chirp of birds gone to roost, and the fitful, drowsy notes of the final evensong of the thrush, before the bird gave way to its rival, the nightingale, which were the only sounds that broke the silence.

Presently he came in sight of the waters

of a pond — looking steely blue as a stage to its leaden greyness, when the night had fairly fallen. Eastham was so great in ponds and ditches, that it would have looked as if one of its most distinguishing attributes were wanting, if standing water, in some form, had been long absent from the landscape. In June, flowering rushes and flags formed a suitable fringe to these ponds and ditches, while the former were sometimes thickly set with the great white cups of the water-lily, and the smaller stars of the water ranunculus.

But it was neither water-lily nor ranunculus that Sir William was staring at, when he drew nearer the pond, and stepping through the sedges, regardless of the slushy footing, gained the brink of deep water. He had his eye on a tuft of coarse grass, among which he believed he discovered the tail of a water rat — yes, it was a water rat, and if Vixen had been with him, there might have been some splashing and rare sport, for water rats had not been much more in Will Thwaite's way than hares and pheasants. Presently there was a splashing, whatever might be said of the sport, without the aid of Vixen. Sir William's footing gave way, and he fell into the water. It was deeper than he had imagined, with an oozy bottom which yielded to his weight. In a moment the muddy water was far above his knees, rising breast high. He was a fair swimmer, and would have been safe in an open sea, in moderately calm weather, for an hour or more; but this small pond, when he tried to strike out, was like a miniature submerged forest, with roots of trees and bushes, and a dense growth of water plants. He could not free himself sufficiently to swim. He was sinking deeper every instant. He could still keep himself afloat, principally by resting his chin on a convenient but slender willow bough which reached his length, and by clutching with both hands thrust into a thicket of osiers invading the water. But he could not pull himself up, from the nature of the ground and the inefficiency of his support. He had cause to envy his decoy-duck, the water rat, and to suspect he might perish with as little grace as he and Vixen would have granted to the denizen of the pond.

Sir William, though he had grown laconic, was not slow to proclaim his case. "Halloa! As sure as fate, I'll be drownded," it is to be feared he said, returning to his vernacular in the exigency of the moment; and with all the volubility which the occasion required, he shouted for help.

To his relief somebody answered him almost immediately from no great distance.

"What's a-do? Don't let go. There's no danger."

The last statement sounded weakly flattering, though it was uttered in a loud rather deep voice, which might have proceeded from a man's chest. But on Sir William's shifting his chin by half an inch, he saw it was a woman who was hastening towards him, and did not feel surprised, in spite of his worship of Iris Compton, that she should talk nonsense in such a contingency.

"It's much you know of it," he protested indignantly. "Run and fetch any man you can find. Look sharp, if you want to save me."

"That would be an uncommon clever way of saving you," she retorted, still advancing quickly towards him, "when father ain't at home, and I don't know of any other man within half a mile. Just do as I bid you. Hold on like grim death, and I'll help you out before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' What business had you down dabbling among them water docks? There ain't no wild ducks' nests here, if that was what you were after."

He might have answered her that he had the right possessed by the monarch of all he surveyed, but he contented himself with indignantly forbidding her to come a step nearer to him, as soon as he saw what she was going to try. She had slid half-way through the fringe of rushes, and was proceeding to precipitate herself still farther, hanging forward with one arm extended to meet his clasp, and the other thrown round a sapling willow which looked perilously slim as a support for both.

"I'll pull you down," he remonstrated. "Do you want me to drown you, too? Do what I told you."

"And do what I tell you, you great donkey," she insisted unceremoniously. "Do you mean to keep me hanging here all night? I'll go bail I've as strong an arm as you any day, unless you're as big as Dan'l Bates. There, hold on to the bushes with one hand, and give me the other. Try to get your foot upon that patch of dock; the ground shelves there — I know every inch of it — then spring. Didn't I tell you I'd fish you out? Don't go to come over me with your man's strength again."

Sir William found himself standing

dripping like a water god, if water gods are ever slimy and green with duck-weed, confronting a strong woman of his own age, and nearly his own height, wearing a black woollen gown and a red handkerchief knotted at her throat. Her head was bare, and her ruffled, dark hair was more conspicuous for its luxuriance than for neatness of arrangement. She turned upon him a brown face buxom even in the weatherbeaten texture and tint of the skin. The full red lips parted and showing the white, glittering teeth, and the well-opened grey eyes looking across at him with a bold, blithe challenge, formed the most conspicuous features.

His inspection and the thanks he was beginning to utter were brought to a summary conclusion. "You'll have to come straight to our house — it ain't a hundred yards off — and strip, and put on some of father's clothes, while I'll throw yours into a bucket. I'll rake together the fire, and you'll swallow a nip of summat hot, or we'll have you took with aguer before we've done with you. Have you heard tell there's aguer in them parts yet?"

He followed her without resistance into the Scrub, which might have been an enchanted forest for him, though he was a clownish squire, and his guide the most primitive and plain-spoken of princesses.

She stopped abruptly and faced round on him. She had been glancing repeatedly at him, and she found herself on the eve of a discovery which arrested her. "Ben't you the new squire, Sir William, hisself?" she suddenly charged him, with a mixture of dismay, defiance, and lurking amusement. "I've been out of the way, at the death of old auntie at the Quarries, for the better part of the spring and summer. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, I have got into a scrape, and no mistake!" She hid her crimsoned face for a second in rustic affront and alarm, as a child might have done, then looked sharply up and around her, as if she were preparing to bolt from the consequences of her lack of ceremony in saving the squire. Altogether her behavior showed a jumble of genuine unreasoning mortification and alarm, with a tremulous dash of diversion at the absurdity of the situation.

He put it before her in a more satisfactory light. "I was such an ass as to tumble into that beastly hole; and I believe that at this moment I should have been lying at the foot with my teeth clenched on a mouthful of mud, if it had not been for your sense and pluck. I'm no end obliged to you — that's about it, though when I come to think of it, I don't know that there is another human being to say as much to you on my account. But you'll take me to your place and do what you can for me — won't you? — like a kind soul; for, to tell the truth, I don't like to show before my fine servants in this guise." His heart was warm with gratitude to his rescuer. He had found free speech wherewith to address the country girl, and under the influence of his freedom, she gradually grew glib as she was wont to be, with only a relapse now and again into consternation — brightened by a suspicion of a frolic, every time they became silent. "What's your name, if I may make so bold?" he asked, as if she were the lady and he the servant. All the time, he was expanding into communicativeness, under the welcome consciousness of no longer feeling daunted and depressed, forced to pick and choose his words, as he had been for the last six months. "What may your father do when he is at home?"

"Oh, I'm called Honor — Honor Smith; and father is old Abe Smith; Abe short for Abel. He has been one of the underkeepers for a lot of years, so that I were born and brought up at our cottage in Hawley Scrub here. But father do be getting old and losing favor with Waterpark, the head-keeper, and my brothers did no good, but gave trouble, and father — he were blamed for it. Ted, he 'listed; and young Abe, he went off to America. Now, father and me — mother's dead before I can remember — we're thinking of going out, in one of them emigrant ships, to join young Abe in the Back Woods. That name sounds pleasant, don't it?"

CHAPTER XIII.

A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT HIM.

ABE SMITH'S cottage was a tumbledown, picturesque, self-colored lodge in the wilderness. The interior failed to do credit to Honor's housekeeping. Disorder reigned over the articles, few as they were, in the family room. The furniture was summed up in an old oak table, which Lady Thwaite might have coveted, though it was battered and standing insecurely on three legs; a convenient deal chest, into which everything might be stuffed; a chair or two — that for Abe an old armchair as black as the table; a cupboard with the door half off its hinges, exposing the scanty supply of common, coarse crockery.

But the visitor had hardly time to look around on inanimate objects, for, contrary to expectation, the owner of the cottage was at home. He knew Sir William by sight, though Sir William could not profess to return the compliment. Old Abe testified to his knowledge by the formality with which he stood up, as fast as his stiffening joints would allow, and removed his cap; at the same time he glanced with a flurried look at his daughter for an explanation, which she did not delay.

Then Sir William received a considerable shock as he listened to an entirely new version of the accident.

"I was a-walking round the pond with an eye for them plaguey ducks that wander all the way over from Mistley Down, father, when what should I see but the young squire wallowing in the mire and water at the very worst place, where Adams met his death. Didn't I just run and cry, 'Your honor, mind what you're about; don't flounder an inch farther, as you value your life, and I'll do my best, which is my bounden duty, to save you!' And, sure enough, I crept through the osiers, and held on by one hand till he gripped the other. You know I'm strong, father, and Sir William's active, so we struggled out of the water, and here we are."

Several times while she was speaking she gave Sir William a half-cunning, half-comical glance of warning and mutual intelligence, as if she dared him to contradict her. Once, when she passed close to him, behind her father, as she was bustling about to make up the fire, which was lying white in ashes, she muttered so that Sir William only could hear, "He'll like that way of putting it best."

But Sir William did not like it, and shifted his wet feet uneasily. He was a truthful man who had never "crammed" a comrade, unless in the plainest chaffing. His sister Jen would not have told a lie to save her life. Perhaps it was a sign of their drops of gentle blood; perhaps it belonged to a higher order of gentility.

There seemed the less sense in Honor Smith's easy fabrications, that her father looked far more pacific than savage — not a man to fly into a fury on a small provocation. He was behaving to his guest so deferentially that it was difficult to separate obsequiousness from the deference.

Sir William amazed his host by absolutely declining spirits of any description and defying the consequences; but he was anxious to have his clothes dried for the reason he had given Honor. Here a difficulty presented itself. It was not from her father that Honor had inherited a splendid physique. He was a little hairy man, who in his faded moleskins, more tattered than patched, and weather-stained, fringed gaiters, looked shaggy all over, like a creature of the wilds and the waters, a badger or an otter, rather than an able-bodied man. It seemed as if Sir William could have put him into one of his pockets. No garment of Abe's would be of the slightest temporary use to Abe's master.

"Dear sakes! what are we thinking of?" cried Honor, in scorn of her own slowness and forgetfulness. "There's Uncle Sam's old regimentals in the drawer of the chest. They're the best we have to offer, sir; and Uncle Sam was a big man, when he were alive, every way."

Sir William pricked his ears at the word regimentals, and then looked put out. What a fool he was to mind a dead man's clothes, though they were regimentals! Very likely they did not belong to any department of the service he had known. What though he had thought never to wear the queen's livery again! It was a big lie that he had disgraced it, beyond redemption, the last time he had it on in the square at Nhilpoor, when he wrenched the stripes from his arm and flung them in his colonel's face. He must put on the red jacket once again, at a pinch, unless he cared to be laid on his beam-ends with ague, or worse, since his teeth were beginning to chatter in his head.

Honor mistook the squire's hesitation. "Uncle Sam's clothes are as good as new," she said a little huffily, preparing to pull out what had been put away with some care in the drawer of the chest. "He were a good many pegs above us, so that his toggery is a'most fit for a gentleman. I have often been on father to sell it right away; but it do be a kind of credit for us to have it, if it were only to show that we hadn't all of us our backs allus at the wall. And father there has a notion that the things are lucky lying ready for use, and that Ted may pick up and come back some day as smart as them which 'listed before him. That will happen when the queen axes us all to a snack, and a bed after it, at one of the palaces. It will be as good as airing them clothes, besides being a mighty compliment, if you will take a turn in them, Sir William,

while I am cleaning your own suit. Father and I will go out and leave you to the fire and your own company, if you'll please shift yourself before the floor is in a swim."

It was clear Uncle Sam had been the great man of the family, and that it was in seeking to pay proper honor to the squire, the uniform had been brought out for his benefit.

Sir William, when left to himself, looked with some agitation at what would have awakened no interest in another man in his place, if it had not excited amusement or annoyance. He lifted up the different portions of the dress with a kind of trepidation, yet with yearning. It was all complete, though a little old-fashioned. By what appeared a singular coincidence, the rank of Sam Smith, which he had not forfeited, must have been the same as that to which Will Thwaite had risen. There were the identical stripes of which he had made short work in his fit of frenzy. He had a glimpse of the old soldier's sword lying gleaming in the half-shut drawer. Sir William dressed himself punctiliously, finding the clothes not far from his fit. Then he looked in the little looking-glass which hung, for Honor Smith's convenience, on the wall opposite the window — where a withered nosegay thrust into the neck of a bottle stood on the sill. A thrill ran through him as he regarded his image in the glass. He felt at home in the borrowed clothes. He took out the sword and began to make the accustomed passes with it. Ah! that was a deal better than jigging like an idiot to the prancing of another idiot, who could not even play his kit without the help of another man.

Sir William was disturbed by Honor's knock at the door. He must be quick about changing his clothes, if she were to have them cleaned and even partly dried before midnight.

Was there a spell in these old regimentals which became Sir William so well, that he had not to wait for Abe's respectful compliments, since he saw with gratified vanity the admiration which shone in Honor's great grey eyes? How long it was since his heart had grown warm under the influence of a woman's inadvertently betrayed admiration! He was not very vain, but he was sensitive to public opinion even on his looks. In his old estate he had been a favorite, rather a hero, with women; and though he had shown himself particular in his taste, so as to have been something of a rover who had found no humble heroine, he did not object to the hero-worship.

Lately it had chilled him to meet none save critical eyes. He did not believe Miss Compton had ever wasted a thought on his inches or the color of his hair — only old Lady Fermor had ever made him feel that she found him a well-knit, comely fellow.

He had not looked so gallant and gay, or made himself so entirely at his ease, for many a day. He sat at the fire and smoked with old Abe, and heard dubious stories of poaching scuffles, or told tales of a soldier's life, in which Abe was interested for his son Ted's sake, and because of gratifying memories of the brother, who had been almost a gentleman in the underkeeper's eyes, and who seemed to sit there again before him.

Sir William shouted thanks and jests through the half-open door into the back kitchen, in which Honor was so obligingly at work on his clothes. After her part was done, there was still the drying of the soused garments, and that necessitated the guest's further stay, and his taking a share in the family supper, which was pressed upon him with the unstinted hospitality of the host's class.

The meal was composed of choicer fare than might have been hoped for from the rest of the establishment. There were cold roasted leveret, pigeon pie, and poached eggs. An explanation was offered of the nature of the feast, with so little disagreement between the speakers and so few break-downs, that a more thoughtful man than Sir William might have come to the conclusion the father and daughter were accomplished experts in such apologies. Abe had found a poacher's snare with a leveret in it, and he had taken care that the setter of the snare should not profit by his success. The wild pigeons had been brought down by Ikey Mushet's sling. The boy meant no harm, but he must be taught not to take such liberties in future, as Sir William would be shooting both the crows and the pigeons for his own and his friends' diversion. The eggs were plovers' eggs, which Honor had gathered as far off as Mistley Down.

Sir William heard every word as if it were gospel, and did not betray the faintest suspicion that he was eating savory food of his own providing — the game, pigeons, and partridges' eggs which he paid a gang of men, with Abe among them, for protecting from all spoilers.

Sir William was good company on this

occasion. He was as much carried away by reaction, old association, and the spirit of defiance which was apt to arise in the man, as if he had swallowed bumpers of strong drink. He joked and rattled off camp experiences. He proved a capital listener to the annals of the woods and fields. He was gay and hearty, until he was nearly volunteering a song which had been the usual accompaniment of former merry-makings. It seemed as if his later dreams and the very image of Iris Compton were for the moment swept from his mind. At last the play was played out, and Sir William, re-habilitated in his half-dry clothes, took a cordial leave of his entertainers.

The fraternization had been complete while it lasted, and could not have astounded others more than it did some of the participators in it.

"Did you ever, father!" protested Honor. "If the squire ain't one of ourselves, I can't tell who is. Why, he has been jack-fellow alike and no make-believe with us, ever since I brought him in like a drowned rat. He is the right sort to fill old Sir John's shoes. But won't he make the stuck-up ladies and gentlemen stare? Ain't I quick to have been and nabbed him in this way? Now we may laugh in Waterpark's face. If we only go on as we have begun, it may be 'Change seats, the king's come,' with you and he, and we stepping into his grand cottage and no 'Merica for us after all, before the year is out."

"And you may be Lady Thwaite of Whitehills — is that the next thing?" inquired Abe, with mild scepticism and sarcasm, for he stood in some awe of his daughter. "And sure enough that will be when the queen or the lord mayor bids us to a feast, or when the world comes to an end, as is much the same thing. It's like it is turned upside down already, when a chap like him have got the property. But don't you let your fancy cut capers and get the better of you so as you'll sup disappointment for your pains, Hon. This here lad be come of the people, and no mistake. He ain't the supercilly cut of a gentleman, though the name be Thwaite and he do belong to the tribe. But he ain't quite one of us neither, not he, though he may favor your Uncle Sam as were bound to rise in the world. The squire couldn't take no drink like a man, and as far as I could see he didn't tell no crackers, neither one way nor t'other, bouncing or sly, which if ever man had a grand chance to do he had. It would be like playing with fire to have to do with he. You could never tell when you had him or when you wanted him. He would be off like a shot when you least expected it. I ain't so cock-sure that there ben't the making of one sort of gentleman in him, as gentlemen goes, the sort as is blunt — maybe thin-skinned and peppery, but is as nice about their word as if it was their nails or their teeth. And when I come to think of it, Sir William was as clean as a dook all over, like your Uncle Sam, barring the mud he brought up out of the pond. He may let us stay over the autumn, till we take ship to 'Merica. Waterpark can hardly have the face to make a stand about trumpery hodds and ends, and think for to turn us out at the last, when he knows that you drew Sir William, by the 'airs of the 'ead, as I may say, out of the pond; but that's all the good we're like to get out of the adventure, if you'll believe me for your own good, my girl, and I am an old man. I should know summat by this time of the day."

"Like enough, father," answered Honor indifferently, as if she were getting weary of the subject; "but that's not to keep me from putting in a claim to the squire's acquaintance, and getting a guinea or a five-pound note when I've worked for it. Maybe I'll get more, maybe no," she added with a laugh. "Are you going the round of the walks to-night, when Luke Evans is to be at the turnstile about two in the morning? If you go, I'm with you. I'm as fond of a rove when timid folks is in their beds, as you can be, or young Abe and Ted ever were."

"The more's the pity, lass," said old Abe in a moralizing vein, "though it do come nat'ral to some women as to most men. Your mother, now, she were reared in the Quarries, yet she took as easy to the woods as a fish to the water. More by token her brothers were the biggest poachers hereabout, and Morry he were transported for life, for his share in such a tussle as has not been heard of since that day. Me and Waterpark were in it, and I was in mortal terror I should have to fire at Morry or bear the mark of his bludgeon. There's no doubt company's cheery," reflected Abe, going off on a new tack, which yet had its link with the former line of conversation; "wandering about in the dark gets a thought creepy and sickifying as a man wears up in years, and recalls old mates and old frays."

Sir William, whose habits till now had been as regular as those of any of "the Methody parsons" to whom he was some-

times compared, for the first time since his coming to Whitehills, kept his servants up late without previous warning.

Cumberbatch, who had constituted himself his master's keeper, experienced real anxiety on his account. When it was relieved by the squire's making his appearance, the sufferer could scarcely go so far as to take the offender to task; but he looked Sir William in the face with such solemn reproach, that the delinquent was impelled to explain. "I stepped into a pond a good bit off, and had to wait in a house till my clothes were dried. No, I don't want any supper. No, I shouldn't think of hot brandy-and-water. That will do." Sir William was himself again, cold and reserved. Will Thwaite, open-hearted and reckless, had been left at the cottage by Hawley Scrub. But the squire asked Bill Rogers, during their next morning's ride, what he knew of an old under-keeper and his daughter living together in the worst cottage Sir William had seen on his lands.

"They're a bad lot, Sir William," answered Bill promptly, "leastways old Abe ain't what he should be. Old folk will have it Abe's come of a queer breed, being a far-off shoot from them squatters as made free with Eastwham when great part of it — because of the water lying easy everywhere — was no man's land, given over to the fowls of the air and the fish of the fresh-water seas, and to them as liked to catch them. I don't want to tell no tales, but Abe's failings are piper's news, and there's a score of his neighbors as will let you know if I don't, while the man is going for sure across the seas in the autumn. The wonder is that he has been kept so long; but old Sir John — he took it into his head after it were a bit muddled, that Waterpark, the head-keeper, had a spite at Smith, and he would permit no spites, would Sir John, save his own, which were his right like, he being squire and master."

"Is it certain Sir John was in the wrong?" inquired his successor, as if he too were jealous of his likes and dislikes.

"Well, sir, I would not go for to contradict you," replied Bill with sincere respect, "but Abe connected hisself by marriage with poachers notorious. That might have been his misfortune more than his fault, but the word went even before Abe's sons were half grown, that he were in league with the poachers, and connived at their snares and shots, instead of fighting them fair as the other keepers fought them. There could be no mistake about Ted and young Abe, they soon made the country too hot to hold them. I never heard of a Smith as was a credit to the family save Sergeant Smith, a brother of Abe's that enlisted when he was in his teens, and did good in foreign parts, and only came home to die, before he was corrupted by the rest of the lot."

"And what about the daughter, Bill?"

"Why, if you will believe it, sir, Honor, the girl — that is as big and strong as one of her brothers — have took up the trade too and is as wild as need be. She had a bad up-bringing. Her mother, such as she was, died when the lass was in her cradle; but what finished her off, years and years gone, was that a young chap with whom she kep' company, had a hole drilled through his shoulder, one September night, and were taken up and died of the wound in Birkett gaol. She's the strappingest lass going," Bill said with some lurking admiration, "and I don't say she ain't an honest woman. She's kep' men at the staff's end — all but poor Hughie Guild — and he would be a bold man who would look soft on Honor Smith, or speak sweet to her against her will. She's a regular randy, nigh as bad as a gipsy. She's never in the house save to cook her father's meals. She ain't up to sweeping or charing, or even dressing herself fine like other women, not since Hughie met his end, and that is good six or seven years gone, when she was a slip of a handsome girl; but the word goes she can tramp day or night, and keep out of the way when she's wanted, and set a snare, and bring down a bird, and dodge and lie and toss off a glass neat — not that I ever heard tell of her being seen in drink — like old Abe's self. That's all I've got to say of them Smiths, if you please, Sir William."

The description did not please Sir William, but he gave no sign. He vouchsafed an explanation to Bill, as the master of the house had offered an excuse to his butler, and he drew an inference which he had already drawn more than once before. "I was indebted to these people last night, Bill. I fell like a big baby into the pond near their door, and the girl you speak of gave me a leg-up — when it was touch and go with me, for I had no room to swim — as if I had been the girl and she the man. Of course you did not know this when you spoke, and I didn't ought to have asked you a question without telling you first. But you under-

stand I don't care to hear the Smiths spoke badly of, after this."

"No, sir. I beg your pardon, sir. I hope you believe me, I wouldn't speak harm of no friend of yours, not if I knowed it, for my wages twice told," cried Bill with genuine regret, for he was quickly acquiring a warm regard for his master.

But the servant's private reflection was, "Why, to think of his making friends with them Smiths, as if he were the forlornest wretch in the kingdom; and he Sir William, and the squire of Whitehills, with half of the gentlemen and ladies in the county ready to strike their hands in his, I'll go bail, if he'll only give them time! They may say what they like of his smelling of the barrack yard, and not of the hofficers' quarters there; either he's too good for this world, or one sick of his lone position."

Afterwards the servants' hall at Whitehills learnt all the details of the accident, as the world below-stairs does not fail to ascertain, in spite of the absence of direct information from the fountain head, what that other world above-stairs has been doing. These judges picked up the additional information that Sir William had been over to see the Smiths, once or twice, during the next fortnight. Mr. Cumberbatch merely turned up his nose in silence, and thought it was what he might have expected, from a baronet's unseemly preference for a young groom over a middle-aged butler.

Bill too was silent, but he groaned within himself. "He ain't fit to take care of hisself. Why don't some of his own kind, the kind he's in now, look after him? There's the old lady over at Lambford, what runs after him as if she were a gal herself; but they do say she's a devil's himp if ever there was one. Why don't Sir John's widder stay here till he's served with a wife, or take the squire to bide with her at Netherton?" questioned poor Bill unreasonably, and with a fine disregard of the proprieties in the amendment he proposed to institute. "I'm blowed if I can tell for what the like of she is charged on the estate, if it ain't to do for the squire when he wants her. If I were my lady, I wouldn't take my wages and give no work for them," concluded Bill, rubbing down the horse he was grooming with virtuous vigor.

Possibly Lady Thwaite's notion of doing for Sir William differed slightly from Bill's, but she was not without a conscience on that point.

From The Fortnightly Review.

MACHIAVELLI.

In our own, as in other European languages, the name of Machiavelli is a household word, and has supplied a term of reproach loosely given to all dishonest and unscrupulous policy. Yet probably to the majority of educated men, even "The Prince,"* the most famous, if not the best, of his works, is known only by reputation, and a scholarly translation of that renowned treatise is therefore neither inopportune nor superfluous. Mr. C. Detmold has undertaken a more ambitious task. He has published in four handsome volumes a translation of the collected historical and political works of the Florentine statesman.† Mr. Detmold has done his work with care and ability, and it is perhaps hypercritical to remark that he has not reproduced the admirable lucidity and terse vigor of Machiavelli's style, and that a careful comparison of his translation with the original discloses here and there trifling inaccuracies.

The appearance of these translations permits an English reader to form his own judgment on Machiavelli's writings: but such a judgment must be erroneous, or at best imperfect, unless the student of Machiavelli has a sufficient knowledge of the conditions under which he wrote, the circumstances which inspired him, the age which he addressed. Such knowledge is amply supplied by Professor Villari's life of Machiavelli, the English version of which‡ has just been completed. After marvelling at the ingenious perversity of so many of his predecessors, we are disposed to rate the acuteness and sobriety of judgment, shown by Signor Villari, even more highly than the thorough knowledge of his subject which we expected as a matter of course from an historian whose intimate acquaintance with the Italy of the fifteenth century needed no further proof.

Machiavelli is far from being one of the most attractive in that brilliant series of great men who, during three centuries, maintained the supremacy of Italy in every province of literature and art. The circumstances of his life were neither romantic nor striking. He served his

* The Prince. By Nicolo Machiavelli, Citizen and Secretary of Florence. Translated from the Italian by N. H. J. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1882.

† The Historical, Political, and Diplomatic Writings of Nicolo Machiavelli. Translated by C. Detmold. 4 vols. Trübner & Co., 1883.

‡ Niccolo Machiavelli and his Times. By Prof. Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. 4 vols. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

country with a loyal and unwearying devotion, but the part he played was obscure, and the stage narrow. The misfortunes of his later days touch us, not because they extend beyond our experience, but rather because we find in them so much of the common lot of humanity, disappointed ambition, capacities, real or fancied, which are denied the opportunities of action, ideal aspirations obscured by the sordid realities of poverty. Machiavelli meanly dressed, drinking and wrangling with boors in a wayside pothouse, is a striking instance of fortune's irony; but we miss the tragic grandeur of that nobler Florentine, walking with unimpaired dignity through the antechambers of the Scala, or pointed at with awe in the streets of Ravenna. Nor are the qualities of Machiavelli's writings, however eminent, those which command general popularity and widespread fame.

It may, therefore, appear remarkable that, after being the subject of uninterrupted literary controversy during three centuries, no other Italian author should in our own time have attracted so much of the attention of his countrymen. Yet the reason is not far to seek. The theme on which Machiavelli insisted, and to which he constantly returned, the object and the excuse of his statecraft, was twofold — the expulsion of the barbarians and the establishment of an Italian kingdom as the necessary condition of national unity and regeneration. It is therefore natural that an age which, after sharing in these hopes, has seen their realization, should revere in him a prophet and a guide. Another great people has in this century attained to unity and freedom from foreign interference, and we are not surprised to find that Machiavelli has been studied as carefully and sympathetically by Germans as by his own countrymen. Too many, no doubt, of the measures he recommends, may be, as he himself allows, opposed not only to the precepts of our religion, but even to the plain dictates of humanity; yet we cannot deny that if Germany has become great and Italy free, it has been by following a policy which the Florentine secretary would not have disavowed. It may therefore not be without interest shortly to recapitulate the most important facts of Machiavelli's life, and to offer such considerations as may enable the reader to decide for himself the few and simple issues which can be raised about the character and objects of the political treatises of the Florentine secretary.

Machiavelli was born in May, 1469, of an old Florentine family, not noble, but reckoned among the notable plebeian houses of the Guelf faction. In 1494, when Piero de' Medici fled, and Charles VIII. of France entered Florence, the future secretary was in his twenty-sixth year. Like all Italians he sought the ideal of the future in the past, but Tacitus taught him to hate the empire; Cæsar to him was but a more fortunate Catiline; and in Livy he learnt to revere the Roman republic as the model of all political wisdom. An ardent admirer of pagan antiquity, he was likely to feel but little interest in the theocratic republic with which Savonarola sought to replace the tyranny of the Medici.

It was not till after the friar's death that he began to take an active part in public life. In 1498 he was appointed chancellor of the Second Chancery, or public office of the Florentine government. It was his duty to act as secretary of the "Ten of War and Liberty," or commissioners for war and home affairs. From this time onward we find Machiavelli busily engaged in the government of Florence; as the permanent secretary of a changing board he would naturally influence their decisions, while the execution of their measures seems to have been left to his discretion.

The new secretary was in his thirtieth year. He is said to have been of moderate height, thin, with dark hair, aquiline nose, quick, peering eyes, firmly compressed lips, sometimes unbending into a sarcastic smile. He was a born diplomatist, an accurate observer, possessed of perfect self-command, and able to hide his thoughts under a not wholly assumed character of levity and good-fellowship. Indeed, a taste for dissipation, neither creditable nor refined, was a salient feature in his character. For fourteen years he was the devoted servant of the Florentine republic. No patriotism was ever more disinterested, he was content that others should enjoy the credit of the measures he suggested and promoted; far from enriching himself, he was impoverished in the service of his country. Yet political action was probably not less pleasing to him as an artist than as a patriot, and had the Medici continued to employ him, he would have been scarcely less zealous. These fourteen years must have been the happiest of Machiavelli's life. His duties were congenial, he was brought into contact with the leading men, and initiated into the political movement

and intrigues of the time. Yet he was afterwards able to illustrate the errors which a ruler should most strive to avoid by the policy of Florence, and he must often have experienced how bitter a thing it is — in the words of Herodotus — to abound in knowledge and wisdom, yet to have little control over action.

When Machiavelli entered upon the duties of his office, Florence had begun that long struggle to reconquer Pisa, in which the patient resolution shown by the conquerors and the obstinate heroism of the conquered proved that some, at least, of the qualities which fit men to be citizens of a free State survived in Italy. The secretary of the Ten was at once plunged into preparations for the war, and into the confused negotiations which it occasioned. He witnessed the treachery of the Italian mercenaries, the insubordination and ill-will of the French allies of the Florentine government, and it became an axiom of his policy that no State can be powerful which relies on other arms than those which are in the hands of its own citizens.

His embassies in 1502 to the court of Cæsar Borgia, mark what was perhaps the most important epoch in Machiavelli's political experience. He was in the Romagna with the Duke of Valentinois at a juncture when his boldness, his unscrupulous statecraft, the undeviating pertinacity with which he followed out the line of action on which he had determined were most conspicuous; qualities, the absence of which Machiavelli most lamented in the rulers of Florence, and which were most opposed to the policy of compromise and of timid intrigue which he deprecated.

In 1503 he had an opportunity of witnessing the election of a successor to St. Peter and Alexander VI., and of watching the intrigues of the Roman court, at a time when its vice and corruption were most shamelessly paraded. Machiavelli's political education was now far advanced. In superintending the preparations for the war against Pisa, he had studied the causes of the military weakness of the Italian States. His embassy to France had taught him the humiliation of their dependence on foreigners; his conversations with Cæsar Borgia, what he had seen of the success of his government in the Romagna, convinced him that even Italian anarchy might be overcome by a vigorous prince, whose policy should be wholly directed by considerations of utility. In Rome he had learnt to know those "rascally priests," to whose evil example he attributed the ruin of religion and morality in Italy, while her political disunion was the result of their selfish intrigues.*

The year 1512, which opened so favorably for the French and their allies, with the short and brilliant campaign of Gaston de Foix, saw the total overthrow of their influence in Italy, the flight of the gonfaloniere Soderini from Florence, the advance of the Spaniards, and the restoration of the Medici. Torn by factions, surrounded by enemies, accustomed for many years to a monarchical or oligarchical government, Florence had not been in a position to carry the experiment of a republican constitution to a successful issue. It might have been possible to substitute the rule of the Soderini for that of the Medici, but the desire of Soderini to act as a republican magistrate, to conform strictly to the laws, made his overthrow inevitable. Such absolute devotion to legality and to one form of government seemed folly to Machiavelli. Hence the severity of the judgment which he passed on his friend's political capacity. Soderini was, we are told (Discourses, Book II., chap. iii.), a memorable example of the truth of the saying that the work of the founder of a republic who hesitates to slay the sons of Brutus will not long endure. He thought that by his patience and goodness he would overcome the regret of his opponents for the former government, and in this he was deceived: besides, he shrank from breaking the Constitution as from an evil precedent, not sufficiently considering *that the means must be judged by the ends for which they are employed:* so, too, elsewhere we are assured that Savonarola and Soderini both failed, because they did not destroy their enemies when in their power. Savonarola was disarmed by his profession and position, Soderini by his humanity (Discourses, Book III., chap. ix.).

Machiavelli at once submitted to the new government. He seems to have considered that it is the duty of a good citizen to make the best of the constitution under which he lives, and to refrain from conspiring against it; but if it come to be overthrown, then to obey the *de facto* ruler. Machiavelli trusted to be allowed to serve the Medici, if not with as much pleasure, at any rate as faithfully as he had served Soderini and the republic. But he had taken too prominent a part in the

* Discourses, Book I., ch. xii.

late administration for the Medicean faction to permit him to retain his office. The power of the Medici after the withdrawal of the Spanish troops was but ill-established. Conspiracies were feared, Machiavelli, with other friends of the late government, was imprisoned and tortured on scanty evidence, and he was only set at liberty when the elevation of Leo X. made the pope's family strong enough to be clement.

Despairing of employment for the present, Machiavelli retired to a little property he possessed near Florence, and to this retirement we owe his most celebrated works — the "Discourses on the First Decade of Livy," "The Prince," the "Discourse on the Art of War," and his "Comedies." The life he led, and the objects of his literary activity, are described in a well-known letter to his friend Vettori. "Since the last events I have remained at my farm, and have not spent in all twenty days at Florence. . . . In the morning I go to a coppice which I am having felled, and spend a couple of hours with the woodcutters, looking at what they have done the day before, and listening to the disputes which constantly arise between them and their neighbors. Then I sit down by a spring or visit my decoy, a book under my arm, Dante or Petrarch, or one of the less renowned poets, such as Ovid or Tibullus. I read of their loves and tender passions and recall my own. In these thoughts some time slips pleasantly away. Then I walk on to the inn by the wayside; enter into conversation with any travellers who pass and learn their news. Thus I hear something new, and observe the various opinions and fancies of men. So dinner time comes, and with my family I sit down to such cheer as my poor farm and slender patrimony can afford. After dinner I return to the inn; there I find the host, a butcher, a miller, and a couple of charcoal-burners: in their company I besot myself while day lasts over some game of chance, the source of endless quarrels and of much gross and unmannerly abuse — generally it is all about a farthing, but we scream loud enough to be heard at S. Casciano.

"Thus I plunge and wallow in the base lot which fortune has reserved for me; if so, perchance, she may feel some shame for her cruelty in thus trampling me under her feet. When evening comes, I return home and enter my study; but before I cross the threshold I throw off my filthy, mud-stained peasant's dress and put on fair and courtly garments, in order that I may enter into the presence of the great men of antiquity reverently and decently clad. They receive me lovingly, and I am allowed to satiate myself with the only food which suits me, and for which I was born. I do not hesitate to converse with them, and to ask them the motives and objects of their actions. They, in their courtesy, answer me, and I spend four hours without cares and without weariness. I forget my misfortunes, I fear neither poverty nor death, I lose myself entirely. But, as Dante says, there is no profit in learning unless we remember what we have heard; and I have, therefore, noted down all that has seemed to me most profitable in these conversations, and I have composed a treatise, '*De Principatibus*,' in which I have gone as deeply into the subject as I am able. I have inquired into the definition of a monarchy, into its varieties, how it can be acquired, how maintained, how lost. If anything I ever scribbled pleased you, this ought not to displease you. It should be acceptable to a prince, and especially to one who is new to power. I have, therefore, dedicated it to the magnificence of Juliano. . . . I wish my lords the Medici would set me to work, were it only to roll a stone; for if I did not then win their favor I should blame none but myself."

Juliano de' Medici read "The Prince," but Machiavelli was disappointed in his hopes of employment. It was not till after the death of Lorenzo, in 1519, that Leo X. began to consult him and to send him on trifling missions. Guicciardini compares his friend to Lysander superintending the rations of the soldiers he had used to lead to victory. Once Machiavelli had been an ambassador to princes and kings, now he was sent to negotiate with the Franciscan friars of Carpi. The ill-advised conspiracy of the Soderini aggravated the tyranny of the Medici and threw increased suspicion on Machiavelli: he was not again employed. He died in June, 1527, in his fifty-ninth year, a month after the expulsion of Ippolito and Alessandro de' Medici and the restoration of Florentine liberty had opened to him a new prospect of public activity.

Even such a slight sketch as I have been able to give may show that Machiavelli's political life was perfectly simple and straightforward. He was a republican by conviction, but not unwilling to serve his country under another form of government. This may not be the conduct of an ideal patriot, but it has at all

times been that of many useful and not dishonorable public servants. How many men in France held office with little blame or loss of credit under Louis Philippe, the Republic of '48, and the Second Empire? Nor because we excuse Machiavelli, and the more readily when we take into account the time and the place of his life, does it follow that we must approve him. M. Sismondi, and other writers, have endeavored to show that unbridled ferocity, shameless perfidy, and cynical hypocrisy were not less rife in other parts of Europe at this period than in Italy. It is easy to point to the unscrupulous statecraft of the princes of the house of York, of Lewis XI., of Ferdinand the Catholic; to the sensuality, grovelling superstition, and hardly more enlightened infidelity prevalent among the clergy; to the absence of any higher aims and aspirations which characterized all classes; to the fact that even the renewed interest in ancient culture seemed at first only to introduce an additional element of corruption, and produced monsters such as Tiptoft, the butcher Earl of Worcester, or that Marshal de Retz who, after murdering two or three thousand children with circumstances of nameless infamy, was tardily overtaken by reluctant justice. But what is proved by these facts? That morality, both public and private, had sunk to a very low ebb during the century which preceded the Reformation — not that there were no degrees in that corruption, not that the Italians might not be worse than their neighbors. But, says M. Sismondi, the social life of the Italians in the little States which then composed Italy was all public, and their private sufferings were often historical. Each individual was in immediate contact with the government, his intrigues, his passions, his crimes, were intimately connected with the revolutions and the history of the State. In the great monarchies of Europe we hear little of the sufferings of the mass of the people, of the oppression of subordinate officials, of the injustice and cruelty of the nobles, and of other petty tyrants. If we would compare the condition of the French people during the fifteenth century with that of the Italians, we ought to be intimately acquainted with the daily history of the citizens of Blois, Angers, Rouen, and other great towns, with the private crimes and tragedies of many hundred families. This, no doubt, is true, yet we may prefer to believe the concurrent testimony of natives and foreigners, and the proofs which constantly meet us in her literature, that Italy was pre-eminently corrupt. The courts of France and England and Spain were assuredly no schools of virtue, their royal families were stained with fratricide or its suspicion; but nowhere, except in Italy, can we find such long records of crime as are presented by annals of the Scalas, the Viscontis, the Malatestas, the Estes, or the Baglioni of Perugia.

There are, moreover, so many reasons why the Italians should have been more vicious than men of other nations, that if there were no other evidence we should be almost justified in concluding that such must have been the case. Machiavelli is never tired of insisting on the evil influence of the Church and of the papal court. The papacy had rapidly descended to the lowest depths of infamy. The fiercely avaricious and cruel Paul II. had been succeeded by Sixtus IV., who was steeped in bloodshed and diabolic lust; under Innocent VIII., more contemptible and scarcely less guilty, the imperial city became once more the asylum of murderers and robbers, till finally, in Alexander VI., the Christian nations saw a monster who excelled in depravity the most hated names of the pagan empire seated on the throne of St. Peter and presented to their adoration as the vicar of God. Such religion as the Italians still possessed was almost purely formal; there was a complete separation between religion and morality. Benvenuto Cellini, in this as in many other things, is the type of his countrymen. He believed himself to have been allowed to communicate directly with the Deity; he possessed an outward sign of the divine favor in the halo which surrounded his head, and which under favorable atmospheric conditions was, he assures us, distinctly visible. Yet he seems to have felt no scruple in assassinating his enemies, or in dragging round his studio by her hair the wretched woman who was his model and his mistress. No wonder that many of the nobler spirits, who rose to virtue through philosophy, looked upon such Christianity with contempt; but they could offer no popular doctrine capable of regenerating the multitude.

Nor did the sense of honor serve the Italians as a restraining principle and substitute for conscience. Their idea of honor seems to have been entirely different from that of the Western nations. A man's honor forbids him to do that which would forfeit his self-respect; courage, and all the virtues which imply courage,

were most highly respected in feudal Europe, and these a man would wish to convince himself that he possessed. The Italian especially admired that versatile, unscrupulous, and audacious cleverness which Machiavelli calls *virtù*. They could, therefore, retain their self-respect and commit the basest crimes; especially if prepared, "vitam impendere *falso*," to stake their life on the success of their treachery. The sense of honor is purely subjective, it may be rooted in dishonor, it may even assume the form of pride in bolder and more cynical wickedness than that of others, it may lead us to say, "Evil, be thou my good."

The very circumstances and qualities which had been so favorable to the progress of Italy in the arts and humanities of life had been hostile to moral growth. Over-great subtlety of intellect, and a tendency to analyze motives and conduct, are always fatal to delicacy of moral fibre. Whatever the origin of conscience may be, it does not bear arguing with; the devil still proves the better logician. The numerous little courts of the despots were centres of culture, they vied in encouraging artists and men of letters, but they were also centres of a corruption brought close to the door of every citizen. All the demoralizing effects of despotism were intensified tenfold by the narrowness of the dominions, and also by the skill and vigor of many of these petty tyrants. The only public life open in most cases to an Italian was to enter the service of some despot, the only object of his ambition to win his master's favor, or perhaps to supplant him; and it is obvious what the means were by which alone these ends could be attained.

Machiavelli's writings were, perhaps, more influenced by the evil atmosphere in which he lived than his actions; yet if it be allowed that Machiavelli's political career was straightforward and comprehensible, neither do I believe that an unprejudiced reader will find in his books that strange confusion of good and evil which Macaulay so characteristically describes when he tells us that "the whole man seems to be an enigma, a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities, selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, abject villany and romantic heroism. One sentence is such as a veteran diplomatist would scarce write in cipher for the direction of his most confidential spy; the next seems to be extracted from a theme composed by an ardent schoolboy on the death of Leonidas." To be understood, Machiavelli's works must be read as a whole, and we must not isolate sentences from their context and discuss them as maxims of universal applicability; and especially we must not separate the "Discourses on Livy" and "The Prince," but remember that they were written at the same time, and that they do not represent different phases in the development of their author's political opinions, but supplement and explain each other.

Machiavelli attributes the corruption and immorality which he recognizes and deplores to defective institutions, for men, he asserts, are always the same. The rough material on which the legislator works varies as little as the marble of the sculptor; if, therefore, we can discover the means by which Romulus and Lycurgus of old produced such good results, if we can observe the rules they followed, we shall be as certain to succeed in establishing a well-constituted State, and in raising men from their present degeneracy, as an artist well acquainted with, and capable of following, the method of Praxiteles would be certain to produce a good statue.*

This belief in the identity of human nature at all times and in all races, and the absence of any conception of development, is no doubt one of the most obvious defects in Machiavelli's political philosophy. But though he does not recognize any difference which will prevent the same institutions from producing at all times the same results, yet he does not assert that all men, as circumstances have fashioned them, are the same. Men now are different from what they were; the Italian is very different from the German. And though these differences are the results of the laws, the civil and religious institutions under which they live, it does not follow that if these laws and institutions were abolished their influence would at once cease to be felt. Despotism, for instance, so corrupts the people who submit to it as to make them incapable of living under free institutions; when first set at liberty they will be as helpless as a wild beast brought up in captivity and suddenly released from its cage.† Even good laws are of little use to such a people, for they will not be observed. The only chance of improvement for a nation which has become corrupt is, that some good and wise man should rise to power

* Discourses on Livy. Introduction to Book I. *et passim.*

† Discourses, Book I., ch. xvi., xxxv.

and enforce a reformation. Unfortunately in such a State power can only be acquired by means which a good man will rarely consent to employ, even though his object be praiseworthy.* Evidently Machiavelli's doctrine is more reasonable than that of Rousseau and of his followers, who legislated for abstract men in the Constituent Assembly under the conviction that only tyrannous laws and corrupt customs prevented the rabble of Paris from following their natural impulses, and attaining to a virtue as lofty as that of the noble savages who concluded the social contract. And not only was Machiavelli's mistake less mischievous, because he did not believe that cause and effect would cease together, there was another point on which his divergence from the French philosophers would have guarded him from their practical errors.

They asserted that man was naturally prone to virtue and swayed by lofty impulses. Machiavelli tells the legislator he must take for granted that all men are bad, and that they never do good except under compulsion. He would therefore have been the last to throw the reins on the neck of the most dangerous of brutes, and to have hoped to guide and restrain the dregs of the France of Lewis XV. by the laws of Utopia. Italy was corrupt, and a corrupt people cannot govern itself aright. Nor is a republican government possible where there is a feudal aristocracy, as in Naples, the States of the Church, the Romagna, and Lombardy. If Italy therefore is to be united, it must be as a kingdom. The remedy indeed is dangerous, for a despotism in itself is but an additional cause of corruption, and it is easier to find a Cæsar than a Romulus; yet when a patient is sick unto death a good physician will often prescribe poison.†

Submission to a monarch is, then, the condition of Italy's reformation; it is also the condition of her liberation from the yoke of the foreigner. She herself is conscious of it. "She has long," he says in concluding his "Prince," "she has long looked eagerly for the coming of her liberator. Who can tell with what love he would be received by all those lands which have suffered from the flood of foreigners, with what thirst for vengeance, with what steadfast faith, with what affection, with what tears? What gates would be closed against him? What people would refuse him obedience? What envy could oppose him? What Italian deny him his service? The barbarian domination stinks in the nostrils of all. Let the noble house of the Medici take upon itself this emprise, with such courage and such good hopes as a just undertaking should inspire; so that under its standard our country may regain her honor, and that under its auspices the words of Petrarch may be fulfilled, 'Valor against blind rage shall take up arms and make the struggle short, for in the Italians' breast their ancient might still breathes.'"

Machiavelli was doubtless right in holding that a united Italy was only possible under a prince, and that Italy must be united to withstand the newly centralized French and Spanish monarchies. The constitution of the little Italian republics was but ill suited for extended authority, and it is probably true that their power decreased in proportion to the growth of their territory, and to the increase in the number of discontented subjects over whom they tyrannized. Nor could any federal constitution have been devised capable of holding together such jarring elements. Commercial jealousy, traditions of hatred and mutual injury separated the cities; in many districts there was a powerful nobility whose existence Machiavelli rightly pronounced incompatible with popular freedom.

But was not an Italian monarchy as impossible as an Italian republic, or federation of republics? There was probably no city, certainly no despot, who would not have preferred an alliance with a foreign power, however dangerous, to submission to a native prince; while the papacy, which had prevented in times past the formation of an Italian nation, which had undermined every power which threatened to rival its own in the peninsula, was still there, ready to employ every weapon of intrigue, diplomacy, and war against the future liberator.

In "The Prince" the rules are given by observing which the desired monarch of a united Italy may attain power. In the "Discourses" we find suggestions for the organization and maintenance of the free government, for which that ruler would, if really great, seek to prepare the way. In the former, the most celebrated of his works, the author simply states in general terms what he has seen to be the rules of conduct observed by the most successful statesmen and princes. He intends to write a manual of statecraft, of such statecraft as men who live *in fæce*

* Discourses, Book I., ch. xviii.
† Ibid., ch. xxxv.

Romuli, and not in an ideal world, would really practise and must practise if they value success.

Machiavelli told his friend Vettori that he occupied the evenings of his enforced leisure in reading the ancients, and in noting down what he could learn from them and from his own experience touching the manner in which political power is gained, maintained, and lost; the principles, in short, of a science which should establish the laws which govern the acquisition of political power, as political economy treats of the laws which govern the acquisition of wealth. The parallel is perhaps not uninstructive, for as the older political economy considers man as actuated by one simple desire, that of acquiring wealth, so also Machiavelli admits only one motive, the desire of power. He would have described "The Prince" as a treatise on the art rather than on the science of politics. For his aim is not to deduce and ascertain the laws of political phenomena, but to lay down practical precepts. Here again there is some similarity between his method and that of political economy, which is generally treated both as a science and as an art. Economists have professed to investigate and establish general laws, and have then laid down rules for legislation on such subjects; and in some degree they share Machiavelli's incapacity to recognize sufficiently that such rough generalizations have for the most part only a presumptive value, owing to the extreme variability of the subject matter and to the manysidedness of human nature, swayed as it is now by one and now by another class of motives. Moreover, though in "The Prince" and the "Discourses" Machiavelli has a practical aim in view, yet he at all times takes an abstract interest in political action, in tracing the causes and effects of political phenomena. If there was one thing which he held sacred it was the Roman republic; if there was one crime which he abhorred, it was that of those who conspired to overthrow it, whether unsuccessfully like Catiline, or successfully like Cæsar. Yet he coldly discusses the policy of Appius Claudius, and points out his mistakes and what he ought to have done to establish his tyranny.

He is scientifically studying the effects and causes of a certain class of facts, and moral indignation would be as much out of place as reflections on the sinfulness of drunkenness in a medical treatise on delirium tremens. Any generalization seems to him worth noticing and of equally universal applicability, since he believes that the same causes will at all times produce the same effect, human nature remaining unchanged; he thus is often led to rest his inductions on a very narrow basis; the facts he cites from ancient history often serve rather as generalizations than as the data for induction from particular instances. His method, professedly experimental, is in danger of becoming *a priori*. Even granting that human nature does not change, Florence and Arezzo have little analogy with Rome and Veii.

We have already said that Machiavelli, in examining the means to be employed for the attainment of a political end, leaves their morality entirely out of sight, and considers only how far they are conducive to that end. He does, indeed, say that a good man would sooner live in obscurity than become king at the price of much human suffering; but it is only our personal ambition which we should not satisfy at every cost; when the good of our country is at stake we must not regard justice or injustice, mercy or cruelty, honor or dishonor, but, putting aside all other considerations, pursue that policy which may best preserve its existence and maintain its liberty. In short, Machiavelli always argues on the assumption that the end justifies the means. This appears to him a self-evident axiom; indeed, if put in the form of the almost identical statement that the morality of our acts depends rather on the circumstances and motives of the agent than on the nature of the acts themselves, it would still command pretty general assent. Yet even those statesmen whose policy seems only justifiable on the assumption that the welfare of the people overrides all the ordinary rules of morality, would admit that there are exceptions to this principle. They would agree with Aristotle, whose common sense so often cuts the knot of logical difficulties, that there are some acts which allow of no justification or palliation. This Machiavelli did not see.

I have already admitted that Machiavelli's maxims fairly represent the practice of the most successful princes of his own and other times. "A prudent ruler," he says, "cannot and ought not to keep faith when to do so is against his interests, and when the reasons which led him to engage himself no longer exist. It is right to appear merciful, honorable, humane, pious, and loyal, and to be so, but to be always prepared to lay these virtues aside when they are likely to be hurtful." No doubt

Machiavelli is right. Most statesmen, from Themistocles to Prince Bismarck, have acted on these principles. But it may be doubted whether we ought to be grateful, as Bacon would have us be, to Machiavelli for telling us openly and without hypocrisy how men act, and not how they ought to act. Even if we are wholly bad, it is better we should believe that we have a little virtue. Besides, though virtuous practice is a better incentive to morality than virtuous precept, vice formulated in maxims is more offensive to the moral sense, and more corrupting than vicious example; for the latter is often attributed to human weakness, to the strength of temptation, and is lamented and condemned, for the most part, even by the perpetrator, while the former seduces by a show of logic, of self-reliant pride, and of cynicism superior to the shams of conventionality. Hence the almost instinctive and just reprehension of Machiavelli by the morally sensitive; while those who admitted and practised his principles, wishing to secure the reward of apparent virtue, have joined in the chorus of condemnation. Unless a man is thought honest, his dishonesty is but unprofitable. This is no doubt one of the reasons of the odium which has attached to Machiavelli, but he was also peculiarly unfortunate in exciting the rancor of opponents who agreed in nothing but in hostility to his name.

Although his works were first published by the papal press, it was not long before his bitter attacks on the Roman court, and his almost contemptuous attitude to the Catholic religion, provoked the enmity of its apologists, and especially of the Jesuits. "The vice and infidelity of the Italians," he had said, "are their first obligation to the Papacy, their second the political anarchy and ruin of the peninsula." "When one considers," he adds, "the wickedness and corruption of the priesthood, one cannot but conclude that their scourge and their ruin are at hand." John Paul Baglione, had he dared to destroy Julius II. when in his power at Perugia, would have won everlasting renown by showing these priests how little reverence is due to men who live such lives as theirs. But Machiavelli's dislike of the Catholic hierarchy had even deeper roots than aversion to their corruption, or to the Church as one of those institutions which were obstacles to that equality between all members of the State which he considered the necessary condition of a well-constituted republic or strongly organized monarchy. It is clear that his was a thoroughly irreligious nature. Notwithstanding occasional and conventional expressions of respect, he was indifferent or hostile to Christianity. He was deeply imbued with the pagan spirit of the Renaissance; he reserved his admiration for the republics of antiquity and for those civic and intellectual virtues which maintained them, and he naturally disliked a religion which cherished virtues of another type. "Ancient religion," he says, "exalted men full of worldly ambition, such as great captains and founders of States, while ours glorifies men of lowly and contemplative rather than of active life. It seeks for the highest good in humility and contempt of the things of this world; paganism held that it is to be sought in loftiness of soul, in bodily strength, and in all that renders men more bold and arrogant. Our religion wishes men to show courage in endurance, rather than in daring bold deeds. Hence it comes that the world has fallen a prey to scoundrels, who have found men anxious to gain paradise by suffering instead of being desirous to avenge themselves on their oppressors." It is true that he afterwards admits that Christianity, rightly understood, is no enemy to patriotism; and that respect for religion is a necessary element of national greatness. But republican Rome furnishes him with an instance of a nation which throve by its piety; paganism is clearly to him as good, or rather a better basis of social order than Christianity, and Moses is only classed with Lycurgus, and Romulus, and Numa, and other lawgivers and founders of religions.

This ill-concealed hostility to Christianity was as offensive to the Reformers as to the men of the Catholic reaction, and the Romanist controversialists, who, from Reginald Pole onwards, attacked Machiavelli, often without reading him, may be matched by an equal list of Protestant assailants. The latter had an additional motive of hatred. Our author was, they thought, the instructor in statecraft of their opponents, the instigator of their treacherous cruelties and persecutions. His writings were the favorite study of Catherine de' Medici and of her son, Henry III.; therefore he was held responsible for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Next came the philosophers who believed in the natural goodness of human nature, and that to remove the artificial restrictions which cramped and distorted original righteousness was the proper

function of the reformer; to these men Machiavelli's doctrine was naturally repugnant. They inveighed against him, or if they defended him it was on the ground that he did not mean what he said, that, as Rousseau declared, his object was to paint the tyrant in his true colors, in order that the people might recognize and flee from such a monster. While accusers rose up on all sides, the defence was long neglected. The statesmen who read, appreciated, and profited by the works of the Florentine secretary were naturally not disposed to proclaim themselves his disciples; and the writers who borrowed from the stores of his wisdom acknowledged their obligation by a few words of guarded praise.

During this century, on the other hand, Machiavelli, as we have already remarked, has had no reason to complain of the hostility of his critics. They agree for the most part in seeking to extenuate and excuse his faults, however much they may differ in the explanation of his motives. For while some maintain that he took a purely scientific interest in the study of statecraft, and therefore leaves aside all considerations of morality; others, and these are the majority, defend what is most questionable in his writings on the ground that his aim, the liberation and unity of Italy, is high and unselfish, and that if he seems unscrupulous in the choice of means, he is to be excused, partly on the ground of necessity, partly because he shared in the lax morality of his country and of his age. There are even some who still offer the old apology, mentioned by Cardinal Pole, that he conceals his true opinions — that, hating despotism, he satirizes the tyrants he describes, and seeks by revealing the hideous secrets of their policy to warn the people against them, or even by his insidious advice to incite them to further atrocities and so to bring about their ruin. Lastly, it has been maintained that "The Prince" was little more than a rhetorical exercise; that Machiavelli merely wished to show the Medici how clever he was, and how useful a servant they would find him.

No one who has read "The Prince" and "Discourses" carefully, and who has compared them with Machiavelli's other treatises and letters, can maintain that he is speaking ironically, or giving advice which he imagines to be injurious. If he were, how can we explain the reiterated exhortation to princes to secure the affections of their subjects, to affect virtues even if they have them not, never to be more cruel than the occasion requires? But it is unnecessary to seek for arguments against an opinion so far-fetched and untenable, and so at variance with Machiavelli's own statements.

All the other explanations probably contain more or less of the truth. Machiavelli, as we have seen, himself tells us that his object, at any rate in the composition of "The Prince," partly was to recommend himself to the Medici and to obtain employment by showing his cleverness, partly — for his own instruction and to divert his thoughts from painful meditation — to note down all that he could collect from the ancients and from modern experience touching the circumstances which enable men to acquire and retain political power. On the other hand, he again and again insists that the expulsion of the foreigners, the formation of an Italian kingdom, and the introduction of constitutions which would gradually prepare the people for freedom, would be not only the justification but the glory of any prince who, by whatever means, might raise himself to sovereign power in the peninsula. In the statement of the motives of his writings, as in all else, Machiavelli is perfectly straightforward. Hypocrisy was not his vice nor that of his countrymen, with the Inquisition and the Jesuits it was conferred on Italy as a last benefit by the Roman Church.

Machiavelli was not then wholly either a disinterested patriot or a mere student of political phenomena, or an intellectual *condottiere* seeking to prove to his customers the sharpness of the weapon he offered to hire. But above all, I would insist that he was not the originator of a new system of statecraft. It is true that no book has ever been more diligently studied by the rulers of mankind than was "The Prince" by the statesmen of the sixteenth century; but it would be difficult to show that it had any great influence on their conduct. The policy of Catherine de' Medici was not more Machiavellian than that of Lewis XI. — indeed far less so, if we use that word in its true and better sense; nor did Philip II. or Alva, Elizabeth or Cecil, surpass Ferdinand the Catholic or Richard III. in unscrupulous pursuit of the objects of their ambition.

On the whole, we may perhaps conclude that the mischief which Machiavelli may have done by exalting expediency at the expense of morality, and by sanctioning revolutionary violence, has been fully compensated by the impulse he has given

to patriotism; while his influence on political speculation has been altogether salutary, since he first returned to the method of Aristotle, and appealed to the teaching of experience and of facts.

P. F. WILLERT.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FANCY BALL.

"A freak took an ass in the head, and away he goes into the woods, masquerading up and down in a lion's skin." — L'ESTRANGE'S *Fables*.

"*Him* he knew well, and guessed that it was *she*,
But being masked, he was not sure;"
SHAKESPEARE.

GOOD Mrs. Dobb, standing in the doorway of her handsome drawing-room as the clock struck nine on Christmas Eve — they kept early hours in Clinkton — standing in the crimsonest of crimson satins, covered with the laciest of Brussels lace, with all her best ornaments finding niches somehow or other on the surface of her ample person, with her gloves on and her fan in hand, — was certainly not the least happy person at the prospect of her own ball.

Punctually at nine arrived the last detachment of the Tufnells, claiming the right which had been so carefully explained to Challoner; and though with them, and with their sympathy, admiration, and expectation, began the evening's triumph, with them also came the first disappointment. They had not brought their man, their great Mr. Challoner, who was to have taken such a prominent part in the evening's show, — for he was to have sat at Mrs. Dobb's own table at supper, and to have gone in with the first batch of distinguished guests as soon as the dining-room door was open. Alack-a-day! he was nowhere to be seen, and the sad truth about him was soon told.

"He had to go, Mrs. Dobb; he really *had* to go," said Mary. "He had to be off before we were out of bed in the morning, and goodness knows where he is by this time!"

"And was it not hard upon the poor dear," added her mother, "that it should have happened to-day of all days in the year? Business is a nasty thing, — and so I always tell papa. If it had been to-morrow now, — but that is just like poor Jem's luck; like enough it would have been to-morrow for any one who didn't care. And then Jem Challoner is so conscientious — really one may say too conscientious; for, as I say to papa, one may be too conscientious about a thing of this sort. But papa, he could not see it; he took me up quite short, and says he, 'Business is business. Jem Challoner is not such a ninny as to let any tom-foolery — ahem — hem — any pleasure like this interfere with duty.' Papa is such a one for duty, you know; and he thinks all the world of Jem Challoner."

"Well, to be sure this is all very nice," added papa, for himself, — "very nice indeed," benignantly; "and Mrs. Dobb is very kind to take so much trouble; but a man of forty like Challoner ——"

"Do hear papa," muttered Mary Tufnell aside to her sister. "Calling out for every one to hear. Man of forty, indeed! Now it will be all over the town to-morrow. Cecy looked at me and laughed — she is laughing now!"

"What does it matter?" argued Bertha cheerfully; "Cecy would take a man of fifty, and be thankful. Besides, we all know Jem's age. Hasn't he lived here all his life?"

"They will think he was too old for dancing, and ran away from the ball."

"They will think nothing of the sort. However —— Mrs. Dobb," said Bertha loudly, "is it not hard lines upon poor Mary? And Jem had got such a lovely dress, a dress he could dance in ——"

"Say costume," nudged her sister. "Don't you remember how he laughed at you for calling it his 'dress'?"

"All right — his costume, then. It had been sent in, Mrs. Dobb, and was — sweet."

"Indeed! Now really, poor fellow! well, I am sorry, but we must all have something, Mary, my dear," continued the jolly hostess, recovering from her own share of vexation. "And don't you fret, but just be as merry as ever you can; be merry for two, you know, and that will be the best way of making up for Mr. Jem's absence." Other arrivals then claimed her notice.

There is one excellent thing about a fancy ball, — conversation never flags; there is no need to have recourse to the weather, the heat of the rooms, the badness or goodness of the music: even the dullest need hardly be at a loss for a topic when on every side are motley figures and extraordinary devices; and how charming Mistress Mountebank looks in her powder! how quaint Master Scarecrow in his

skins! what the judge has done with his wig; and how much the peasant has given for her shoe-buckles, will pass from lip to lip without an effort throughout the evening. Ere the rooms were half filled at Mrs. Dobb's, the din and uproar was all that the heart of hostess could desire.

"And which is Miss Juliet Appleby, dear?" inquired Mrs. Tufnell when a moment's peace was accorded from the incessant shaking of hands and receiving of congratulations. "Mrs. Dobb, dear, where is Miss Juliet Appleby? I thought she was to have come with the Greens."

"So she was. Ay, with the Greens, certainly."

"But the Greens came a quarter of an hour ago."

"And was Miss Appleby not with them?"

"Was she, though?"

"I can't say, I'm sure; I suppose she was. To tell the truth, Mrs. Tufnell, I have not known who was who, or which was which, no, nor heard a word of what has been said to me this hour back. I just go on shaking hands with everybody. For, letting alone that it has been nothing but — 'May I bring this one?' and 'Have you room for that one?' for days past, I should not know my own children if they appeared bedecked and bedizened as those people came up the stair just now. That I should not; Willie, nor none of them. I am bamboozled altogether by this time," laughing. "There may be a dozen Miss Applebys here, and I should not know one of 'em."

Mr. Tufnell, on his part, was as curious as his wife. "Well, neighbor George," said he, facetiously alluding to the royal and gorgeous George IV. suit affected by his host the worthy Dobb, — "well, you have a wondrous sight of folks here to-night — Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, eh? Strikes me your girls and mine look as well as anybody. I have been poking about in all the corners while you were at your post outside, and, upon my word, I see no one who looks trigger than my Mary, in spite of Challoner's putting a stopper on the gewgaws. Look at that creature now, — that, I presume, is Miss Juliet Appleby, the Windlasses' fine lady ——"

"That? No; that is Polly Beanfield, my wife's niece, as good a girl as ever lived, and looks first-rate, *I* think," rejoined Mr. Dobb, somewhat shortly. "If girls are to trick out, what fault have you to find with her, eh? Shows her ankles, eh? No harm — no harm. Very good ankle, and knows it, the minx. You watch her dancing."

"To be sure, — to be sure," rejoined his friend, somewhat taken aback. "I — ah — I ought to have known it was Polly; of course I know Polly; I must speak to Polly by-and-by ——"

"*There's* a figure now. I don't like *that*, if you choose," proceeded his companion softly. "There's a tippety concern. No better than a ballet-dancer — and nothing to excuse it. Who is she, I wonder? Cecy," beckoning to his daughter as she went by — "Cecy, who is that? What are you laughing at, girl?"

"At poor Mr. Grumby in the corner; oh, papa, do look at him. He did not want to come, he hates the whole thing, and fought against it to the last; but Mrs. Grumby would not let him off, and as she could not make him get anything for himself, she borrowed a suit for him; and look at it," in an ecstasy — "look at it. That petticoat of a tunic, inches below his knees, and the sleeves all over his hands, and the great crease across the back, — it must belong to a man three times his size. I must find out who the man is. And oh, papa, did you ever see any one so miserable and so conscious? See how he crouches and cowers in his corner! nothing will induce him to leave that corner; he thinks the flower-pots hide him. It is too much — oh, it is really too much! We girls have been in perfect fits ——"

"Poor chap! he ought to put a bolder face upon it," rejoined her father complacently. "There's no sense in showing everybody he's ashamed of himself. One should never do things by halves, eh, Tufnell? If one must be a fool, — for my part I feel as jolly as you please."

"What I say is, we are no worse than the London grandees going to a *levée*," said Tufnell. "I have seen them, and 'pon my word, they looked very like you and me, Dobb, barring the wigs. Those they left to their coachmen."

"Does not papa look well, Mr. Tufnell?" inquired papa's dutiful Cecy.

"Oh, oh, very fine, miss: you think so, do you? You first coax me into these fine feathers, and then stroke them down. That's the way with 'em all, isn't it, Tufnell?" and the two elderly gentlemen laughed in unison. "But I say, Cis, I say, who is that *ballet*-looking girl yonder?" continued her father, as the figure which had attracted his attention before, again came into view. "Eh? Who do you say? I can't hear."

"Hush, papa! take care. I have not

a notion. Some one somebody brought with them ——"

"Miss Juliet Appleby, for a wager!" cried Tufnell.

"No, not her." Cecy shook her head. "Stay, I remember; she came with Mrs. Poyntz — a Yorkshire girl. Mrs. Poyntz wrote about her this morning."

"Then where in the name of wonder is this Miss Juliet?" demanded Mrs. Tufnell, almost with vexation. "Is that her?" indicating a "Folly" in bells; "or that?" pointing to a "May Queen;" "or that?" turning again to a "Red Riding-Hood."

"'Folly' is Miss Smith; and the 'May Queen' is Chatty, our cousin Chatty; and I don't know 'Red Riding-Hood's' name, but she came with the Greens ——"

"But she can't be Miss Juliet Appleby?"

"Why not?"

"Miss Appleby! the fine Miss Appleby! the Windlasses' smart young lady, — a little, round-faced plump chit!" cried Tufnell, absurdly disappointed; for, to tell the truth, 'Red Riding-Hood' would have disarmed a heart of stone, and he had no mind to be disarmed. "I think you must be wrong, my dear Miss Cecy; I don't think it can be as you say."

"Well, I did not say anything, Mr. Tufnell, — that is," said Cecy good-temperedly, "I told you that girl," nodding, "came with the Greens; but whether she is Miss Appleby or not, I know no more than you do yourself."

"She can't be; she can never be," muttered the banker.

"Ask Mrs. Green. Here she comes. Mrs. Green," said Miss Dobb, running to her, "Mrs. Green, do tell us who is your sweet little 'Red Riding-Hood'? Here is Mr. Tufnell dying to know," archly. "She came with you, and I am so stupid, I forget her name."

"Little Nelly Burnaby, do you mean?" replied Mrs. Green. "Oh yes, your good mamma kindly allowed me to bring Nelly, as we were disappointed at the last moment of the other young lady. I thought it a pity no one should have the treat, and poor Nelly was so pleased. She had a dress with her, as it happened, on the chance. Poor thing, it was a catch for her; 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.' I wrote about it to your mamma this morning ——"

"So you did, now I remember; but I said she came with you, though I forgot the rest. Well, Mr. Tufnell, — well, are you satisfied?"

"Oh dear me! you make me out very inquisitive," said he. "You see, Mrs. Green, when your dancing-days are over, you have nothing to do but gape and stare; and as I know mostly all here, when I see a stranger I naturally want to hear who she is. You were saying your other young lady had disappointed you. The other young lady — ahem — was she, — I think I heard she was to be a Miss Appleby, or some such name; not that *I* know anything of any Miss Applebys: we have no Applebys about Clinkton, but ——"

"But she doesn't come from Clinkton, Mr. Tufnell — she's not a Clinkton person at all; only it happens that she is stopping in the neighborhood, and it just came into my head one day when we were talking of the ball, it popped into my head to ask Mrs. Dobb if I might take the liberty of bringing her ——"

"But you *haven't* brought her," — there was an actual indignation in his tone, — "you haven't brought her after all, it appears. She has shirked, eh? Thrown you over at the last moment, I suppose? Just like them, these fast fashionable young ladies; what do they care for our poor little attempts at gaiety? Not likely any one of them would put themselves about to ——"

"She is put about enough, poor thing, I can tell you," cried Mrs. Green, who in vain had essayed from time to time to be heard. "Laws, Mr. Tufnell, that rosette should have been better sewn on," stooping as she spoke to pick up a knot of gay-colored ribbons which had fallen to the floor displaced by his vehemence. "See now, a mere stitch it is," proceeded the good lady, inspecting, "and a thread no stronger than a hair. Well, it's lucky I have a pin," producing one. "I told the girls pins would be needed; and though you are the first, Mr. Tufnell, I'll answer for it you'll not be the last."

"Thankee, thankee," said Mr. Tufnell, somewhat disconcerted; "that comes of bedizening one's self out in such rubbish — but it is safe enough now, I dare say. And — and what kept your young lady away, then, if I may make bold to ask? What is the reason of her not being with you after all?"

"Oh dear, such a sad pity it is, Mr. Tufnell! and what poor Mr. and Mrs. Windlass will do, I'm sure I cannot think, for they are getting to be old bodies now, and don't like to be put out of their way. And the poor thing herself, too, away from all her friends — well, I de-

clare, there's Mary Philipson with a pair of men's boots on! Spurs and all! Mr. Tufnell — look, Mr. Tufnell," behind her fan, "did you ever see the like of that? Boots and spurs, coat and collar, and the little hat just over her ear! Well, it's a wonder she stopped short there; she might just as well have had the — ahem — bless me! I'm sure I hardly know which way to look."

"Oh, it's all right, ma'am, it's quite within the limits, I believe," rejoined Mr. Tufnell, who had learned much within the last half-hour; "it took me rather aback, I own, at the first blush, but — well, well, we must not be too particular to-night. And to return to Miss Juliet Appleby ——"

"And not a bit ashamed of herself!" murmured the lady, still dubiously scanning the gay *vivandière*, "skipping and twirling as bold as brass."

"Eh? What?" cried her companion, pricking up his ears. "As bold as brass, did you say? Who's as bold as brass?"

"That flibbertigibbet Mary ——"

"Oh," rejoined Mr. Tufnell, disappointed, — "oh, I thought you were speaking of Miss Appleby." The less he could hear about Miss Appleby, the more was his curiosity and suspicion aroused. "I thought you had meant that she was 'as bold as brass,'" he continued; "for really, you know, after all, you have not yet told me what is the matter with her."

"And I can't tell you; but I can tell you what *they say:* they say it's chicken-pox. Mrs. Windlass writes this morning that she is all over in a rash, and sick, and pretty nearly off her head — at least, I may be mistaken, but that is what I gather from the note. And I know that the doctor — Dr. Bell it is who attends the Windlasses; they think all the world of Dr. Bell — I know he was to have been here to-night, was he not, Cecy?" catching hold of Miss Cecily Dobb, who again came near, placing herself at the moment to take the lead in a sixteen set of Lancers which was being formed in front of the corner wherein the elderly pair were having their chat, and who now turned amiably round.

"What is it, Mrs. Green?"

"Was not Dr. Bell to be here to-night, Cecy?"

"Yes, and Mrs. Bell; mamma asked them both," said Cecy.

"Ay, and Mrs. Bell is here, for I saw her just now, all over spangles and gold lace. But you see the doctor is not come; he is at Windlass Court at this minute, or I'm mistaken. So, between ourselves, Mr. Tufnell — between ourselves, I doubt if chicken-pox will cover it. We all know what's meant when there's any doubt about it's being chicken-pox, don't we?"

"Eh? What?" said the banker staring.

"You know what's been going about?" in a whisper.

"Ah?" said he interrogatively.

"That's it, then; that's what I mean. If it isn't *small-pox*, it's nothing."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MOTH RETURNS TO ITS CANDLE.

"But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go"
Twelfth Night.

As the evening wore on, Mary Tufnell began to enjoy her ball. She was a girl, it must be owned, who would have enjoyed anything, and been merry anywhere, provided that she had people to laugh with, and chaff with, and flirt — in moderation — with. To wear a new dress, and hear a ball-tune going, was more than enough to raise her spirits under the severest toothache or heartache she had ever known. And so, since there was no help for it, and she had been perforce deserted at a moment when such desertion was most inopportune, she soon began to feel that enough sighs had been expended, and that although the evening was shorn of its chief glory, there yet remained abundance of attraction.

It was something now to remember that Jem had never been enthusiastic on the subject; at the best, every one must have seen that for himself he did not care twopence about the great event of the day, but was going because *they* were going, — trying to like what Mary liked, and not to be bored by what gave her pleasure; and such being the case, and with the comfortable certainty that any annoyance the good, kind fellow might now be feeling would be solely on her account, the philosophic maid soon picked up her spirits, and had scarce answered the last inquiry for an absent Jem, before she was promising this waltz and that galop, and all the "extras" to a present one.

"But Mary's flirtations are always so very open and above-board," said Cecily Dobb, who had eyes for all that went on. "Mary never does really flirt, you know, at all, — she would not know how if she tried; and that, I suppose, is the reason she has gone and engaged herself to that dreadful man Challoner. He would frighten any ordinary girl out of her senses,

but Mary does not care how he looks at her. Do hear her rattling on now! *That's* not flirting. None of those Tufnell girls have the dreamiest idea of what flirting is," continued Miss Dobb, with conscious superiority.

The next minute it was, "Oh fie! you naughty creature, you! Now Mary, I'll tell. You throw over Captain James this very moment, and promise to have no more to do with him. What! you won't? Very well; very well. Papa is looking on, my dear. You know what he will say to you. Take care; beware, lady fair," laughing herself away.

But this was only Cecy Dobb's idea of being agreeable to her guests. "Mary likes to have it thought she is dangerous and mischievous," she said to herself; and as for the whole charge, it rested on absolutely no foundation; while even if it had, papa, who certainly might have objected to the sight of the obnoxious uniform in conjunction with the nurse's black robe, was far too much engrossed otherwise to have perceived it.

This was his hour of relaxation and benignity, and surrounded as he was by mirth and jollity, by a motley crowd of people, who were not indeed for the most part strangers, but worse — old friends with new faces, asses in lions' skins, pusses in boots — it was too much to expect that he should have time or attention for anything but discoveries. Having satisfied his curiosity on the score of Miss Juliet Appleby, he now willingly subsided into the pleased and amused spectator.

Mrs. Tufnell also had her hands full. She was perpetually being addressed by familiar voices proceeding from unfamiliar lips; she heard the delighted laugh at her expense; she had to own to her bewilderment, then to excuse it, then to join in merriment over it, then to retail it; she had to eat ices and drink champagne, to take care that she spilt nothing over her fine dress, to steal a sly peep at her head in the glass when a chance offered — to take a turn now and again round the rooms, to admire the hangings and wonder at the space, and consider if she could do anything of the kind herself, supposing papa could be brought over to it; and lastly, she had to make herself agreeable to the portly uncle of her hostess, who had come from Manchester on purpose to grace, by his august presence, the festivity, and who was elected to the honor of escorting Mrs. Dobb's chief friend to the supper-table.

Thus for the worthy dame. Of the rest of our party, all that remains to be said is that Emily quite satisfied Herbert in her "Dolly Varden," and Bertha admired herself in a richer costume. No one was able to find any fault either with their entertainers or entertainment; and, indeed, when all was said and done, and danced and eaten, the only shame was, according to the banker's soft-hearted wife, that nobody had thought more about that poor dear who had been done out of it all.

How the poor dear bore his disappointment, and what he was about during the gay hours when the Clinkton fiddlers were fiddling and the Clinkton exquisites were footing it on the floor, may now be told.

The light was just beginning to wane when the train from London, which Challoner had been able by good luck and punctuality to catch, drew up at the station for Overton; but even before it stopped, his eye caught the glitter of silver-tipped harness on the back of a restive horse, and of the light-blue livery of Lord Overton's groom bending forward from the dogcart, soothing and managing.

No one else had come to meet him, but the man was charged with excuses. Mr. Edward was so extremely busy he could not find the time, — this was the correct message, — but something else was added with a twinkle of the eye, which showed how well William understood the ways of his betters. "It was her ladyship who dissuaded Mr. Edward, sir, the roads being so bad with the frost, and the mare only roughed this morning. She has not been out these three days, sir, that's what makes her cheerful like. Wo-ho, Jenny, then! Mr. Edward do go it when he comes this station-road, sir; he likes to come in with a dash; and in weather like this, there's no saying ——" and he shook his head.

"All well?" said Mr. Challoner presently.

"All quite well, sir. There's skating on the ponds to-night, sir."

"I suppose so. The night looks well, too. The frost holds firm, I see."

"Never saw it holding faster, sir. His lordship is a rare good skater, Mr. Challoner," continued the man, who was quite at home with Mr. Challoner and full of his subject. "His lordship is better than Mr. Edward, although Mr. Edward flies about all over the place. Both our gentlemen were out last night, sir."

"Was — ah — any one else out?"

"No, sir; I think not, sir. There is no one else at the Hall just now, sir. I

think I heard her ladyship was going to-night, though; Charles thought he heard so, at least. Her ladyship does go out occasionally, but she has not been this frost."

"Not at all?"

"Not by night, sir."

"She is waiting for me," said Challoner to himself; "she promised that she would, and she has kept her word. Well, I have kept mine: here I am. She has but to send for me, and I am at her service. She has never yet found me remiss, — I wonder if she ever will."

It seemed as though he had been years away, as one object after another, each bringing up some remembrance, trifling enough in itself, but inexpressibly dear to his impassioned and excited memory, now rose to view. Here they were at the cross-roads. There was the broad row of beeches to the left; there the little wayside inn. What a brawling the half-frozen brook made below the bridge! — that brook, whose treacherous banks had once given way when he and Teddy and Matilda were hunting ferns that grew among the nooks and cliffs. He had held his fair companion up, and she had had to cling to him, even while making light of a possible catastrophe. But she had worn a tuft of the ferns, which had like to have cost so dear, as a shoulder-knot that evening.

Then here was the stile whereon his lady had so often rested while her escort gave the dogs their dip, and from which she had once fallen — yes, absolutely fallen — until her other brother most luckily caught her in his arms, so startled was she by his surprising her once when thus left alone. It was only Overton — the quiet, peaceable Overton — who had thus broken in upon his sister's reverie; but so lost had she been in musings that she had shrieked aloud, and Overton's laugh had rung through the woods. What had she been thinking of?

He was nearly as fully occupied by inward reflections himself, when they came to the last turning of the avenue, and had the first sight of the Hall.

That, however, brought him back to the present. In another few minutes he would be there; he would be running up the front steps, be meeting Teddy — always first — be seeing Overton in the background, and another figure behind him —— No; they were *here!* "Halloo! halloo!" he was hailed as he passed.

"Stop, and let me out," said Mr. Challoner, very quietly. "Take on my things, will you? I see — Mr. Edward — in the garden."

"Here you are! here you are!" cried Teddy's joyous voice from the shrubs. "How are you?" vaulting over the low gate between them. "How *are* you? Awfully glad you could come. But I said I knew you would come if you could. I was too busy to come to the station. I have only just met Matilda here. We were looking out for you."

"How do you do?" Lady Matilda had at last succeeded in opening the gate for herself, and came forward to do her part. "How do you do?" she said in rather a low voice, and left all further inquiries and welcome to her brother.

"Deadly cold journey you must have had," said he. "I would not have set foot in a train to-day for any money. Beastly things at the best of times; and on a day like this, when every time the door opens it lets in a gale of wind that cuts like a knife —— woo — ogh!" with a shudder.

"We had better come in and have some tea," said Matilda.

"Why, it's not time for it yet," exclaimed Teddy. "What do you want tea so soon for? Oh, for Challoner, of course. I beg your pardon, Challoner; what an ass I am! But I forgot, and it is so early. Come in, of course. Matilda and I were just taking a turn round the garden, but we'll come in now."

"Don't come in for me."

"Oh, you won't care to stop out."

"But I do. I should prefer it."

"You must be cold, or something."

"I am perfectly warm — hot; I don't want to go in at all."

"Not for tea?"

"Not for any amount of tea. If Lady Matilda" — he was walking along by her side, — "if Lady Matilda — unless she — provided she does not — does not mind."

Lady Matilda did not mind at all — had no wishes — and quite preferred — anything. In short, was to the full as coherent and sensible as he.

Should they go up the laurustinus walk? The laurustinus was in blossom, and not affected even by such a frost. It was several years since there had been such a frost.

Then Teddy broke in afresh. "Won't we have a night of it? The ice is as smooth as a mill-pond, and we have had every leaf and twig picked off by the boys. We made the little beggars work; they broomed away like anything at the last. And we have got such a fireplace, Challo-

ner, — you should see our fireplace; it's all bricked in; and Matilda is sending down kettles, and pots, and pans, and all kinds of things."

"You are going yourself?" inquired Challoner, looking straight in front of him, but there was no doubt as to whom the "you" was meant for.

"I — I think so."

"Going? Of course she's going: what is to hinder her?" cried Teddy. "We have been polishing up her skates, and oiling her straps; and, I say, I have got such a pair of beauties. I wish" — stopping short — "I say, I wish you would come in and see them."

"Thanks; presently. Are they like mine, I wonder? I must get mine out and give a look to them before dinner. I have not had them on yet, but ——"

"Not had them on yet! Why, we have had two good days, and I made sure that you up in the north — have you not been on at all yet?"

"Not at all."

"Weren't they a skating lot you were with?"

"They were full of something else."

"By Jove! and skating in the question! Hang me if I would let *anything* else get in my way if there was ice to be had! Where did you get your skates? Are they new ones?" He was well off the awkward topic after his own easy fashion.

"I took them out of a shop-window," said Challoner carelessly. "They are not much, probably, but I took a fancy to them, and, as it happened, they were just my fit. I had no time to get my own from town, after receiving your brother's letter."

"No, we did not give you much time; but then we had to wait to see what the frost was going to do. It would have made us look rather small, if, after we had got you to come, there had been nothing to come for. Overton said he would not have you written to till yesterday. We half expected you yesterday, but I suppose you did not get Overton's letter in time?"

"I could not come yesterday, much," said Challoner earnestly, "much as I should have liked it. But I was staying with people. I could not leave them on quite so short a notice. As it was, I had to take something very like French leave, — you got my telegram all right, I suppose?" suddenly.

"Got it yesterday afternoon."

"Ay, I sent it about three o'clock. Was it here by four?"

"Was it, Matilda? But I forgot, you were over at Endhill, and I was out too. You see we did not know when it might come, and we were half expecting you yourself, so I went to see that the ponds were all right, and Matilda to knock off the Endhills. She gets into scrapes if she ——"

"And you had a good evening's work last night?" said Challoner, who interrupted on purpose, knowing that Matilda would be grateful.

"Good? Good was not the word. It was glorious; I never saw it better; I wish you had been with us. There was such a jolly moon — but it will be still better to-night."

"I thought of you. I guessed what you would be doing. I knew Lady Matilda was longing for a frost ——"

"So were we all."

"And I wished I had been here to buckle on her skates for her."

"Well, you can to-night," said Teddy, with philosophical resignation of the envied post. This was a privilege he could bear to yield, he thought. Putting on other people's skates is not seductive to the fraternal mind.

Still Matilda kept silence. "Did you go?" said Challoner, turning at length direct to her.

And then, as he waited for a reply, and there was no avoidance of it, and Teddy had run on, and was calling loudly to his dog, in the silence and shade of the deepest part of the garden, she had to answer "No."

They did not go in for some time after that. They sauntered up and down the crisp paths, and soon the last red streak of sun died out of the sky over the fir-tops, and one little star after another came twinkling into view, — and even then, instead of seeking shelter within doors, the three wandered off to the farm, and Challoner was shown the latest acquisitions there; and Matilda would have him to the cow-house to see how much her little heifer had grown in his three weeks' absence, and then to the piggeries, to watch the evening meal — the steaming buckets and pails emptied into the big troughs, soon beset by hungry applicants — while all the while great empty wagons kept rumbling into the yard, from taking turnips to the frost-bound sheep in the fields, — and hens roosted, and geese and ducks clustered closer and closer together in their snug quarters for the night.

There was a rich, unctuous odor pervading all; there was a warmth and comfort

and plenty and peace about the old farmyard that went straight home to Challoner's country heart; and the contrast which the present congenial company and surroundings presented to the distasteful, and too often absolutely repugnant scenes so recently quitted, transformed him so fully for the time, made him so absolutely another being, that those who had only known the unfortunate lover under other auspices would hardly have recognized the man. His eyes burned, his cheek glowed, he talked, laughed, jested, lingered, — and although, ever since he had originally yielded to the dear delights of Overton, he had been seen to advantage there, he had never before, in his mistress's eyes, seemed so worth the winning, and so entirely won.

From Longman's Magazine.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SELBORNE.

A SHORT time ago I had an opportunity of visiting a scene the features of which had long dwelt in my imagination, though I had never yet been able to bring the accuracy of the picture which it formed out of them to the test of personal observation. In the middle of last January, however, finding myself at the town of Alton, not more than five miles distant from the peaceful old Hampshire village which the loving hand of its native historian has immortalized, I resolved no longer to postpone my pilgrimage to what must always be known to posterity as White's Selborne. I started from Alton on foot, about eleven in the morning, the day being all that could be desired — a cloudless blue sky, the air freshened and nothing more by a slight frost, and all the range of woods which spread along the ridges of the downs just tinged with that hazy, purple flush

That shows the year is turned.

All the way, on the right-hand side, the ground slopes down to a little valley, threaded by a narrow brook, rising again at the distance of a mile or two into the long hills which at Selborne turn abruptly southwards, and of which the Selborne Hanger forms the elbow. You see little or nothing of the village till you are quite close to it; for it lies in a little bottom, into which the Alton road descends by a steep decline — not the old rocky lane which was literally the only channel of communication with Alton in the last century, and which is now disused, as are the lanes on the other side of the village in the direction of Liss and Petersfield, but a good modern road — from which, however, little is visible but the church tower and one end of the parsonage, which lie on some rising ground to the left.

On this side of the parsonage the ground sinks abruptly into a narrow dingle, divided by the infant stream which forms the north-west boundary of the village; and White used to delight himself with imagining how easily this green knoll might be made to represent a fortified position.

High on a mound th' exalted gardens stand;
Beneath deep valleys scooped by Nature's hand;
A Cobham here exulting in his art
Might blend the general's with the gardener's part;
Might fortify with all the martial trade
Of rampart, bastion, fosse, and palisade;
Might plant the mortar with wide threatening bore,
Or bid the mimic cannon seem to roar.
(Invitation to Selborne.)

Approaching Selborne from this quarter, we have the Hanger immediately to our right, running parallel with the south side of the village, and rising to the height of about three hundred feet. Keeping straight up the village street, we are confronted by a high garden wall, forming one side of a road turning towards the Hanger. Inside this wall is the kitchen-garden of "The Wakes," as the house is still called, in which the old naturalist lived; and a few yards further on, and facing the street, is the north side of the house itself, and the entrance from the road. Leaving it behind us for the present, we come upon a wide, open space upon our left, which we at once pronounce to be the "Plestor," for the origin of which we must refer our readers to the historian, and above this again lies the church and churchyard, in which still stands the enormous yew-tree, twenty-five feet in girth, the finest, I think, I have ever seen. Beyond the church, on the same side of the way, is the principal village inn, the Queen's Arms, and beyond this again the other little stream which, rising from a spring in the Nore Hill, forms one branch of the river Wey, and bounds the village on the east, as the other one does upon the west. The road out of Selborne in this direction leads to Woolmer Forest, Temple, the Priory Farm, and Blackmore, now the property of Lord Selborne.

Before, however, we reach the little bridge which spans the tiny brook, we observe a kind of cart-track to the right which seems to lead up to the Hanger, and, consulting a laborer on the subject, find that it is so; and, having now got a general idea of the village and its bearings, it is time to examine it more particularly. I feel that I am bound to climb up the Hanger, and turn down the path accordingly; but when I get to the foot of the hill, I see that my work is cut out for me. A winding path called "the zigzag," literally corresponding to the name, has here been cut in the side of the hill; and as it is nearly perpendicular, and yesterday's rain and the morning's frost combined have made the chalk as slippery as ice, by the time I arrive at the top I am not sorry to sit down upon a stile and rest. White himself had either made, or caused to be made, another road up the hill called the Bostal, which I could not find, and in his time the whole village was divided into the two rival factions of Zigzagians and Bostalians. From a cottage close by a very civil old lady now emerges and offers to describe the prospect. I am here, it must be premised, standing at the eastern extremity of the Hanger, with the village behind and below me on the left, and the long line of the Sussex Downs in front. It seems to have been from this point that White took the view which he describes in his "Invitation:"—

> Romantic spot, from whence in prospect lies
> Whate'er of landscape charms our feasting eyes.

And it was here, we learn from the same poem, that he and his friends used to come to drink tea on a fine summer's evening. The old lady has her lesson by heart. That bold swelling hill thickly covered with wood on our right front is Nore Hill, "that noble chalk promontory," as White calls it. Straight before us is Temple, where are still some vestiges of a preceptory, described at length in the antiquities of Selborne; and beyond lies "'Oolmer Farst," as our guide pronounces it, where she tells me that when a child she used often to go "a hurting," which means, being interpreted, Woolmer Forest, and gathering whortleberries or bilberries. There is the broad, flat, sandy, heathery tract, which, in White's time, was entirely uncultivated, and full of game and wild fowl. One of the principal ponds which he describes has been drained. But Woolmer Pond, "the vast lake," as he calls it, is still there, though invisible from the summit of the Hanger, whence the traveller looks down only on a bare, brown expanse gradually terminating in highlands which bound the horizon to the east. That abrupt, broken point of hill just opposite in the extreme distance is Rake Down in Sussex, and the one which seems to nod to it on the left is Blackdown, not far from Haslemere: still further to the left is Hindhead; and the two peaks just visible on one side of it are the Devil's Jumps. Hard by, though of course not visible from Selborne, is the Devil's Punch-Bowl, and the reader will remember how Nicholas Nickleby and Smike, plodding along the Portsmouth road, walked upon the rim of it, and read the inscription on the stone commemorating the murder that was once committed there.

Still ranging round towards the left, the eye falls on Farnham Holt and the village of Kingsley, and nearer home again, on a corner of Lord Selborne's park, on the Priory Farm, and on a low, woody dingle, as it seems at this distance, leading up to it, once a favorite walk of Gilbert White's, and still known as "the Liths" or "Lyths," otherwise "bends" or winding paths. In the first edition of the book there is an engraving of the "Short Lyth," with gentlemen and ladies standing and sitting in the foreground, the full wigs and long canes of the former not looking very much in harmony with the landscape. Where the Priory Farm now stands was the site of Selborne Priory, of which the old lady can only tell us that "they have dug up a many things there for burying folk," and that great multitudes of people go to see it in the summer-time. She went on to say that I ought to come again in the summer myself, and undertook to make tea for me, if I would, near the spot, as I conjecture, where White himself used to make it. So giving her the required promise, and having drunk my fill of the landscape, which White must have loved as Wordsworth loved the English lakes, and Walter Scott his grey hills — as only one can love such things who is thoroughly in sympathy with nature and nature's works — I turn my back on "'Oolmer Farst" and proceed westward along the summit of the Hanger, looking down upon the village at intervals through the leafless beech-trees, and searching for some other mode of descent than the one by which I came up.

Presently I hear sounds of talking and laughing near at hand, and come upon a

group of village girls in a spot which would have fascinated Linnell: a little broken glade with its felled trunks lying among patches of brushwood, and hemmed in by the tall beech-trees, whose smooth glistening stems of grey russet and yellow stretch far away into the sylvan gloom. The girls, who are gathering firewood, can show me no regular path down the hill; and I have let myself down as well as I can with the help of an ash stick which I have just cut, steadying my steps where it is possible against either the trees themselves or their "old fantastic roots," and gradually arriving at the bottom without any serious misadventure. The Hanger, as I have said, is about three hundred feet high, very steep, and perhaps three-quarters of a mile in length. It forms the northern slope of Selborne Hill, which stretches a long way in the opposite direction, and at each end it just overlaps the village, from which it is separated by a strip of cultivated land some three or four hundred yards in breadth. It is covered from end to end with beech-trees, which, as they are very close, are not very large in the girth, but which, looked at from the outside, must in summer seem a solid wall of green. A foot-path runs along the bottom just inside the wood, and from this I think some of the prettiest views of the village are to be obtained: one in particular I noticed, where the church tower, and the great yew-tree, and a portion of the parsonage house mingle themselves with the mossy thatched roofs of some barns and cottages, into a very picturesque group. But it is now nearly two o'clock. I have yet to see the house, the garden, and the church, and, though last, not least, to obtain some modest refreshment after my fatiguing scrambles. I strike away to the village once more, and make the best of my way to the Queen's Arms.

While consuming the cheese, bottom crust, and Hall's Alton ale which this hostelry affords, I question my host about the village and its traditions; but he knows nothing, and thinks I had better consult the sexton, whose father and grandfather were both sextons before him. In the mean time, however, I must see "The Wakes," which, having stood empty for some time after the death of its late owner, Professor Bell, has now again a tenant, who very courteously showed us over the whole house, in which most of the old rooms are still left, though the arrangements of them have been altered, and the whole has been considerably enlarged. What was the kitchen in White's time is now the present occupier's study, looking out upon the garden and the Hanger. What was White's study is the drawing-room, floored and panelled with oak just as he left it; but the west wall has been pulled down, and a large additional space taken into the room, which nearly doubles the size of it. On the garden side it has been refronted, and this is that new part of the house which alters the general effect of it so much. On this side, too, was White's "new parlour," now the dining-room; to which he refers in his letters to his brother, while his old dining-room, looking towards the village street, is now the kitchen — a most comfortable-looking room, in which it is easy to imagine the old gentleman sipping his glass of port or punch, or that famous strong beer brewed with rain water, which was so highly appreciated by his neighbors; and ruminating on the various sights and sounds which had greeted him during the morning: the appearance of the first swallow, the first note of the missel-thrush, or the strange fancy of his guinea fowls for roosting on the tops of high trees during a hard frost. His dinner hour seems to have been about three o'clock, and it was in this very room that he was just sitting down to dinner almost exactly a hundred years ago — to be more particular, on June 5, 1784 — when the great thunderstorm burst over Selborne, and the hailstones broke all his north windows. His bedroom is now used as a nursery.

On the south side of the house the view is very pretty. The lawn and garden run down to a low fence dividing them from a large paddock of about twenty acres, dotted over with fine old trees, and running close up to the Hanger, which bounds the prospect. From this side the house looks almost like two houses. At one end, to the right, is the old gable covered with creepers and untouched by the hand of renovation; to the left is the new red brick front, where are the dining-room and drawing-room of the present owner; yet the whole effect is not bad, and when time has toned down the colors, and fresh creepers have had time to grow, it will probably be as pretty as it ever was. In the garden is White's sundial, and in the paddock, about a hundred yards from the garden, are the remains of his summer-house. A narrow bricked path about a foot wide laid down by White himself leads across the grass from the garden to the summer-house, which also was the

work of the naturalist's own hand. This summer-house, though now in ruins, is a very interesting relic, as what there is of it is quite unaltered. The very table at which he used to sit, a little round piece of oak, once supported by a single claw, lies broken in two upon the floor. The sides are lined with moss and heather as fresh as on the day he died; and though the wind has blown off the roof, and levelled one of the trees by which the sides were supported, it is still propped up by an ash, a maple, and a holly, which keep it from tumbling down altogether. The iron railings by which it was surrounded have been torn down, and it has a desolate and forlorn appearance. But it requires no effort of the imagination to restore it as it was when our dear old friend used to trot down his little brick path on a summer morning, spectacles on nose, and the newly-arrived packet from Pennant or Barrington in hand, to study at leisure what they had to say about his theories of migration; about the habits of the chaffinch or the reed-sparrow; or to concoct, perhaps, an answer to any crude hypothesis which might have been incautiously suggested to him on the subject of field-fares.

I stood and gazed at the old summer-house and the little brick path with immense interest and attraction, and felt myself for the first time really in the presence of Gilbert White as he lived and moved among his own contemporaries. His square-skirted coat, knee-breeches, and ribbed worsted stockings; his square-toed thick shoes, his wig, his loose cravat, his spectacles, his cane, were all before me. My eyes became moist, and I turned slowly away to look for Timothy, whom I almost expected to find "made up" for the winter in some "dry, wholesome sunny spot in the fruit border." To the kitchen garden, at all events, I wended my way next; and that must be very little altered from what it was in the days when Timothy roamed about it, screening himself from the sun under a large cabbage leaf or "the waving forest of an asparagus bed." There is the same wall, I make no doubt, which in 1773 produced "ten dozen lovely peaches and nectarines." Here were his cucumber frames; and here what remains of the "fine sloping laurel hedge," another favorite haunt of Timothy, which was so damaged by frost in 1784. But to enumerate all the objects which I recognize or seem to recognize in this hallowed spot would carry me far beyond my limits; and it is time I said a few words about the *genius loci* himself.

It is difficult in these days to realize the complete seclusion of a place like Selborne a hundred years ago, or the difference which time has wrought both in its social and its natural productions. In bad weather it must have been almost isolated; and even when the roads were passable the experience of the majority of its inhabitants did not probably extend beyond the two quiet little towns of Alton and Petersfield. We can gather the best idea of what such a village must have been from the "Raveloe" of Silas Marner, and it is easy to understand how in this

> Rural, sheltered, unobserved retreat

White's days glided tranquilly away, "with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons." It would be hard to find a better exemplification of that happy rural life depicted by the ancient poets than we find in the blameless and untroubled existence of this amiable man. *Fortunate senex*, to whom was allotted neither riches nor poverty, a secure and certain home in the house of his fathers, abundant leisure for the prosecution of his favorite studies, and, greater boon than all, to grow old among the scenes of his childhood: —

> Felix qui patriis ævum transegit in agris;
> Ipsa domus puerum quem vidit, ipsa senem.

This is that "sweet monotony" extolled by George Eliot as a deeper source of happiness than all the variety in the world; and it is this undisturbed repose, this confirmed tranquillity, by which the life of the last century was prominently distinguished from our own. In those blissful days of non-improvement no landmarks were removed, either moral or material; and a man could rise every morning and go to bed every night in the happy confidence that all around him would be the same to-morrow as it was to-day, and for what he knew to the end of time. It seems probable that some such moral atmosphere is necessary to the growth of men like Gilbert White. For it is not only the closeness of his observation and the extent of his knowledge in natural history which delight us in his pages. The tone of satisfaction and contentment which they everywhere breathe; a love of, and devotion to, nature, unbroken by that strife and trouble of the outer world which nowadays penetrates to the remotest recesses of our island; the

image, in short, of a perfectly happy man which they constantly reflect, contribute at least an equal share of the pleasure which they inspire.

It is this peculiar combination which constitutes the charm of White's Selborne, and enables us thoroughly to enjoy a walk with him in the woods or in the forest without sharing all his scientific curiosity. He possesses, too, a quiet humor of his own, not seldom found in similar characters, which appears most frequently in his more familiar letters, and only glimmers very faintly, even if it is visible at all, in his natural history. As an example of what we mean, we would instance his account of his hayrick in a letter to Mr. Barber in 1786, and Timothy's letter to his former mistress, which is quite in the style of "The Spectator." He is said to have been a taciturn man, of rather retiring manners; and few anecdotes or reminiscences of his private life survive among the representatives of his family. But his character and habits have been perpetuated forever by his own hand, and creep into our study of imagination during a stroll through his beloved Selborne "as though he lived indeed."

Were he to rise from the dead, he would find the fauna of the district much changed. The village boys would look in vain for a raven's nest in "Losels," and the kite has wheeled himself away to far remote regions. I remember that many years ago I saw a wild raven, the only one I ever did see, in the woods near Trotton, at no great distance from Selborne. But his voice had a sound of "never more" in it even then; and he has croaked his last by this time, I should think, through the whole district. White tells us that a large flock of wood-pigeons used to haunt the Hanger from November to February. I saw none about the fields in January, though of course there must be wood pigeons — ringdoves I mean — at Selborne as in every other part of England. But with the multiplication of guns and the decrease of the beech woods their numbers have probably diminished. He mentions what I can corroborate myself, that a flock of wood-pigeons, when disturbed at roost, make a noise like thunder when they rush out in a body from the tree-tops. I remember once stopping to light a pipe under a long avenue of elm-trees one pitch-dark winter's night, and the sudden roar of wings as I struck the match was quite appalling. It appears from White's book that the stockdove — the real wood-pigeon with no white ring round his neck — did not breed about Selborne; and that White was very uncertain whether it built at all in England. But Professor Bell found a nest in the hollow of an old pollard ash, and I have known one myself in a similar situation. The rooks, however, I suppose, are as numerous as ever, and I saw them in the evening wending their way towards the large woods at Tisted just as White himself describes them.

It now only remained for me to discover the sexton and view the interior of the church, which had but lately been restored. I found in this official a very civil and intelligent guide, but even he could tell me little of what I was in search of — the personal appearance, habits and conversation of the Rev. Gilbert. His grandfather, he said, had known him well; but all that he had overheard was that he was "a square-built man of what you'd call medium statue," and that he was "very quiet." During the last seven years of his life he took the duty for the vicar, and regularly read prayers and preached. My companion, however, remembered his niece very well, Miss Mary White, who lived in the house after her uncle's death, down to 1839, when the property was bought by Mr. Bell. There is nothing very remarkable inside the fine old church, which consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles. It contains several monuments to the White family, and one to Gilbert in the chancel. The pew in which he sat was in the middle of the nave; and the grave in which he now sleeps is on the north side, distinguished by a simple stone with the letters G. W. engraved on it.

The Plestor was formerly much larger than it is, and the old oak, which was blown down in 1703, stood within what is now the churchyard. A sycamore now stands in the Plestor, which the sexton thought must have stood there in White's time. But I did not see this part of the village to much advantage, as the ground had been poached up by carts during the restoration of the church, and still bore a rather squalid and uncared-for look.

It was now four o'clock, and I had a six-mile walk home to my friend's house on a short winter afternoon: so, as I had expended my three hours to pretty good advantage, though of course I had not seen nearly all which a lover of Gilbert White would wish to see, I dismissed my cicerone, and, turning my back on the village, set off again up the hill to Alton. I need not carry my adventures any further, and only hope my readers will not

think me an egotist if I mention the lively satisfaction with which I sat down to a well-earned dinner, and gave my entertainers the benefit, in two senses, of a thoroughly well-spent day.

T. E. KEBBEL.

From Temple Bar.

TEMPLES AND WORSHIPPERS IN JAPAN.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

THE many gods whose shrines and temples stand thickly in all the towns of Japan, have grown into the condition of deity almost under the eyes of the people. They have been for the most part military heroes or prominent ministers under successive sovereigns. Had the Duke of Wellington lived in Japan, he would by this time have been a god with his shrines and temples, his many priests, and the *rin* raining throughout the day into his gridironed money-box. So would Lord Nelson; so would the first Duke of Marlborough; and Lord Randolph Churchill, instead of busying himself with politics, might have been abbot of the principal family shrine. It was thus that Michizane came to be a deity, and to have his temple at Kyoto and elsewhere. Michizane was third minister of state to the mikado towards the end of the ninth century. His rapid advance and his personal influence exciting the jealousy of a colleague names Tokihira, finally led to his degradation and banishment. He died in exile and was buried by the roadside. As his body was being carried to the cemetery in a bullock car the animal stopped, and since it could not by any means be induced to go farther, the disgraced minister was buried on the spot.

There does not seem anything very extraordinary in this incident. The reasonable conclusion would appear to be that the bullock was tired, perhaps having been out on a job earlier in the day. But combined with other portents, the mikado, troubled in his conscience, saw in this a heavenly sign. He withdrew the decree of banishment, conferred his former earthly rank upon the dead man, and without more to-do made a god of him. The bull which played so prominent a part in establishing Michizane's posthumous career is largely represented in his temple at Kyoto. Amongst other models there are two, one in black marble, and the other a curious speckled red. These bulls and all others in and about the temple are covered with pellets of chewed paper, cast at them by devotees. A man or woman in doubt as to some particular course contemplated, comes here, chews a bit of paper, makes a pellet of it, and standing at some distance throws it at the bull, deciding according to the spot on which the pellet sticks. Something akin to this pagan habit is found in England where a man halting between two courses determines them by tossing up a half-penny.

On the left as the temple is approached there is a curious picture-gallery, with more bulls and other objects marvellously painted. These also are covered with pellets of chewed paper. I was much struck with one painting representing two men in scanty clothing holding by a halter a lively bay horse. Their astonishment at discovering that the horse has a sky-blue eye is very graphically delineated. Curious-looking animals, understood to be tigers, are carved in great numbers. Wherever they are within reach they have pieces of paper string tied round their forelegs just above the heel, which gives them the appearance of tigers with their garters slipping down. The temple itself is like an old curiosity shop, full of mirrors and lanterns. At the upper step, close by a large cloth covered with *rin*, an old man knelt in prayer. He was terribly in earnest, clapping his hands to arrest the attention of the god, wringing them with gestures of piteous entreaty, and pleading in broken voice for blessing or forgiveness. At the foot of the steps were half-a-dozen men and women also engaged in prayer. But none had the earnestness of this old man, who neither saw nor heard anything around him.

The temple of Riyomidzu-dera, like that at Asakusa, is approached through an avenue crowded with little shops and penny shows, which give it the appearance of a fair. It was a *fête* day when we visited it, and a dense crowd was always passing up or down. In the porch of the temple, amongst other votive offerings, was a large lock of greasy black hair tied with string to a wooden frame. This, Ito our guide explained, was the offering of a man who had probably been too much given to drink. He had come here, taken a vow to abstain, and in token thereof had cut off his hair, and hung it up. Another votive offering was a vivid picture of an explosion on a steamship, with full account of the catastrophe, and of the providential escape of the pious votary. In a little recess close by the altar, three

priests were driving a flourishing trade in the sale of charms. For a penny I bought two, one warranted to hold me scatheless against thunder, and the other securing for me general good fortune.

Before the altar were seated a row of worshippers repeating the name of Buddha at the rate of sixty times a minute, and marking off the tallies with beads on a string. One man, a skilled practitioner, must have repeated the word a thousand times whilst we looked on, working his hands about the while. With equal expenditure of energy he might in the same time have knit the foot of a pair of stockings, or mended his clothes, or done some other useful work. To one of the pillars before the altar was attached a wooden box in which were copies of Buddhist Scriptures. Worshippers coming in unprovided, took up one of these little books, said their prayers, returned the book to the box and went their way. At the other side of the altar was a large open trunk, with innumerable bits of bamboo in it having writing upon them. I saw people as they passed throw in a bit of stick. Ito explained that this is one of the most honorable customs of the Church. If a man has at heart any special desire, he will go to the temple, carrying with him as many bits of bamboo as he numbers years. On each he writes his name, age, and the object of his desire. Then he makes the circuit of the temple as many times as he has lived years, praying before every shrine, and as he passes the wooden trunk he throws in one of the pieces of bamboo.

"For instance," Ito says, "if I wanted to get back my watch, which I lost when the boat upset in Yokahichi Bay the other day, I would get twenty-one pieces of bamboo, and go round twenty-one times. But I wouldn't do it," he added with stern resolve.

Ito is Shinto, and looks with contempt upon the superstitions of the Buddhist. Yet he is full of charity. His "mudder," leaning towards the ancient faith, Ito makes no effort to proselytize. He even allows the old lady a fixed sum of money per week, so that, relieved from domestic cares, she may spend the whole of her days in worship.

"And she does," Ito says in a tone of resignation: "goes out early in the morning, comes home when the temple is shut up, praying all the day."

This is a common custom among the old people of the Buddhist faith. Having closed their account with life, they devote their remaining days, be they few or many, to propitiating Buddha, wearying him with incessant prayer for admittance into the heavenly state. We saw many of these people in the temple. Two, a neat old lady and a still vigorous old man, were noticeable for the business like way in which they set about their task. They had taken possession of one of the little chapels that abound in the temple, a small alcove with a shrine crowded with gods, and filled up with little trays bearing food, each labelled with the name of the donor. Both man and woman were on their knees, and each had a tiny wooden hammer with which they incessantly struck a small gong. The old man, with the selfishness of his sex, had in addition possessed himself of a large bronze bell. From time to time he struck this, its sonorous notes drowning the sound of the woman's gong and fixing the attention of Buddha exclusively upon him. All the while both man and woman rapidly prayed, the old gentleman occasionally breaking forth in song, with most comical effect. Like Ito's mother, they had come here in the early morning, and evidently meant to stay till the place was closed. On a cloth before the shrine was a handful of copper coins, doubtless the joint offering of the worthy couple. Judiciously distributed, a threepenny bit will go a long way in this kind of expenditure, and a day so spent need not be costly.

In one of the booths on the way up we saw a string of legal currency which was changed for a halfpenny. There were probably fifty metal coins on the string, which are thus prepared for the use of the charitable, and ultimately find their way to the pockets of the beggars who in this part of the island swarm about the temples. A few paces farther on, right opposite a large shrine, was a pleasant tea-house, overlooking the valley. Here women were sitting on the matted floor gossiping over thimblefuls of tea. From this place we got a striking view of the structure of the temple, which is built into the side of the hill, the outer walls being supported on large wooden piles. Between the tea-house and the alcove, where the old people prayed and hammered away at the gong, a panel drawn back disclosed three women sitting over a *hibaichi* smoking pipes. Next door was another little chapel with two old women and one young one beating gongs and saying their prayers.

Situated at the southern side of the city is Nishi Hou-Gwan-ji, the chief tem-

ple of the western branch of this sect of Buddhism. The present building is nearly three hundred years old, and is a splendid specimen of the architecture of the time. Unlike the gaudy temples at Nikko, the wood and stone work are left in their natural color, which centuries have toned down to a soft grey. A feature peculiar to the temple is the extensive suite of state apartments. In these the priests receive distinguished guests, from the mikado downwards. The largest room has its panels decorated with paintings of storks by famous artists. There are also some wonderful specimens of carved storks about the wood-work. The various rooms which, in addition to being connected by a long corridor, open into each other by sliding panels, are each decorated with a special design: one chrysanthemums, another peacocks and cherry-trees, a third with marvellous Chinese landscapes on a dead-gold ground.

Outside the temple is a gateway, which formerly belonged to a Shinto temple, but, as frequently happens with sections of temple-buildings in Japan, it was transported hither. There is much carving on this gateway, the figure on one of the panels telling a pretty story. Kiyo-yo having had a proposal modestly made to him that he should resign the throne, is here figured in the act of washing the ear that has suffered the indignity of receiving the proposal. So great is the insult that nothing less than a waterfall will serve the cleansing purpose. The artist accordingly puts in the waterfall pretty thick; but Eastern fancy does not stop here. A little farther on are the figures of a man and a cow, the latter drinking from a pool below the waterfall. The man owns the cow, and he is glaring upon Kiyo-yo for thus polluting the water which his cow was drinking. He cannot contain his rage at the thought that his cow should even after a waterfall drink from a stream tainted with such a proposal. I do not know anything in Western literature or art that can go beyond this in expressing contempt.

The Japanese painters do not fall short of the artists in wood in reproducing water effects. One of these state apartments is known as the wave-room. The walls are covered with paintings of desperate seas, looking at first sight like agglomerations of logs rounded at the head and bulging out in the middle. On the ceiling, in every panel, there is a freely drawn object, which I thought was meant to represent large shells of a species unknown in Great Britain. These are, however, waves, and it is the glory of the artist, that though there are over a hundred, each one is turned a different way — a terrible sight for Ito, who has not yet got over his experiences by sea. The temple itself, like all belonging to this particular sect, is very plain; this characteristic being so marked that it might almost be taken for a Shinto temple.

It was close upon four o'clock when we arrived, and at the stroke of the hour a priest appeared and drew the gilt shutters across the altar. With the punctuality that marks the movements of the British workman at the dinner-hour, he shut out from further devotion for the day a young man who, conscious of being late, had been vigorously praying. There were three shrines, and as one was closed by the business-like priest, the young man hopped off to the other. When the last panel of the last shrine was closed, he skipped across the matted floor to the open door, where he had left his clogs. We passed on to the Amida Do, and there, before the yet open shrine, knelt the industrious young man.

Close by this temple is a pavilion, named, in the Japanese language, after the Flying Clouds. This was to me one of the most interesting buildings in Kiyoto, for here, more than two hundred years ago, lived in the flesh Hideyoshi, an able and valiant Japanese, who left his mark deeply cut in the history of his country. Apart from this personal connection, the building is attractive by reason of its age. In a city periodically burned, this narrow, lofty building has stood unharmed. It is set in an old-fashioned garden, dark with the shadow of ancient trees, and crowded with conifers. There is a pool, in which grow goldfish of prodigious size. They seem as if they had been born in Hideyoshi's time, and had been slowly growing ever since.

The place is in the custody of an old gentleman, the nimblest for his years I ever looked upon. He was dressed in an old brown *kimona*, shaped something after the fashion of a monk's gown. He wore no hat, had not shaved for many days, and was in a state of spasmodic excitement at sight of three Europeans, who would probably tip him before they left. We were in constant danger of losing him, as he generally ran ahead through the winding walks, returning to find us standing belated, discussing by which turn he had disappeared. He was into the house like a shot, and, before we had reached the

door, he had opened the side of a room, and was loudly clapping his hands over the pool beneath. This looked liked active lunacy; but he was only calling the fish, who came up under the window in shoals. A steep staircase, with steps about twice the ordinary height, led up, room over room, to the topmost story, where was Hideyoshi's bedroom. It was of course bare, but there were some curious and interesting panels on the wall representing the old nobles in wonderful costumes, their skirts swelled out by exaggerated crinolines. One, with a curiously flattened look, was squatted on the floor, under a weight of clothes that seemed to preclude the possibility of his ever getting up again. He was, Ito said, "something under Hideyoshi," and indeed he did look sat upon. Another panel held all that was left of a view of Fuji, faded now almost to nothing. Some Japanese humorist has called it "the Fuji of good manners," because in order to catch its dim outline you must bend low.

Hideyoshi's bath is on the ground-floor, just as he left it when he was steamed for the last time. It is a somewhat elaborate contrivance, with a furnace and pipes for conveying the steam into the box in which the great man used to sit and parboil himself. This humble domestic appanage seemed to bring one very near to old Japan. It was as if Hideyoshi had but just stepped out after taking his bath, as if the shogun's empire, with its blindness, its ignorance, its feudalism, and its ferocity, were still a living thing, and the new Japan, with its railways, its telegraphs, its post-office, its system of national education, its liberal foreign policy, and its coming House of Commons, a disordered dream.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE WELLS OF THE DESERT.

It is obvious that the water supply of an invading army must always be a question of the first importance. It is a problem, indeed, of vital interest in all military operations in the East, where the enterprise and skill of the greatest commander have to reckon with it on the footing of a *sine quâ non*. A campaign in the desert is a struggle with difficulties, abnormal even to its inhabitants, and which may sometimes be turned against invaders with terrible effect. Since the days when the Philistines filled up "the wells of Abraham" the fighting Arab stops the spring he cannot defend; as more disciplined troops spike the gun they are compelled to abandon. Such tactics were even once put in practice against the pilgrims to Mecca; all the wells from Bagdad thither, which had been dug for their benefit, being filled up with sand by Ginabi, a rebel who in the tenth century rose against the reigning caliph. Nothing can more forcibly illustrate the confidence, or the stern resolve, of the Arabs in the last battle than the fact that when our soldiers reached the wells of Tamai they found their refreshing stores unpolluted. During the next few weeks the water supply of the Soudan will become more and more precarious; many springs drying up or becoming effaced before the breath of the *khamseen* — the hot wind of the desert. The value of water in the East can hardly be realized by those whose experience has been confined to a land of running brooks. In our Abyssinian campaign the "tube-well" of an American inventor was employed with excellent results; and the Russians have not been slow to profit by the example, having adopted it almost throughout the line of their advance in Asia. Some other artificial systems are also in use, such as that of the condensing apparatus with which a few of our ships of war are furnished; but it is understood that, in the event of of any further inland operations from Suakim, the English troops will have to depend for at least a portion of their supplies upon the despatch of caravans of water-carriers from the Nile. Such "fleets of the desert" hardly differ in a single detail from those which crossed it on a similar errand three thousand years ago. Conservatism is at once the instinct and the aspiration of the East. Modern travellers have been startled to find themselves among scenes which might be photographed as faithful illustrations of the literature of antiquity; and in nothing is this more forcibly shown than in the stereotyped methods of obtaining and distributing water. A machine still used by the Egyptians for irrigation is identical with that employed in the days of the Pharaohs. Among uncivilized races, where slavery is common, women are often the worst slaves. The Bedaween constantly spare their mules and camels at the expense of their wives, who have to make repeated journeys to the wells, distressed by the burden of from two to four gallons of water, which is carried in long skins. These vessels are merely

rough goat-skins stripped off whole and sewn up; being then filled with a strong infusion of oak-bark until the hair becomes fixed and the skins sufficiently tanned. This constitutes the whole process; the only variation being the substitution of the skins of oxen for those of the goat when the vessels are intended for transport by camels. The disputes of which ancient wells were the almost constant object have not diminished, nor are questions of "title" raised or debated with less acrimony than of yore. This is, doubtless, partly due to the fact that what may be termed domestic or family wells, both from the insecurity of the soil and their unscientific construction, seldom endure long. In such cases the Egyptian peasants dig others, permitting those which are disused to become a source of constant danger to wayfarers. It is not unlikely that some of the disguised pits which made the ground so treacherous to our cavalry at Tamai were old half-filled-up wells of this description. A mound of mud is, for safety, sometimes raised near these, high enough to be seen above any growing crops; while the invariably forked pole and lever distinguish the wells in use, to which they serve as a guide. As the well water of Egypt is occasionally quite bitter and commonly brackish, numerous villagers obtain a livelihood by supplying water from the Nile. This is naturally turbid, and is therefore clarified in native fashion — by a paste made of almonds, or by filtration through pots of white earthenware baked in the sun. Thus treated, however, the Nile water is considered so delicious by the Turks, that they frequently eat salt to intensify their thirst; and they have a saying that, if Mahommed had drunk of it, he would have prayed for length of days to enjoy it. According to Clement of Alexandria, the Hebrews had an old law which forbade husbandmen diverting water from other lands until they had first strictly proved the barrenness of their own. Natural wells have been, perhaps more than all other objects, associated with poetical and even religious ideas. Whether in the East or West, they are commonly dedicated to a saint or patron, and miraculous powers are frequently ascribed to their waters. The Holy Well of Zemzem, near Mecca, is supposed to be that which burst forth in the desert when Hagar was searching for water to slake the thirst of Ishmael. Over the spring reputed to be the veritable "Jacob's Well" Helena, the mother of the emperor Constantine, built a church, which was resorted to during long ages. In truth, there is scarcely a well in the desert but has its romance. Many tender and some quaint pieces of lore surround the whole subject of Oriental wells; among the latter being the remark in "Purchase his Pilgrimage," that the Arabs considered their water lighter than ours by four ounces in the pound, which fact made it all the more pleasant to drink — "It goeth downe more delectably, as if it were milk rather than water."

Official Mourning in China. — A correspondent of an American newspaper, writing from China, describes the conduct of officials there when a parent dies, thus: "The mother of Li Hung Chang has died, and in consequence that eminent public servant has withdrawn temporarily from office. It has been known for some time past that the old lady, who was over eighty years of age, was in a very precarious condition, and speculation was rife as to the effect which the event might have on the political fortunes of her illustrious son. It is well known that Chinese etiquette strictly demands retirement from office for the space of three years on the death of either parent To this there is hardly ever an exception. The theory is that the grief of the bereaved son is so inconsolable as to incapacitate him for his public functions, and, moreover, the sacred duties of attending to the funeral ceremonies and performing the sacrifices at the grave must necessarily absorb his time and attention. Whatever his rank or wealth may be, he must go about clad in a coarse hempen garment unstitched at the borders; he must sleep for forty-nine nights on the bare floor, with a brick for his pillow, beside the coffin; he must remain unshaved and uncombed for one hundred days; and for the whole period of three years he can have no music or joyous event of any kind in his house. At such a time public duty must give way to private, and the official, no matter what his standing, who would omit to report the fact of his father's or mother's decease and request permission to retire would certainly incur grave censure, and probably be dismissed from office altogether."

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MY WASTED YOUTH.

"Que vous ai-je donc fait, O mes jeunes années!"

LET me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the days when the orchard was white and white
As the driven snow, and I did not go, as I might,
To let the blossoms fall and cover me o'er,
And take the heart of the Spring to my own heart's core.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone!

Let me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the starlight nights that I did not see,
And the starlike eyes that never lit up for me,
The moons that on rippling waters have glanced and shone,
And the tender faces I have not looked upon.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone!

Let me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am weeping the merry dances I could not tread,
And the tears of happiness that I did not shed,
The feverish joy, and dumb, delicious pain,
And the lost, lost moments that will not come again.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone!

Let me alone!
I am weeping my wasted youth.
I am praying for those who have seen their youth go by,
With half its sweets untasted, unknown, as I,
That God — forasmuch as He left the first bright page
Of their life a blank — would send them love in their age.
I am weeping my wasted youth.
Let me alone!

Blackwood's Magazine. E. R. CHAPMAN.

LYRICS FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

A SHELTER — spent and tempest-driven
Mid winter's strife —
I sought, and found the boon of Heaven,
Eternal life.
Oh Word, how is thy truth confessed!
Who seeketh part, shall find the whole;
I asked but for the wanderer's rest,
And found the traveller's goal.

I asked some kindly door to ope for
My weary head;
The heart of Love I dared not hope for
Stood wide instead.
Oh Word, how is thy truth confessed!
Who sues for little, all has won;
I, that would be thy winter-guest,
Was thy belovèd son.

II.

Hear us, great God of Might,
Hear us, great God of Right,
Lord of all War, — in Heaven!
Father, we pray and praise;
Father, we kneel and raise
Thanks for thy freedom given.

Mutter all Hell and moan,
God, thy strong arm alone
Lies with a blow strikes down:
Lord of Sabaoth, lead!
One Lord in three indeed;
Lead to the victor's crown.

Lead us! fall all we have
Deep in the darkling grave,
Praise to thee — praise even then:
Empery — glory — power —
Through thine own judgment-hour:
Almighty Chief — Amen!

III.

I love thee for that love thee, dear, I must;
I love thee, for 'twas so my lot befell;
I love thee by some heavenly arrow-thrust;
I love thee by the working of a spell.

Thee love I as the rose, sweet, loves the briar;
Thee love I as the sun his light on high;
Thee love I, life-breath of my life's desire;
Thee love I, whom to love not is to die.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

Eastbourne, March, 1884. Spectator.

A PERFECT DAY.

WE went together up the side
Of some far hill on that far day;
Where, in the grass, clear streamlets glide,
Where flickering shadows softly play —
Ah me!
That this should be but one long memory!

A brook was singing in the sun,
As if it strove our lips to teach
Some secret of its waters' run,
Some words that scarce find sound in speech;
And so
We drank love's cup, and listened to its flow,

My sweet, we lingered near the stream
Till melting gold turned all to grey;
And now it only seems a dream
The memory of that perfect day.
Thus pass
Love's hours like breath-stains breathed upon a glass.

All the Year Round.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

HISTORIC LONDON.

As I walk about the streets of this most mighty, most wonderful, most unlovely, and yet most memorable of cities, my mind is torn by a tumult of emotions and thoughts. What a record of power and life in those eighteen centuries since the Roman historian spoke of it as "especially famous for the crowd of its merchants and their wares"! What a world of associations cling to the very stones, and names, and sites of it still! Can any city show so great an array of buildings and scenes identified with poetry and literature, and with the memories of poets and thinkers, of so high an order? In its parks, in its river, in its matchless group of buildings at Westminster, in the peculiar beauty of some sunset effects, it has still, I think, certain elements of charm which no northern city surpasses. And then, with these superb elements of interest and beauty, what endless tracts of ugliness, squalor, and meanness! What a prison house, or work-house, is it to some three millions at least of the four millions who dwell here! What a puzzle without hope does it seem, this overgrowing wen, in which we seem to be madly trampling life out of each other as a mob in a panic! And how it maddens one to think that it is within the lifetime of some of us that this extreme monstrosity of bulk has been piled upon our poor city; that but a few years since some of its most memorable and beautiful buildings have been destroyed; that improvements and restoration have wrought their worst under our own eyes! More real ruin has been done to old London within my own memory than in the two centuries which preceded it. More old spots disappear now every ten years than in any century of an earlier time. The great fire itself was hardly more destructive than are the railways; and the "boards" are more terrible to such a city than armies of foreign invaders. At times I could almost wish that if the New Zealander is ever to sit on the broken arches of London Bridge and muse upon the ruins of this city, the ruin might take place before London consists of nothing but American hotels, railway stations, and stucco terraces. In a few years London will be only a grimy Chicago, or stuffy New York. The poet will cry again, "*Etiam periere ruinæ.*"

Let us put aside the darker, more discouraging side of this strange city; its monotony, its meanness, its horrors, the huge areas of ugliness, and portentous piles of brick and iron which modern ideas of progress have given it. Within this century about a dozen American cities of the fourth class have been dropped down over a large part of the counties of Middlesex and Surrey; and within the same period the river side has been covered from Putney to Woolwich with some twenty miles of city of the iron and cotton country type. Within twenty years the river has been crossed and the city pierced by enormous railroads. But all this is not London. Let us think of London as many of us can remember it — a very big city, but neither a county covered with bricks nor a huge terminus; before avenues, American hotels, and mammoth warehouses were invented.

This London, I make bold to say, is of all cities north of the Alps the most rich in local interest. In certain elements of historical interest it surpasses, indeed, Rome itself, Athens, Jerusalem, Venice, or Paris. There is no single spot in London so memorable as the Forum and the Acropolis or the Mount of Olives; none so romantic as the Piazza of San Marco; and Paris has a history almost more fascinating than London. But the historic buildings of Paris have suffered even more than those of London from destruction and restoration. Paris has no Tower, no Westminster Hall, no Temple, and no Guildhall. The history of Venice is at most that of some four or five centuries; that of Jerusalem is made up of broken fragments; that of Athens is but the history of some two centuries. Nay, even the majestic memories of Rome are broken by vast gulfs and blanks; it wants any true continuity, and there is no monumental continuity at all.

Now that which gives London its supreme claim as a historic city is made up of many concurrent qualities. In the first

place stands the continuity in the local history of London. To put all probabilities and uncertain origins aside, there is a definite record of London as a city for eighteen hundred and twenty-three years. During that period there is a history (not more broken than that of England), and a constant succession of local and visible traces. Though London was never a Roman city of the first order, the general scheme of Roman London can still be traced; there is an adequate body of Roman remains; there are Roman bricks in the fragments of the city walls; and the White Tower stands on the foundations of a Roman bastion. For the thousand years which separate us from the days of Alfred the history of London is complete, and that history can be traced in an almost continuous series of local associations, and for the last eight centuries it exists in an almost regular series of monuments or fragments. Some few of the cities of Europe have an even longer historic record. Some few of them have a more perfect monumental record. But such cities as Treves, Lyons, Milan, or York, obviously belong to the second class of cities, whatever their antiquarian interest. To rank with the four or five great historic cities of the world, we must look to mass, unbroken sequence of local association, and dominant place in the history of the world over a long course of centuries. Marseilles, Florence, Venice, Genoa, Rouen, Cordova, and Cologne — even Athens, Naples, Moscow, and Prague fail before this test. And of European cities alone can be counted — in the first rank of great historic capitals — Rome, Constantinople, Paris, and London.

Now I do not hesitate to say that no one of these surpasses London (I doubt if any one of them equals London) in the degree in which existing buildings and recognized sites can be identified with history, literature, and the human interest of mankind, in so great a volume and over so vast an unbroken period. Even at Rome all the greater remnants of the ancient world belong to the later empire and the age of decay. The Colosseum, the vastest of the ruins, tells of no great age or man, of nothing but abomination. No great Roman that we know of can be certainly connected with the arch of Constantine, or the baths of Caracalla, or the walls of Aurelian. The very site of the Capitol, the plan of the Forum, are disputed. There is hardly a vestige of the city of Coriolanus, of Scipio, and of Julius; hardly any trace of the mediæval Church; little anywhere but the monuments of pride, rapacity, tyranny, and luxury. The same is true of Constantinople in a far greater degree — of almost all the historic cities of the world. This want of continuity is pre-eminently true of Paris. What we see there to-day, the spots that we can verify precisely, are not those of their greatest memories, are not exactly identified with great men, and do not form one immense continuous series. Even Paris has not played, until within three or four centuries, that dominant part in French history, which London has played in the history of England for six or seven centuries. Paris has far fewer records of the feudal ages than London; and it is hopelessly Haussmannized. Nor is old Paris identified as old London is with so great a mass of poetic associations.

London has been, since the Conquest, the real centre of government, of the thought, the growth, the culture, and the life of the nation. No other city in Europe has kept that prerogative unbroken for eight centuries until our own day. At the very utmost, Paris has possessed it for not more than four centuries, and in an incomplete manner for at least half of these four. The capitals of Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Spain are merely the artificial work of recent ages, and the capitals of Italy and Greece are mere antiquarian revivals. England was centralized earlier than any other European nation; and thus the congeries of towns that we now call London, has formed, from the early days of our monarchy, the essential seat of government, the military headquarters, the permanent home of the law, the connecting link between England and the Continent, and one of the great centres of the commerce of Europe. Hence it has come about that the life of England has been concentrated on the banks of the Thames

more completely and for a longer period, than the life of any great nation has been concentrated in any single modern city. When we add to that fact the happy circumstance that at least down to the memory of living men, London retained a more complete series of public monuments, a more varied set of local associations, more noble buildings bound up with the memory of more great events and more great men than any single city in Europe (except perhaps Rome itself), we come to the conclusion that London is a city unsurpassed in historic interest.

The true historic spirit, I hold, looks on the history, at least of Europe, as a living whole, and as a complete organic life. I know it is the fashion to pick and choose epochs as supreme, to back races as favorites, to find intense beauty here and utter abomination there. But the real historic interest lies in the succession of all the ages, in the variety, the mass, the human vitality of the record. Now the peculiar glory of London is to possess this local monumental record in a more complete and continuous way than any city perhaps in Europe. We can trace it when the Fort of the Lake, the original Llyn-din, was one of two or three knolls rising out of fens, salt estuaries, and tidal swamps. We can make out the plan of the Roman city; we have still the Roman milestone, fragments of Roman walls and of Roman houses, and the line of Roman streets. From thence to the Conquest we can identify the sites of a series of buildings civil and ecclesiastical, and have scores of local names which remain to this day. From the eleventh century downwards we have a continuous series of remains in the foundations of the Abbey, in the White Tower, in the Temple Church, St. Bartholomew's, St. Saviour's, and the other city churches; and so all through the feudal period we have some record in the Tower, the Guildhall, the magnificent group of buildings at Westminster, the remnants of the Savoy, Crosby Hall, and Lambeth Palace. Of the Tudor and Jacobean age, we have seen the tower gateways of St. James's, of Lincoln's Inn, and St. John's, Clerkenwell, the Middle Temple Hall, the banqueting hall at Whitehall, Holland House, many of the halls of city companies and of lawyers, old Northumberland House, Fulham Palace, and many a house and tavern frequented by the poets, wits, and statesmen of the seventeenth century. Thence, from the fire downwards, the record is complete and ample, with St. Paul's and the other churches of Wren, Temple Bar, and the Monument, and scores of houses and buildings which are identified with the literature, the statesmanship, and the movement of the eighteenth century from Newton and Dryden down to Byron and Lamb.

There is no city in the world (not Rome or Athens itself) which has been inhabited, and loved, and celebrated by so glorious a roll of poets extending over so long a period. Through all the five centuries from the days of Chaucer and Longland to our own time, a succession of poets and thinkers have lived in London, have spoken of its aspect, and can be traced to this day in their homes and haunts. We can follow Chaucer, and Piers Ploughman, and Froissart, and Caxton, More, and Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Milton, Raleigh and Cromwell, Pope and Dryden, Newton and Wren, Addison, Swift, Goldsmith and Johnson, Chatham and Burke; we can look on the houses they dwelt in, on the scenes they frequented, see what they saw, and stand where they trod. The London of Shakespeare alone would fill a volume with the history of the localities where he can be traced, the buildings which he describes, and the local color which warms so many of his dramas. If we gather up in memory all the scenes that he paints in the Tower, in the city, on the river, in the Abbey or the abbot's house, in the Jerusalem room, in the Temple gardens, in Crosby Hall, in Guildhall, and remember that "Twelfth Night" was performed in the Middle Temple Hall as we have it, we shall get some notion of the stamp which the genius of the greatest of poets has set upon the stones of the greatest of cities.

Next to Shakespeare himself comes Milton, a more thorough Londoner, and whose many homes, birthplace, and bur-

ial-place, we have or lately had. So, too, Dryden, Pope, Handel, Addison, Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, Byron, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, and De Quincey — strike out of our literature, our history, our law, our art, all that is locally associated with definite spots of London, London sights, London life, and London monuments, and the gap would be huge.

The features of London are themselves so vast, their local history is so rich, that they each have a history of their own. No city in Europe possesses a river like the Thames with its leagues of historic buildings along its course, its mighty ports, and bridges, and docks; nor have the Rhine, or the Tiber, a closer association with poetry, literature, and art. Our history and our literature abound with memories of the river. Nor has any city of Europe so great an array of parks associated as much with poetry, literature, and art, each with a long history, and endless traditions of its own. The parks of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, or New York are modern pleasure grounds of yesterday without the secular avenues, the ancient names, and the famous sites of ours.

In influence upon art, no one would compare the Seine with the Thames, or in immemorial charm contrast Longchamps with Kensington Gardens. In no capital in the world can we find a fortress such as the Tower, so ancient, so vast, so rich in centuries of historic memories, and so closely allied with splendid poetry. No other city possesses two such cathedrals as the Abbey and St. Paul's, each in the front rank of their respective forms of art, and both consecrated by an immense army of buried worthies and historic scenes.

How comes it that our city which has, in five or six of the elements of a great historic capital, qualities so supreme; which possesses the most venerable cathedral, the most historic castle, the most famous hall which still remain upon the earth; which has most noble remnants of all forms of Gothic art, both civil and religious, of all forms of Tudor art, of the classical Renaissance, and of the modern rococo art; a city whose monuments and localities are enshrined in ten thousand pages of our literature; where we can even yet trace the footsteps of the larger half of all our famous men; a city where in a summer's day you may pass across the record of eighteen centuries in stone, or in name, or in plan, — how comes it that this city which has been the stage for so large a part of English history, and the delight of so glorious a roll of English genius, is to some of us a place of weariness and gloom?

It is only, I think, within this nineteenth century that London has ceased to be loved and honored. As I walk about its streets, and try to forget the monotonous range of stucco palaces and dismal streets we see, and recall the look of it when silver Thames flowed between gardens, towers, and spires, the music of a hundred lines is wont to ring in my ears. I fancy I can see the pilgrims setting forth from the Tabard in Southwark, or with Shakespeare

> Stand in Temple Gardens, and behold,
> London herself on her proud stream afloat,

and walk about with old Stow, or visit the tombs with Sir Roger, or so musing I go and see Goldie's grave, and Johnson's house in Gough Square, and the fountain in the Temple dear to Lamb, to Dickens, and to Thackeray.

London within this century has grown to be four times what it was at the end of the last century; and perhaps it is this portentous bulk which prevents us from seeing, or knowing, London at all. We cannot be persuaded that our city still possesses works of incomparable beauty and historic interest, and that the mass and sequence of them, and their literary associations have hardly any equal in the world. We undervalue our city when we talk so continually of its smoke, its horrors, and its ugliness. Historic interest is not the same thing as artistic beauty; and picturesque elements may still manage to survive in a wilderness of grimy brick. London is not one, but ten or twelve great cities; it is the only city in the world, which is at once the centre of a vast empire, the port of the commerce of the world, the seat of the finance of the world, the home of the oldest monarchy, of the oldest parliament, and some of the oldest foundations, religious, legal, and municipal to be found in Europe. Though it has no palaces to compare with those of Paris, it has fragments of palaces even older, and parks which have even more beauty, and as much historic interest as palaces. As the Thames is a commercial port which has no rival but the Mersey, as London is a larger manufacturing centre than Birmingham or Leeds, as the historic buildings of London are in foundation, at least, older than those of Flor-

ence, Venice, or Pisa, as its parks exceed in varied beauty any other open spaces in Europe, London has over and above its huge and melancholy bulk, at least four elements, each one of which would make a city of the first class.

There are in London three great buildings, or groups of buildings, which, in their combination of artistic and historic interest, are absolutely without a rival in Europe. These, of course, are the Tower, the Abbey and its surroundings, and Westminster Hall and the other remnants of the Old Palace. If to these we were to add two other buildings of a very different kind, I mean the Temple and Holland House, we have those buildings of all others, it may be, in Europe, of a private and not a public kind, where rare beauty is to be found in connection with an immense record of association with literature and with history.

Each of the three great monuments is of its kind amongst the noblest in the world; each of them has been for centuries an organ of our national life. That life has never been interrupted in any of them. They still survive in all their essential character. They still belong to the dynasty which built them, and they still serve the uses for which they were originally designed. They are all associated with our history and our literature as hardly any buildings now extant are. In their combination, in the continuity of their record, and in their own separate interest, they give London a character which no living city in the world retains.

Of the three buildings, the Tower is the oldest and, in some ways, the most unique. It shares with the castles of Windsor, Avignon, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Kremlin the rare peculiarity of being a mediæval fortress of the first class which has not become a ruin or a fragment. But the Tower in its central part is far older than them all. The races which built the Kremlin and the minarets on the Bosphorus were wandering robbers and herdsmen when the White Tower was the home of the most powerful kings in Europe. And as to the Vatican, the Escurial, and the Louvre, much in the stirring tale of the Tower was ancient history before the foundations of these palaces were laid. The White Tower has an authentic history of more than eight hundred years, and there is every reason to believe that beneath and around it are still remains of the Roman fortification of Londinium. But for the eight centuries of its certain history, the White Tower has guarded the symbols of our national power. The descendant of the Conqueror still holds it for the same uses. When the White Tower first rose over the Thames, the nations we now call France, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Russia did not exist as nations at all. And now, when the Bastille of Paris has disappeared for almost a century, and the republics which built the palaces of Florence, and Venice, and Ghent, and Bruges have been extinct for centuries, the Tower of the Normans has continued after them as long as it existed before them. It is neither a ruin, nor a museum, nor a site. It is still in the nineteenth century what it was in the eleventh — the central fortress of the kingdom which the Normans founded; it still guards the crown of Alfred, the Confessor, the Conqueror; it is still a martial camp, and guard to this day is changed day and night in the name of the descendant of King Wilhelm. And its towers recall more passages in the history and the poetry of our nation than perhaps any other building in the world records those of any other nation.

It may be that the Tower is modernized to the eye by wanton and stupid restoration. It is quite true that in magnificence and pictorial charm it cannot compare with Carcassonne, Loches, the Kremlin, or the Palazzo Vecchio. But the old stones in the Tower behind the wretched rubble facing, and the old bloodstained mould beneath the encaustic tiles of St. Peter's are just as real as ever. The Tower is only modernized skin-deep; and in some ways it is far more truly interesting to the hictoric eye, because it is not a mere picturesque ruin, a long-abandoned pile. Its very modern air is, in one sense, its surprising feature. It looks almost a recent work, because it has never ceased to be used for the end for which it was designed. It may be doubted if any civil building in the world has so long a continuous history. There are tombs and churches of twice its age; there are ruined castles and walls of far greater antiquity. Priests say mass in the baths of Diocletian; the tomb of Hadrian is converted into a fortress; the square temple of Nemausus is a picture gallery; and bulls are baited in the amphitheatre of Arles. But the Tower is the only civil edifice remaining in the world which has stood for eight centuries serving the same dynasty and the same national life, in unbroken continuity of service; and in those eight centuries it has known no period of degradation or decay, but rather has witnesse

a splendid series of great men and memorable deeds.

The Tower is by no means the mere collection of armories, dungeons, and torture-chambers that the casual sight-seer thinks it. Its true historical character is that of seat of our early government, residence of the kings, and headquarters of their forces. It is palace, fortress, council-hall, and treasure-house quite as much as prison. Indeed it is only a prison because it is a strong place. For five centuries, from the days of the first Normans to that of the last Tudor, it was from time to time the official residence of our kings, and hence the scene of much of our political history. Plantagenets and Tudors have all inhabited it; for nearly three centuries our kings started from it on their coronation ceremony. Two kings, four queens, and many princes and princesses died there. Many have been born there, and two, as we know, were buried in its walls. Its two churches, the Norman St. John's, and the late-pointed St. Peter's, are both amongst the most historic and touching of the monuments which the Middle Ages have left us. There is hardly any other building in Europe, and certainly none in England, of which it can be certainly said, as it can of St. John's Church in the White Tower, that it stands to-day (but for some wanton and foolish scraping) much as it was in the days of our Norman and Angevin kings, when there were gathered in it the men who first fashioned the map of Europe. Of St. Peter's-on-the-Green it may be said that the Abbey itself has no such pathos. Beneath that floor and beside those walls, which ecclesiologic childishness has pranked out with trumpery restorations, there moulder the headless bones of men and women whose passion, pride, crimes, or sufferings fill the annals and the poetry of our race.

In this matter there is surely one protest to make, one appeal to urge. The Tower is beyond all question the most historic feudal relic now extant in Europe. It contains almost the only chambers of the early Middle Ages to which we can assign any definite history, and point as the actual dwelling-place of historical persons. Some of the most important of these, and the prisons of Elizabeth, and Raleigh, and More, and Lady Jane Grey, are practically closed to the public. The fact that the Tower still contains a considerable population and some scores of families is a great danger to its safety, degrades and vulgarizes it, and excludes the public from the use of it. The Tower should be entirely cleared of all inhabitants except the necessary force of soldiers, and the warders in their old Tudor uniform. The place should be protected against fire as carefully as the Record Office or the British Museum; mere rubbish and modern carpentry should be cleared away, and the old stones left bare without Brummagem "restorations."

In the Abbey, Englishmen have a building which has become to them the typical shrine of their history and national glory, which fires the imagination and makes their heart throb, as no extant building in Europe affects any other people. To some degree the Kremlin exerts the same spell over the Russian; but the *genius loci* is less concentrated, it is incomparably lower and coarser in its power, and has a far less ancient and splendid record. France has no such monumental centre of its national memory; nor has Italy, nor Germany, nor Spain. But the Abbey is still to Englishmen all that the Temple of Solomon was to the Hebrew, and the tomb of the Prophet to the Arab, and the shrines of Olympia to the Greek, or that of Jupiter on the Capitol to the Roman; and not to Englishmen only, but to some sixty millions of English-speaking people in so many parts of this planet. To all of them the Abbey is grown to be a glorified Kaaba, a splendid and poetic fetich in stone, which seems to them the emblem of our English spirit and the resting-place of whatever England has ever held most venerable. It is no longer church, no longer cemetery — the tombs and the throne of kings are but part of its possession; no museum holds things so precious; no historical building has so vast a record of associations. Its very name has passed into our language as the synonym for national honor. St. Denis is to-day a whited sepulchre, where spruce revivalism is still scraping and bedecking in loathsome gaudiness the empty and ruined tombs. Rheims, too, once even more beautiful than the Abbey, is being scraped and trimmed like an American corpse prepared by the embalmers for the undertaker's show. Its historical memories have little power over modern Frenchmen. The magic and the mystery have left Notre Dame; the Campo Santo of Pisa, and the Duomo of Florence or of Venice are not national at all, but provincial; and the Cathedral of Cologne is an academic product of German *Geist* and Teutonic *Kunst*. But the Abbey is a building which has an inimitable power

over the imaginations and the sympathies of a great race.

The Abbey is so vast a pile, and its associations are so far-reaching, that like London itself we fail to grasp its dignity as a whole. It is not one building, but a great assemblage of buildings, each one of which has a story that would put it in the front of the secular monuments of Europe. With its history that reaches back for eleven centuries, and with remains still visible which go back to the Confessor, it is one of the oldest foundations in England, and one of the most perfect remnants of pure mediæval work. Since the walls that we see rest in part on foundations anterior to the Conquest, and the history of the church has been unbroken since the time of the Confessor, we may properly speak of the Abbey as one and the same monument. In that sense no church in the world can show so long a succession of historical scenes. It is possible, but doubtful, that some other mediæval work has an equal assemblage of various groups of beauty; but none other, assuredly, has such inexhaustible sources of interest and pathos. How they crowd on the memory at once! The tombs of saints which have become shrines and pilgrimages; the long succession of ceremonials of State, coronations, marriages, funerals, and national manifestations of joy and grief; the rows of tombs from the majestic simplicity of that of the first great Edward; the helmet and saddle of Henry; the exquisite art of Henry Tudor's, and the desecrated vault where Cromwell lay; the historic throne, and the legendary stone —

The base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair.

"The monumental sword that conquered France," the shield of state, the banners and helmets over the tombs, the quaint history of the Order of the Bath with its five centuries of fantastic mediævalism, the rare and suggestive paintings on the walls, the vast city of tombs and monuments — philosophers, artists, statesmen, soldiers — the scenes of Shakespeare which every corner of it recalls, the memorable passages in history, the exquisite prattle of Sir Roger, the talk of Johnson and Goldsmith, the wit of Pope, the verses of Wordsworth and Scott, the prose of Irving and Lamb — the echo of a thousand pages in our literature and our history — all these make up a charm which in mass and in beauty invest no other building in the world.

I am not myself very greatly interested in public ceremonials, as such, be they royal coronations or the burial of celebrities, and I leave it to heralds and courtiers and newsmen to gloat over these things as they please. Nor do I care overmuch about mediæval saints. But the historic spirit cannot forget that the annals of the Abbey have a very different significance. In these various occasions of public ceremonial there took part, we may remember, all the men recorded in our history — the statesmen, the soldiers, the lawyers, the poets, the men of every department of greatness. All of these from time to time for eight centuries have been gathered in that building to open or to close a new reign or a new dynasty, to celebrate some national festival, to bury some national hero, to muse upon the relics of the past, to weep over the body of some inimitable genius as the thrice-sacred dust was piled upon the dust of him they had loved. Yes! there is no building in the world where human sympathy has poured forth in such torrents, in ways so great and various, and over so vast an epoch of time.

The Abbey, as I say, is not one building, but an assemblage of buildings; and each one has a history of itself. The remnants of the old Benedictine Abbey are in themselves extraordinarily beautiful, and charged with memories and associations. The conventual edifices still left in Europe undestroyed and undesecrated are not so many but what these stand in the front rank. The Cloisters, the Abbot's House, and the Refectory, the Muniment Room, the Chapel of the Pyx, the Jewel House, the room called Jerusalem, the remnants of the other Abbey buildings, and above all the Chapter House, are so rich in associations with our history, our poetry, and our literature, that if they existed alone in any foreign city, we should make special journeys to see them. What a history in the five centuries of "Jerusalem" alone, which is perhaps the most venerable private chamber now extant in Europe! But of all these relics of the past surely the Chapter House is supreme. Built six hundred and thirty years ago in the zenith of the pointed style, it is one of the most exquisite examples of its class. Here six centuries ago, from the day when the House of Commons existed as a separate chamber, it met and continued for the most part to meet for nearly three centuries till the death of Henry VIII. Here was matured the infant strength of that Parlia-

ment which now rules three hundred millions of souls, and which has served as the undoubted model of all the Parliaments of Europe, America, and Australia. This house is in fact the germ and origin of all that is known as the "House" where the English tongue is heard; it is the true cradle of the mother of parliaments, where that mother was nursed into childhood. For two centuries and a half it has been the school of English statesmen, and has witnessed some memorable struggles of our feudal history. I never enter it but I think what were the feelings of a Roman of the age of the Antonines, who, standing on the hill of Romulus looked down on the Rostra beneath, and thought of the days when Licinius and Valerius, Virginius and Camillus, addressed a few hundreds of herdsmen and farmers, and Rome was but a hill fort by the Tiber, and the republic was but one of the tribes of Italy.

If with this Chapter House by the Abbey we take in with our mind's eye the remnant of St. Stephen's Chapel close by, and are willing to think of that exquisite fragment as standing for the chapel itself, we get, in the two together, the seat of the House of Commons for nearly five centuries and a half, from Edward I. to our own memory. I doubt if any buildings still extant convey to any people in the world so great a suggestion of the course of their whole political history. And of the crimes which architecture has wrought on history, the most unpardonable, I think, was done when the monotonous heap of bad masonry which they call the New Palace of Westminster disguised Westminster Hall, decked out St. Stephen's crypt like a toy bambino in a Jesuit church, and swept away the burnt ruins of the Plantagenet palace — to make Tudor corridors and symmetrical galleries for the comfort of my lords and honorable members.

Of the Hall of Westminster, the third of the matchless remnants of old London, I can hardly bear to speak. Though it is not, as we see it, the hall of Rufus, still it stands upon and represents the hall of Rufus, and is thus in a sense as ancient almost as the Tower or the Abbey. But call it what it is, the hall of Richard II., what a history lies wrapt in those five hundred years! It stands still, to my eyes, the grandest hall of its class in Europe. Let us forget the silly statues, and the strange transformation of it, and the carpenter's Gothic restorations, and be insensible to everything but its mass, its dignity, its glorious roof, and its inexhaustible memories. Centuries of court pageants and State trials, speeches, and judgments of famous men, scenes and sayings which are embedded in our literature; let us think of the tragedies, the agonies, the crimes, the passions, the terrific crises in our history; of what glorious words, what gatherings of learning, wit, beauty, ambition, and despair have the old walls witnessed from Oldcastle to Warren Hastings, Sir Thomas More and the Protector Somerset, Strafford and Charles, the Seven Bishops and the great Proconsul. Of all trials in our history, those two of Charles and of Hastings have perhaps most exerted the historic imagination, by the intense passion with which they aroused the interest of the nation, by their concentration of historic characters round one great issue, by the dignity and world wide importance of the proceedings, and by the place that they hold in our national literature. I ask myself sometimes which I would rather have beheld, the faultless dignity of Charles in presence of the mighty Cromwell, or the molten passion of Burke in the assembly of all that was famous in the nation, and I find it impossible to decide. And when we add to these memories all the other scenes the Hall has witnessed, the great judges who have sat there and built up the slow growth of English law, unrivalled in the modern world, the illustrious lawyers who have argued, the memorable decisions that it has heard, it is beyond doubt the most historic hall in the world.

We, then, who have in these three incomparable relics the most historic castle, the most venerable church and burial, place, the most memorable hall of justice now extant on the earth, are even thereby citizens of no mean city. Neither the pall of smoke, nor the defilement of our noble river, nor the weary wilderness of brick and plaster, nor the hideous abominations of shed, viaduct, and caravanserai which the steam devil has brought with him — nothing but our own folly can destroy the historic grandeur of London. Nor is it wholly in memory that its glories live. There is still something for the eye. As I watch some autumn sunset through the groves of Kensington that the great William of Orange so loved, or across the reaches of Chelsea that Turner so loved; as I watch the Pool from the Tower terrace, and the ducks and the children at play in the park of Charles; as I prowl about the remnants of the old Gothic churches in the city which the fire has

spared, and which the blighting hand of the improver has forgotten to destroy; as I sit by the fountain in the Temple, or listen to the rooks in Lincoln's Inn; as I grub up some quaint old fragment of a street, or a tavern, or a house, or a shop, or tomb, or burial-ground, which has still survived in the deluge; as I stray through the multitudinous windings of the city, and out of the old names rebuild again as in a vision the city of the Romans, and of Alfred, and of the Conqueror, of the Fitz-Aylwins, and the Bukerels, and the Poultneys, the Whittingtons, the Walworths, and the Greshams; as I see the golden cross of Wren rising out of a white October fog into the sunlit blue, I say that there is yet something left for the eye as well as so much for the memory. And what a pang does it give us to think that it is doomed! Bit by bit the old London sinks before our eyes into the gulf of modern improvement, or the monkey like tricks of the restorer. We who have lived to see the remnants of St. Stephen's carted away, and a mammoth caravanserai take the place of Northumberland House, the last link of modern Charing Cross with the Charing Cross before the Commonwealth; we who have seen the tavern dear to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson disappear, and the houses of Milton go and leave not a wrack behind; who have seen the Tabard and the George disappear, and the Savoy and the Watergate swallowed up in the torrent — we must brace ourselves up for the rest. Villas will soon cover the site of Holland House. The Temple will be wanted for a new restaurant. The Underground Railway will pull down the Abbey to make some new "blow-holes," and a limited company will start a new "Hotel de la Tour de Londres" on the site of the Tower. It is melancholy to think that the stones which eight centuries of national history have raised, that the roofs which have rung with the mirth of Shakespeare and the organ of Milton, on which such beauty has been lavished and where so much genius has been reared, are to be swept away in a few years.

It is eighty-two years since our great poet of nature cried as he looked from Westminster Bridge in the dawn: —

> Earth has not anything to show more fair;
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty.

No poet could say it now; no poet will ever say it again. But they cannot rob us of memory. And let us who care for our national glory at least cherish the story of these sites when the very stones are gone. That will always be "most touching in its majesty."

FREDERIC HARRISON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALL FORGOTTEN BUT THE PRESENT.

> "Thy dark eyes threw
> Their soft persuasion on my brain,
> Charming away its dream of pain."
> SHELLEY.

AND now for the evening, the delightful evening, which had been bought at so dear a price, and for which Challoner now prepared in a tumult of disordered and exultant feeling to which every trifling incident and association ministered.

He was here again, actually, incredibly here again; that was first and last and everything for the moment. He had never really meant to come; no, certainly he had never meant it, not during this past fortnight at least — not since he had sat in Mr. Tufnell's little room, and heard him talk of Mary, and realized with an awful blinding glare of realization, that he had only been playing at freedom and folly and happiness, and that he was in actual deed a fettered, doomed captive. That half-hour, following up the previous half awakement, had for a while forced him back from the flowery forbidden path to the hard, straight dry road; but he had found that road too barren for mortal man — or so he told himself — and the result was, Hurrah for Overton! beautiful, bewitching Overton! Every obstacle had been surmounted, every scruple and misgiving flung to the winds, and he was here — here at last.

He looked about him with kindling ecstasy when at length he was alone, and could draw a breath and estimate his bliss. They had given him his own old room, and as he drew aside the curtain and pulled up the blind, eager to gaze once more across the broad expanse of snowy upland, the moon, rising full and bright, illumined nearly every part of the old-fashioned chamber, lit up the faded hangings of the bed, and irradiated the prints on the wall. How well he knew every face and form in those prints! He had had time enough to study them inch by inch, and to be sick to death of one

and all during those five days when he had been condemned to lie in bed fretfully staring at any object which was in front of him; he had hated each severally more than the other, as each in turn engaged his irritated attention, — but now, now they came back to him as ancient enemies turned into beloved friends, chosen welcome associates. The wall-paper, the bookcases, the huge cumbrous armchairs, the very brass fender and fire-irons that used to be such nuisances, always clattering down and making his head ache when any one touched them, and the legs of the writing-table, that got into one's way at every turn, now seemed to wonder that he could ever have regarded them with any but the kindliest eye. The blotting-book? But no, it had ever been a fiend; no, it remained so; he drew the line there — he could not love it yet. But he would not write to Mary on this visit at all events: he was only here for such a very short time. Of course he could not tell precisely how long, but any way he should not think about it for the next day or two. Let the future be gone on this night of nights; for the present he was in paradise, and he would not mar his paradise, no, not even in thought.

And Matilda was alone when he went down-stairs presently, and he walked straight up to her in the firelight, and perhaps he told her then — but no matter, they were not talking at all when the brothers came in, but were standing mutely together on the hearth-rug, nor did either pay any special heed to the remarks of the new-comers, while Matilda took to busily placing with her own hands great logs of wood on the fire; and Challoner, watching silently, seemed to forget to help her.

They woke up by-and-by, however, and were heard lightly laughing as they led the way into the dining-room; and the dinner-table was bedecked for Christmas Eve with holly and laurustinus, and a sly branch of mistletoe, which no one saw of course, and which two people at least could have done without. But nothing could come much amiss on such a night. Even a servant's stupidity must be condoned, — poor simple soul, he meant it well — and after all, what was it? By nine o'clock the moon was at her height; and though a few fleecy clouds were scattered here and there beneath the brilliant firmament, they scarce stirred in the still atmosphere, and cast no shadow anywhere. The ponds on which the ice had been guarded and tended were about half a mile from the house, on the edge of a long low wood, one bank being nearly on a level with the water, the other sloping swiftly upwards. Three good-sized pools ran into one another almost in a direct line; and a couple of islands near the centre of the largest seemed to cut it in two, and turn the three into four. It was on one of these islets that the brick fireplace had been constructed under Teddy's auspices; and as the time for using it arrived, a fire was lit, and two or three servants were despatched from the hall, bearing kettles, cans, pots, and other necessaries.

It was explained to Challoner that it was not entirely on their own account that so much preparation was made.

"You must know," said Lady Matilda, "that from time immemorial (that means since *I* came back and made them do it) Overton ponds have been free to all when the ice bears (they are free, for that matter, when it does not), only we make this proviso, like the Cornish clergyman among the wreckers, that we 'get down, and all start fair.' We never really kept any one off till last night; but — we did last night."

"We did," said Teddy. "By Jove! we had to keep our eyes open, too. The ice would have been murdered."

"How did you manage it?"

"Oh, we had it given out that there were to be cakes and ale to-night, and every one who put in an appearance yesterday was caught by Charles. I say, look at the kettles. Matilda, I should hope you have enough kettles, at all events."

"Mrs. Wadden herself bustled up to my door just now to ask at what hour she should send the second supplies."

"What do the supplies consist of?" inquired Challoner.

"Hot-pot, sausages, plum-pudding, roast potatoes. Overton skating is very popular, Mr. Challoner."

"I have no doubt it is, Lady Matilda."

Challoner's skates were not so perfect in their mechanism as Teddy's; but when it was understood that they were the best he could get, and that his own were better, but were uncome-at-able on the short notice given, all were ready to find that they would do what was wanted, and that too superior skates often resulted in no skating. For instance, even Teddy's latest acquisitions, new, glossy, and spotless, — would they work as well as Overton's which had seen many a winter? Teddy had a business with the joints, to begin

with; and although he was very anxious to display the working and prove their perfection, and though every one was willing to believe and ready to agree, his brother had perhaps a shade more confidence in his time-worn couple.

Then the little pair came under notice, and Challoner took them at once into his keeping, making fast the buckles across his arm, and jingling his own, as though he liked to hear the two in each other's company. He had a gimlet; he did not need to have one hunted out for him.

"Well, you *are* a fellow," cried Teddy. "You have everything. How on earth did you remember to bring a gimlet?"

"I knew we should want them."

"Want them? Of course. But we have lots."

"There are never too many. While you are putting on your skates, I might wish to be putting on — your sister's."

"Not your own, of course. And did you get the gimlet at Clinkton too?"

"Yes." But he wished they had not known the name of Clinkton so well. It almost made him start when now and again Teddy — for it was always Teddy — would burst out with Clinkton something or other; he could not help feeling that if — or when the news should come, the very sound of Clinkton would bring with it a terrible conviction. He put on his thick great-coat again, thoughtfully.

But thoughtfulness wore off, — everything wore off except joyous anticipation and exhilaration as the quartet set forth, Challoner with the lady in front, the brothers' cigars obliging them to keep a pace behind. "Just for look's sake, not because Matilda minds," explained Teddy. "It does not do for people to see," he added.

Challoner agreed, and would himself smoke — presently.

The crisp snow crackled beneath their feet as they left the path and crossed the grass towards the wood; and a very short time enabled the party to come within sight of their destination.

"Lots of people there," cried Teddy. "I say, are they on?" sharply. "No; it is only the servants crossing back and forwards to the fire. Oh, I say, look at the fire! And look at the black figures round it! Do you see them, Challoner?" calling to him. "Do you see the cannibals dancing round the blaze? Eh? Aren't they like that? Here are some more coming along behind us," turning his head. "Who can they be, I wonder? Three, — four, — four people. Oh, and I see a lot more down there, along the Seaborough road."

"Don't speak so loud," his brother reminded him; "you forget how far the voice is carried on a night like this."

"They are far enough away. Who can they be? Matilda," running on to her — "Matilda, who can those people be? There are two ladies. It can't be the Applebys?"

Challoner's heart jumped.

"The Applebys? No; I hardly think so," replied Matilda, all unconscious. "They would not come without our sending word."

"And did you not send word?"

"Oh, never mind, Teddy, I——"

"Do you mean to say you did not send them word?" he was pressing on by her side. "Well, I never — I thought, of course, you would send to them the first thing."

"What for? They are away, — some of them at least are away. Juliet——"

"She was to come back to-day: you know that quite well."

("Then how could she be at the Clinkton ball?" thought Challoner.)

"She was not indeed, Teddy: that is to say, I — I am *quite sure* she was not."

"How can you be sure? I am not sure, and I know at least as much about the Applebys as you do. It was either to-day or to-morrow she was to come——"

"Well, it was to-morrow then."

"It was nothing of the sort. Oh, it was too bad of you not to send. They will be awfully hurt. They always ask us whenever they have anything, and we have always asked them too, before, — always. Why did you not do it?"

Matilda did not know — did not think — did not really feel at all sure that it would have been — have been of any use. Marion had a cold——

"Last Sunday!" cried her brother. "Nearly a week ago!"

"It is not likely she would be fit to come out at night yet."

"You might have given her the option."

"And Juliet away."

"She is not away, I tell you. She is back to-day, and we must get her somehow. I wonder what we ought to do. It is not too late to send yet."

"Oh, it is; much, *much* too late."

"Charles would be there in twenty minutes."

"He would not be there under half an hour; certainly not under half an hour. I should say three quarters, even by the short cut."

"Well, there would still be time."

"Oh, Teddy, don't. Do let it be as it is. Do let us be content with those we have. There are plenty here," pleaded she; "why should we always have the Applebys?" ("Ay, why indeed?" thought Challoner.) "The Applebys are all very well," continued the speaker; "but Applebys year after year, morning, noon, and night, *toujours* Applebys — I am beginning to be tired of it," cried Lady Matilda, with sudden petulance. "Do, for mercy's sake, let us have one evening, one single solitary evening, without the Applebys."

"Well, I call it deuced unkind," muttered Teddy. But Challoner was smiling.

"Robert was quite concerned at my coming out to-night;" there had been a full minute's pause, during which the last subject was felt to be quite done away with, and Lady Matilda had slipped her hand, by way of making friends, under her ill-used brother's arm. There had been a brisk advance for some paces, ere she resumed, in a fresh tone suited to a fresh topic. "Robert was not at all sure about it, I can tell you. He thought the whole thing — ah — 'imprudent;' had he spoken the word that was in his heart, he would have said 'uncivilized.' I was over there yesterday, and he had heard, as he always does hear, of our intentions."

"They will not be here to-night, then?"

"They? Robert and Lotta? Robert turn out at this unearthly hour, after he has arrayed himself in his evening clothes, and brushed up his evening hair, — and Lotta lay aside her hemming and stitching, her fifteenth tuck that she is putting into baby's frock? And how could they leave the house, you know? Oh, you have no idea what an affair of state it is when the house has got to be left on the occasion of a dinner party, or some such festivity of sufficient importance! Robert will explain to you with pleasure, if you ask him, the nature of the precautions taken: how this door is barred, and that bolted, and how all the maids sit up; and I am not sure if the baby is not exhibited at each of the windows in turn, by way of scaring the midnight robber. But as for entering into all these solemn arrangements for anything short of a real, actual, tangible dinner party, as for doing anything of the kind for a mere piece of child's play like this, — oh, you surely do not suppose my sensible son-in-law capable of such frivolity."

"And I don't believe he can skate a hang," added Teddy.

They had now reached the ponds, round which a considerable number of expectant people had collected, and all the regret of young Lessingham for the missing Applebys instantly vanished on finding their places so well supplied. "Mrs. Barnes, you here!" he cried joyously, to a farmer's rotund dame, who, warmly wrapped and muffled, had come, nothing loath, to see the sport; "and Barnes is getting on his skates. Holloa! Johnson, I haven't seen you since last frost, I believe. You came down on purpose? That's right. Fine night, Jem. The ice is first-rate. Matilda," coming back to her, "I say, Matilda, there are the Miss Robinsons; do go and speak to them. They are huddling together over there, and I dare say they don't know whether to begin or not. You had better go before you get on your skates; they will take it civil. Challoner, come along and see the fire. Who is that Overton has got hold of? Oh, the rector. Oh, come, let us shake hands with the rector. Awfully glad to see you, sir; the ice is splendid: I shall look you up presently to join in some things. Now, then, Challoner, — oh, here come the Livingstons, I'll bet anything" — staring hard — "I'll bet any money that's the Livingston girls getting over the fence now. They are from Seaborough, that lot." Aside: "Matilda will not be over glad to see them; and between you and me, it *is* rather cheeky. They are the hotel-keeper's daughters, you know, — that big hotel at this end of the town. They had better have gone somewhere nearer there; but I hope Matilda won't be bad to them. The poor girls like the fun, I suppose; and they are go-ahead skaters, though Matilda says they do it vulgarly. They do sprawl about rather; and you should have seen how one of them went on last year. That's the little girl who was with them then, I do believe," watching intently. "Yes, I do believe it is; and she could hardly put one foot in front of another! Well, I hope she has improved. Oh, by Jove! here are the Germans. Oh, now you will see some fun. Hie! Mr. Müller, this is the best way," taking off his cap politely; "let me help Mrs. Müller down the bank. There are some benches along this way, and we have put down a piece of carpet. My sister is here herself to-night. She will be on directly."

"It is so very kind to have such nice place kept," replied the German gratefully. "Mrs. Müller and myself we cannot refrain to come. We have walk all the distance. What a beautiful night!"

"And you should see that little woman going it!" said Teddy, turning back to Challoner. "They have walked here, walked over two miles, and she will skate all night, and walk back again, and think nothing of it. She skates like anything, — out and out the best woman here. I say, we may as well go on now; there is no need to wait longer: I can keep a look-out if any more come. Let us go to that bench."

"I am waiting to help your sister."

"What is she about? Where has she gone?"

"To the islands. She crossed a few minutes ago: there she is now, between us and the fire."

"Ay, seeing to things. Perhaps some of the folks would like a cup of tea or coffee before they begin. The Müllers would, I am sure. I will tell Matilda ——"

"*I* will tell her," said Challoner. "They are waiting for you to take the lead on the ice. Look, all those people are ready, but they don't like to take it on themselves to start. You fire away, like a good fellow, and I will look after the coffee."

"We may begin now, I think," said Lord Overton, coming up at the moment. "Where's the gimlet, Ted?"

"Well, I'm using it," said Teddy.

"Here is mine," said Challoner. "I am going to hand round cups for Lady Matilda;" and he departed.

Matilda, bright and busy as the rest, made him useful at once. She was having eatables and drinkables handed round for all who chose, and many non-performers, who had been standing about for some little time, now gathered round and received steaming cups with due appreciation. Into the middle of this row presently darted Teddy with a fresh idea.

"Have you seen the slide? It is in that corner. We have given them up that corner, or else they would be a perfect nuisance, sliding about everywhere. Hie! all of you who want to slide, there's the place."

"I'll start them!" cried Challoner, and went down the slide like a schoolboy.

It was not till the sport was in full swing that Matilda had, to all appearance, time for more than a passing command for her knight. She was too intent on hospitality, too desirous of fulfilling her duties, too industrious; but the time came at last.

I will not say that longer was taken than needed to put on those pretty little skates, since every one knows that one cannot be too careful on such a point, and that the slightest carelessness may give rise to an accident; but undoubtedly no one could have accused Mr. Challoner of hurrying over his task. And since, after all, the great thing is to take pains and do the thing well, regardless of time or trouble, why suggest that he might have been a trifle quicker in his movements? He was sharp enough about putting on his own. New as they were to him, he had them adjusted in a trice, and was off, and by Matilda's side ere she had been twice round the ponds; and, truth to tell, from that moment they were seldom apart for the remainder of the evening.

Happily he was not enough of a proficient to be of value to the brothers, who were performing feats in company with the rector, and who had at least the merit of doing what they did with skill and grace, and not of attempting more than they could accomplish. Challoner found Lady Matilda's powers, he vowed, quite enough for him. Figures she did not attempt; but with what marvellous ease and delicacy of motion she glided hither and thither, — how quietly, with what elegance!

"Why, yes," said Overton, to whom a remark was hazarded; "yes, Matilda skates like a lady. I like it myself; but she cannot *do* anything, you know — she cannot even go backwards. There is little Mrs. Müller — I wish you had been over there just now, she was making circles most wonderfully, most beautifully," — the quiet Overton was quite warm; "I have never seen anything more perfect," he ran on enthusiastically. "And her long, backward curve, it is something to watch. Her husband is the queerest object. Look, there he goes. Round and round like a mad creature. Did you ever see such a swing as he has got on now? If he came across anything in the shadow over there, it would be a bad look-out. Always one foot high in front of the other: and those turned-up skates! There he goes — there he goes. Have you noticed him? But he enjoys himself, and that is everything. As for his wife, it is a treat to see her."

"Is that Mrs. Müller you are speaking of?" said Teddy, joining them. Matilda had sat down for a moment. "Mrs. Müller is in first-rate form to-night. I have been going round with her; did you see us? We passed you and Matilda just now," to Challoner.

"Your sister's skating is perfect, to my mind," said Challoner. He felt as if he must say it.

"Matilda? Oh, she goes neatly enough. She ought to strike out more though; she ought to get on more swing ——"

"She would spoil all if she did. Look at her now," as the slight, dark figure was seen gliding towards them; "there is not a movement perceptible, she seems to float, to steal along involuntarily; it is the very poetry of motion," — he stopped, deeply coloring in the darkness, and wishing he had held his tongue; the words had burned his lips. But whether or not any one else noticed, he could not tell; they both turned to Matilda, and she was herself the one to speak.

"Do you hear the bells? Listen to the bells. Had it not been for this calm, still night they would not have been carried so far as here. Hark! how loud and sweet they sound!"

"They are from Westland, Lady Matilda," said the rector, coming up. "There are two more bells added to the peal, and that is how you notice them. I don't think I ever remember hearing the chime before from the ponds."

"They are in honor of Challoner," said Teddy, with a laugh. Everything, he vowed, was in honor of Challoner. On his account the ice was better, the night was brighter, the people merrier, the attendance larger, and the sport kept up later, than it had ever been before. But for him the evening would never have been half what it was. If he had not come, it would have spoilt all.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Challoner is very lucky," began the rector.

But his young friend laughed again. "It is *we*, not *he* — *we* are lucky. We just hit him off — sent for him at the right moment, and scored A 1," cried the young man, wheeling round and round the circle in little flights of exultation. "Now you see how neat the whole thing was, and what jolly fun we are having. Could anything be better? We have nothing left to wish for ——"

"Not even the Applebys?" from Matilda.

"Bother the Applebys!" cried Teddy, quite heartily.

And how did Challoner feel under such heartiness, such warmth? It needed all his recklessness, all his effrontery, and all his passion to master at moments like this the desperate sense of shame and self-loathing evoked by the unwitting tormentor; it needed all the fumes of a new intoxication to stifle the baleful remembrance. He would have to go off alone with Matilda, to listen and look, and stun again with such narcotics the throbbing reawakened nerve; and he did. And then — he was laughing more gaily, striking out more boldly, to all appearance enjoying the scene more thoroughly, than any.

At length the feast and the fray alike drew near an end. People cannot absolutely skate on forever; and though it might have seemed as though the charming Mrs. Müller would never have tired making more and more faultless curves, and as if the Miss Livingstons were inexhaustible in their wild excursions — while the timid were growing ever more venturesome, and the stately had unbent, and the bystanders had disappeared, and none remained but the hardy and the indefatigable, — the time at length did come when even these proved themselves human.

Challoner, who had been despatched to attend to some of the departures, returned to find Matilda quietly resting on a fallen tree by the side.

"You are tired at last?" he said, sitting down beside her.

"Tired at last. Yet as long as I was on the wing, I really could not have supposed it. It is only when one sits down that one feels it a little difficult to get up again."

"I hope you have not done too much?"

"You shall see. To-morrow I will do it all over again."

"To-morrow?" said Challoner dreamily — "*to-morrow?*"

He did not feel, he *knew*, that there would never be such a to-morrow for him. A cold touch seemed to be laid on his heart — a deadly chill, a mocking foreboding. No; whatever the morrow might bring of good or evil, he should never again, by Matilda's side, skim the frozen pools of Overton Hall; never again ——

"Did you speak?" he said hurriedly.

She had: had inquired the hour, had remarked upon the gradual lessening of their number, on several other things; and he had heard as though he heard not, but had at length burst forth into one long, deep, irrepressible sigh, so spontaneous, so sad, so full of tender significance, that now, feeling the moment almost too much for her, and at a loss how to bear her part in it, she was begging him to rise and lend his aid in enabling her to do the same. From the lowness of her seat she was unable to get up without a helping hand; and as she spoke she put out her own.

Challoner, still half asleep, held it — hung over it — kissed it. He scarcely

knew what he was doing; that is all that can be said for him. He had a dim idea of taking leave of some fair scene, and of letting it go with a dull anguish which the presumptuous deed would soothe. It was not until aroused by the hasty withdrawal — or would-be withdrawal — of the little outraged member, and by the movement, which could be but a movement — for she could not really stir or turn, so unfortunately happy had been the moment chosen, — it was not until then, that he started to feel how deeply he had plunged. That sense was all that was needed. Like a spur, it drove him on. Again he caught the hand; how soft and warm it felt — bare, gloveless — between his! he held it fast, and lifted his head with sullen determination.

"I shall not let this go," he said. "I — can't. See now, I——"

"Here they are! here they are!" cried a jubilant voice, as Teddy, radiant as ever, emerged from the darkness. "We thought you had given us the slip, you two; and Overton and I were just going off, when I said I would take one more look round. You had hid yourselves pretty nicely, I must say — right in the shadow over here. Well, now, are you ready to come?"

Challoner was already raising his companion, and steadying her on the glassy surface.

"I supsose they are all gone?" he said.

"Every man-Jack of them, Livingstons and all. They were the last. They want to come to-morrow," with a slight air of apprehension.

No response.

"I say, Matilda, the Livingstons want to come to-morrow."

But still he met with no answer, no objection, no demur. It seemed as if either Challoner's dim foreboding of "to-morrow" had fallen on Matilda also, or that she could not see, nor think, nor feel beyond to-night. She was wondering, almost weeping, — and all the time he was holding her hand.

Thus, under cover of the night, they crossed the ice together; and as he knelt before her ere they quitted the spot, performing again the service so delightful to a lover's heart, his lips transgressed again. No one saw; she only felt; they both alone knew.

And this was at the very moment that dear excellent Mrs. Tufnell felt it to be nothing short of a sin and a shame that they should have all enjoyed themselves so much when that poor dear had been done out of it all!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BAD HYPOCRITE.

"'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face
When discontent sits heavy at my heart."
ADDISON.

"WHAT am I to think — what am I to think?"

Lady Matilda had dismissed her maid, and was musing over her fire ere she went to bed upon the Christmas Eve whereof so much has already been narrated.

"What am I to think?" was the refrain of all her puzzled, happy, foolish thoughts. In reality, she imagined she knew very well what to think; but somehow it pleased her to be perplexed and discomposed, and affectedly vexed, and secretly more charmed with Challoner than ever. Bold, heartless, presuming man — craven caitiff — to dare so much, to stop so short; villain — coward — by turns she flouted him for this, by turns for that: in very truth she had never thought aught became him better than those extremes of presumption and modesty, those alternations betwixt forwardness and backsliding. She had heard his breathing short and thick, had caught the broken whisper, marked the catch in the throat, and felt the clasp of the hand. She had seen the revulsion, the struggle, the resolution growing apace; and then what the humility of the man doubtless termed the hold regained over his runaway passions, but which she, so superior in her knowledge of all, and contempt of all, scouted as the unwelcome and unnecessary and tiresome and provoking voice of an inward mentor, who ought by this time to have had his mouth stopped.

"Really I can show him no more plainly than I do," mused she, half sighing, half smiling; "really, my dear Mr. Challoner, it is very pretty to see you look so lugubrious, and very touching and pathetic to hear your voice tremble and shake, and to watch you force down your throat again the kind words and accents that *will* come up when poor Matilda is by. He is in love — I'd stake every womanly power I have, the man is in love. He does all that he can do, he says all that he can say, short of *the* thing, the one thing. Opportunities? He has had hosts of opportunities; he has opportunities at every turn; this whole evening was one long opportunity. Were we not together, always together, often alone together? He never left me for above a few minutes at a time, and then only when I sent him. I sent

him for the pleasure of seeing him return. I could not discover so obscure a nook to fly to, but what he would track me instantly and follow; I could not be tired but he would rest too. And then he held my hand, and kissed it twice. Yes, he kissed it just here, and held the place afterwards. What right had he to hold it and yet not a word, not a single word? Oh," with a burst, "I like his silence — I love his silence. His silence is more, a thousand times more to me than any other man's speech. He shall be silent, silent as the grave, silent forevermore, if so he pleases, once he has spoken out. Poor man," mocking, "poor — dear — *blind* man. Matilda is too good for you, is she? Too beautiful, too rich, too highly born? Oh dear, yes, she is all that, we know very well; but stop a little, my friend, you will find she is too *clever* also. You are not clever, Mr. Challoner — not particularly clever, at least; and certainly you are not beautiful, and probably you are not rich. I wonder what you are, or why I —— Pshaw! you *shall* speak, sir; I say you shall. You have no right now to hold your tongue, and hang your head, and put your finger in your mouth like a baby. Baby? It is I that am the baby to let him play with me thus. He sees, he knows his power, and abuses it. He shall not, he shall not," excitedly. "I — oh, if I can but preserve this bold heart when I am with him, if I can but keep a merry heart and tongue, and cheat him with my face. Let me see, — can it be that I have been too soft and yielding? Perhaps I have. Then how remedy the damage? Coquet with another? But there is no one else to coquet with except Robert, and one might as well dance round a tombstone. No, no; no coquetting. No; I must be all in all to myself and by myself. I will amuse myself, be good friends with myself, and have no need of any one but myself. I will send the gentlemen about their business. It will be fit for them to go out of doors tomorrow; but it shall be too cold or too wet, or too early, or too late, or too anything, for me. They will have to excuse me. Then I will — shall I have a headache? But a headache of that kind is missyish and vulgar; headache is unbecoming, too, and troublesome to manage. So I will be just myself — myself as I am when this wicked Jem Challoner is not by; a much better self in reality than the self that appears for him, — a silly subdued shadow of the real Matilda. What can he see in her to fancy, I wonder? But these mild, soft-eyed impostors, these abominable hypocritical make-believes of men, one never knows what they do *not* see. Well, Mr. Challoner, you have done so well that you deserve to do better still; and so, to bed, Matilda, my dear," gaily saluting the mirror as she passed. "Good-night, my poor, little, ill-used, tormented, tantalized Matilda, — enter to-morrow morning, *her Ladyship*."

And accordingly her ladyship drew up her long neck like a swan when she received Mr. Challoner's morning greeting, received it gently and gracefully as usual, including all in her Christmas greeting and good wishes; but the guest, who was himself rather pale, since even the cold night air and late exercise had failed to procure him more than a short portion of hurried, feverish sleep, Challoner noticed that she did not meet his eager eye, and answered but lightly his earnest inquiries.

She was almost as much occupied about the non-arrival of the post-boy as he was, and surely with not half so good a cause. The news from the outer world could mean nothing to her, wrapped as she was and must be in the one thought; but for him it was different, — his was fear, and fear he must. He breathed again when it was made known that the mails had been delayed, and no one could say when they might arrive: a heavy snowstorm had set in in the north.

Then Teddy proposed the ice again, but Matilda excused herself on the plea of fatigue; and though she resisted, on the same ground, the allurements of the billiard-room, the insensate one for whom the whole ridiculous little pretence was got up, saw nothing amiss; it was not to be expected that she should be at their beck and call (as Teddy seemed to expect), and he had the whole day before him. Off he went to the kennels with the brothers for the morning cigar; and Lady Matilda, looking after them, felt that she had done nothing, that she never could do anything steadily and resolutely against Challoner. She laughed at herself, and longed for a chance of undoing the little she had attempted.

It came after a time: an hour or two later the billiard-balls were heard going, and the post came in. "Oh, Teddy, what do you think?" cried Matilda, entering the billiard-room with an open letter in her hand. "The bag has just come; there is nothing for you, Mr. Challoner," — in parenthesis. "What do you think, Teddy? This is from Marion Appleby" (Challoner, whose stroke it was, lifted his

cue, and took position; naturally Marion Appleby's note could not concern him); "she has just heard from the people Juliet is with; you know I told you Juliet was still away, and you would not believe me ——"

"Well?" said Teddy, watching his opponent's deliberate aim, and on this account only half interested even in his dear Applebys, — "well? What about Juliet?"

"Oh, poor Juliet, I am so sorry for her! they have only just heard, and sent this note to tell us. Poor Juliet has taken small-pox."

The cue slid along Challoner's finger, and a brilliant winning hazard was followed by an almost impossible cannon.

"Bravo!" cried Lady Matilda, looking round with a smile. "Bravo!" And then she whispered to herself that the very sound of her voice sent the blood to her lover's cheek and the light to his eye. He did not seek a fresh position, nor follow up the run; he left his place and came towards her, as though drawn by a magnet: and when she asked why he did not go on, laughed and had no answer.

Teddy, however, was full of the Applebys again. He wanted to know everything, to see the note, to hear what was going to be done, who was going to nurse the sufferer? Whereat Challoner turned away again, for he had not thought of that.

"We must call and inquire," wound up young Lessingham profoundly.

"I can write, which will be better," corrected his sister. "I shall send a note of sympathy at once."

"Ay, very well; send a note if you like. But we must call and inquire, all the same. We must call this afternoon."

"And inquire — for whom?"

"For Juliet, of course."

"But they can know nothing more yet. We know as much as they do at present. There has only been a telegram — "

"And surely a telegram is enough? I do wonder at you, Matilda; you never think of things unless I remind you. You would let poor Juliet be as ill as she could be without ever calling to inquire just because the news came by telegra . I suppose it is all because you don't want to go."

"I do not want to go, certainly; but," relenting, "but, my dear Ted, I will go if you wish it. We will all go. We can walk over after luncheon. Will you come, Mr. Challoner? Unless, indeed, you would prefer —— Of course, Over on never makes afternoon calls, so do not feel yourself the least obliged."

"Not at all. I do not feel in the least *obliged*."

"And you will just please yourself?"

"And I shall — just please myself."

She understood: and the glance he received was so arch, so sweet, so apprehensive, that the speaker threw down his cue, with "I am for Matilda, for Matilda before all the world," blazoned unmistakably in his eye and on his brow. She turned to depart.

"Aren't you going on?" cried poor Teddy, who saw himself about to be left without an antagonist.

"My dear fellow, your sister wants me," drawled his friend over his shoulder. "She told me to 'please myself,' and this is how I 'please myself,'" aside to her. "We are going to have some music, aren't we? Give you your revenge before dinner, Ted," following Matilda from the room. "Don't think you were going to win, my dear boy."

"You have the devil's own luck in everything, I do believe," was the rejoinder, but it was spoken to empty walls. Teddy was alone, he was deserted; for the first time in his life he felt angry with Challoner, and that anger was not without fruits in the evil day to come.

From The National Review.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

More than forty years have elapsed since I wrote the following memorandum of conversations with Christopher North, which for a long period lay unnoticed in my drawer. Some who have recently seen it are of opinion that the record in its simplicity, not artistically dressed up, but just as it is, may give some impression of a remarkable man's talk, and I yield to the suggestion to offer it to the *National Review*. It was written with the vivid tones of the speaker still in my ears, and, however imperfect, it is, as far as it goes, a truthful account of what passed. At this date I do not affect to agree with the comments and criticisms made in all instances, but there is a fresh outspokenness in them which reflects a character not without interest even now. I hope that none of his words will give pain anywhere, even though they mention some painful facts which, but that they are already notorious, I would have excluded. Just as it was penned, then, it is now given to the public for what it is worth. Cranbrook.

Sept. 15th, 1843. Bowness. — Last night, for the first time, I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Wilson, better

known, perhaps, under his assumed name of Christopher North. I had seen him a few times previously, and had on one been near an introduction at Elleray, but the fates prevented our meeting as companions until I saw him as my guest yesterday. We were all much pleased with him, and found means to keep him in conversation until a late hour, and, indeed, he did not seem at all reluctant to express his opinion on any subject or person whom we brought under his notice. As it may be gratifying in after years to have a record of such of his remarks as I can remember, I have determined, while they are fresh in my memory, to jot them down, as I am sorry that I abstained from doing those of Wordsworth after my interview with him. I do not know what the professor's age is, but he is a large, burly figure, with a fresh countenance, a little bald on the top of his head, with long, straggling locks of yellow hair hanging over his broad shoulders. Bushy whiskers of the same color, mixed with grey, hang round the under part of his face, not concealed by collar or handkerchief, both of which are so loosely disposed as to admit a fair view of the neck on which his massive head rests. His forehead is rather receding, but not a low one; his face not handsome in the profile, which is injured by the loss of teeth; but the full face is a very striking one, and well calculated to invite cordiality. He is now a grandfather, but I should say, from his appearance, not much above sixty years old, if so much, and yet his recollections of persons and events go so far back that I may greatly under-estimate the burden of years which rests upon him. Altogether, his appearance is that of a country gentleman, rather eccentric in the matter of hair, but looking the picture of good-humor and *bonhomie*, which are qualities generally ascribed to Christopher North. Still (as he himself admits) he has not the buoyancy of younger days, and the calmer feelings of age may probably be deepened by his change of regimen, which is very great, for from being one of the most generous of livers he has become, not by pledge but in practice, a teetotaller. He does not look less hale and fresh for this, and one can well imagine him the best wrestler, the highest leaper, the most persevering pedestrian in the country, and can fancy the joyous step with which he would spring to the sound of music in days now passed away. He said, with something of a sigh, that the time was when he never heard music without an inclination to dance; but now it was with a different pleasure that he listened to it, and quite without the springing elasticity of other times. For the rest, he has a strong northern accent, but considerably softened by education and residence in England, so that, by his own account, it has been thought rather the brogue of Ulster than of Scotland. And now for the subject of his conversation and his comments upon men and things, some of which were very interesting.

One of the Austins was mentioned, and it was observed that they were all strong Benthamites, and he spoke of them as the most able supporters of Jeremy, and especially cited the lectures at the London University as extremely well written. As to Jeremy Bentham's works, he said that it was disgusting arrogance in any man to attempt to palm off such a style upon the world, and that, too, when he had shown by his earlier writings how well able he was to compose in pure English. This naturally led to Carlyle, of whose early productions the professor spoke with much approbation, and with as strong condemnation of the latter — particularly specifying "Chartism" and "Past and Present." Mr. G—— quoted a remark of Wordsworth's, that if Carlyle wrote good English Addison and others must have been unreasonably held up to imitation. Professor Wilson said: —

"I think the history of Carlyle is that of a man who fancied his works should attract great attention, and finding that though the writings of his younger days were well thought of, still they produced no general sensation, and at the same time becoming Germanized from his idolatry of Goethe, he gradually acquired the offensive style in which he at present indulges. His worship of Goethe was remarkable, and Shakespeare he seemed either never to have read or so greatly to depreciate as to place the former far above him; and yet how can they possibly be compared? What continual effort there is in Goethe after something striking; and, after all, has he had any great influence on the world? Schiller understood human nature better, and thus his works have had a greater effect." (I should fancy that probably each affected a distinct class, but am too little acquainted with German literature to say, and the professor spoke hesitatingly of his knowledge of German.) "I do not call," he continued, "Carlyle's translations really translations — they are but German after all."

I was surprised at his remarks upon Butler's "Analogy" and "Sermons." He said, "I am convinced there is some fallacy in his argument, for it is impossible to put it into other words." (I suggested, in confirmation of the latter part of his remarks that Butler's admirers were generally great quoters of his works, and gave some instances from recollections of Oxford. This seemed to please him, and he welcomed the suggestion as confirmatory of his theory, and his evident dissatisfaction with Butler. Was not Pitt also dissatisfied?) "I profess I do not understand him," said he, "for his definitions add nothing to the words they are meant to explain. Conscience defined as reflection in self." "The faculty," said Mr. G——, "of approving and disapproving." "Yes," cried the professor, "but of what approving, or disapproving of what? And what is the meaning of reflection in self?"

I asked him what he thought of Tennyson's "Queen of the May." "It is very beautiful," he said, "and yet I remember reading the first part alone and thinking it very 'namby-pamby.'" Mr. G—— mentioned a remark, I think, of Wordsworth's, who had observed the exquisite variation of the first lines of the first and second parts, showing the alteration of character from the thoughtless, ardent girl regardless of others, to the gentle uncomplaining daughter making others her first consideration, from —

You *must* wake and call me early, etc.,

If you're waking call me early, etc.

"Yes," said Christopher North, "it is very artistical, as is much of his poetry." (I mentioned "Mariana in the Moated Grange.") "'Mariana' is admirable description, and yet, on the whole, he wants force in his poetry, which is the fault of his school. There is no manly vigor — nothing that stirs the blood. And in one of his poems, if I mistake not, there is an unmanly exultation over some one who had rejected him. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," however, which is on the same subject, is spirited. I offended Tennyson many years ago by what I thought a very favorable review in *Blackwood*, and I was pleased at the time to receive letters from many persons saying they were glad to find Tennyson so well appreciated in Scotland. However, he was displeased at some jocose observations on some of his poems which I thought absurd. He wrote to me a short time since saying that I had been right, and he wrong, but still, a man once angry is apt to remain so. I meant well and kindly to him, however, and really thought I behaved so, as I admired much of his poetry. "Locksley Hall" is forced, and shows a constant straining after effect, and, indeed, the whole new school has a notion that nothing is poetry but what is *intense;* they intensify everything, and those who write in another style may be good versifiers but are not, in their estimation, poets. I don't like them myself. I saw some of De Vere's poems cited in the *Quarterly*, which are much finer, in my opinion: but he is unequal as Tennyson. Much of both is not worth reading. I was greatly disappointed with De Vere's poem of the 'Waldenses,' which is a very fine subject. It makes me feel very old when I hear of a young Aubrey De Vere as a poet, for I remember his grandfather very well, and also hearing anticipation of his father, Sir Aubrey's, poetical success." (This may give some notion of the professor's age, as young Aubrey de Vere is said to be about twenty-seven years of age.) "I can hardly help smiling at Monckton Milnes when he talks about poetry. Yet he is a very clever man; but his appearance and manner have that effect on me.

I asked his opinion of Sir F. Doyle's poems. "Ah," he said, "he is a well-educated, well-informed man, but not a poet." The professor spoke with great admiration of Keble, but said all his pieces were too long, and were all capable of being curtailed without impairing the sense."

"I have," said he, "in my own edition struck out what I consider superfluous, and only read the other portions. You should always lay by poetry for a time, and you will find it easy to strike much out, and yet the remainder will dovetail together as if it had been so designed originally."

During the conversation I mentioned Byron's letters as excellent in their way. He understood me to say "Burns," and it drew from him many remarks on that poet. "His letters," he said, "are clever, but are not good as letters, and yet Burns was more proud of them than of his poetry; which was natural in an uneducated man who thought his poetry might come by inspiration, but that his prose depended upon his own powers. In consequence of this, he labored at his letters very much. Byron's letters" (we had explained his mistake) "are of a different character, and are very good *as* letters." "He and

Cowper," said Mr. G——, "maintain Wordsworth's opinion that good poets may be good letter-writers. Wordsworth speaks very highly of Byron's letters on the Greek revolution." The professor spoke of Scott's letters as not at all equal to his other writings.

"I," said he, "never write letters. I wish I did, for I am very fond of receiving them, and had I written more I should have received more. I did not answer your note, for I am rather vain of my handwriting, and during this hot weather my hand is so relaxed that my writing would be like that of an old man, and I was determined not to let you see that."

During some music in the evening Burns was again mentioned, and Professor Wilson said: "I never have been able to write a song. I know what it should be, but I cannot do it. If I could write one that would be sung in valley, plain, and hill, I should die happy. There is not a peasant in Scotland who does not know Burns's songs."

"Dibdin had great success," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "and yet Dibdin's were confined to one class. He was no sailor and had never been at sea, but by living on the water edge he picked up sea terms, and though his songs are full of mistakes and inconsistencies the sailors never found it out, being quite satisfied with hawsers, bow-lines, and a few sea phrases here and there. How is it that Campbell's great ballads 'Ye Mariners of England,' and 'The Battle of the Baltic' are never sung? I have asked sailors, and they never heard them. There must be something wanting in them, and, indeed, what should sailors know about the 'meteor flag'? They would say there is no such flag in the British navy. Then, what is the meaning of the cannons' roar quelling the deep below? I once asked Campbell, who said that it was his business to write and mine to find out his meaning. I fancy he alludes to the fact that continued firing has the effect of quieting the surface of the sea around. How strange a contrast there is between Campbell's recitation and Wordsworth's — the former in a thin, weak voice, settling now and then the curls of his wig, reciting without power his greatest lyrics; Wordsworth with a severe and simple dignity giving a tone to his recitation, which has often after hearing him on a hillside walk thrilled me for days after. He has the most remarkable power, in that way, of any man I ever heard. It seemed like inspiration, and I could almost imagine that he spoke by revelation." Mr. G—— spoke of an unpublished poem of Wordsworth's written in preparation for "The Excursion," on "the formation of an individual mind," which his friends declare to be very fine. "I remember," said Professor Wilson, "when I was very young, sleeping at his house, and when I was in bed he brought it to me to read. I read it during a grand storm of thunder and lightning and, whether influenced by that, together with the excitement of finding myself so honored by Wordsworth, I know not — but I thought it one of the finest things I ever read. What right has he to keep such things from the present generation? I hope he will publish what he has written of 'The Recluse' and that poem before I die. Surely we ought to love our own generation more than any that follows — he ought to love you and me more than my little grandchild, who will be enjoying 'The Recluse' when I am in my grave. It is not fair in great authors to leave their works to be published posthumously, as if their own generation was unworthy of them." A poem on "The Clouds" was mentioned as one of the best in his last volume, and Mr. G—— said it smacked of earlier days than the rest of the contents of that volume. "Yes," he said, "I remember his repeating it to me a very long time ago, perhaps thirty years, at a time when there was nothing I dreaded so much as his knowing that I wrote verses. I had been writing on the clouds, and had told Wordsworth of it, who, as we were walking, asked me to repeat them, as he had been writing on the same subject, and wished to hear how I had treated it. I was horror-struck, and I admit that I told a lie and said I had never written any such verses. I hope it was a white lie. Wordsworth's drama, 'The Borderers,' is not good, and, in fact, neither he nor Coleridge have or had any capacity for that kind of composition. 'Remorse' and 'Zapoyla' are very inferior as dramas. In the former, Coleridge wished to depict some metaphysical kind of remorse, even preying upon the subject of it, but not affecting his character and dispositions. But it won't do at all. His translation of "Wallenstein" is of a very different nature; it is magnificent. Poor Coleridge fancied he could do everything, and his designs and plans were tremendous. He projected a 'Dictionary,' a 'Grammar,' a 'Great Epic Poem on the Fall of Jerusalem,' a 'System of Philosophy,' and he who was wholly with-

out it, actually intended to write a 'Treatise on Method.' None of these were ever even commenced; and they were but a part of the vast projects in his mind — amongst others a conclusive work on theology. The sphere where he was great was in conversation, and that he loved when he could find attentive listeners." "Wordsworth," said Mr. G——, "declared that he never heard him converse without silently saying to himself, 'Wonderful.'" "He was indeed so," replied Christopher North, "for these flaws and inconsistencies in argument are not observed and detected, but it is very different when the same thing is put into writing. Coleridge's weakness was an extreme love of sympathy, and it was what he thought a want of this in the more austere character of Wordsworth that led to the coolness between them. Basil Montagu most unjustifiably told Coleridge some remark of Wordsworth's about him which hurt the former very much, though probably the bitterness of it was in its repetition by another person. For Wordsworth's sayings are very different from his own mouth and from that of another. Still, he was too dignified and self-dependent a character for Coleridge, who always required sympathy, and probably has expressed his feelings in the description of a friend with which he concludes 'John Anderson.' Wordsworth could not sufficiently bend to this weakness, which he thought unmanly, and hence the estrangement, though Wordsworth still loved Coleridge as did Coleridge him. It was this weakness, and not pride or vanity, which led him to delight in talking; and when he had an attentive hearer he would enlarge on every subject with enthusiasm, but if there were the slightest apathy or carelessness displayed, it was curious to see how his voice died away at once. And yet I am convinced that this was not love of display, but of having other minds in communion, as it were, with his own; and when he felt that they were so, he would impart to every object of conversation a hue and tinge of beauty which could not be surpassed. It was this feeling, too, that led him to admire Irving so much. It was not from Irving's powers of mind, but from his fondness for Coleridge's society and conversation that the latter's admiration for him was derived. Irving never was a leader, but was at last rather a dupe; and as to his being a second Luther, he was in fact without one of the great qualities which distinguished the Reformer. He never in any degree influenced the public mind, nor has he left any impression behind him. In fact he was a wild, weak man. Of the poetry of Coleridge, nothing approaches his 'Genevieve' in exquisite tenderness and beauty. It is perfect, pure, and angelic, and yet human."

Mr. G—— asked, "What has become of De Quincey?" He answered: "I was very intimate with, and I believe I am now more intimate with him than any other person, and yet I hardly ever see him. I know where he lives, but hardly ever see him; I have not seen him above four times in *six* years (if I remember rightly), and yet his family ask tidings of him from me. Since he has left this part of the world he has lived in different places in Scotland; some years in Edinburgh, then in Glasgow, and so on as caprice takes him. He is never seen by any one, as he never leaves his garret except at night, and I well remember there was a kind of mysterious awe when he remained for about a year in my house. The servants placed food for him, which would be untouched so long that they had to prepare other, and then would perhaps see a long bony hand thrust out to take it, and that was all. The only time he himself was seen was sometimes when we had a late party, and then towards midnight he would be observed stealing out to take his walk. His chief expense is opium, on which he spends £150 a year, and sometimes will take four or five thousand drops in twenty-four hours. It is strange it has not the effect on his constitution which it is commonly reported to have; for he appears perfectly well in health, and yet at the same time his feelings and sensibilities seem quite benumbed by it. His family has all died off in a very melancholy manner; first his eldest son, then a daughter, and then a younger son, a boy of great promise who went out to China and died of fever. I had occasion to see him about these things, as he is perfectly unfit to manage a funeral or anything of the kind, and I was surprised at his calmness and indifference. There seemed to me some doubt at first about the death of his son in China, and this I told him; but when I was obliged afterwards to confirm the first intelligence, he merely wrote, 'I am sorry he is dead, but it was against my advice he went to China at all.' He behaved ill when he left Westmoreland, and wrote very bitter papers against Wordsworth" (the fact was his conduct was so unprincipled that Wordsworth would not even affect to countenance him), "and in

them most improperly introduced my name, parenthetically, 'and Professor Wilson says the same,' when I had never said anything of the sort. From this it has been said that I quarrelled with Wordsworth, whom, God knows, I love and revere as I have always done, and am as far from envy or jealousy towards him as man can be. I had too much pride to enter into any explanation to Wordsworth, but I have never ceased to love him, and his warmth and cordiality to me and my daughter when we lately met quite affected me. De Quincey, however, is a remarkable man, and his conversation is wonderful; his writings, too, are most powerful and argumentative when he is free from opium, but when under the influence of it he writes sad nonsense. He began, I believe, to take it in imitation of Coleridge, and I myself have seen him drink a wineglass of laudanum at once. I remember well," he continued, laughing heartily, "calling upon him one day and finding him — he is by the way a very small man, not taller than Hartley Coleridge — wrapped in a sort of grey watchman's coat, evidently made for a man four times his size, and bought probably at a pawnbroker's shop. He began conversing earnestly and declaiming on the transcendental philosophy, when in the vehemence of his discourse the coat opened, and I saw that he had nothing else on of any description whatever. He observed it and said, 'You may see I am not dressed.' I did see it, I said. He replied that he thought it not of any consequence, in which I acquiesced; he folded it round him and went on as before. Authors generally like to feel loosely habited when composing, but he made a very extraordinary figure."

Such, as far as I recollect, was the tenor of Professor Wilson's conversation, though of course I do not pretend to give the words, nor do I insert, except where necessary for the sense, the remarks of others which led to those made by him. In fact, what is put consecutively into his mouth was frequently broken in upon by other questions or comments of ours which are not worth recording. Since writing a considerable portion of this, this morning, I walked with J—— to call upon him at Elleray, where I found him as cordial and agreeable as last night. We sat some time with him, and led him to speak of Hartley Coleridge, of whom he gave a most melancholy account. I had him in my eye as I had seen him at the wrestling-match, with a watery eye and an almost idiotic leer on his face, and asked could nothing be done to reclaim him. "Nothing," he answered; "I once tried and succeeded for three months in keeping him at this place, but Wordsworth always said he would relapse, and so he did, for one day when we had walked together a few yards from the house, I, finding the sun too hot, returned for my hat, bidding him wait; but when I came back he was gone, nor did I for a long time see him again. I afterwards learned that he had gone to a pot-house and remained in a drunken state for ten days. I had fancied he might have thirst more strongly upon him than other men, and had taken great pains to have wine and water, or drink of some kind brought in; but all was of no avail, and when he is intoxicated he is a hideous object. Wordsworth says he has a constitutional tendency to it, but I hardly know what that means. When I came back last year I thought that feeling for me in my altered circumstances, returning to this place after so many years' absence, would have kept him in check, and I called on him and asked him to join my daughter and myself on the water, to which he agreed. He said he wished to call on a friend in Bowness, and would occupy the half-hour till we were ready in seeing him. When we went down to the boat, in less time than that, we found Hartley Coleridge in a bestial state of intoxication, so that I would not take him into the boat. We landed at Millar's ground, and, walking up, found him lying insensible in a field. I made the servants take him to Elleray and put him to bed. They did so, and about eleven o'clock at night there was a ring at the door, and in came Hartley Coleridge, professing to have come from Bowness to see me, and then quite sober and very agreeable. He had been laid on the bed in his clothes, had awakened, and gone out at the back door and round to the front. Whether he feels remorse or shame I know not, but he never shows it; and I am glad not to have seen him this year, for it is a horrible sight to see a man so brutalized. As a boy he was astonishing; but how can a man read to advantage who lives as he does? and though there is much genius and cleverness in both his prose and poetry, he is but a second or third-rate man. It will not do for me to appear to my family careless of such things, and I cannot admit a man who is such a slave to drunkenness that he may, as he has done, fall down like a brute beast on this rug."

When we rose to go, the professor accompanied us to show the improvements he has made by felling trees, which are very great indeed, opening out the view of the lake far more than it was when last we were there. His eyes glistened as we praised this home of his affections which he evidently loves intensely, and said he would not care if he were told that for three years he might not go beyond its gate. Yet he could not bear such a restriction on Belle Isle, however he might admire it, because it was an island, and you felt the confinement of that even in the larger ones on the Scotch coast. He congratulated us, pausing as he spoke each time, and standing almost in front of us, on the way in which we saw Windermere, viz., by staying a summer on its wooded shores. And then I shall never forget his words or manner as he said: "Travellers come to Bowness, walk up and down the village to the lake-side, and then, ordering horses on, say 'Well, I don't think much of Windermere.' Don't think much of Windermere" (he murmured half to himself and yet loud enough for us to hear him, while his speaking eyes showed his emotion). "Don't think much of Windermere. Ah! you'll not think much of Heaven, then, when you get there." This parting tribute to the spot which he leaves to-morrow for this year, and from which he seems loath to part, was almost the last thing he said except about his trees and shrubs; and at the gate we took leave, perhaps never to meet again. I was more struck to-day with the appearance of his front face than last night; his forehead and eyes are very striking, and, indeed, in that view it is clear that when young he must have been very handsome. He does not do himself justice with his exuberant hair and whiskers, but one is ready to excuse a little oddity in that respect in consideration of the many excellencies, personal and mental, of one who has so often enlivened and delighted you as Christopher North.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A RENEGADE.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING come to San Biagio, as has been seen, for one night, I ended, as the sequel proved, by remaining weeks. The place somehow took my fancy. Despite the grimness of the old walled town there was an idyllic charm about it and its surroundings that grew upon me hourly. The weather too was perfection. The inn, if distinctly the reverse of luxurious, was at all events clean; it was enchantingly free from other guests, while the people from the landlord downwards possessed that ineffable charm of kindly good-will which makes even the very roughest accommodation endurable, so, having no calls of any sort elsewhere, until the weather changed I resolved to remain where I was.

With this view I next morning summoned mine host and inquired into the possibilities of additional accommodation, and in response to my appeal was ushered a few hours later with much pomp into another bedroom with a sitting-room — a room at least without a bed — beyond, which had been hastily cleared out and prepared for me. A primitive little pair of apartments they were truly; their windows opening upon a sort of walled-in court or garden which had found a lodgment for itself in an angle of the walls, its space choked with ragged vines, a plot of maize about the circumference of a table-cloth filling the centre; stacks of faggots leaning about in despondent attitudes against the walls; while above ledges, thick grown with yellow lichens, dangled their tufts of mesembrianthemum, and upon the opposite wall a lady with scarlet cheeks, and brilliant grass-green gown, half obliterated, but still smiling sweetly stood upon a balcony, with a background of star-pointing peaks and pyramids which fairly put to shame those less ambitious efforts of nature which showed through an opening in the roof beyond.

Despite these and other allurements, my chief attraction at San Biagio was, however, naturally my newly made acquaintance, young Maclean, whose character and the sequel of whose adventures possessed for me all the charm of an as yet unstudied chapter of romance. I could not help feeling touched too by the evident dependence with which he seemed disposed to cling to me, finding apparently in my chance fellowship a sort of equivalent for those home ties and affections which he had either too hastily abandoned or had possibly never known.

He was not, as I soon discovered, lodging in the hotel, but only coming there for his meals. He had established himself in a couple of rooms in a house which projected from a corner of one of the

gates, a modern excrescence thrusting itself with much discordance and unconformability upon the ancient structure, its front painted, in true Ligurian fashion, with such a profusion of doors, arches, and windows as hindered one from giving it credit for even the very limited number of such apertures as it in reality possessed, a ridiculously rickety little balcony, coarsely daubed with already faded green paint, being clamped on to the solid blocks of masonry, which in their day had withstood, it was said, sieges, and whose date (1504) could still be seen between the thin, discolored sticks of the railing.

For Maclean the chief attraction of this abode, I was not long in discovering, lay in the fact that it commanded a corner of the village piazza — that corner where the fountain issued from the wall, and where the maiden of the tower, whose name was Colomba Zecchi, was in the habit of descending from her aerial abode to fill her water-jars, and refresh herself at the same time with a little congenial gossip.

Leaning over the balcony — at some risk of finding oneself precipitated into the street — one saw first a long stretch of fern-fringed wall, ending in the marble statue of some forgotten saint, once upon a time, no doubt, white, but long since yellow with time and damp; beyond, through an archway, a vista of cypresses, straggling two by two, like gloomy excursionists, up the steep hillside, and for foreground a blacksmith's shop, with family groups of children and grandmothers twirling distaffs, strewed about over the thresholds and pavement.

The fountain, which stood in an angle, was of marble also, the water escaping in a couple of weary jets, as if exhausted with its centuries of work, out of a wall surmounted by the three Medicean balls. Below the shell-like cup, which received the water, though nearly worn away with much attrition, still retained no little of its original fluted grace. Here, from morning till night, the women of the place were always to be seen washing, splashing, shrieking discordantly to one another, filling those classical-shaped jars which form so effective a feature in every north-Italian tableau, and carrying it away with them to their homes. It did not seem to make anything or any one one whit the cleaner; indeed the whole town reeked with smells of every variety of pungency, but in itself nothing could be more effective than was the grouping thus afforded. Look when one would, there was always a procession passing to and fro — always a girl, or group of girls, standing under the wall in the same invariable caryatides attitude, one hand up to steady the jar just poised upon her head, and not seldomest Colomba, who doubtless knew the effect of those black brows and shapely shoulders of hers silhouetted against the pale Carrara marble, just tinged here and there with a hue of red or brownish rust, which had accrued to it in the course of ages. Overhead a row of five orange-trees filled the air with scent, a slender brown brick campanile rising immediately above; and beyond that again other houses, whose walls rose one above the other, with many an excrescence and jutting ledge, and little misshapen, unexpected doors and windows, where women were hanging out washing amid pots of red carnations, while upon the very top of all a house, striped like a puma, flaunted itself audaciously full against the sky.

Not very far from the fountain, under the partial shelter of a vine trellis, a seat had been placed by some thrice-blessed forerunner of the present race, and here I used to seat myself of a morning to smoke my early cigar and see the whole life of the place expanding itself before me. It is wonderful what familiar acquaintanceship one may make under such circumstances with people with whom one has never exchanged a single syllable. Near the church there was a small *collegio convitto*, kept by three stout old priests, to which the brown-cheeked urchins of the place used twice a day to be rung by a cracked bell which hung from the crooked pink campanile. Later on their shrill voices used to reach me as they pattered over their *Aves*, or shrieked their spelling in chorus. A broad flight of steps — broad at least for San Biagio — led to this abode of learning, and upon these steps stretched a small tessellated platform where the three fathers might be seen walking up and down, and refreshing themselves with liberal pinches of snuff between the hours of study.

I had not been a week in the place before all these people appeared to me in the light of familiar acquaintances. I knew their incomings and their outgoings; could tell as well as they could themselves at what hours they eat their meagre strips of bread, or supped their meagre cups of coffee and *minestra*. Maclean too would often join me on my bench, and we used to hold high discussions upon every variety of subject. Whenever the fair Colomba appeared

upon the scene, he used invariably, however, to spring up, no matter how enthralling might be the matter in hand, and hasten forward to take her jar from her and fill it at the fountain. He also frequently insisted upon carrying it up for her to the top of the steps, wholly regardless of the universal derision aroused by the proceeding, as well as of the fact that whereas she carried it without so much as spilling a drop, he never yet had attained the top without a very considerable proportion of the water dispersing itself over the steps, or finding a lodgment upon his garments. This silent act of love-making accomplished, he would return, and gravely resume the discussion at exactly the same point at which he had left it off.

More often than not these discussions of ours turned upon abstract points, either of ethical or philosophic lore, within whose meshes we entangled ourselves with much mutual satisfaction. It was evident to me that my new acquaintance possessed more than an average share of intelligence, and that, moreover, he had thought out his own views upon most subjects with what, under his circumstances, might almost be said to amount to originality. His ignorance of everything beyond his own contracted circle, hindered him, however, from appreciating the relative value of things, or perceiving where what was personal to himself began, and what was merely the common heritage of all young enthusiastic manhood ended. Everything was colored and, to a certain extent, warped, too, by that attitude of opposition into which he had been almost unavoidably forced. His enjoyment of his own liberty was still in all the first flush of its novelty, so that he appeared to find it necessary to be perpetually fingering it in order to make sure that it was actually there. Owing, no doubt, to the long-continued repression to which he had been subjected, he had the effect of being always on the look-out for disapproval; perfectly resolved not to allow it to influence him; to resent it, if necessary, but still expecting to meet with it at every turn; and to this, no doubt, that pugnacity of demeanor which had come out so strongly upon our first meeting was mainly due.

His long-continued dogmatic training seemed to me to be perpetually getting in the way of his newly discovered freedom, now for a time mastered and set aside, but much more often mastering it, and reasserting all its old supremacy. The walls of the sheepfold were well around him still, as was perhaps not least conclusively proved by the innocent pride he took in occasionally leaping over them when he might just as well have gone quietly out by the open door. In discussing points of morals or ethics, he in theory too always advocated the widest and most advanced views, outrunning even his own self-elected teachers in the vigor of his denunciations of existing barriers and demarcations of all sorts, advocating with enthusiasm the perfect emancipation of all social relations, the absolute and inalienable right of every man to judge for himself in such matters; the falseness of all existent theories of morality, and the necessity of breaking through the whole artificiality of things, and beginning afresh at the very bottom.

All this, however, I soon discovered was the purest talk, like the talk of some enthusiastic girl whose brain has been fired by notions of whose import she entirely fails to see the outcome. His own natural impulses lay exactly in the reverse direction, and that too to an extent I have never met with in any other man. Perpetually in our talks I was struck by the extraordinary innocence, not to say ignorance, which characterized all his remarks, even to the extent of finding myself toning down all the worst and more aggressive features, from an instinctive feeling of their being somehow or other unfit for his ears.

As became a Highlander, he was a tremendous walker, and in the time we spent together we took a considerable number of walks in each other's company. To the more distant of these expeditions I rode upon a mule — a perverse, yellow-faced animal belonging to our landlord — Maclean striding meanwhile beside, or more frequently far ahead, of me, leaping from crag to crag, his eccentric garments waving in the breeze as he did so. The country around San Biagio is lovely, and the season was the very perfection and quintessence of the spring. Occasionally we used to make a longer expedition for some point, where I would dismount, and we would eat our lunch under the shadow of some tufa rock, or lounge away our day upon the sun-dried grass. It was an innocent sort of life, if not a very exciting one, and I look back to it now with a good deal of half-melancholy pleasure. One afternoon in particular comes back to me, I cannot for the life of me tell why, as nothing at all particularly worthy of note occurred then. We had climbed to the

top of a crest, known as the Cima Nera, whose top, bald as the head of some aged vulture, rose above the smiling valley, and carried upon it one of those whitewashed chapels which crown the crest of how many thousand Italian summits. It had been a wild morning, and clouds were still strolling idly along the tops of the opposite hills, now hiding one point, and now revealing another, as they played at bo-peep amongst the ridges. The summit reached, the last half-dozen cypresses left behind, we passed the chapel, whose closed door, blistered with nearly five centuries of sunshine, was studded over with huge black nails, and extended ourselves luxuriously upon the smooth rocks above. Below us rose a small company of pine-trees, old but not large, bent and misshapen rather like creatures that had grown grey in iniquity, and below these again four distinct valleys could be traced, each with its stony, snake-like, all but waterless river-bed, each with its small-walled *paese* enveloped in a faint, ghostly cloud of smoke. Opposite, scattered like white pebbles over the slopes, could be seen the tiny, box-like habitations in which the inhabitants of the said *paese* passed their summers. As the sun sank, the whole landscape — hills, trees, valleys, watercourses, houses — began to swim and quiver in a faint, rose-colored haze, through which the light, escaping, smote here a jutting cape, there the white sail of a fishing-smack, until it finally all merged in the pale, roseate glow, concealing and encircling the distant horizon.

Frequently upon these occasions Maclean's tongue used to run upon the perfections of the adorable Colomba. Since my refusal to write to her father we had never seriously discussed the possibility of the marriage, but in his own mind it was evident that the intention was only suspended, not relinquished. What exactly her relations thought of the whole affair I was at a loss to guess; that they at this time regarded his attentions as having any serious importance I do not for a moment believe. I imagine that they simply looked upon poor Maclean as harmlessly demented upon this subject, as by the united consensus of village opinion he had already been pronounced to be upon most others. As regards his own views, there was, however, not the slightest question. He had fallen in love with Colomba, as he had fallen in love with Italy, with the sunshine, with his own emancipation; and despite those fluently latitudinarian views which he occasionally propounded, marriage was evidently the bourne, and the only bourne, towards which his thoughts pointed. Pending that desirable consummation he rarely missed his morning attendance at the fountain, undeterred by the very moderate amount of gratitude with which his efforts were rewarded, or by the unfailing derision they evoked amongst the children of the place. It was a very silent act of adoration, since he never, so far as I observed, spoke to her; indeed, his Italian, to the very last hour of our acquaintance, remained in an utterly nebulous condition.

A more serious obstacle was that there was already a rival in the path, a certain Antonino Zecchi, cousin of the fair Colomba, whose father was the proprietor of sundry rice-fields in the vicinity, and according to my landlord's report a wealthy man. Six months before this Antonino had scattered dismay amongst his family and his admirers by drawing the fatal number which obliged him to serve in the army, neither prayers, bribes, or even substitutes availing anything in Italy nowadays against that onerous necessity. Latterly, however, he had reappeared upon the scene, the regiment to which he was attached being quartered at Spezia, and on more than one occasion had fluttered the hearts of the maidens of San Biagio, and not least that of his fair cousin Colomba, to whom he paid devoted court, to the intense though necessarily impotent fury of poor Maclean. He was a well-looking youth, this same Zecchi, tall, slim, and dark-eyed; his becoming uniform with its natty completeness contrasting with my poor Highlander's wildly heterogeneous garments, which assumed day by day a more and more disorderly and fantastic appearance.

There was a little walk which ran up at the back of our hotel which for me had the merit of being one of the most sheltered in all the neighborhood, and for Maclean that in its upper portion it commanded a complete view of the house which contained his divinity. Escaped from the town it struggled through vineyards and olive woods; now shut in by hedges climbed over by that large-flowered, white cistus which here usurps the place of the dog-roses; now overshadowed by roughly put together colonnades, red, green, and blue, of the fashion that Italy loves. Below, tall lupines, white or pale blue, rose knee deep, nearly strangling the half-grown vines, which only succeeded in clambering beyond their

reach by the aid of small stakes to which they were tied.

Along this path Maclean and I were wont to stroll in the cool of the evening, satiating our eyes on that most incomparable of landscapes. The bay, white under the flail of the sirocco, or striped with purple streaks stretching diagonally over the blue; the long line of mountains rising one behind the other, the first set green and brown, the next blue, last of all the grey of the Carraras rising skywards in all their rock-hewn distinctness, their sides a-glitter with what to a stranger would have seemed to be snow, but which was to our knowledge marble.

One evening we had gone higher than usual and were returning homewards over the stone-set path — very hard and pointed those stones I remember were too — past clambering vines and shapeless forgotten fragments of masonry; past the half-destroyed tower of Boboli, the base of which bulged outwards nearly blocking up the pathway; winding in and out of the unkempt maize-fields; dropping from terrace to terrace and over the dry beds of streams; Maclean, as usual, always ahead, looking back and encouraging me onward. As we came out upon the last of the lower summits we both of us paused by mutual impulse. Below us lay San Biagio, its brown roofs so near that it seemed as if they might be touched. Where we were the projecting ledge above overshadowed us, but below the path was flooded with sunset light, which rippled impartially over the patched roofs and over the lupines and vetches and sunflowers in the vineyards; over the boats curtsying placidly in the little harbor; finally over three or four couples who were promenading about upon the bit of walk which stretched nearly at right angles to where we were then standing.

The whole scene wore the most unmistakably operatic aspect. The figures passed on below us two by two; one of the women was singing; several of the couples had their arms round one another's waists. As we stood there we saw one of the men suddenly stoop and kiss his partner, who thereupon smote him upon the arm with an air of very mild and placable displeasure.

Maclean seemed to get quite drunk upon the sunshine, upon the idyllic beauty of the scene, upon the somewhat trite and bucolic romance on which we were thus the involuntary intruders. "Look at that," he exclaimed excitedly; "who would believe that we were in the same world as where I come from? What nature! What grace! Could anything be more innocent, more perfectly harmless? and yet, you know, they" — jerking his thumb backwards over his shoulder — "would think it dreadful, horrible, heinous; they would believe they were one and all going straight down to the bottomless pit! Fools! dolts! idiots! fanatics!" Presently another couple came out of one of the houses and joined the promenaders. These two had not their arms round each other's waists, nor were they even arm in arm, nevertheless they walked with a certain self-conscious air which proclaimed them to be lovers, in *posse* at all events, if not in *esse*. Nor did it take very long to recognize them. Even in San Biagio, renowned for the beauty of its women, there were not many forms that could be mistaken for that of the stately Colomba, while in the figure beside her I recognized that tall and military-looking cousin whose advent had lately fluttered the dovecots of the vicinity. Poor Maclean's face fell; his head drooped upon his breast; and he hardly uttered another word before we reached our inn.

CHAPTER IV.

I FIND myself lingering unwarrantably over this portion of my tale, but the truth is that even at this distance of time I shrink from once again approaching to the inevitable finale. For about another fortnight our life at San Biagio continued much as I have described it. Maclean and I walked, talked, and disputed amicably together; together we sailed along the coast, and together explored peaks and valleys, churches and monasteries until nothing, we flattered ourselves, or nothing in any degree noteworthy in the neighborhood, remained by us unvisited. Never before or since have I met any one in whom the enthusiasm for nature so preponderated. His passion for beauty, for color, for every form of innocently sensuous enjoyment, showed indeed in every word and act, the greatest peculiarity of all perhaps being that instead of having in his case been elaborately cultivated, wrought up to the highest attainable pitch by example and instigation, it had apparently grown up against all training, and in opposition to everything held out to him as laudable or commendable, fighting its way as it were to the surface by sheer force of its own inherent vigor. At every turn he seemed to be expecting to find surprise, and even something very like contempt in response to the most candid,

nay, the most obvious, expressions of enthusiasm in the harmoniousness of things, the blue skies, the green earth, the various scenic effects of his surroundings.

"And what, my dear Maclean, do you imagine that people as a rule come to Italy for, if you are the very first man that ever cared for scenery?" I used sometimes laughingly to ask him.

It spoke volumes too, I thought, for the repression and lack of congenial fellowship which had hitherto encompassed his life that I really think, during the short time we were together, the poor fellow grew to be positively fond of me. This may have partly come from the fact that he looked upon me as a perfect mine or reservoir of information, particularly as regards everything that was to be known, guessed, or suspected about his fellow-creatures, the lightest hint in this direction being received by him as a sort of revelation, a stimulative and suggestive peep into the untravelled regions of the unsuspected. Now, although I have been a good deal about the world, I cannot say that I flatter myself I have seen very much more than my neighbors, or that my knowledge of men and things is of any extravagantly profound or exhaustive character. To Maclean, however, my experiences were evidently unique. Not Faust with Mephistopheles, or Telemaque at the feet of Minerva, ever drank in lore with keener avidity, or gave wider credence to the marvels retailed by his mentor. To say that he was unsophisticated is to fail in expressing a quarter of the fact; indeed how any human being could have contrived to come to man's estate so profoundly, so touchingly ignorant of the world, its ways, thoughts, and doings, was a matter of ceaseless surprise to me. Having said so much I am bound for my own credit's sake to add that I do not think his innocence suffered any very serious detriment at my hands. If I did him no good I at least did him no harm, and that is a good deal to say for one whose very guilelessness made him all the more susceptible naturally of adverse impressions.

About the middle of this month of April young Zecchi, the cousin, disappeared from the scene, his regiment having been ordered away from Spezia, so that Maclean was no longer tormented by the sight of a rival basking in those seraphic eyebeams from which he remained inexorably shut out. He had found a means of communicating, too, which was another and an even deeper source of solace to him. An old Franciscan monk, the solitary survival of a whilom well-peopled monastery, spoke Latin after his fashion, and to him by aid of this medium he was able to communicate his desires, entreating him to convey them in due form to the father of his inamorata. This, apparently, was done, since several interviews I learnt took place between the elder Zecchi and my love-lorn friend. Although I have never actually been informed as to what occurred at these conferences I have every reason to believe that a species of bargain was entered upon, and that if Maclean succeeded in producing guarantees as to the really solid and satisfactory nature of his possessions, the other upon his part promised not to withhold those means of persuasion with which Italian fathers and mothers are generally sufficiently well provided.

These negotiations, and the arrangements to which they gave rise, naturally took up a good deal of my young friend's time, so that our walks and talks were to a great degree suspended, and I began as a consequence to get not a little bored with San Biagio, and to bethink me of once again resuming the disconnected thread of my journey. One morning towards the latter end of the month, not having seen Maclean throughout the whole of the preceding day, I walked over to his lodgings, and making my way upstairs tapped at his bedroom door.

"Come in, d— you, whoever you are," was the answer, delivered in a tone of the most vehement and vindictive energy.

Although this was hardly perhaps to be called an encouraging invitation, I nevertheless took advantage of it so far as to open the door.

Inside I found Maclean striding up and down the narrow space in a perfect frenzy of excitement, the hot spring sunshine penetrating every corner, and filling the narrow room with its potent presence. Everything was in the wildest confusion. A pile of linen, evidently destined for the washerwoman, lay tumbled upon a chair; note-books and sketching materials were scattered confusedly hither and thither; a vase of wild flowers which had been mounted upon a bracket was lying overturned and disconsolate upon the floor.

"Good heavens! *You*, Mr. Smith! I beg ten thousand pardons," he exclaimed in a tone of dismay. "Need I say that I

never dreamt for a single instant that it was you! In fact I never thought of its being any one that understood English. To tell the truth, I do sometimes relieve my soul by a malediction or two when I am perfectly certain that there is no one who understands me within hearing, and this morning the people of this house have been more exasperating even than usual. As if it wasn't bad enough to have them dashing in when one only wants to be left in peace, they have taken lately to rapping violently at the door, and then when I go to it to see what they want I find that they have run off somewhere, heaven knows where, and forgotten all about it! The fact is, I believe they honestly think here that I'm demented. At least this morning I distinctly heard two of the women whispering to each other '*Pazzo, pazzo*,' whenever I appeared, and I know that *pazzo* means mad."

As I looked at Maclean I own I could not feel surprised at these suspicions, however unjust or injurious. A more singular figure than his at that moment it would be difficult to conceive. His parti-colored garments seemed to have grown less instead of more at unison with one another during their long companionship; a pair of blue spectacles decorated his nose, his original colossal straw hat his head; while his pockets were swollen with half-folded maps, yard-measures, note-books, and other heterogeneous gear, which protruded from them in all directions.

"Where in the world are you off to in such a hurry?" I inquired. "Are you going to give me the slip as you did your relations, and disappear suddenly into space?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort, I assure you. I've got some business to do to-day though—an appointment to keep," and he nodded his head vaguely in the direction of the Carrara Mountains.

"An appointment?"

"Yes—that is, some one that I've arranged to meet me. Don't ask me anything about it though now, please, as I ought to be off. This evening when I come back you shall hear all." And before I had time to formulate another question he had made a dash at the remainder of his possessions, and, darting downstairs, turned hurriedly up the street in the direction of the station.

It was six o'clock when he returned. The weather had meanwhile changed, and a cold, fine rain was falling dismally over everything. I had passed a solitary and a somewhat disconsolate day, and had now definitely made up my mind that my start for Florence should certainly not be delayed beyond the next but one. In fact, I was actually engaged in writing a note to a certain hotel-keeper there of my acquaintance, ordering rooms to be prepared for me, when I heard the impetuous tramp of my friend's feet resounding noisily upon the carpetless staircase.

"Well, what do you think I have been doing *now?*" he exclaimed as he burst into the room and flung his dripping hat upon my writing table.

"That is exactly what I am waiting to learn," I answered.

"I have been buying a castle."

"Buying a castle?" I repeated, rising to my feet in the extremity of my astonishment. "And what has induced you to do that, if I might venture to ask?"

"Wait till you have seen it and you will not need to ask then!" he cried exultingly. "Or stay, I believe you have seen it, though only at a distance. Do you remember the day we went up to the top of Cima Nero, our wondering what a thing could be that looked something like a clump of trees, something like a light-house, and something like an elephant upon a pedestal?"

"Perfectly."

"Well then, that is it. That's the castle I have bought."

"You haven't paid for it, have you?"

"I have though. Half the purchase money at least."

"Then your next amusement, I suppose, will be trying to find some one weak enough to take it off your hands," I observed. "Unless, of course, you propose to marry Colomba and settle down there for the remainder of your days," I added jocosely.

"That is exactly what I *do* propose doing."

I shrugged my shoulders. "In that case I have no more to say. The habitation will be thoroughly worthy of its inmates!"

Maclean looked hurt.

"You never will realize how entirely my heart is set upon this," he said in a tone of mortification.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps, too, it would be all the better if you didn't always realize it yourself either. Meanwhile, about this astonishing castle of yours. What is it to cost you, may I ask?"

He recovered his exuberance in an instant.

"That's the best of the whole joke," he

exclaimed. "I got it for — but you'll never guess; an *enormous* castle, mind you, with walls four feet thick. It stood three sieges in the fifteenth century, and was only taken at last because the garrison were reduced to eating up their own boots. It covers the entire top of a hill itself over three hundred feet high, with a view — such a view from the top over the whole of the Carrara Mountains! — perfectly splendid! And I've bought the entire thing out and out, castle, hill, view, and all, for — what do you think?"

"A hundred pounds perhaps," I said.

He looked disgusted; probably he had expected me to say at least a thousand.

"Eighty-five!" he cried. "Two thousand one hundred and twenty-five francs!"

"And is it habitable?"

He laughed.

"I only wish you could see it! Why of *course* it is not habitable, if you mean that there are no chairs and tables in it. In fact in many places it hasn't any floors for them to stand upon. As far as I can gather it has never been occupied since the last time it was besieged, and that was somewhere about the beginning of the seventeenth century, after the battle of Parva, you know. An old fellow in the village who keeps the keys told me all about it. But bless you, the furniture is only a detail. I'll easily get all that shipshape, you'll see. As it is I've turned a couple of carpenters in, and set them to work at patching up the floors."

"Then you really do seriously propose going and living there?"

"Seriously — most seriously and solemnly!"

"And marrying Colomba?"

"And marrying Colomba — that is, if old Zecchi thinks I'll do him for a son-in-law, which I have still to learn. I'm now off to Padre José, in fact, to get him to display my purchase before him in properly glowing colors." And he picked up his hat to depart.

"I don't think you need cherish any uneasiness upon that score," I retorted irascibly; but he was already half-way down the stairs.

I was right. Old Zecchi apparently did regard a mediæval castle with walls four feet thick as something definite, for the next morning Maclean burst in again, this time to inform me in a tone of triumphant glee that he was engaged, positively engaged to Colomba. That the wedding was to be as soon as the necessary formalities could be gone through — in short immediately.

"How about the cousin?" I inquired; but he was far too exultant to heed any such insinuations.

That was all nonsense, pure moonshine, he informed me. Padre José and old Zecchi assured him positively that she had never really cared a straw about him. It was nothing in the world but a boy and girl liking, magnified by the senseless gossip of the place into something serious. I said I was glad to hear it, but that if he expected me to congratulate him he might make up his mind at once to be disappointed; he already knew my opinion upon the matter, and so far I had seen no reason at all to modify it. My words, however, fell like idle drops upon the fire of his ardor, rather seemed to cause it, if anything, to burn the brighter. Later on in the same day I had the advantage, in common with almost all San Biagio, of seeing the newly betrothed pair walking side by side along the piazza, escorted by old Zecchi himself, in a long green coat of antique make, apparently reserved for such solemnities. What the girl's own private feelings on the subject were I have never been able to discover. Probably, like most of her countrywomen, she looked upon marriage as a matter in which it was not to be expected that she would have any voice of her own, and that therefore it was just as well to submit with a good grace as not to the inevitable. She was a stupid, stolid creature in my opinion, as much below the average Italian *contadina*, I thought, in intelligence as she certainly was above her in beauty, the stately classicality of the latter giving even to her stupidity something of the sublimely statuesque air of those immortals to whom the imagination of her lover so frequently compared her.

I told Maclean that I should certainly leave San Biagio upon the next day but one, having at last written definitely to Florence to order rooms. He tried to dissuade me, but finding that I was obdurate, desisted, saying that we should in any case shortly meet again, as after his marriage he intended visiting both Florence and Rome. I own that I felt thoroughly disgusted with the turn affairs had taken. Up to the last few days I had really never looked upon this preposterous fancy of his as in the least likely to result in anything serious. Now, however, that it was not merely serious, but imminent, I took myself to task for my previous supineness. Instead of contenting myself with merely laughing off the whole affair, I should have done far better to

take it in hand and endeavor, if possible, to argue Maclean out of a fancy which, however little he might choose to believe it now, he was destined, it seemed clear to me, to expiate in a lifetime of unavailing regrets.

Meanwhile, for the moment, he was evidently basking in a paradise of supreme content, which not even the difficulty of communicating his sentiments to the adored one seemed able in the least to diminish. As if to show me, too, that the adverse attitude I had taken up was powerless to impair his regard, he was more than usually affectionate, every moment he could spare from his betrothed being spent in my society. The afternoon which preceded my intended departure for Florence was a lovely one, and he proposed that we should go for a final sail along the coast, a proposal to which I willingly consented, though a minute afterwards I would gladly have rescinded my promise on finding that the fair Colomba was to be of the party, a female cousin accompanying her to do propriety. Not liking to play the churl, however, especially as it was my last day, I said nothing, and having returned to the inn for a couple of wraps prepared to follow the others to the shore.

As I was hastily descending the steep path which led to the sea, I noticed a young man with a cloak gathered closely about his face, who glared at me malevolently as I passed. It struck me that I had seen him somewhere or other before, but not being able at the moment to recollect where, and being already rather late, I hurried on without thinking very much more about the matter.

I found Maclean and his two companions standing rather desolately upon the shore. All the boats, it appeared, had gone away for the fishing except one belonging to a cross-grained old fellow named Paolo Botti, whose boat we had hitherto steadily avoided, it and its owner bearing both of them the worst of reputations along the coast. Evidently the old fellow was perfectly enchanted to catch us in this dilemma. Having first demanded three times his fare, which Maclean, however, agreed to pay, he next announced that it was impossible for him to sail without another man to assist him. In vain we remonstrated, in vain Maclean offering to do whatever was required. No, another man he must have, or the signori might stay at home — it was all one to him.

While we were still debating the point, the same young man I had noticed upon the hillside appeared in sight, strolling leisurely along the narrow path. Him old Paolo promptly hailed, and after a minute's hesitation he came forward, his cloak still shading his face. Hearing what was required, he at once consented to join the party, and stepping on board held out his hand so as to assist us to embark.

As he was in the act of assisting Colomba to her seat, I noticed that the girl suddenly started violently, and seemed for a moment as if she would have drawn back. She changed her mind, however, instantly, stepping carefully over the dirty thwarts and seating herself near the stern, Maclean assiduously spreading out a cloak for her, while I and the female cousin took up our places in the bows.

There was hardly any wind, a few puffs now and again ruffling the surface for a minute, dimming rather than breaking the absolute faithfulness of the reflections. Old Paolo, however, insisted upon setting up a sail, though evidently more for appearance' sake and to save himself the trouble of rowing than anything else. The big ungainly thing flapped and flapped and swayed aimlessly from side to side — did anything, in fact, except assist us in our locomotion. Fortunately we were in no particular hurry. The sun had by this time ceased to be disagreeable; the pine-wooded points, below which we were slowly drifting, showed delightfully fresh and green, so that it did not seem worth while to any of us to insist upon a more rapid progression.

Complaining that the bottom of the boat was wet, Colomba had seated herself upon the extreme edge, with her feet resting upon the plank which supported Maclean. Had there been the slightest wind it would have been a somewhat perilous position; but the boat was moving along so slowly that one might have almost stood in safety tiptoe upon the taffrail.

The sleepy motion favored drowsiness. There was absolutely nothing to do; the female cousin was not conversationable; the speechless love-making at the other end of the boat was, to a looker-on at all events, far from lively; so that I found myself gradually drifting into a reverie, which threatened to merge, in its turn, into something deeper.

Glancing once, half dozing, across the boat, I noticed that Maclean had drawn from his pocket a small card-board box, which had arrived, I knew, that morning by post, and was presenting the contents

of it to Colomba, who responded with a big stare of satisfaction out of her stupid black eyes, and a murmur, presumably of gratitude, which failed to reach me where I sat. I had already turned away again with a feeling half of amusement, half of pity, and something very like contempt for his infatuation, when all at once the young fellow who had joined us on the beach, and who had also appeared to be more than half asleep at the bottom of the boat, sprang to his feet with a violent execration, and, scrambling over the planks to the other end of the boat, thrust himself between the girl and Maclean. As he did so I recognized him. It was, of course, young Zecchi, the cousin, no longer, however, in his trim uniform, his handsome dark face distorted with passion, his white teeth gleaming like those of a wild beast. Evidently whatever docility or indifference wherewith Colomba herself might regard that destiny which had consigned her to another had no place here. The old traditional Italian spirit was wide awake, and he was prepared to contest the matter, if need be, to the dagger's point.

What happened next I cannot really undertake to say positively, the sail having got between me and the group around the helm. Whether Zecchi in his anger actually pushed the girl, or whether she was merely frightened by his violence into losing her balance, certain it is that Colomba suddenly fell over the edge with a violent scream, and a heavy splash into the water.

In an instant all was confusion. I saw Maclean deal his rival a blow which made him stagger back several paces. The next moment he had himself sprung overboard, had seized the girl, and was swimming rapidly back with her to the boat.

There were only a very few yards to go, so that the danger appeared over. Already Colomba was being helped over the side, and Maclean was just preparing to follow her, when, by some extraordinary piece of inadvertence or almost inconceivable stupidity, old Paolo suddenly allowed the sail to fall upon the deck, and as it did so a spar, swinging loosely to one side, struck Maclean a violent blow over the head, who thereupon suddenly released his hold, and sank backwards without a word into the sea.

A minute afterwards I was myself overboard, and vainly endeavoring to reach him. It is always asserted that a man who has once swum can always swim if he tries, but certainly my own experience upon this occasion is utterly against the theory. As a boy I had managed at least to keep afloat, but now, when everything depended upon my doing so, it seemed as if some inexorable force were dragging me slowly but relentlessly down. Do what I would I did not appear to myself to be making the smallest way. My boots, which I had forgotten to kick off, tugged at me as if a hundred tons of lead had been attached to my heels. The smooth, glittering surface seemed mocking my frantic struggles, and with the voice of a thousand cataracts sounding around me, and a wild cry of impotence which rang despairingly through my own ears, I found myself sinking, sinking, sinking down into green depths untroubled by any of that commotion which had so suddenly distracted the surface.

When I came to myself I was lying upon a small bed in a narrow, whitewashed room. My eyes, in opening, rested upon a red check curtain, which some kindly, if inexpert, hand had pinned across the window, and from above and below which fiery splinters of sunset light were still pouring. There was a faint smell of orange or lemon blossom, mingled with the distincter and tarter odors of the sea. I could see the black tracery of a vine trellis moving slowly backwards and forwards, its shadow painted now lighter and now darker upon the curtain. Murmurs, too, of voices reached my ears from time to time, but whether they came from the house itself, or from some road without, I could not in the least distinguish.

At first all these trifles absorbed my mind entirely, but of the scenes of the last few hours I remembered absolutely nothing. Suddenly my eyes, wandering vacantly round, fell upon a yellow object close at hand. It was Maclean's big straw hat that I had laughed at a thousand times, and which he had flung aside I remembered before springing from the boat.

Instantly the whole of the recent drama rushed back again upon my mind, and I made a violent effort to rise, but found that my head still swam, so that I had speedily to desist from the attempt. A woman, apparently upon the look-out for my movements, entered the room, and to her I immediately appealed.

"The young Englishman, my friend, where is he?" I stammered.

She flung up her hands with a loud cry.

"Eh, *Dio*, *Dio!* the poor signore! *Dio*, *Dio!*" she wailed.

"Is he *dead?*" I asked; though even

as I said the words I already knew the answer.

Again the woman wailed, and rocked herself significantly to and fro.

"Is he — has he been found?" I next inquired.

"*Si, si, si!*" Not at first, though; not until other boats had been sent out. The poor gentleman had been carried a long way by the current, they said. The doctor had already seen him, she believed, upon the shore. They were bringing him up now to the next house.

Even while she was still speaking I could hear indeed a sound of footsteps drawing slowly nearer. First a distant scraping over the shingle; then a shuffling of many feet moving along close together; then a halt; then another advance, followed by a whispered sound of voices not far off; then a total cessation of all sounds for several minutes, after which, one by one, I heard the steps coming slowly shuffling out into the road again.

My clothes had been taken away to dry, but now I insisted upon their being brought to me, and my being left alone to dress. All the while I was trying to do so I was pursued by a strange, an almost overpowering, sense of unreality. I knew, of course, perfectly well that he was dead, and yet it seemed as if at any minute the door might fly open, and Maclean himself — buoyant, excited, full of life, health, and spirits as he had been that afternoon — rush in to tell me it was all a dream; that he had never been drowned at all; that I had been imposed upon. He was not dead — no, not a bit of it; quite the contrary. How I left one house and reached the next I cannot even now distinctly remember. I have an impression of passing through a crowd of people gathered about the doorway, and of women crying and making way for me. He whom I came to see was lying flat upon his back just as he had been set down by the bearers. The blow which the spar had made when it fell was plainly visible in a large, dark scar across his forehead, otherwise his face had the pallid, deadly, almost frozen hue common I believe to those who die by drowning. I must have been still lightheaded, I suppose, for all the while I stood there that same strange sense of unreality never left me for a single instant. Although I was actually gazing at him lying there stark and cold before me, it seemed to me all the while as if he was still alive somewhere — not there; that he would presently reappear, and all would be as it had been; nor was it until I had turned away, and had seen the sea, and the long, grey line of coast still faintly touched here and there with a residue of the sunset light, that the whole miserable truth suddenly burst upon me at once.

A large crowd of people were still standing about the door when I came out, amongst whom I rather think was Zecchi the younger, but if so he had at least the grace to vanish instantly. Old Paolo, the boatman, on the contrary, the moment I appeared, hastened forward with loud outcries of virtue and innocence, swearing and protesting that *he* at least had not been to blame; he had done everything that mortal man could do to avert the catastrophe; he had put the boat about; he had thrown a rope overboard; he had got himself drenched to the very skin in the process; he and Zecchi had saved my life between them, and had done all that was humanly possible to save my friend's.

I broke away without listening to any of his explanations. What was the use of it all? What matter whose fault it was? Was he not — were they not both of them for the matter of that — standing up there alive and safe, unhurt by so much as a scratch, and my poor friend — kindest, brightest, simplest, most lovable of created beings — dead, stone dead in the prime of his youth? Poor Maclean! poor fellow! so good, so guileless, so clever, so foolish! Such a child in his simplicity, such a poet in his enthusiasm! Why should he be dead, I thought, he who had been so very much alive? "Heartless things are said and done in the world, and many worms and beasts and men live on, but he is dead."

CHAPTER V.

It turned out upon inquiry that poor Maclean had left a will drawn out only the very day before that fatal evening's expedition. An oddly expressed document it was — half English, half Latin, having been mainly concocted by the aid of his friend, the Franciscan, but it seemed likely to prove quite as legally binding as many a more orthodoxly worded one — such at least was the opinion of a notary to whom I submitted it. Of course the main object for which it was penned was to secure a provision for Colomba in case of her betrothed dying (as in fact had happened) before their wedding day. Of minor bequests there was only one, and that one, as I was profoundly touched to find, was a legacy of a couple of hundred

pounds to myself — as a slight acknowledgment, the will said, for much kindness received. But for the catastrophe which had so disastrously terminated our friendship I should in all probability never have heard a word of this, since in the natural course of things poor Maclean was destined to outlive me many and many a day.

Not a little to my dismay I found too that I was asked to be executor, a trust which necessarily detained me a few days longer upon a scene from which I would otherwise gladly have escaped. My first care had been to telegraph to the relations, stating the tragedy that had occurred, and requesting to know if any of them intended coming out, or if not, whether they had any directions to give me. No answer, however, was returned to this, and to a letter written at the same time I received in due course of time a coldly worded but perfectly civil response, begging that any effects belonging to their late relative might be immediately despatched to them in Scotland.

As a matter of fact, there were no effects, unless his old clothes or the straw hat was to be counted, or a broken compass, which latter, by the way, I feloniously assigned to myself. There was more money, however, than I had any idea he possessed. Of this the landed property — worth something over five hundred a year — was duly left to his Scotch kindred, the newly purchased castle and a not inconsiderable sum in the funds to Colomba, the two hundred pounds before mentioned to myself, and that was all. The whole will, including some circumlocutions evidently put in by the friar, did not cover more than half a sheet of foolscap.

Anxious to bring my painful duties to an end as soon as possible, I arranged the very day after the funeral to make an expedition to the castle, in order to find out whether there was anything that had to be seen to there before I left. To do this the usual way was to take the train to the next station, but on this occasion I preferred driving, so hired a carriage to take me the whole way.

The last few days had been wet and cold, while this one was oddly capricious — chilling showers of rain alternating with flashes of almost overpoweringly hot sunshine. Long before we had reached our destination I could see the gaunt walls of poor Maclean's preposterous purchase rising in feudal fashion over the surrounding country, and when I reached the little village where the horse and chaise had to be left, it seemed to be dominating everything and every one to an insolent and even, as I thought, a reprehensible extent.

Certainly if the poor dear fellow had desired to sell his soul for the picturesque he could hardly have succeeded better! This castle of his was one of those gaunt old piles of lichen-stained limestone which meet the traveller here and there in this portion of the Apennines. Clambering up from the village, preceded by a much-patched functionary, carrying in his hand a key large enough to have unlocked the very portals of Hades, I found myself gradually coming nearer and nearer to its base, the great unplastered walls, relieved by scarcely a window, towering overhead, a stray tuft or two of red valerian or purple snapdragon which had found a lodgment for itself in the masonry the only alleviation to its grim, uncouth bulk.

Inside confusion reigned paramount. The floor was belittered with shavings; tressels set up to enable the workmen to cut some wood into planks, were standing just as they had been left when the news of the owner's death brought the hardly begun work of renovation to a standstill. Everything in this part of the building wore an aspect of such utterly hopeless chaos that I very soon left it in despair, and scrambling up the wide, mortar-strewn staircase, and through a sort of stone trap-door above, found myself suddenly out upon the roof or central terrace of the castle, a wide, grass-grown space as flat and nearly as spacious, as many a town square.

The view here was certainly magnificent, enough so to excuse a little æsthetic vertigo. What had reached us as cold rain at San Biagio had fallen as snow upon the mountains, the great serrated backbone of the Carraras rising in a succession of snowy peaks and precipices, divided each from each by long, dark lines showing where streams had already torn their way through this wintry covering. Below, one looked directly down upon the little vassal village, nestling at the foot of the hill, its small ribbed roofs ranged in a sort of concentric pattern around the pink and brown campanile; the whole clustered so thickly upon a narrow tongue of land which jutted out between two streams that a single line of osiers, in all the freshness of their new spring dress, seemed the only things that had found room between the houses and the water. Purple orchids and pale dishevelled looking vetchlings were struggling to get their heads above the long grass growing thick and rank

over the stones at my feet, while a few bushes of broom, laden with brilliant canary-colored blossom, tossed and flaunted themselves audaciously in the corners, thereby giving a jocund and spring-like air to the grim, sullen-looking mountain of masonry around.

Nothing lovelier, nothing more inspiring than the scene above, nothing gloomier or more depressingly unsightly than the one within. Four rectangular towers of irregular shape surrounded this central block, and connecting each of these ran four narrow passages, out of whose discolored sides there oozed a perpetual drip. Every stone was coated with fungi and slimy blotches of liverwort; overhead the copings were ragged with stalactites — — evidently the growth of ages — upon whose points, projecting like gargoyles, the drops gathered and fell slowly, forming a broad, oleaginous deposit upon the pavement below. The whole place reeked hideously of damp; an ancient smell, compounded of mould, dry-rot, and bygone horrors of all sorts, clung to it like a garment, even the sun which beat all day upon its walls, or the wild west winds which must in winter-time visit every hole and corner of the structure, seeming to have been powerless even to dissipate or to subdue its potency.

Tired of prowling aimlessly about I once more ascended from the bottom of the keep to the very top, and leaning over the battlements stood watching the swallows skimming buoyantly around me. Once a hawk showed itself for a moment, swooping nearly to the edge of the parapet, and darting away again in undisguised astonishment when it perceived my presence. Below, in the bed of the stream, women and girls were busy spreading out clothes upon the sand to dry, the osiers throwing a broken, tremulous shadow across them and across the brown pools where the frogs were croaking lustily. Presently a little chaise containing three people, two men and a woman, drove up and stopped in the middle of the market-place. The men got down and helped the woman — who wore, I noticed, a brilliantly red shawl — to descend; then all three began mounting the steep path towards the castle. As they came nearer I recognized them. They were Colomba, her father, and young Zecchi the cousin. The heiress had come to inspect her possessions!

It may have been, and I have no doubt it was, very contemptible indeed upon my part, but I felt that it was simply impossible for me to wait there and face them; so, rapidly descending the stairs, I hastily gained the gate of the castle before they had time to reach it. Then leaving the regular pathway to the right, I scrambled in a sufficiently breakneck and ignominious fashion down the hill to the village; pounced upon my driver, much to the disgust of that gentleman, and announced that I should require the carriage in ten minutes. Then, still in terror of an accidental encounter, I walked on to where a long, low bridge crossed the two streams, and stood looking over the parapet into the water.

A slight shower was falling, but the sun still shone brightly at intervals. The women I had seen from above were still walking about the river bed, occasionally stooping to pick up a handful of linen; their shadows ludicrously distorted, now hugely distended, now enormously elongated, as they alternately bent or stood upright. Everywhere the fantastic light was appearing and disappearing. Here shining fiercely upon the small red or yellow pergolas crowded along the river edge; there catching upon a balcony, or beaming like a new decoration upon the headgear of a mule. All at once it blazed upon a conspicuous spot of color which had just appeared upon the top of the castle. It was the red shawl of the heiress, who had now attained to precisely the same station occupied by me a little earlier; nay, even at this distance I fancied that I could discern that statuesque turn of the shoulders which had so fatally bewitched my poor friend's impetuous fancy.

With a hasty malediction I turned again, and sped along the road heedless of where I was going. What fatality had ever brought him within sight or ken of her? I thought vindictively. What still greater fatality could have ever put it into his head to fall in love with that handsome, vulgar piece of stupidity? Even for my own share of the tragedy I could not forbear throwing a stone at the fates as I went. When a man has attained to what an Italian saying calls the middle floor of life, his love of change, his capacity for friendships, for new experiments of all sorts, grows blunted and limited. The shadows close in; the autumnal mists descend. In the youth and lightheartedness of my new friend I had thought, perhaps flattered myself, that I for a while, at any rate, had grown also younger and more lighthearted. Now he was gone, and the old shadows made themselves even more

conspicuously seen and felt than heretofore. The world henceforward promised, I felt, to be a duller, greyer, less cheerful place of residence, wanting that youth, strength, vitality, exuberance, which was lost to it and to me forever when Donald Maclean died. E. L.

From Temple Bar.

PREACHERS OF THE DAY.

At Westminster Abbey, one Sunday afternoon, the present writer overheard a party of Americans appealing earnestly to a verger for sittings near the pulpit: "We are Americans, and we do so want to hear Archdeacon Farrar; we may not have another chance!" The party had come late, so that the verger was unable to accommodate them as they desired; but he offered consolation, saying that the archdeacon would preach again on the following Sunday. "Ah, no, that won't do; we had booked him for to-day," was the answer.

Not long after this the writer was calling upon an American, who had "booked" Canon Liddon for the previous Sunday's religious exercise, and who, on being asked his opinion about that great preacher, volunteered to read some extracts from a letter which he had just written to his brother in Baltimore, conveying his description of the sermon. It was one of those admirable, painstaking letters which Americans, alone of the human race, still write to their brothers — one of those epistles which Trollope's Senator Gotobed is always sending to his distant partner. The effect of it was a little spoilt by an attempted parallel, in the manner of Plutarch's "Lives," between the Canon of St. Paul's and a preacher of parochial celebrity in America, a Mr. Stringer (Theodore James); but the general superiority of Dr. Liddon was handsomely allowed, and the American concluded with the acknowledgment that he had heard no such preaching at home, as here in London. "My wife," he said, "wonders how there can be any wicked people in this city with so many fine preachers about."

Few educated Americans leave this country without carrying away with them the recollection of some very edifying half-hours spent under the charm of good preachers' voices; and at this season of Lent it may not be inappropriate for one who, like our cousins, has gone the round of the London churches, to note his impressions of some among the foremost religious teachers of the day. The sectarian doctrines of these various clergymen must be left out of account in such a review, it is only intended to describe the preachers as they appear to the chance occupant of a pew, who has entered their respective churches — not undevoutly indeed, nor in hypercritical spirit, but with some purpose of weighing what he hears and of observing the manner in which it was delivered. It is one of the greatest boons of residence in London, that a man who scans the list of preachers in Saturday's papers can always provide for himself some of the richest intellectual pleasure, if not instruction, for the following day.

There is no city in the world which offers such a large choice of good preachers; and yet how few pulpit orators of the first order there are, considering that sermons are the principal business of most clergymen, and that every minister ought to regard it as a duty to train himself in elocution. It is very seldom that we are not a little disappointed in the preachers of whom we have heard much praise. In one we miss good delivery; another has a bad voice; a third, with a commanding presence, noble voice, and great fluency, has trusted too much to the inspiration of the moment, and utters commonplaces which show that he has not prepared all the points of his discourse beforehand. This want of preparation on the preacher's part is a very trying thing for congregations; and it is a painful thing to say — though we must say it — that too many clergymen mount their pulpits without having given so much thought to what they are going to say as even a third-rate actor gives to his part before stepping on to the stage. Why is this so? Has not the preacher a part to play, and ought not rehearsals and the making of "points" to be matters of professional concern to him as they are with the actor?

Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Peterborough stand out as unquestionably the two first preachers of the Established Church. There is a story of a private soldier having gone to St. Paul's on an afternoon when Dr. Liddon was to preach. The printed paper with the hymn was handed to him, but not understanding that it was offered gratis he refused it with a shake of the head, saying: "You don't suppose I should be here if I had got any money?" Most of the people who go to hear the eloquent canon are different from this soldier, for they would pay —

and very liberally — to get seats near the pulpit. On the afternoons of the Sundays when Dr. Liddon is in residence, the cathedral presents an extraordinary sight with its huge nave and aisles densely thronged. So far as the preacher's voice will reach, people stand, straining eyes and ears, and fortunately Dr. Liddon's voice resounds well under the dome; though now and then it becomes indistinct through the preacher's speaking too fast in his excitement. Two other things occasionally mar Dr. Liddon's delivery. Shortness of sight makes him often stoop to consult Bible or notes, and again he bows the head in a marked manner when he utters the holy name; but when he thus bends he goes on speaking, so that his words fall on the pulpit cushion and are deadened, which produces upon people who are at some little distance off the effect of continual stoppages and gaps in the sermon. No other defects besides these, however, can be noted in orations which for beauty of language, elevation of thought, and lucidity in reasoning, could not be surpassed. We have heard Dr. Liddon many times at Oxford and in London, and have observed that the impression produced by his eloquence was always the same, no matter who might be listening to him. We remember, in particular, a sermon of his on the text: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." It was absolutely magnificent to hear him prophecy the gradual progress of the world towards a higher state. Every man, from the greatest to the least, was made to feel his share of responsibility in advancing or retarding the evolution of mankind, and while the consequences of evil were pointed out as extending to incalculable lengths, there was a sublime hopefulness in the promise that the smallest good offering brought to the Creator would be multiplied by him as the "five loaves were multiplied."

Optimism — which is nothing but great faith — pervades Dr. Liddon's preaching. He never leaves his hearers under the apprehension that in any struggle between the good and the bad forces of this world, the bad are going to get the best of it. He knows human nature too well, however, to exaggerate what can be done by any single human being. "The first lesson in true wisdom" — he said in one of his most recent sermons — "is the limited nature of our faculties, the reality and extent of our ignorance;" and there is a curious mixture of religious and mundane philosophy in the following remarks about the presumption of St. Peter, a few minutes before he denied his master: —

> We only weaken ourselves by dwelling upon mischiefs which we cannot hope to remedy. We have only a certain amount of thought, of feeling, of resolve, each one of us, to dispose of. And when this has been expended unavailingly on the abstract, on the intangible, it is expended; it is no longer ours, and we cannot employ it when and where we need it close at home . . . Peter failed as he did, because he had expended his moral strength in words, and had no sufficient force to dispose of when the time came for action and for suffering.

These observations made in a grand sermon, "The Lord was not in the fire," may also be quoted: —

> Religious passion carried to the highest point of enthusiasm is a great agency in human life; but religious passion may easily be too inconsiderate, too truculent, too entirely wanting in tenderness and in charity, to be in any sense divine. Christendom has been ablaze again and again with fires: and those fires are not extinct in our own day and country, of which it may certainly be said that the Lord is not in them.*

The Bishop of Peterborough has not often been heard in London of late years, but whenever he is advertised to preach, crowds flock to hear him. He need not be compared with Liddon, for the personal appearance, style, and opinions of the two men are quite different. But whereas the canon sometimes preaches above the understanding of dull men, the bishop's eloquence never soars much above earth. It is a rousing eloquence, spirited, combative, often sarcastic, and always directed against some evil which is preoccupying public attention at the time being. Dr. Magee is not merely a hater, but an aggressive enemy of "humbug," clothe itself in what garb it may. With his animated Celtic features, long upper lip, large mouth, energetic nose, and shaggy eyebrows, with his gruffness and broad smile which breaks up the whole of his face into comical lines, he has all the look of a humorist. The glance all round which he takes at his congregation when he has got into the pulpit, is that of a master. His first words arrest attention, and if some unlucky man drops a book during his exordium, that man will stare hard at the pulpit and pretend to have no connection whatever with the book, lest his lordship's eyes should suddenly be

* Dr. Liddon's politics are puzzling, but always unconventional. He was speaking of the kingdom of Heaven in a sermon. "Mind, it's a kingdom," he said, breaking off; "not a republic."

turned upon him like two fiery points of interrogation. Presently, when the bishop warms to his work, his arms hit out from the shoulder like piston-rods wrapped in lawn; down come his large hands with great slaps on his book or cushion, and if he is preaching in a church where the beadle has not heard of his little ways and has not been careful to give the cushions a beating, enough dust will be raised to make a fine powdering for the heads of the people in the pew beneath.

The Bishop of Peterborough once said that he "would rather see England free than sober," which amounted to declaring that he would rather men conquered temptation for themselves, than have it removed from their way by legislation which might be oppressive to sober people. His words of course drew a howl from temperance associations, but the inculcation of manliness is the head and front of Dr. Magee's preaching, and he has never swerved from the position that if men cannot be made sober by their own efforts and the encouragements of their friends, the policeman will not make them so. "Don't let us create artificial sins," he once said. "There are plenty of things against which my cook and housemaid must pray to be guarded; don't try and make the poor souls feel wicked because they enjoy a glass of beer." A young curate, not very long ago, called on the bishop with a very broad piece of blue ribbon in his buttonhole. His lordship took no notice of the ornament, and this evidently disappointed the curate, who kept turning his lappet to the light, till the bishop opened a New Testament at the passage where the Pharisees are condemned for wearing broad phylacteries. "Let men speak of you as sober," he said, when the curate had digested this little morsel; "you will not need then to advertise yourself as such."

It was in the same spirit that he answered a lady who asked him whether she ought to wear the blue ribbon. "Put it on, by all means, but remember to how much it will pledge you. If men go wrong from drink, girls are more liable to be led astray through love of finery; and if you want to set a good example, give up jewelry, feathers, furs, and silks. Dress in unconspicuous stuffs, buy a plain, serviceable bonnet meant for use not show; and mind you keep always to the same fashions, for I assure you a great deal of foolish extravagance arises out of changing fashions."

The lady winced at all this, so the bishop broke off abruptly: "Then what is the sense of your blue ribbon? I suppose it cost you no effort to give up wine and beer, then why make a virtue of renouncing them?"

Such as Dr. Magee is in his private conversations so is he in the pulpit. Plain-spoken and shrewd, discussing all questions with easy arguments, never stooping to subtleties, clear in his delivery, happy in his choice of words, he keeps his hearers bound like Ogmius, that god of eloquence among the Gauls who used to be represented with chains flowing out of his mouth. On occasions he rises to the highest flights of oratory, but never loses sight of his congregation, who have always been carried along by him through the successive degrees of his own enthusiasm. He should be heard delivering a charity sermon, for this is a duty which he discharges in no perfunctory fashion. He masters his subject thoroughly; speaks of the poor or afflicted for whom he is pleading like one who knows them; and his advice as to supplying their wants is never dictated by eccentric philanthropy, but springs from that true benevolence which has common sense for its source. He was being asked to interest himself in a carpenter's clever young apprentice whom some good people wanted to send to college. "Let him first graduate as a good carpenter," said the bishop; "when he has become a skilled craftsman, so that he is proud of his trade and can fall back upon it if others fail, then will be the time to see if he is fit for anything better."*

A popular vote would probably give the position of third amongst the best preachers of the day to Archdeacon Farrar; but personally we should join the minority on that division. When the author of "Eric" published his "Life of Christ," a writer in the *Spectator* described it as "by a special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*," and it is impossible to get this very neat criticism out of one's mind when hearing Dr. Farrar preach in Westminster Abbey. In his own Church of St. Margaret, the archdeacon shines with a subdued light. Those who have chatted

* The Bishop of Peterborough's renown as a Parliamentary orator needs no special acknowledgment. He was heard at his best in the House of Lords last session when he said that there was no chance of the Church being reformed, for there were too many persons in the political world interested in seeing its abuses flourish, in order that these might discredit the Church The Nonconformists had been called the backbone of the Liberal party, and the Liberals dared not deal fairly by the Church, "for fear of irritating their great backbone."

with him by his own fireside, and know him to be the most amiable, unaffected of *causeurs*, those who remember him at Harrow as a most genial, boy loving master, will miss nothing of the good-natured simplicity which they liked in him, if they hear him in his own church discoursing about matters that concern his parish. But in the Abbey he is different. There, his massive face settles into a hard, expressionless look; his voice, which is loud and roughish, is pitched in a monotonous key; and his manner altogether lacks animation, even when his subject imperatively demands it. However, his ornate periods, metaphors, tropes, and far-fetched comparisons diffuse ecstasy among those worshippers who derive their wisdom from penny newspapers. To illustrate any common reflection on the vicissitudes of life, the archdeacon drags in the destruction of Pompeii with the latest mining accident; the overthrow of Darius with that of Osman Digna, the rainbow that appeared to Noah with Mr. Norman Lockyer's explanations of recent glorious sunsets; and all these juxtapositions come down so pat as to suggest the irreverent idea that the book which the venerable preacher was studying during the prayers must have been an annotated copy of Maunders' "Treasury of Knowledge."

We believe Dr. Farrar is a total abstainer. One day a gentleman addicted to hard drinking was seated in the smoking-room of an hotel, when a dog walked in. The drinker gave a violent start and shrank back in his chair: upon which a waiter whispered to him reassuringly, "Don't be afraid, sir; it's a real one." This story was related to Dr. Farrar, and gave him, it is said, an utter loathing for strong drinks which can destroy the mind and convert a man into a palsied sot. It need scarcely be said that the drinker in the smoking-room was afflicted with delirium tremens. Alexander Dumas, the younger, offers an analogous case of a man being suddenly startled out of the temperate use of a thing by a ghastly story. About twenty years ago, a French doctor told him of a horrible instance of tongue-cancer which he had seen result from over-smoking. Dumas was smoking a cigar at the time; he threw it away half finished, and has never lit another.

Dr. Barry, Bishop of Sydney, is no longer with us, or we might class him with Dr. Farrar as a preacher of the florid school. The habit of addressing boys, while it gives a man great assurance in the pulpit, also inclines his style to unconscious pedantry. Dr. Farrar was headmaster of Marlborough; Dr. Barry of Cheltenham; the latter, like the former, could never quite shake off the ways of the *didaskalos* who has to show sharp sixth-form boys that he is well up in his authors, and to make the little ones in the fourth feel utterly ashamed of their crass ignorance. Archdeacon Farrar, however, may be compared to that eminent artificer, Signor Ruggieri, who discharges the fireworks in Paris on national holidays, and does so with an unmoved countenance; while Dr. Barry, on the contrary, always seemed to watch with eager eyes the flight of his oratorical squibs and Roman candles. For all that, few preachers have such a command of neat, graceful English as Dr. Barry. He speaks better than he writes, and he possesses the great art of moving his hearers, "without," as the present Archbishop of Canterbury said of him, "harrowing the field he has ploughed."

As we are talking of head-masters we may take two others, the Dean of Llandaff and Mr. E. C. Wickham, in both of whom is found the best scholarly preaching without mannerism. Dean Stanley when dying requested that his funeral sermon might be preached by Dr. Vaughan. The master of the Temple, alluding soon afterwards to his dead friend, spoke with emotion of the dean's having emphatically expressed his belief in the Trinity. Dean Stanley owed it to his excessive latitudinarianism that his beliefs were often called in question, and it may be said of Dr. Vaughan that his creed contains articles more definite than that of his friend. Without applying to him that term "Broad" which has come to mean so many obnoxious things, we may call him "tolerant," in the best sense which can be attached to that term as implying the highest kind of enlightenment. His sermons are free from controversial bitterness; they seldom indeed touch on controvertible points. But they are not meat for babes. Dr. Vaughan preaches for men. He bears himself in the pulpit with the dignity of a man who reorganized a great public school and has twice refused bishoprics. While vicar of Doncaster, he tried hard to get the races removed from the town — an enterprise in which he failed of course, but it was a sign of an amazing amount of moral courage in him to have undertaken it. Courage is the mainspring of his character. When he became head-master of Harrow, the school had less than seventy boys, and the con-

duct of these was so bad that he had serious thoughts of expelling them in a body. He resisted this first impulse, set to work, disciplined his scholars, remodelled the school, and left it, after fifteen years, the rival of Eton and Rugby. A man who has done this does not recoil from tasks that would daunt ordinary men, and when Dr. Vaughan lifted up his voice at Doncaster against the races, which every year brought into the town for one week dissipation and vice enough to undo most of the good which he, as vicar, strove to effect during the other fifty-one weeks, he knew that he would incur great unpopularity. But for this he cared not a birch-twig. The lessons of such a man must needs be fortifying. In the round church of the Temple, Dr. Vaughan addresses congregations which no second-rate preacher could attract. Lawyers of all degrees, from the judge to the late-called junior, go to hear him, and the lesson he most often impresses upon them all is to *dare* — to do what seems most difficult, most detrimental to oneself when conscience says it ought to be done, and to await the consequences with a quiet, manly faith that the best will come of it.

Like the Dean of Llandaff, Mr. Wickham preaches for men, but more particularly for scholars. He has the ascetical features of a young monk — thin cheeks, sunken eyes, denuded forehead, and not the ghost of a smile ever hovers on his lips in the pulpit. He looks as if he had just left a cell full of books and were going to return to it immediately after the service. He carries himself well, with head erect, steadfast gaze, and no sign of nervousness in his manner. His calm delivery is admirable. Never stumbling at a word, clear in his articulation, self-possessed in all his gestures, he appears to be reciting his sermon by heart; but in what he says there is always an appositeness which would be wanting in sermons learnt by rote. A sporting peer gave his opinion of Mr. Wickham, saying: "He's very good form; one never hears 'My Christian brethren,' or anything of that kind from him." Impersonality is Mr. Wickham's "form;" he never says "I," and seldom "you." He seems to be revealing truths to the world, not lecturing an audience beneath his pulpit; he is a mouthpiece speaking from inspiration and sinking his individuality altogether.

Mr. Wickham is to be heard occasionally at St. Paul's. It is to be regretted that the dean of the cathedral only preaches there four times a year, though Dr. Church's sermons are rather meant to be read than listened to. They are treatises too full of learning and thought to be delivered orally, for they require that the reader should rivet his attention on every sentence of them; moreover, the dean has not a well-trained voice, and his general manner in the pulpit does no justice to the matter of his discourses.

The gifts that make a preacher popular with the vast congregations of St. Paul's appear in no man more conspicuously than in Canon Hole, of Lincoln. This most agreeable preacher realizes one's conception of what a court chaplain ought to be; but as in these days the sovereign people like to be addressed as kings were of old, a preacher with honeyed phrases is sure to be thought delightful. There is nothing spontaneous in the canon's oratory; it is all art, and high art. He abounds in quotations from the poets; he suits the action to the word with gestures that have all been studied. Now he lays one hand on his breast and looks upward at the dome while he repeats some majestic verses from the late Lord Derby's translation of Homer's Iliad; now he brings the ample sleeves of his surplice together, and folding his hands as he leans right over the pulpit, smiles radiantly at his congregation and dismisses them with a tender couplet from Robert Browning. There never was such a voice as Canon Hole's for modulations; it compasses every octave from the deep note of the bassoon to the softest tremolo of the silver flute. As for his sermons in their entirety, they are like beautiful, philanthropical essays of which the author has laboriously corrected the printed proofs — there is not a mistake in them, not even a point of admiration misplaced. Of pictures so carefully retouched as Canon Hole's sermons are, the French say: "*C'est de la peinture trop léchée.*" But we are not going to admit that the canon's sermons are "too much licked." If the art in them is too apparent, it is at least something that art should be bestowed so conscientiously in the preparation of sermons.

Canon Duckworth is a court preacher *de facto*. We have not mentioned his name in the order which we should assign to it by merit, for it certainly deserves a place in the first rank. A noble face, a charming voice, a persuasive tone, and a fluency which comes from a full heart as well as a full mind, combine to make of Dr. Duckworth a preacher very pleasing to hear. Pleasing is perhaps an inade-

quate word. The sensations which Dr. Duckworth kindles, though not violent, are strong and lasting. An accomplished scholar, a deep thinker, a masterly logician, he can give reasons for his faith which will not only satisfy the reverent inquirer who wants to have his belief strengthened, but will trouble the agnostic; and when he makes appeals to the heart he says things that will move even hardened society-men of the Major Pendennis type, and women like Becky Sharp. He is one of those clergymen to whom belongs the great credit of having propagated religious earnestness, which is a very different thing from religious zeal, among the aristocracy. The zeal which finds vent in ostentatious giving of money, in the noisy companionship of orthodoxy, and in the multiplication of religious observances, is always within the compass of the rich like any other mode of recreation. But the quiet steadfast earnestness which shows itself in the gracious life, in charity of word, in the constant respect of holy things, and in the godly bringing up of children, this is a virtue that has not always been seen, as it is now, among a very considerable section of the rich. And men, who, like Canon Duckworth, have striven to promote this virtue and have succeeded, must be held to have had no small part in ennobling the national life.

Exactly the same praise belongs to Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of Truro. It is impossible to compute the good which Mr. Wilkinson did during the years he was vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. A High Churchman, an Oxford man, and a spiritual son, as one may well call him, of John Henry Newman, he is nevertheless essentially a priest of the Church of England, and there has never been any reason to fear that he would sever his connection with it. The mission which he set himself to discharge in his aristocratical parish was no easy one. A forcible preacher, he attracted from the first large congregations to his church; but this did not satisfy him, for he aimed at exciting something more than curiosity, — he wanted to awaken an active religiousness among his hearers, and to do this he had to exert all the tact and urbanity at his command. Largely endowed with both, he succeeded where a man less versed in the ways of the world might have failed. Lay organizations of all sorts sprang up around his church to assist him in his work, and he was speedily in a position to feel that he was truly the guide of his parish. But to speak of him only as a preacher, we may say that his able, scholarly discourses, while so couched as to soothe rather than to alarm, were always interspersed with little sparks of humor which threw a ridiculous light upon the smaller and meaner vices, selfishness, conceit, indolence, and stinginess. Dr. Wilkinson knows how to make the great ashamed of the faults that are unworthy of their position. His texts generally tend to the moral, *noblesse oblige;* and his exhortations, both as to conduct in private life and in public policy, might be summed up in Tennyson's stirring lines: —

> Pray God our greatness may not fail
> Through craven fears of being great.

From a man who knows the "great world" of London we may pass to one who knows the world as a traveller of almost unique experience. Dr. Henry Lansdell, the author of "Through Siberia," is a disciple of Howard. Trained for the ministry at St. John's College, Highbury, he was ordained in 1867, and from that time began to make annual voyages. His * sermons are of powerful interest because his adventures have supplied him with an inexhaustible fund of reminiscences, facts, and anecdotes upon which he can draw to enforce his precepts. It is something to hear a man who has been to Khiva and come away safe and sound, who has seen Siberia, and pushed his explorations in all other lands quite beyond the ordinary track of tourists. Dr. Lansdell prepares his sermons with unusual care, for he makes it his rule, whenever possible, to devote thirty hours to the composition of them — that is, six hours a day for five days. If he is to preach on a Sunday he will on the previous Monday choose his text generally from the portions of Scripture to be read on the Sunday, and will then read up all that has been written on that text by Bible commentators. On the Tuesday he will write out a rough draft of his sermon; on the Wednesday make a fair copy of it, adding what improvements he can. On the Thursday he will learn the sermon by heart; and on the Friday rehearse it to himself and think upon it, after which the manuscript is locked up; for Dr. Lansdell preaches without notes. We mention all this by way of showing what respect a high-principled man will feel for any work he undertakes, and we

* Mr. Henry Lansdell received the degree of D.D. from Archbishop Tait in 1881.

can only wish those presumptuous preachers whose favorite text appears to be "Take no thought what ye shall speak," would follow Dr. Lansdell's example, and remember that inspiration is only vouchsafed to those who seek it diligently.

Highbury College has brought us to the north of London, where we may look in at St. James's, Holloway. This church, in a squalid neighborhood, at the corner of the Liverpool Road, has been fortunate in having three remarkable vicars in succession, the late Mr. Mackenzie, Canon Boyd-Carpenter, and the Rev. E. A. Stuart. Canon Boyd-Carpenter now holds the living of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. Evangelical in his tenets, an enthusiastic worker in the cause of temperance,* an indefatigable administrator of charitable organizations, he has left a record of splendid work at Holloway, and he now continues these labors in his wealthier parish. As a preacher he is very popular, and there can be no better illustration of the words, "diversities of gifts but the same Spirit," than in the circumstance that Canon Boyd-Carpenter and Mr. Wilkinson should have wielded just the same sort of influence in their respective parishes, though they are so little alike. In Canon Boyd-Carpenter the Low Churchman can be discerned at a glance. No High Churchman deals in the style of oratory to which the canon inclines. He is rhetorical, emotional, now lowering his voice to the tone of familiar conversation, now taking grand flights upwards into clouds of mysticism. It is a spasmodic style, but effective: it blows in gusts like a high wind, and there is no sitting inattentive in the face of it. There is too much of the personal pronoun in it to please the fastidious, for the reiteration of "I," and "my," "My brethren," "My dear brethren," "My Christian brethren," etc., ends by tiring those who hold that a preacher should practise self-effacement.

If Mr. E. A. Stuart can discard some of the mannerisms of the Evangelical school, he will before long attain to the highest reputation among preachers. He has some natural gifts which fit him pre-eminently for the ministry, and these have been well supplemented by the education he received at Harrow and Cambridge. About ten years ago he was captain of the Harrow School eleven, and afterwards he pulled stroke of the college boat, St. John's, but his devotion to athletics did not interfere with his theological studies, and before leaving the university he was already noted for his abundant knowledge of the Scriptures. A most handsome young man, tall, broad-shouldered, of dark complexion, with a beaming face, resolute and yet gentle, his appearance is prepossessing in no common degree; but when he opens his mouth to read or speak, the great beauty of his voice exercises a most potent charm. A careful elocutionist, he has learnt how to manage his voice, and he has certainly no superior in London as a reader. Even the Litany seems short when read by him, so heartfelt is the expression which he throws into each prayer. As a preacher, too, Mr. Stuart when at his best is excellent, but he is rather unequal in the pulpit, some of his sermons bearing traces of haste in composition. Moreover, he is too much given to saying "Methinks," "Now it is *my* opinion," etc. But he will grow out of these faults, and when he has done so his voice will reach far.

Another great Evangelical preacher, Mr. W. H. Aitken, calls for notice. A Cornishman brought up among miners at Pendeen, where his father was rector, he was trained for the ministry from his youth, and is the founder of the Parochial Mission Society, which supplies clergymen with preachers when they may be wanted for any special work. Mr. Disraeli heard Mr. Aitken some years ago at the Curzon Chapel, Mayfair, and was so much struck by his sermon that he at once offered him the vicarage of Halifax, which Mr. Pigou, another first-rate preacher, now holds. Mr. Aitken is as a Daniel in the pulpit; but the flaming energy of his style can rather be imagined than described. Once he went to preach at Christ Church, Barnet. The vicar of that church had lately had a handsome silk gown presented to him by his parishioners; and the clerk asked whether Mr. Aitken was to wear this new gown or an older one. "Give him the new gown, of course," said the vicar. But he had not taken into account the exuberance of his visitor's gestures, so it came to pass before long that the right-hand sleeve of the new gown being tossed wildly about, got caught in the gas-bracket, and a rent a foot long was the result. "We'll give

* We should have mentioned that Dr. Lansdell is a total abstainer, but he makes no fuss about the matter, and wears no blue ribbon. He has never touched strong drink from his boyhood, and this fact is more noticeable in his case than in that of most men, since he has travelled so much in climates where one would think stimulants are almost necessary. But even in Siberia he never felt, as he says, a desire for drink stronger than tea.

him the old gown next time, sir," whispered the clerk after the service.

From Mr. Aitken to Mr. Haweis, the descent is considerable, but it is only one of temperature. The missionary is ardent; the vicar of St. James's, Marylebone, is nothing if not cool, and his coolness is not like that of still air, but searching as an east wind; and, to some, as irritating. About a year ago, Mr. Haweis announced that he was going to introduce some changes into the ritual. The Lord's Prayer would only be said once at morning and evening service, there would be but one creed, one prayer for the queen, etc. The time gained by this Prayer-Book revision, undertaken with the high sanction of Mr. Haweis's churchwardens, has of course gone to the enlargement of the sermon; but nobody complains, for there is never a dull sentence in what the preacher says. His voice, though small, and in tone like a clarionet, is penetrating, one might say perforating, for it works its way in gimlet fashion to the farthermost corner of the dark little church, and going through the ears of each one, bores into his mind unfailingly. Of delivery there is nothing that can be so called in Mr. Haweis's style; his intonation is throughout as if he were giving out notices. He kindles sometimes, but he never warms. He is not anxious to keep his hearers in the old paths where they may find rest for their souls; he beckons them towards unexplored declivities, and is so sure that they will follow from curiosity, that he has no need to excite himself. He is a radical; he has campaigned with Garibaldi; he has written on cremation, on democracy — what else has he not done? It would require a trumpeter to flourish it all, but Mr. Haweis is too good a musician himself to keep a hired performer. At one time he was chaplain of a volunteer corps, but one day that corps having been appointed to muster at a certain place, failed to put in an appearance because it rained, and Garibaldi's friend would have nothing more to do with soldiers who feared to be wetted. He is superior to common weaknesses, like most of his political school, and goes in manliness to the point of thinking that every age ought to buy its own experience instead of accepting the same as a legacy from generations which maybe have had to buy it too dear. He hates restraints on "the people" as much as a progressive Dutchman who had never seen a flood might dislike dykes, and question their uses; and against popular distemper he is as well persuaded as Mr. Bright that "force is no remedy." Water never quenched fire, fire never burned stick, stick never beat dog to good purpose yet, and never will. This is the new faith. *Ainsi soit-il!*

There used to be at Berlin, at about the time when Mr. Stopford Brooke was chaplain to the British embassy in that capital, a preacher much like Mr. Haweis in opinions — a pastor, Conrad Löbbeke, of whom Prince Bismarck said: "He is always for unchaining my dog and giving him *your* dinner. I know two sorts of Liberals," added the Prussian statesman laughing, "both of whom think it cruel to keep a mastiff tied. One would loosen the beast, to muzzle him and make him draw a cart; the other, after taking the dog's chain off, would scream to me to shoot him for being mad." * Let us hope things will never so happen that Mr. Haweis will be asked: Who shot the dog?

We have named Mr. Stopford Brooke, and would we could speak of him as being still in the Church of England. He officiates at the Bedford Chapel in Bloomsbury Street, of which the late Rev. J. C. M. Bellew was once the incumbent. We have some boyish recollections of Mr. Bellew, his fine, silvery head and ever youthful face, his voice of ringing clearness, his exquisite sentiment in reading, and his dramatic delivery in the pulpit which could keep even a boy's nerves in a thrill of excitement. The church was always full in Mr. Bellew's days; it was crowded morning and evening whether he preached or simply read the lessons, and it remained so until he went over to Rome, taking several of his faithful with him, after leading them through the regular preliminary course of Ritualism. Mr. Brooke has not the histrionic abilities of Mr. Bellew, nor his voice, nor his vestments — for Mr. Bellew's surplices and hoods were things to see — but he is a better preacher than his predecessor, and yet we have heard him preach before scanty evening congregations which scarcely filled half the floor of the church, and left the large galleries dark and empty. He seemed to feel his abandonment, and

* M. Laffitte, in 1831, "begged pardon of gods and men" for having promoted the revolution of 1830: M. Jules Favre, in 1871, likewise with tears in his eyes, begged pardon of gods and men for not having consented to Prince Bismarck's proposal for disarming the National Guard of Paris. When M. Gustave Chaudey, the republican journalist, was being led to execution by Raoul Rigault and a Communist rabble, he exclaimed: "I have spent my life in trying to make you free!" He also, poor fellow, repented of having "unchained the dog."

preached like an ill-used man. Where was the fashionable flock that gathered round him when he was the shepherd of St. James's, York Street, and seemed destined beyond doubt to become the wielder some day of an episcopal crook? Mr. Brooke has not succeeded in founding a sect of any importance, and he seems to be, if he is not in reality, a disappointed schismatic. His sorrowful air moves the heart of ladies, but men are sometimes so unintelligent as to ask what is the matter with him that he should so often turn up his eyes towards the ceiling and speak "*avec des larmes dans la voix*," as our neighbors say. Once get accustomed to his lackadaisical manner, make allowance for his propensity to talk about religious persecution as if he were himself among the martyrs; strip, in short, the husks from Mr. Brooke's sermons, and you will sometimes find the kernel solid and shapely. His poetical imagery, if a little over-colored, is always fine. His descriptions of things, scenery, thunderstorms, battlefields, convulsions of nature, and his sketches of character, are most vivid. He is an incomparable word-painter. He is also a good, warm-hearted man, who, when pleading for the poor in this great city, is always stirred with genuine emotion. We can only regret again that his voice should sound so often in a desert of empty pews.

Mr. Haweis has condensed the Church service; Mr. Voysey has altogether reformed the Prayer-Book. The concert-room which he has turned into a conventicle is much patronized by American sojourners at the Langham Hotel hard by, and such visitors generally go away well pleased with the performance — we mean service.

Admission gratis; but there is a book-stall at the door, from which the printed wisdom of Mr. Voysey can be purchased in quantities costing from a penny to two shillings. Inside the room there are comfortable chairs and a stage with a reading-desk, and presently the *genius loci*, a man with lank hair and a moist smile, walks on to the stage, attired in an ordinary surplice, stole, and an Oxford hood. He has a good voice and reads impressively the beginning of a service, which a visitor who has not had time to study the reformed Prayer-Book, thinks at first to be that of the Church of England; but soon the omission of everything which forms the ground of a Christian's faith is observable, and the outlines of Mr. Voysey's theism are then seen. The service is cut up into small parts; the singing by a male and female choir is very fair; the lessons consist of passages from Scripture or from some American author as the occasion may serve, the equal inspiration of all good writers being apparently implied by this eclecticism; then we have a Litany, in which editors of newspapers and other periodical publications are prayed for. It is certain that these gentlemen require "grace, wisdom, and understanding" as much as the "Lords of the Council and all the nobility," and no one will quarrel with Mr. Voysey for laying a significant stress on his prayer in their behalf. Nor is there reason to quarrel with him for anything else he says or does. He is at home in his music-room, and those who go in had better regard him only as a lecturer. If he talks on religion they can say, as Lamb said of Coleridge: "It's only his fun." As a lecturer on the moralities he is always entertaining; he speaks in a polished, gentlemanly tone, is brief, often funny, and he is devoid of rancor towards his enemies. After the service he makes haste to throw off his surplice, and comes to the door to shake hands with his principal visitors as they are filing out. It is pleasant to see him so affable; he has probably more friends than disciples.

There are many other good preachers of whom we might still speak — Canon Fleming; Mr. Kitto; Mr. Horsley, the chaplain of the prison of Clerkenwell; Mr. Knox-Little, who has just been appointed to St. Paul's; and Dr. Kitchin, Dean of Winchester. Coming to others again of lesser note, we could name several, who, if they were Dissenters, would enjoy great reputation in their respective sects, but who in the Church of England occupy the second rank, because the preaching force of the Establishment is undoubtedly superior to that of the Nonconformist bodies. This must be ascribed to the freedom which exists in the Anglican communion. A Nonconformist was once bandying words with a curate about episcopacy. "I should not care to live subject to a bench of bishops," he observed.

"But is there no authority over you?" asked the curate.

"Only a board," was the answer."

"Well, what's a board except a bench with no legs to stand upon?"

The truth is, the Anglican rector or vicar, who cannot be removed from his benefice save for flagrant heresy or misconduct by any power in the land; the

bishop, who owes no obedience to anybody, who cannot be scolded by the primate, or have his emoluments curtailed by government, — are both for practical purposes much more comfortably situated than Nonconformist ministers, who have been elected by their congregations, and are controlled by officious bodies of elders and deacons. Making every allowance for the benefits which the best preachers of the Establishment have derived from university educations and associations, it still remains manifest to any one who has acquired his experience *de visu et auribus* that the tone of preaching is lower in chapels than in churches. There is less catholicity about it; you can never be sure of what an Anglican clergyman is going to say when he mounts the pulpit; he may proclaim toleration of the broadest kind, acknowledging Christian workers of all sects whatsoever to be in fellowship; but the Dissenter dare not be so tolerant. He would have a pretty time of it with his board if he owned that any good had ever come from Rome, and even if he is drawn into praising anything in connection with the Established Church, the praise is too often bestowed grudgingly and with ill grace. Yet a Church which includes members so various in their opinions as Archbishop Benson and Mr. Haweis, Bishop Wilkinson and Mr. Stanley Leathes, is scarcely open to the charge so frequently laid against it by Dissenters of being tyrannically ruled.

Mr. Spurgeon stands head and shoulders above all the Nonconformist preachers. Somebody once expressed a regret that the great Baptist minister was not a member of the Establishment, to which the late Bishop of Winchester answered by quoting a portion of the tenth commandment. But Mr. Spurgeon was much more aggressive in those days than he is now; he has softened much of late years, and Churchmen can go to hear him without fear of being offended. On the days when he preaches his tabernacle holds a multitude. It is a huge hall, and to see gallery upon gallery crowded with eager faces — some six thousand — all turned towards the pastor whose voice has the power of troubling men to the depths of their hearts, is a stirring sight. Mr. Spurgeon's is not a high-class congregation, and the preacher knows that its understanding can best be opened by metaphors and parables borrowed from the customs of the retail trade, and with similes taken from the colloquialisms of the streets. Laughter is not forbidden at the Tabernacle, and the congregation often breaks into titters, but the merriment is always directed against some piece of hypocrisy which the preacher has exposed, and it does one good to hear. He says: —

> You are always for giving God short measure, just as if he had not made the pint pot.
>
> You don't expect the queen to carry your letters for nothing, but when you are posting a letter heavenwards you won't trouble to stick a little bit of Christian faith on to the right-hand corner of the envelope, and you won't put a correct address on either, and then you wonder the letter isn't delivered, so that you don't get your remittance by next post.
>
> You trust Mr. Jones to pay you your wages regularly, and you say he's a good master, but you don't think God can be trusted like Mr. Jones; you won't serve Him because you don't believe in the pay.
>
> You have heard of the man who diminished his dose of food every day to see on how little he could live, till he came to half a biscuit and then died; but, I tell you, most of you have tried on how little religion you could live, and many of you have got to the half-biscuit dose.

These whimsicalities, always effective, constitute but the foam of Mr. Spurgeon's oratory; the torrent which casts them up is broad, deep, and of overwhelming power. Mr. Spurgeon is among preachers as Mr. Bright among Parliamentary orators. All desire to criticise vanishes, every faculty is subdued into admiration, when he has concluded a sermon with a burst of his truly inspired eloquence, leaving the whole of the congregation amazed and the vast majority of its members anxious or hopeful, but in any case roused as if they had seen the heavens open. We are compelled to add that Mr. Spurgeon has in the Baptist communion no co-minister wielding a tenth of his power, and that those who, having gone to the Tabernacle to hear him, have to listen to some other man, will be disappointed in more ways than one.

Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, one of the authors of the Methodist Temperance Hymn-Book, holds an honorable place among rising Wesleyan preachers; and so does Mr. Jackson Wray, of Whitefield's Tabernacle, who now, however, has joined the Congregationalists. Among Presbyterians may be noticed Mr. J. Oswald Dykes, of Regent's Square, and Dr. Gibson, of St. John's Wood, whose church, by the way, is next door to Mr. Huxley's house. Dr. Dykes, a dark, stooping, studious minister with a very scholarly face, was for some time assistant to Dr. Cand-

lish, the Scottish Boanerges; but he is not himself a "thunderer," he is more persuasive than fervid, and his arguments always strike home for being so perfectly tempered by thought. Dr. Gibson has a rather cultivated congregation with several artists in it, and one of these, a distinguished R.A., is understood to have been converted, by a couple of sermons, from very rampant agnosticism. Dr. Gibson, though an Englishman, was for many years the leading Presbyterian minister at Chicago, U.S., and he has much of the American style in his delivery, though nothing of the drawl. His beginnings are argumentative, slowly and cautiously so; his perorations impassioned, but from first to last he knows what he is saying.

There are some who have called Mr. Newman Hall an American preacher; but though allusions to things American are frequent in the sermons which he preaches under the shadow of the Lincoln Memorial Tower, he is heartily English in thought and speech. The service at his church is much like that of the Establishment, and Mr. Hall wears an Anglican surplice; but the enormous size of his pulpit warns you from the threshold that preaching is the matter of chief moment here. Extempore praying is but a variety of preaching. An enthusiastic reporter once wrote of Mr. Newman Hall that "he had delivered the finest prayer ever addressed *to a congregation*." Mr. Hall's extempore prayers, however, are not frequent, nor do they go to the severe length of Scotch prayers. A stern-looking man with a Wellington nose and an expression like a college don's, Mr. Newman Hall missed his vocation in being a Nonconformist and a Liberal. By nature he is autocratic; the love of authority and of discipline pierces in sharp, peremptory words like bayonet points through the commonplace sentiments of his professed Liberalism. He should have been the head of a college, or a dean if not a bishop, though he would have doubtless found his most congenial sphere of action — little as he may suspect it — in a colonelship of dragoons. Mr. Hall is only a great preacher when he has great objects to preach for; in times when there is not much doing, no big grievances to denounce, no "sinful, illiberal national policy" to inveigh against, his faculties take a rest. He is then like a lion making war upon flies, with rather lazy movements and a sort of yawning shame at being engaged in such poor sport.

Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, holds a place apart among Dissenters. If you can forgive a bad delivery with occasional dropping of aspirates and the incessant introduction of Gladstonian politics in connection with holy things, you will find in Dr. Parker's sermons much that is impressive and certainly a great deal that is novel. The preacher wants to illustrate the case of a human being who has been taken in hand by divine providence, he pitches his voice in a solemn key and says: "Many years ago, a poor ragged boy seated himself at an early hour of the morning on the cold doorstep of a New York newspaper office, asked for and obtained work to sweep out the office, and in time the lad became ——" Here the chance intruder into Dr. Parker's Temple is all ears, and wonders what the lad became. Then the preacher goes on triumphantly, "and the lad became Horace Greeley, the most famous and trenchant writer on the press of his country, and the prince of American journalists." The absurdity of this anti-climax does not strike Dr. Parker or anybody else present; and this is enough by itself to show how far we are from St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and to make us feel how difficult it is to judge preachers outside the Establishment by the same canons of taste as we apply to those within it.

From The Nineteenth Century.

KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA.

If we look at the map of Africa, we see that the plains of the Egyptian Soudan are bounded on the S.E. by a long chain of highlands stretching S.W. from Massowah to the Abai, or Upper Blue Nile. Let us glance up the course of this river and its tributary the Jamma, E.S.E. as far as Ankober, the capital of Shoa, whence another great range of hills, overlooking the vast plains of Danakil and Adal, extends back north to Massowah, and we shall have seen the three natural frontier lines of Abyssinia. These three great mountain chains, which, roughly speaking, may be said to form a triangle, with its base resting on the Abai and the Jamma, and its apex at Massowah, are the boundaries of an immense elevated plateau, upheaved by volcanic action from the sultry plains of tropical Africa, but blessed with a climate as fresh and healthy as any in Europe. Indeed, the table-lands of Abyssinia, bounded on the

N.W. by the arid deserts of the Soudan, on the S.S.W. by the country of the ferocious Gallas, and on the E. by Danakil, Adal, and the great salt plains of Arrhoo, may be likened to some rocky island rising in the midst of the ocean, rich with verdant plains, bubbling streams, and shady woods, but seldom visited by the mariner owing to its isolated position. I wrote these lines not quite twelve years ago, after I had returned from a visit to King John, the present ruler of this ancient Christian kingdom; and now that it has been decided to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons from the Soudan, and to place the different provinces under the governorship of petty native sultans, it may be interesting to inquire into the character of this Ethiopic prince, the influence he is likely to exercise over the future development of civilization and commerce in south-eastern Africa, and the claims he may reasonably put forward to a rectification of his frontier.

As I shall presently show, he is a man of ability far above the common order, and not only are the vast table-lands of his country salubrious and fertile, but the people who inhabit them are eminently fitted to take the impress of a higher civilization, a fact proved by the readiness with which they acquired many arts from the old Portuguese settlers; but, unfortunately, circumstances which I propose briefly to review, have during the last two decades prevented these latent capabilities from being developed.

It will be remembered that in 1868, a king sat on the throne of Ethiopia, possessed of much ability and some noble qualities, but whose mind was distraught by awful storm-gusts of passion which swept across his brain with irresistible fury, blinding him to all sense of justice or mercy while they lasted. For a brief space he loomed a dark and picturesque figure across the pages of our history, only to vanish from the scene, after bequeathing to us the charge of his only son, and a new title in the British peerage, as a legacy. There is no doubt, from the accounts of the Abyssinians themselves, that Theodore was mad; and when, believing himself slighted by the English government, he committed the arbitrary acts which justly brought chastisement on his head, he found, to his cost, that he had alienated the allegiance of his most powerful chiefs, and that even those followers who fed on his bounty now dreaded the ever-increasing violence of his temper, and were ready to desert him. In this strait, the threatened monarch sought safety in his mountain stronghold of Magdala, and cried despairingly to be permitted to decide his quarrel by a single-handed combat with the leader of the British forces, after the ancient custom of his country, without further bloodshed to the faithful few who yet remained true to him; but this, of course, he was not allowed to do, and when he saw the strong arm of England had surely reached him in his rocky eyrie, disdaining, with a last noble instinct, to destroy his defenceless captives, he raised his desperate hand against his own life, rather than become a prisoner himself.

About this time a prince named Kassa governed the province of Tigre — a quiet, unassuming man, who appears to have been considered by the English as of but small mental capacity, for Markham speaks of him as a "poor weak creature." Yet, to a close observer, the well-moulded brow, the high cheek-bones, and deep-set, penetrating eyes, the aquiline nose, and sharply chiselled mouth and chin, might have given some indication that, even at this time, when he was little more than twenty-eight years of age, the young prince was possessed of a reserve of latent, though undeveloped, power. Kassa was in revolt against Theodore, and rendered assistance to the English forces, in return for which he begged that he might be presented with some muskets; for at that time the Abyssinians were only armed with shields and spears, and a few Portuguese matchlocks, dating from the days of Vasco de Gama. Having succeeded in procuring from General Napier a number of old-service "brown Besses," the prince armed a certain portion of his followers with them, and resolutely applied himself to the difficult task of bringing the great kingdom, which had been broken up by the death of Theodore and the departure of the British, under his supreme control.

Other chiefs, more powerful than himself, also aspired to the vacant throne, but Kassa knew no discouragement, and only saw in difficulty something to be overcome. Claiming, like Theodore, to be descended from the royal house, which, according to Abyssinian tradition, sprang from the loins of Solomon and the queen of Sheba, he gained the favor of the priests by his sober life and rigid observance of the ordinances of the Church; well skilled, also like Theodore, in every martial exercise, he won the affection of the warlike laity by his successful daring as a

warrior and a leader of men, while, by his shrewdness and diplomatic tact, he gained not a few bloodless victories over neighboring chiefs, who were undecided which side to espouse; above all, he was merciful to the conquered, and thus, in course of time, either awed into subjection, or won over to affection, the hearts of his most powerful adversaries.

When I visited him in 1873 he had at last placed the triple crown of Abyssinia firmly on his brow, assuming at his coronation the title of Johannes, or John, II., king of kings of Ethiopia. At that time he was encamped with his army at Ambachara, a day's ride from Gondar, having shortly before brought into subjection Warrenia, the warlike ruler of Amhara. I can well remember the striking picture this conquered prince — a tall and handsome man — presented, as he strode up between the dusky line of courtiers, to pay homage to his sovereign at the Easter feast, clad in a robe of the richest silk, his silver shield on his left arm, his rifle in his right hand, the wrist of which was adorned with a curiously wrought gauntlet flashing with gems, and a magnificent black leopard skin studded with bosses of gold filigree thrown over his broad shoulders, which as yet seemed all unused to bow before the royal master, who now strove to treat his fallen foe with every mark of distinction.

It was not, however, internal troubles alone that taxed King John's energies to the uttermost ten years ago. The policy of Egypt had ever been to regard with jealousy the Christian African kingdom seated on the mountains which tower above the plains of the south-eastern Soudan, a jealousy which will be found to exist even at the present moment in the council chambers at Cairo. The ambition of Ismail Pasha, the ex-khedive, led him to aspire to nothing less than the total subjugation of Abyssinia, and for some years he had pursued a policy of steady encroachment on her low-lying frontier lands, making every quarrel which arose therefrom a pretext for a fresh advance towards the foot of the mountains. In 1873 King John told me that the khedive had taken from him beyond the river Mareb, his ancient boundary, Halhal, Kayekh-barea, Tsellim-barea, Bogos, Taander, Henbub, Mennsa, Ailet, Asgedebukgala, Zula, Tora, Semhali, Amphilla, and all the lands from the highlands to the sea called Hamasen; besides which, he had struck at the commercial development of the country by charging a duty on all exports equal to twice their market value, and seizing Galabat; which Sir Samuel Baker described in 1862 as an important frontier market town of Abyssinia, governed by Sheik Jemma, where most of the commerce between that country and Egypt was carried on.* Eleven years later, when I rode into Galabat, Sheik Jemma was a prisoner in Egypt, and the town garrisoned by Egyptian troops, who had erected a fortified camp, beneath the very guns of which a public slave market was held twice a week, where horrors were enacted that even now it makes my blood boil to think of. Gordon himself admitted, when later he became governor-general of the Soudan, that he dared not interfere with the slave merchants of Galabat, but it is worthy of note that, when the town was under Abyssinian rule, Sir Samuel Baker makes no mention of a slave market, nor have I ever seen one in any Abyssinian town.

It is not to be wondered at that King John chafed bitterly to find himself thus hemmed in and isolated by the steady encroachments of Egypt on every side; but the attitude he assumed was one of dignified remonstrance, and he steadily refused to precipitate a quarrel; above all, he did not wish to offend England, the friend of Egypt. Again and again he wrote to the European powers begging for their arbitration. "I will fight to the last if so it must be," he said to me, "but I do not wish that the blood of thousands should be shed if the intervention of the European powers can prevent it. Let them determine the true frontiers of my country, and by their decision I am content to abide."† But, at this time, Egypt appeared to be advancing the cause of civilization so rapidly in the interior of Africa, by opening up telegraphic and steam communication with the higher regions of the Nile, and advancing her outposts into the very heart of the dark continent, that popular sympathy was entirely on her side; and, even when Ismail Pasha threw off the mask, and openly invaded Abyssinia, most people supposed that the Abyssinians must be themselves to blame, and felt wonderfully little shocked at the spectacle of a Mahometan power attempting to subjugate her free Christian neighbor. That the price of this callousness has now to be paid will at once be seen. King John kept his word and *did* fight, handling his mountain

* Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, p. 343.
† The Cradle of the Blue Nile, vol. ii., p. 42.

warriors so ably that he beat his assailants at every point, and took one army corps prisoner. Yet still the king was merciful as well as strong; he did not, after the old barbaric custom, slay his prisoners, but gave them to eat, and sent them down to Massowah wiser, if sadder, men. It is true a story was whispered that he had a cross tattooed on Prince Hassan's arm, and ordered him and his staff to pass before the throne on all fours; but I know not if it has any foundation in fact, though it is certain that, grave and reserved as is his general demeanor, King John is fond of a practical joke, and it may have tickled his fancy to place this indelible mark on his Mussulman adversary, as a lasting memento of the ill starred expedition. That the cost of the war was ruinous to Egypt is well known, and we are only to-day reaping the full harvest of the blow that it struck to Egyptian prestige in the Soudan.

It may now be worth while to consider whether the time has not arrived for frankly extending the hand of friendship to the ancient Kushite race who, surrounded by foes, and long cut off by Mahometan jealousy from communication with the Western world, have yet maintained their independence and preserved their religion, from the third century till the present time. Their king, who for twelve years has so gallantly overcome every difficulty which beset him, and so steadily expressed his friendship for England, has certainly as good a claim as any Soudan chief that his lost territory should be restored to him; and I believe that he would feel deeply such an act of justice, if carried out by England in a generous spirit. The French have long sought, and are seeking now, to establish their influence in Abyssinia; but, strange though it may seem, I believe King John has never lost a feeling of gratitude to England for having given him that timely gift of old muskets, which first placed him in a position to cope with his adversaries, and rise to his present position; and it is to England that he would prefer to owe the opening of his country to the advantages of civilization and commerce.

It must be remembered, however, that the character of the Abyssinians is different to that of most other Orientals, many of whom consider it is lucky to commence the day with a successful lie. Whether it be from peculiarity of race, or from the bracing influence of the rugged mountains among which they dwell, they possess some chivalrous notions of frankness and loyalty, and the king would be quick to resent any attempt either to coerce or to treat him with distrust. A good Mussulman feels that his religion would justify him in doing almost anything which would bring an unbeliever to confusion, if he only had the power; and when he is obliged to carry out the wishes of the infidel, he merely submits to superior force — he does not act from conviction.

With the Christian Abyssinian it is different; his religion may be rude, but it is founded on the same truths as our own, and you can argue with him from the same starting-point. This was illustrated when I spoke to King John about the slave trade. After telling me that Abyssinian Christians were only permitted by an old, though often evaded, law to buy slaves as domestic servants, and not to *sell* them; he went on to say that he had thought gravely over the matter, and that it was true that slavery was distasteful to him as a Christian sovereign, but that no European power had requested him to abolish it, and he afterwards formally declared that he would be willing to do so at the instance of England. At the present juncture of affairs in the Soudan, when it has even been proposed to place power in the hands of such a monster as Zebehr Pasha, it is important to remember this; for one of the most horrible, because the most demoralizing, of the branches of the slave trade is the traffic in beautiful young Abyssinian girls, many of them Christians, who are collected by Mahometan merchants in the Wooma and Galla districts, and sold at the public market of Galabat, to which I have referred, for transmission across the desert to the shores of the Red Sea, whence *those who survive the journey* are smuggled over in Arab dhows to furnish Eastern harems.

They can feel, these poor, beautiful children of the sun, who have spent their happy childhood amoug bubbling brooks and shady banana groves, on the verdant slopes of their native mountains; for, when I was at Jeddah, one more daring than the rest sprang from her lofty latticed casement, and yielded her spirit up to God in the foul, narrow street below, rather than sink body and soul in the degrading atmosphere of the harem where she had been caged. A small crowd collects round the spot, and two black slaves carry a crushed fragile form quickly out of sight, then the idlers pass on their way, and only the street dogs remain sniffing round those dark red splashes in the sand. The master of the harem gives an-

other puff at his pipe, and gently shrugs his shoulders. Usuf will go to the dealer and buy another slave to replace her — Allah is good, there are plenty more!

Certainly Galabat should be restored to King John, on condition that the slave market there shall cease, and the export of all slaves be prohibited from his dominions under heavy penalties. He told me it was only his Mahometan subjects who would oppose such a measure, and that he had the *power* to enforce it. In the name of humanity let it be enforced. But it is necessary, if any lasting good is to be obtained, that the king should have such a full and liberal concession made to him as will really open the way to a change in the condition of his country. Now that provinces in the Soudan are being given away right and left, it would be absurd to suppose that there could be any hesitation in restoring to this friendly and Christian prince those districts which he claims on his north-west frontier; but the more important question remains of a port on the Red Sea, which is indispensable to the development of the resources and civilization of a country, which in the future may be expected to send rich stores of coffee, cotton, myrrh, senna, tobacco, flax, and grain to the Western markets, and from its convenient position, healthy climate, and regular rainfalls, will offer a field to commercial enterprise which should not be undervalued.

Massowah is geographically the natural port of Abyssinia, but there are grave diplomatic difficulties in the way of its cession, and I believe it has been proposed to erect it into a free port. If this is done, an arrangement must be arrived at with regard to the low-lying country between the mountains and the sea, as otherwise the Shoho Arabs who inhabit these plains would be likely to tax goods passing through their territory, and Abyssinia would still suffer. A naval commission of officers now stationed in the Red Sea should be appointed to inquire into the best situation for an Abyssinian port south of Massowah, if Massowah itself cannot be given her; and it must be remembered that the possession of such a port will be the best guarantee for the good conduct of future Abyssinian sovereigns, as we should always have it in our power to close the sole outlet of their commerce. But it is by such liberal and effective concessions to Abyssinia as will encourage the direction of commercial enterprise towards her, that we shall lay the surest foundation of her future development and utility to the civilized world. For fifteen centuries she has been asleep, like the enchanted princess of fairy lore; let it be the part of England to step through the surrounding barrier and awaken her to life by the kiss of commerce; and it may be that, by-and-by, we shall find much to compensate us in the development of this great African kingdom for the present loss to civilization entailed by the lapsing of the Soudan provinces into a state of primitive barbarism. Should a retreat by Berber prove impracticable, the garrisons of Khartoum, Senaar, and Kassala might still be extricated by the co-operation of an Abyssinian force moving to their relief down the Blue Nile, and covering their march to Massowah; perhaps the day may yet come when King John, like the mouse in the fable, will prove himself a valuable ally. At all events, it should not be our part to confer favors on the fanatic, the slave-trader, and the rebel alone, while we refuse to assist a friendly and Christian prince, who has waited patiently for justice, and seeks anxiously to bring his country into communication with the civilization of the Western hemisphere.

E. A. DE COSSON.

From The Athenæum.

INDIANS OF GUIANA.

ALTHOUGH in these days many go to and fro, it must be admitted that knowledge is not proportionately increased. The spirit of adventure is as keen as ever, and material appliances of all kinds facilitate the modern traveller's work; but in more important respects he is too often less satisfactorily equipped, and does not, for want of previous special study, know what to observe, and how to supply the information demanded nowadays, no doubt in a more exacting fashion than formerly. Among the distinguished exceptions to this rule Mr. Everard im Thurn must take a high place, for, excepting some commercial and industrial statistics procurable elsewhere, this single volume contains almost everything that a reader can wish to know about the country described, its scenery, physical geography, resources, and inhabitants. Though little known to Englishmen, British Guiana has some special claims on their attention. It is our only possession on the South American continent, and its fabled lake and city of Manoa recall the memory of Raleigh and the other Elizabethan adventurers.

Here, as hardly anywhere else in the world, our frontiers march with those of civilized powers, as Holland and Brazil, to say nothing of Venezuela. The people, again, belong to a race which both for romance and reality occupied formerly a great space in our lives; the victims of Cortez and his successors, the objects of the more humane and ingenious if unpractical Jesuit missions, and, though a degree more remote, the "Redskins" of North America were all their kindred. The author makes, we think, a very judicious use of his diary. He kept one conscientiously, and might have printed it as it stood; but recognizing the amount of monotony and trivial incident common to all such diaries, he, while dealing truthfully with his subject, treats it more artistically. He gives us, first, a general sketch of the main features of the country, with its well-marked parallel zones of alluvial deposit, forest, and upland savannah, the whole intersected at right angles by the rivers; and then, having indicated his route upon the map, he avoids the wearisome iteration of a journal. Throwing in sufficient detail to give individuality to the daily life, and enable the reader to recognize the character of the mode of travelling, his narrative is mainly a series of pictures, sometimes striking, and always lifelike by reason of the writer's careful and intelligent observation of general features and of details, and his familiarity with different branches of natural history. Thus he describes the authors of the various weird noises which break the stillness of the otherwise delightful tropical nights; and the rising sun shows an effect which, if not exaggerated, certainly justifies the term "red" Indian:—

In the distance an Indian canoe appeared from behind a bend in the river. The naked skins of the Indians in it literally flashed red in the intense light. A scarlet ibis (*Ibis rubra*) — the only one, by the way, that I ever saw so high up on this river — flew by and settled upon a tree between us and the approaching canoe; but it hardly looked more red than did the Indians.

The character of the vegetation also plays a conspicuous, but not too prominent a part in his descriptions of the scenery, the beauty of which culminates in the Kaieteur valley, with its magnificent falls. On his first visit to these he

experienced a most strange and memorable sensation. A partial view of the distant fall should be obtained from this point. Before us, in the distance, the ravine ended in a bare cliff face. Over that the Kaieteur should fall. But now there was no trace of water; only dense clouds of white mist, undefined from the cloudy sky above, rose from towards the foot of the cliff and slowly passed upward along its face. Our two Indians, who had visited the place before, gasped out "Kaieteur, he dry." We looked at each other with solemn faces and then laughed nervously. We seemed the victims of a great practical joke, of which Mr. Brown and nature were the perpetrators; the former by over-estimating the fall, which according to him had "foamed for ages past," the latter by drying up "one of the grandest falls in the world" in this not particularly dry season.

But this unlucky illusion was only caused by a bend in the river. In approaching the falls

there is no track of any sort. Each traveller must cut and climb his own way. . . . Presently, by an unlucky thought, we left the river bank and again ascended high up into the hill forest. Then the way became absolutely terrific. The whole floor of the ravine, as well as the hillside for some distance up, is covered, apparently to the depth of several hundred feet, by a litter of huge boulders, varying in size from that of a large house to a few feet square, piled in the wildest confusion. Those by the water side are smaller, and, being quite bare, are easily passed. But within the forest, trees, shrubs, creepers, aroids, begonias, all growing in the most eccentric places and directions, formed, from rock to rock, a covering treacherously hiding the crevasses and ravines. Among, over, and under these boulders we had to creep, climb, or slide as best we could; we had to walk across fallen, often rotten trees bridging over ugly-looking crevasses; we had to pass over places where the ground, seeming firm, really consisted of a network of small roots, over which was a deceitful covering of dead leaves and growing ferns and mosses; again and again when trusting ourselves in such places we found ourselves buried up to the waist; once I disappeared entirely. On the whole, it was a very ugly climb; and yet it was just in the worst places that the wonderful beauty of the plants, especially the ferns and begonias, most repaid the toil. My only regret was that under the circumstances I was only able to snatch a plant here and there, leaving many and many a wished-for specimen ungathered. As a collecting place for a naturalist no better spot could be found.

A careful description of all the elements, great and small, of which the scene is composed; the character of the rock formations on which the falls depend, and the peculiar vegetation which surrounds them; the flock of swifts which soars above the heights, and at nightfall suddenly plunges into the chasm below; the stream of delicate butterflies attracted as if fascinated by the beauty of the specta-

cle, but perhaps drawn on by some aërial current, till they are swept down into the gulf, — this, combined with two excellent illustrations of the falls, in the dry and wet seasons respectively, enables the reader to picture the scene to himself with exceptional clearness. But for the beauty of the flowers, which are at their best in the wet season, and on which he dwells in appreciative detail, the writer considers that the river scenery shows to greater advantage when the waters are low. As regards the falls —

> Crossing the savannah, and coming to the edge of the cliff over which the Potaro falls, we once more lay down, bodies along the top of the cliff, heads over its edge. It was a very different scene from the last time. Then it was beautiful and terrible; but now it was something which it is useless to try to describe. Then a narrow river, not a third of its present width, fell over the cliff in a column of white water, which was brought into startling prominence by the darkness of the great cave behind; and this column of water, before it reached the small black pool below, had narrowed to a point. Now an indescribably, almost inconceivably, vast curtain of water — I can find no other phrase — some four hundred feet in width, rolled over the top of the cliff, retaining its full width until it crashed into the boiling water of the pool which filled the whole space below; and of the surface of this pool itself only the outer edge was visible, for the greater part was ceaselessly tossed and hurled up in a great and high mass of surf and foam and spray. . . . About an hour before sunset on the first evening of our stay rain began to fall in light showers. Low down at our feet, across the river below the fall, the sun and rain built a colored arch right across the ravine; and through this the river, narrowed by a seemingly endless series of projecting cliff buttresses, was seen winding through the forest-covered country till it passed the far-away sugar-loaf mountain at Amootoo, and then lost itself in the great wooded plain beyond. An hour later heavy low-lying clouds had gathered, and almost shut us in in our camp on the edge of the cliff. Then the mist and cloud and rain and wind made another wonderful scene. The great rocky ravine at our feet was filled by huge masses of rolling, driving cloud which hid everything, except when, now and then, a cold blast of wind, separating two clouds for a few seconds, showed in the gap some projecting cliff ledge, or some tree-covered rock, apparently hanging suspended in a cloud world. And all the while the great river rushed swiftly at our side to the edge of the cliff, rolled over, and as it fell plunged through strange weird pillars of white mist, which continually rose from it and passed up into the low leaden-colored sky overhead, down into the denser, unbroken mass of clouds below, and there hid itself. Night came on, and as it grew darker and darker, the few swifts (*Acanthyllis collaris*) which were about fell headlong down from the sky above; and they, too, were gone into the cloud. And the noise of the fall — the rustling sound of falling water and the deep boom rising from the unseen pool below — added to the effect.

A good example of the minute and accurate observation and clear analysis, of which the volume contains many instances, will be found in the chapter on the flora of the tropics, and its characteristic points of contrast with that of the temperate zone. The general conclusion is that Mr. Wallace, while endeavoring, "in his admirable essay on tropical nature," to correct the exaggerated impression prevalent as to the beauty — especially of coloring — of tropical vegetation, goes too far in the opposite direction. "Having," the author writes,

> in these general considerations provided the necessary materials, as a painter provides color, brushes, and canvas, I shall now attempt to describe a few special pictures of plant-life, some from the forest region, others from the savannah; and thus try to give as true a notion as may be of the appearance of the land.

We would gladly, if space permitted, quote from these pictures, or from the equally careful description of animal life, small and great; but we have left ourselves too little space for adequate notice of the second and longer part of the work, which the author and many of his readers may perhaps consider the more important, that, namely, which treats of the inhabitants of Guiana. He admits that language is no infallible test of race, but few will question his conclusion that when the linguistic resemblances and differences coincide closely with greater or less affinity in physical appearance and customs, it becomes a test not only of great value, but of great convenience. Applying these principles, the writer points out that whereas all the American tribes are united by the common bond of a polysynthetic form of speech, though with absolutely different vocabularies, the relation between the languages becomes gradually closer according to the degree of resemblance between those who use them, shading down in Guiana into mere dialectic differences.

The chapters on the religion of these tribes have in substance already appeared in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute. On the question whether the theory known as "animism" affords an adequate explanation, and covers all the

facts, of primitive or savage psychology, there will always be two opinions; at all events, until we are in a position to say how far the savage state is in any real and true sense primitive. But the mass of curious illustrations, the result of the author's close study of the people, and his ingenious reasoning thereon, will have equal value and attraction for those who agree with, and those who may dissent from, his conclusions.

It is difficult to realize the state of perpetual apprehension in which a people must live who believe that every natural object, inanimate as well as animate, may be the dwelling of a malignant spirit; but it quite explains their entire subjection to the medicine man, who alone has the power to control such spirits. But the people seem to use no deprecatory rites, for we can hardly class as such the horribly painful practice, when passing a dangerous rock or waterfall, of rubbing capsicums into the eyes so that they may not see the dreaded object. The author relates various myths, in one of the quaintest of which the owl, during a quarrel among the birds, picks up and carries off in the confusion a mysterious-looking parcel, and opening it lets out the darkness, in which he has ever since been obliged to live. In speaking of the native modes of thought the author gives an amusing example of the deeply rooted belief — valuable, he points out, in primitive states of society — in the principle of the *lex talionis*: —

> The Macusi boy Möe . . . overheard me "beg pardon" of a companion whom I had accidentally struck. Möe immediately asked, "What that you say, 'beg you pardon'?" After I had explained to the best of my power, I asked the boy to translate the words into his own language. Then there was a great consultation between Möe and the other Macusis, and only after that was I told a Macusi version of "I beg your pardon." It turned out to be "me hit you again."

If, considering the extreme reserve of these people, the writer has been successful in the insight gained into their mind and thoughts, his account of their manners and customs is still more exhaustive. It is curious to trace some of these to very distant parts of the world. The mysterious objection, for instance, to mention a person's name is found among some of the Malay and Polynesian tribes; the custom of chewing the cassava root in preparing the national beverage *paiwari* recalls not only the *chica* of Peru, but the *kava* of the more distant Pacific. The custom of extracting a disease in the form of a foreign body is found both in Africa and in Australia, but, with the author, we are unaware if it has elsewhere

> been noted that this foreign substance — at least among the Indians of Guiana — is often, if not always, regarded, not as simply a natural body, but as the materialized form of a hostile spirit.

And a prejudice of world-wide application is traceable in the popular name of a peculiarly venomous spider, "the mother-in-law of scorpions." The character of the people, as he draws it, is far from unamiable. He mentions a general increase, within a very recent period, of peaceful habits, but does not say to what it is to be ascribed. As a great drawback to the advantages of intercourse with civilized people, he observes that, besides giving up peculiar habits, the tribes who come most in contact with Europeans have also lost all their peculiar arts and manufactures. The increase of lassitude thus engendered necessarily leads to degeneration of mind and body, and he commends the matter to missionaries as well worthy their attention.

Besides the mass of interesting detail connected with every department of life — occupations and amusements, agriculture, hunting, arts, and trade, which are treated with the thoroughness which characterizes the whole work — the author deals ingeniously with such archæological topics as the country affords.

From All The Year Round.

POISONOUS REPTILES AND INSECTS OF INDIA.

It is during the rainy season, beginning with July and ending with September, that the insect and reptile life of India is in full force; when the steaming heat has evoked a sudden burst of intense vegetation which the scorching drought of the previous three months has kept dormant. Then also these lower forms of the animal creation, as if hitherto dormant from the same cause, burst into sudden and redoubled life. Each patch of the almost visibly growing grass teems with multitudes of insects, whose ephemeral life seems to begin and end with the season, or may conceal reptiles harmless or noxious to man. Each footstep has now more than ever to be watched against the chance of lighting at any time upon a dangerous reptile.

Among the daily and familiar signs of the insect and reptile life of India, water-

snakes, harmless in bite, may be seen swimming about in pools of water, rejoicing in the frogs which these supply, or along the margins of lakes with heads just showing above the surface; droves of frogs may be seen trooping up your verandah steps as if intoxicated with the shower of rain, to be ignominiously shot out again by *chaukeedar* or sweeper standing guard over the doors; wasps and large fierce hornets pounce upon every unprotected eatable; dark clouds of the house-fly, now swelled to numbers easily to suggest a plague, contest possession of the breakfast-table; ants large and small defile in long columns down the walls of your room, exploring fresh country or establishing communication between their nest and an unprotected sugar-bowl; hunting-spiders are stalking flies on the glass doors opening on your verandah; lizards perchance are stalking the spiders themselves, or other flies on the wall; splendid ichneumon flies dart in and out of your room, making minute examinations of your furniture, or dragging live caterpillars or huge spiders up to their little mud cells along the edge of your bookcase; bees of both species, wild and domesticated, and of various sizes of each, from no bigger than a house-fly, pursue their flight to and from their nests in the dens est foliage of the trees. As darkness falls the various beetles huge and small, moths, and multitudes of noisome insects that wing their noisy way through the night air, and strike in showers upon your face, take up the tale; and the mosquitoes, true beasts of prey, minute but savage, emerge from the folds of your door-curtains to prey upon yourself, and make the air once more alive with their hostile buzz.

Chief among reptiles of India, as elsewhere, is the snake, and among the snakes of India, the cobra is most dreaded and deadly. Third in order of virulence is the krait, and as this and the cobra are most commonly to be met with of the poisonous varieties, I will chiefly allude to them. Of these two the cobra, by reason of its nature to bite from the pure love of attacking, is by far the most dreaded and fatal. They are both partial to dry places, such as hollows of trees, etc., and also find suitable quarters in the mud and thatch houses of the bulk of the native population. The cobra reaches a length of five feet, and is of a light brown shade, which alone distinguishes it from other snakes, but added to this is the ominous fan-shaped hood, with its black horseshoe mark, which it distends from its neck when angry, and which singles it out from every variety. It has besides a fierce and venomous look peculiarly its own, as if indicating at once its nature and its own consciousness of power. The krait, on the other hand, is jet-black, with pure white bands, and attains even a greater length, but does not possess either the venomous look of the cobra or its destructive propensity. The eggs of the krait I have repeatedly come across in old cellars or beneath masses of lumber, as large as big hen-eggs, white and soft, but never have I found those of the cobra.

The European is not long in the country without making acquaintance with one or the other of these snakes, and generally when least expected or desired. Indeed, the marvel of most Anglo-Indians after leaving the country is how they have weathered so many hairbreadth escapes, and are still extant to tell the tale; especially so, when they recall the very familiar remembrance of the numbers of their darker brethren who succumbed all around them to snake-bite. This immunity they attribute a good deal to the constant presence in their bungalows of one or more pet dogs, who are generally to be found beside their master's beds at night, sharing along with them the cooling breeze of the punkah. My first acquaintance with a cobra was one night when, awoke by a loud barking, rising half up in bed I saw through the open door of the adjoining bath-room where the night-light burned, my two terriers barking furiously in full battle front of a large cobra that was reared on its tail and facing them in turn. It was motionless except for a slow swaying of the head, its hood was distended to a complete circle, its tongue darted in and out, while every now and again it emitted a loud hissing sound (which at first had made me think of jungle-cats); but never once did it show trace of fear, or remove from the dogs the fierce, fascinating stare that seemed to rouse them to frenzy, as they kept advancing and retreating, but still carefully outside the danger-line. Fearing their wrath might get the better of their discretion, I leaped hastily up and despatched the reptile with a stick; when the dogs, no longer dreading their enemy, vented their rage on his inanimate body. I remembered that during the day I had been surprised while taking my bath at the dogs silently and persistently snuffing around an old trunk in the bath-room, and that not in their usual way when a rat or mouse was in the question, but took little notice of it at the time, though it was in front of this trunk the snake was reared, and I have no

doubt it was he they scented. I had to thank them, in this instance at least, for the timely warning. Dogs, however, will never attack a cobra at bay. Their instinct seems to apprise them of the risk.

During the dry months preceding the rain, the cobra and krait often make their haunts among the numerous rat-burrows, where they find temporary headquarters and a food supply in the intercepted rats. From mistaking the occupant of a burrow, the lower castes of Hindoos, who, like the Chinese, are very partial to field-rats as an occasional delicacy, sometimes get bitten. An instance of the kind came within my own notice. The ground around a large tamarind-tree fronting my bungalow, where the horses were wont to get their daily feed of oats — a custom to prevent the bulk of it going to the bazaar for the syce's benefit — had got very much cut up by rats, which had been attracted there by the stray grains, and were extending their raids to the bungalow; so I sent word to the nooneas, who had long cast wistful eyes on the spot. After digging out some five or six nests, and unearthing about thirty rats — the terriers finding delightful sport in accounting for them as quickly as they appeared — they were digging out another burrow, and had come near the end by the indication of signs familiar to them, when as usual one of them inserted a hand to bring out the rats single file, and so prevent their emerging in a body, and some, perhaps, escaping. In an instant the man, with a terrified yell, drew back his hand with a cobra clinging to it. The reptile had seized his finger, but was despatched immediately, and a rapid incision with a penknife and cautery with a hot iron in the bitten part, along with a tight ligature above that, saved the man's life. Beyond a heavy drowsiness as from a strong dose of opium, owing, no doubt, to the very minute particle of the poison that had permeated his system from the moment's delay, he experienced no further ill effects.

A source of great annoyance occurs when a cobra gets into a fowl-house, where it makes terrible havoc, seeming to destroy from the pure love of destroying, and coming back again and again to swell the number of its victims. It is no uncommon thing to find half-a-dozen fowls lying dead each morning.

Finding mine once getting diminished in this wholesale fashion, and having vainly shut up all the holes in the fowl-house that might shelter an enemy, I resolved to keep watch one evening just after dusk, at which time the servants said they had more than once caught a glimpse of a snake disppearing near the fowl-house. Hardly had I reached the wicker enclosure outside, when something glided in between my feet, which I barely managed to avoid by a leap, and towards which, lowering the gun, I fired. On the smoke clearing I was just able to distinguish in the dark the head of a snake rearing up and beating the ground alternately, which told me my shot must have been successful. The arrival of a light confirmed this by disclosing a large cobra cut nearly in two by the charge. He was evidently the marauder, as the mortality among my fowls ceased from that moment, except through the legitimate medium of the cook.

The great mortality among natives from snake-bites in the absence of almost a single case among Europeans, seems to speak its own tale. It is chiefly among the poorer classes and agriculturists, who form the bulk of the population, that snake-bites occur; those whose daily struggle for bread subjects them to constant risk and exposure from which their more fortunate brethren are exempt.

Their thatch and mud houses, with walls often honeycombed by rats, afford a natural shelter to the cobra and krait. The want of light in their houses by night when nine-tenths of the snake-bites occur; a footstep in the dark; a hand or foot resting over the edge of their low charpoys during sleep — an irresistible temptation to a prowling cobra; the accidental striking or seizure by the hand of a snake while cutting their crops, and crop-watching by night, — are among the most common occasions of snake-bite. Often so slight is the bite on finger or toe that it is not enough to break sleep, and thus the sleep of life gradually and unconsciously merges into that of death. The poison seems to steal insensibly and painlessly through the system, gradually benumbing the springs of life, till it brings them to a standstill forever. Nor is there anything left to tell the cause except the minutest speck, like a flea-bite, only visible to a close examination. In the morning the bitten person may be found either dead or in the last stage of snake-bite poisoning; it may be a dead mother with her living child still clinging to her, drinking in, in the milk, the poison which, even in such a minute quantity, also leaves the child dazed and lethargic for many hours to come. Strange to say, so apathetic are natives that often they get bitten and go to sleep again, without thinking more about it, on the frail chance of the bite

being non-poisonous, and so sleep on till their friends find them, or sleep ceases in death. One, among many instances of snake-bite poisoning I have seen, was a strong young Brahmin of twenty, well known to me, who had been bitten during the night while watching his maize crop. Ere I knew of it they had brought him into my compound in front of the bungalow. As yet he walked quite steadily, only leaning slightly on the arm of another man. There was that peculiar drowsy look in his eyes, however, as from a strong narcotic, which indicated his having been bitten for some time, and left but little room for hope now. He could still clearly tell me particulars. He had been bitten, he said, on putting his foot to the ground while moving off his charpoy in the dark, but, thinking the bite was that of a non-poisonous snake, had given no more heed to the matter, and gone to sleep again, till he was awaked by his friends coming in search of him. With some difficulty I was able to find the bite — very faint, no larger than the prick from a pin, but still the unmistakable double mark of the poison-fangs. He felt the poison, he said, gradually ascending the limb, and pointed to a part just above the knee, where he felt it had already reached, the limb below that being, he said, benumbed, and painless to the touch, like the foot when "asleep." I gave him the usual remedies, and kept him walking to and fro, but gradually his limbs seemed to be losing their power of voluntary motion, and his head was beginning to droop from the overpowering drowsiness that was surely gathering over him. At intervals he pointed out the poison-line steadily rising higher, and was still able to answer questions clearly on being roused. At length it seemed to be of no use torturing him further by keeping him moving about, and he was allowed to remain at rest. Shortly after this, while being supported in a sitting posture, all at once, without any premonitory sign, he gave one or two long sighs, and life ceased, about an hour after he had himself walked into the compound. There was something terribly real in this faculty of pointing out each stage of the ascending poison (as the snake-bitten patient always can) that was gradually bringing him nearer and nearer to death, with the prospect of only another hour or half-hour of life remaining to him; and yet the patient does not seem to realize this with the keenness that an onlooker does, probably from the poison benumbing at the same time the powers of the mind as well as of the body.

The native remedy — it is needless to say there is no cure but immediate excision or cautery — consists partly in some herb mixture administered internally, but chiefly in witchcraft; and one of their hopes of recovery rests in not killing the snake that has bitten them. This, if done, would, they believe, be next to sealing their fate, and so the enemy, instead of receiving his deserts, escapes unharmed, to repeat his attack when the next opportunity offers. Strangely opposed to this is the native belief regarding the bite of a mad dog — so terribly prevalent in India, where so many mangy, half-fed dogs and over-gorged jackals prowl the country — which they rest quite satisfied must prove harmless if the dog is immediately killed. This superstition, by the way, is not confined to India, but even prevails among the laboring classes at home. When a person is bitten by a snake, the first thing done is to "anoint his head with oil," as in each and every native ailment. Then an individual skilled in witchcraft, whose spells are known to be most potent, is easily procured from a neighboring village. Thereupon, the patient is seated amid a gathering crowd of natives, including one or two Brahmins to recite aloud their "shastras," and the sorcerer begins his spells. Seizing the patient's hand, he rattles over, in a loud and rapid voice, certain incantative phrases which are supposed to fight the demon of the poison, and ever and anon, as, despite his spells, the poison seems to be gaining way, he rouses himself to fury, dashes over the man a white powder (supposed to be sand from the sacred Ganges), and shouts, threatens, and rages at the rebellious spirit which persists in defying him. All this mummery at length fails. The man gradually sinks in the presence of his relatives, and dies in their hands, perhaps two or three hours after being bitten. The noisy jabber of the sorcerer and drawling chant of the Brahmins suddenly give place to a dead stillness, to be broken presently by the loud wail of the female relatives from the village. Should the bite, as is frequently the case, chance to be, unknowingly, from a non-poisonous snake, the sorcerer of course takes full credit for the recovery, and obtains corresponding renown. Perhaps, before a fatal termination, the relatives, losing faith in the sorcerer, may as a last resource seek European aid, or the more enlightened may have done so at an earlier stage. In this case the European cauterizes, if possible, the wound, and administers a dose of strong ammonia or eau-de-luce inter-

nally, with a glass of brandy at intervals, and insists on the patient being kept moving, to fight against the drowsiness and gradual stagnation of the blood which seem the prominent features of the poisoning. The latter may assist the cauterizing, but it is certain that alone it would fail in saving life where the bite from a cobra or krait in full vigor is concerned, which hitherto has baffled all medical science for an antidote. Injections of ammonia into the blood have also been tried, and though in a degree more efficacious than the internal administration, have equally been found to fail.

Snake-poison can easily be collected from the gland at the base of the poison-fangs, which is large, readily found, and contains it plentifully. These fangs, by the way, are only to be found in poisonous snakes, and are two long, hollow, curved teeth in the centre of the upper jaw, which much exceed the others in length, and through which the poison during a bite is driven into the wound by pressure upon the gland from the fang. Possibly, however, these snakes may have the power of either dispensing with the use of the fangs by depression, or restraining the action of the gland except when wanted, as seems probable. In the case of non-poisonous snakes the teeth are an even row, much smaller in size. The facility of obtaining so deadly a poison, and one so utterly beyond detection as a poisoning medium by any known medical or chemical tests, would make it a terrible weapon for evil — one, possibly, which has too often figured as a means of removing political obstacles in India, and which may account for many of those mysterious deaths that from time to time have characterized private life among the natives of that country, and which even still, under cover of the zenana and of the effacing medium of cremation — the Hindoo funeral rite following death within an hour or two — are said to be much more frequent than is publicly known.

In experimenting with snake-poison I have repeatedly tested the comparative effect from the bite of a live cobra and from that injected from a glass capillary collected from the gland of the dead reptile, and have found the result nearly similar, varying only in proportion to the amount of the injection. A large cobra that was intercepted while crossing the compound in full march for the fowl-house, and stood at bay within a piece of wicker-work surrounding a young tree, was allowed to bite a fowl that passed near him, which he did savagely on the wing. The fowl, seemingly nothing the worse, fluttered away at first, and began pecking about as usual. Then something caused it suddenly to stand still and stare; then it began to stagger and flutter round in a circle, and within five minutes from the time it was bitten, it lay down on its side — dead. The result with another, immediately after, was exactly similar. Then a frog, which I had heard was proof against snake-poison, was bitten very slightly on the leg. It, too, leaped about at first as if none the worse; then it came to a halt, elevated itself on its legs into a hoop, and swelled till it looked ready to burst, and there it remained without ever moving again — dead.

Inoculating a fowl on the thigh with the minutest quantity of the poison from a glass tube resulted similarly to the above, except that the effect took ten minutes instead of five, owing, no doubt to the smaller quantity of the injection. Larger injections proved as rapid in their result as the bite. For this reason of the poison from a live or dead snake being equally dangerous, natives are most particular in burying dead cobras or kraits, in case of any one accidentally treading upon the fangs. The action of the gland being mechanical, pressure upon the fangs presses on the gland and forces out the poison whether the animal be dead or alive.

Happily there is one counteractive provided by nature against reptiles so deadly, in the shape of the mongoose, a beautiful little creature about half a foot high and eighteen inches to two feet long, all long silvery-brown fur tapering into a bushy tail which seems its larger half. It possesses great activity and strength, and a pair of piercing eagle eyes. The mongoose being the inveterate foe of the snake, is equally the benefactor of man, and for the sake of its habits, as an enemy not only to snakes, but to reptiles and vermin generally, it is encouraged and protected by the natives, and is often domesticated by Europeans as a means of prevention as well as cure. Reptiles scenting its vicinity are much shyer in intruding than they otherwise would be; and when so domesticated, it runs about the bungalow tame and playful as a kitten. Snakes, frogs, rats, mice, are all fair game to it, as well as the loathsome musk-rat, whose irritating patter across your rooms at night is so hostile to sleep, and at whose bouquet even dogs sicken. In the tenth part of the time that a dog would take, even when worked up to the attacking point, it will exterminate a whole colony of musk-rats, and banquet upon the

only part of them it finds worth feeding upon — their blood. Once, to test the accepted belief about the mongoose and snake, I managed to secure a vigorous cobra in a large earthen water-jar, and summoned the mongoose. Presently he came, peering about suspiciously as he drew near, as if divining the presence of an enemy without exactly knowing where, till his attention was drawn to the open mouth of the jar. In an instant, with a glance like fire, he had descried his foe, as his raised fur coat and glittering eye showed, at the same time that he darted backwards. Then, rising on his hind-legs, he advanced his head again over the mouth of the jar, only to dart back again as the cobra struck at him, though too late for the lightning retreat of the mongoose. Again the latter repeated his scrutiny, and again the cobra darted at him ineffectually, sinking back each time into the jar. This was repeated again and again, the mongoose each time enticing the cobra farther and farther out of the jar as its rage increased, till once, when its head and neck appeared clear beyond the mouth, in an instant, too quick for the eye to follow, the mongoose had it just below the head, securely and safely, and was coolly dragging it out of the jar. Trailing it along the ground to a convenient spot, he soon gave it its *coup de grâce*, and we watched the marvellous instinct with which he disabled the reptile and at the same time avoided the least chance of a bite. Several times since then I have seen the attack repeated under different circumstances, but always successfully and with the same dexterity and cunning.

Immense as is the number of snakes annually killed in India, for which the government reward of two anas a head is paid, yet these are but an imperceptible drop in the bucket so far as really reducing their number goes. Only when the conditions of native life are somewhat changed, and mud and thatch give place to brick and plaster, will there be any sensible diminution of them. Once, while present at the breaking down of an old wall, I counted nearly a hundred cobras, old and young, which had made their home there — a gold-mine to the fortunate coolies on the work, in the shape of the government reward for the snakes. So great a number found in one spot shows the absurdity of assuming any actual diminution in numbers from the official figures, in fact the government reward is perhaps little more effectual in reducing the number of snakes than the crusades against them by the so-called snake-charmers. These individuals patrol the country in company, always with a basket or two of their supposed friends, the cobras and kraits, between which and themselves they declare a secret understanding exists, and going from house to house, they profess to wile out lurking snakes from their lairs by the charms of music — as they term the execrable, discordant piping to which they treat their reptile friends. Having arranged with a couple of them to pay so much a head for each snake they extracted, one took his stand, along with his basket of snakes, in an outhouse specified, containing plenty of suspicious holes, and began his piping. I had already discovered, by insisting on their showing me the mouths of the snakes in their baskets, that these were minus their poison-fangs, a circumstance which quite explained the affectionate familiarity between the snakes and their keepers, as the latter hung them about their necks, had mock fights with them, etc., to the horror of the admiring native onlookers. Soon, in answer to the "music," one snake after another glided out of the holes, and with a soft swaying of the head, gradually advanced towards the charmer, till, coming opposite to him, they reared themselves on their tails, and fixing their eyes upon him, kept up the swaying motion as if keeping time to the music. After this had continued a little while, the charmer stopped his music, and fearlessly seizing the snakes, deposited them one after another in his basket and closed down the lid. This place was now supposed to be cleared, and we left it for another, considered to be equally fruitful. The same thing was repeated here, but with a different conclusion. Considering that I was paying for the snakes extracted at the rate of two anas each, and had a right to regard them as my property, I despatched a couple of them before the snake-charmer could interpose, and evidently to his great consternation. He immediately began to bewail his loss, saying I had deprived him of his power over the snake tribe, that his trade was gone, and so on. In the midst of this tirade I bent down to examine the mouths of the snakes, a movement which caused the charmers to look rather foolish, and discovered, as I had begun to suspect, that the poison-fangs and gland were gone, which discovery, it is needless to add, resulted in the very hasty and uncere-monious exit of the snake-charmers from the premises. The explanation was clear. They had simply introduced their own snakes into the holes by a sleight of hand with which they were familiar, and had

afterwards drawn them out by the music, to which they were trained to respond. Never after this was I able to get a snake-charmer to practise his jugglery. Before ever they could be brought into action they had somehow got wind of something suspicious, and disappeared from the field. As a rule, indeed, they fight shy of Europeans. The thriving trade which these men drive is but an instance of the marvellous simplicity with which a native will swallow the most manifest imposture if it contains but a taint of the supernatural. Were the imposture not really so, what a further harvest might not these charmers reap in the government reward!

The largest common snake of the plains is the dhamin, which reaches a length of eight feet, with corresponding thickness. Its peculiarity is that its upper half is exactly that of the water-snake in color and marking, while its lower is as unmistakably that of the cobra, from between which two it is believed to be a cross, though much larger than either. Its bite, like that of all fresh-water snakes, is non-poisonous.

From The Contemporary Review.

AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.

A WORK has lately been discovered at Constantinople which must excite the greatest interest among scholars. Nine years ago, in 1875, a Greek Bishop Bryennios, metropolitan of Serrae, published the first complete edition of the Epistles of St. Clement to the Corinthians. Bryennios discovered this work in the library of the Most Holy Sepulche, in Fannar of Constantinople. It was enthusiastically received for many reasons. No part of Church history is so shrouded in darkness as that period which intervenes between the destruction of Jerusalem and the death of Justin Martyr, say 70–160 A.D. Clement's completed epistles helped to illuminate this period; they show us the Church in its earliest development; they give us a glimpse of its ritual, its social life, its Church government. But the Clementine epistles were welcomed for another reason still. They gave hopes of other unexpected "finds" in the same quarter. This very library had been often visited and examined by scholars. Bethmann, in 1845; Guigniant, in 1856; Mr. Coxe, the Bodleian librarian, in 1858, examined the manuscripts, and yet none of them discovered the missing part of St. Clement's work. What treasures, then, men naturally argued, may we expect in more retired localities, when a mine so long and so well worked has yielded such an important find! The expectation has not been disappointed, and now Bryennios, who meanwhile has become metropolitan of Nicomedia, again steps forward and publishes another work of early Christian antiquity, "The Teaching of the Apostles," which he found bound up with the manuscript of the Clementine epistles. He has brought it out in a very convenient shape with exhaustive and learned prolegomena and notes in which he discusses most impartially the various questions which may be raised out of it, concerning the doctrine, ritual, and Church government of the apostolic age. But what is the *Διδαχὴ τῶν Ἀποστόλων*,* some readers may ask? Ecclesiastical historians have often remarked that Clement of Alexandria, Eusebius, and Athanasius quote a work which they describe very variously. Clement in his Stromata calls it Scripture. Eusebius classes it with Hermas, the Epistle of Barnabas and the Apocalypse, and calls it *Διδαχαὶ τῶν Ἀποστόλων*. Athanasius describes it as a non-canonical work, very useful, however, for catechumens. These references have been attributed by many to the Apostolic Constitutions which first came to light in the sixteenth century. Our own learned but eccentric Whiston maintained this view very strongly at the beginning of the last century. But modern criticism has conclusively proved that the constitutions are not, as he maintained, "a record of what our Saviour himself delivered to his apostles in the forty days after his resurrection," but merely a work founded on some very early documents, and then revised and enlarged in the third and fourth centuries. Scholars so widely separated as Pearson, Hilgenfeld, Lagarde, and Bickell are at one on this point. Bickell indeed, forty years ago, in his work on Church law, expressly pointed out that an early Christian document of the second century lay at the basis of the seventh book of the Apostolic Constitutions. This book has now come to light, and in the skilful hands of Bryennios presents us with Christian life and worship as it existed in the first half of the second cen-

* The title is *Διδαχὴ τῶν δώδεκα Ἀποστόλων μετὰ προλεγομένων καὶ σημειώσεων ὑπὸ φιλοθέου Βρυεννίου Μητροπολίτου Νικομηδείας. Ἐν κωνσταντινουπόλει*, 1883. Since this article went to press a translation of the treatise in question has appeared in the *Guardian* of Wednesday, March 19, with a commentary by the Rev. John Wordsworth, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford.

tury. The date of the Διδαχὴ he fixes, while the contemporaries of St. John were living — between 120 and 160 A.D., and earlier than the Montanist controversy. The contents of the book, which is just the size of the Epistle to the Galatians, corresponds to this early date. It indeed offers a striking commentary in many parts upon various passages of St. Paul's epistles. The following is a brief analysis of it. The first portion of the book is practically identical with the conclusion (capp. xvii.–xxi.) of the Epistle of St. Barnabas. They are both recensions of the early Christian document, known as the "Two Ways," the way of life and the way of death. In this portion there are many striking quotations from the Sermon on the Mount, about returning good for evil, almsgiving, fasting, and the like. It contains prohibitions also of vices to which Christians would be exposed among an overwhelming pagan majority; as magic, augury, and performance of the mystic rites. The second part of the Διδαχὴ is, however, the most interesting, as giving us a glimpse into the organization of the earliest Church. The legislative section, as we may call it, begins at cap. vii. Baptism, and that in the name of the Trinity, is the foundation stone of the edifice. The account given of both the sacraments strikingly confirms and illustrates the New Testament and Justin Martyr. Baptism must be administered, if possible, in running water. If running water cannot be had, then in any other kind of water, even though warm. If immersion cannot be used, trine affusion may suffice, accompanied by fasting. As to the practice of fasting, it must not be like that of the hypocrites — evidently referring to the Jews and using the language of the Sermon on the Mount. They fast on Mondays and Thursdays, the regular Pharisaic fasts. Christians must fast on Wednesdays and Fridays. Their prayers, too, must not be modelled on the Jewish fashion, but the Lord's Prayer must be used thrice a day. The Lord's Prayer is then inserted with the concluding doxology, following very closely, though not entirely, the words of St. Matthew. The rules for the eucharist next follow, together with a form of consecration prayer for each element, but without any such recital of the words of institution as finds a place in every existing Christian ritual. To this succeeds a post-communion thanksgiving in that rapt self-forgetting tone of which the "Gloria in Excelsis" is a conspicuous example; praising God for what he is in himself, and interceding for the ingathering of the Church from the four winds of heaven. Attached, however, to this thanksgiving is a note or rubric, signifying that the prophets shall not be limited to these words, but be permitted to use such expressions as please them, reminding us of Justin's famous description of the eucharist. Then come the most curious details. We see the whole organization depicted by St. Paul in passages like 1 Cor. xii. 28, Ephes. iv. 11, and in the pastoral epistles. Apostles, prophets, bishops, and deacons have their spheres of activity marked out, limited, and defined. The composition of the book is determined to a very early date by the use made of the word apostle. It was still in common every-day use. Distance had not yet thrown a halo round it and limited its application to the original witnesses of the revelation. Some of the tests used to discriminate between the false apostle or prophet and the true are very amusing. Thus, in cap. xi., the document proceeds: "Now, concerning apostles and prophets, thus do according to the commandment of the Gospel. Let every apostle who comes to you be received as the Lord. He shall remain only for one day; or, if necessary, for two. But if he remain a third, he is a false apostle. And when he departs he shall take nothing with him save provision for one stage; but if he asks for money, he is a false apostle." Rules for the prophets are next laid down. Their teaching is recognized as a "speaking in the Spirit," if sound and good, but must be tested by their practice, as some were evidently making a trade of their prophetic claims. The apostles seem to have been missionaries or evangelists. The prophets, on the other hand, had fixed places of labor. Such were not to prophesy for money, but yet they must be supported by the gift of first fruits. Bishops and deacons are recognized in cap. xv. They shall be ordained, being found true and free from covetousness. This chapter will doubtless be the central point of interest as raising various questions concerning the nature and work of these bishops and deacons. In this document they seem to occupy some higher position than that of mere financial agents to the congregation assigned to them by some modern critics. They are described as discharging the ministry of prophets and teachers to the congregation. There is no mention of presbyters, while, on the other hand, the prophets are described as chief priests for the congregation (cap. xiii.). The Lord's Day is recognized in cap. xiv. as

the Christian festival. On that day the eucharist shall be celebrated and quarrels composed; the prophecy of Malachi i. 11, 14, and the term *θυσία* being expressly applied to the eucharist. We have given but a brief outline of this most interesting work, so important for its bearing on questions about the canon of the New Testament and Church government. Upon it Bryennios has spent the loving labor of seven years, and has produced a treatise which proves that the spirit of Eusebius still lives in the Eastern Church, and that a Greek ecclesiastic can be thoroughly abreast of the latest German, French, and English scholarship. He has provided for us in his learned dissertations all the materials for those critical discussions this interesting relic of Christian antiquity so amply deserves: and that at the low price of five francs, which seems to indicate that Oriental scholars value their time at a very unremunerative rate indeed.

From The Saturday Review.

THE ITALIAN IN LIFE AND ON THE STAGE.

To say that the art of a nation or a period is the outcome of its whole social life, and that it must necessarily bear the impress of the circumstances that produced it, is merely to repeat one of the commonplaces of criticism; and yet it is a fact that is too often forgotten in judging the work of foreigners. What is placed before us seems new; its very strangeness excites dislike in some and an inordinate admiration in others. Those who love novelty suppose it to be original merely because it is not English; those who have endeavored to educate their taste by a careful study of more familiar models object to a departure from principles of which the artist probably never heard, or which it would have been quite impossible for him to have adopted in his own country. This is the case both with painting and poetry, but far more strikingly so with acting — an art whose too ephemeral charm largely depends on the taste, the manners, and the fashion of the day. It may not therefore be uninteresting to inquire how closely a few of the peculiarities of Italian acting are connected with the national character. In doing this, we shall refer as little as possible to the distinguished guest who is at present performing at Covent Garden, and who, whatever may be our opinion as to his reproduction of single parts, deserves our respect on account of the great influence he has exerted in the reform of tragic acting in his own country. In speaking of the Italian stage, we are thinking rather of the theatres of Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples than of Signor Salvini and his troupe.

The Italian is a social, the Englishman to a considerable extent a solitary animal. The former lives a great deal in the open air and in places of public resort. He is always ready to enter into a conversation with the respectable stranger who sits at his own or the neighboring table. After a few such meetings he makes you his confidant in everything except his money affairs, and is ready to supply you with the details of his whole emotional and family history. His wife, it seems, is not a paragon, and, if you are not a marriageable man, he is ready to own that his eldest daughter has a bad temper. Life altogether is rather a paltry business, but one must not take things too seriously; carnival has not long been passed, and already Easter is near. These things he tells you while you are a perfect stranger, whom he would never think of inviting to his house; indeed, it is only when you are introduced to him that he becomes reticent. History has shown that the Italian is far more gifted both for intrigue and conspiracy than most of the northern nations — a fact which is probably in a great degree due to his sobriety. He is not addicted to drink, and he rarely, between his nineteenth and his fiftieth year, becomes the fool or the tool of a woman. He is thus protected against the two influences which the police find most useful when a plot is to be discovered. He is shrewd and cautious in business matters, too, and silent whenever he fancies that his speech would give you an advantage over him. These are serious matters, and must be treated seriously, but with his emotions it is different. If he has been disappointed in a love affair, if his mistress or his wife has proved unfaithful to him, he cannot thoroughly enjoy his desolation before he has brought it before his own little public, in which he generously includes not only his personal friends, but also any stranger he may chance to meet in a *café* or a railway carriage whom he finds or fancies to be *simpatico*. So far does this instinct for expression of the feelings go that in Naples it is the popular belief that any attempt to suppress or conceal a strong unsatisfied passion, whether it be love, hatred, or fear, is inju

ous to the health; and so men who have ten times more courage than many of the Englishmen that laugh at them will there say, without shame, "I dare not — I am afraid." Thus, much that forms the most private and secret experience of men of northern races is openly discussed in every Italian *café*, and even those who suffer most perhaps find a comfort in the consciousness that they are, for the time at least, interesting.

Nature has granted the Italian the social gifts he himself values most highly — the charm of manner, the art of adding effectiveness to everything he says or does by gesture, tone, and facial expression. "*Er weiss sich zu geben*," as the Germans say, an art in which they themselves are sadly wanting; the result is that you generally find your German acquaintances gain and the Italian lose on a nearer acquaintance, but for the moment the latter overwhelm you. To see even half-a-dozen peasants in the street is often like looking at a picture or a scene in a well-ordered theatre. They talk not only with their tongues, but with their whole bodies. They are a nation of rhetoricians; it is therefore only natural that they should be peculiarly susceptible to the charms of an art in which they excel, and that words and postures which would seem to us theatrical claptrap will there decide an election, or even, in exceptional cases, a division. They do not suspect that the brilliant phrase and the studied attitude are signs of insincerity, as Englishmen instinctively do. They see the purpose, they will even criticise the means by which it is attained, but this does not render them impervious to the charm.

Now all this must affect their acting. The subdued and most self-restrained of performers is obliged to adopt on the stage manners more accentuated and gestures more marked than he would think of employing in real life. From what level is he to calculate the necessary elevation? Obviously from that of his audience. Some years ago Signor Rossi was condemned by several Neapolitan critics for the tameness of his Hamlet, whereas his rendering of the part seemed almost farcical to an Englishman, and it was, even on the first evening, far more highly colored than he ever thinks of making it at Florence. The cause of this is clear enough. If the man from whom you buy your fish is accustomed to assume the most indignant and pathetic attitudes when the question between you is one of a penny, you naturally expect a prince whose father has been murdered to do something more. The tragic actor must outbid the man in the street. Of course when he comes to England he ought to moderate his gesticulation, and this the Italian celebrities who visit us almost invariably endeavor to do. It is unfair to them not to remember that this requires an effort greater than that of the Englishman who desires to rise "to the height of the scene." Before us they always act in chains.

But the fact that the Italian knows nothing of our reticence, of the sanctity in which we hold our own hearts and homes, is a still more important matter. Even in the privacy of his bedchamber he is apt to imagine himself in the presence of a sympathetic audience, and to play a part. He utters noble sentiments to himself and his looking glass, and does not pause to inquire whether they spring from his heart or his imagination. The result is that he never can speak a monologue as a northern audience thinks it ought to be spoken. On his lips it is no piece of self-communing, no silent thought rendered audible for a dramatic purpose, as Shakespeare's soliloquies invariably are; it is an address to the audience, in which all the fine points are carefully insisted upon. It is his hearers, not himself, that the Italian Hamlet or Lear endeavors to persuade. When a second person enters, there is hardly a change in his voice or manner, except that his eyes are fixed on Ophelia or the clown, instead of on the third gallery or a lady in the stalls. There are exceptions, of course; but even in the case of the greatest actors they are rare. The instinct of the Italian performer is to turn poetry into what seems to us mere rhetoric. And the same national characteristics affect his whole conception of character. The success or failure of the hero is to him always an external matter — a thing that can be seen and displayed. Shakespeare, on the other hand, loves to dwell on the hidden internal tragedy, on the horror of the soul at its own crime or weakness, and the loss and gain that no court of law can assess. It is, however, this intimate knowledge of the silent and hidden workings of the human heart that has rendered him the favorite dramatist of northern nations. The southerner is attracted less by this than by the splendid theatrical opportunities he constantly affords, the very characteristic of his work to which the German actor is generally all but blind. Thus, the one is too apt to give us the soul without the body, and the other the body without the soul.

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AMONG THE DAISIES.

Lay her down among the daisies,
  With the fringes of her eyes,
Softer than their silver petals,
  Closed for blissful reveries.
Fold her little hands in whiteness
  As in prayer upon her breast;
Fear not for their folded lightness
  On the heart unmoving pressed,
For that heart of angel brightness,
  Tired so early, lies at rest.

Tired so early! — when the dawning
  Glimmered white-winged through the room,
And the skies were half awaking,
  Half in fading starlit gloom,
From the heaven of the starlight
  Came the angels of the dawn;
And the morning winds were sighing,
  And the curtains eastward drawn,
And her sleeping face looked brighter,
  And a whispering sob said — "Gone!"

All the daisies were unfolding
  In the fields, where never more
Shall the rapture of her child-life
  Run in shout and laughter o'er.
Tired so early! — she has gathered
  All her gladness in swift space,
She has sung her song and ended,
  Childlike turning pleading face
Back to home when joys are weary —
  Toward the one familiar place.

Lay her low among the daisies:
  Angels knew her more than we;
They have led her home from wandering,
  Tired with earthly revelry.
And above her daisied pillow
  Let her simple tale be told:
Here the Lover of the lilies
  Bade a little blossom fold;
He that wakes the flowers shall wake her,
  White as snow, with heart of gold.

Chambers' Journal. HELEN ATTERIDGE.

WOOD SORREL.

My dearest love, thy flower's a-bloom
  Once more. I've gathered it to-day, —
As thro' the tender forest gloom
  I took my lonely way.

Half hid 'neath sprays of bramble vine,
  The fragile blossoms light the place,
As once those sad sweet eyes of thine
  Lit up a flower-like face.

The self-same charm to thee — to them,
  Hath by a word of God been given,
The opal shimmering diadem
  Thou wearest now in heaven.

Ah, loved and lost! unequalled maid!
  Green are the leaves of fond regret,
By thy lone lover sadly laid
  In Spring's gay carcanet.

Thy spirit surely haunts the path
  Where I in retrospective mood
Seek the sole solace memory hath,
  The bliss of quietude.

Thy footfall light precedes me still,
  As sun or shadow falls on grass,
Some potent grace intangible,
  O'er me, from thee, doth pass.

And, bending o'er the faint veined flower —
  Thine eidolon — on slender stalk,
Again I keep love's trysting hour,
  And catch thy low-toned talk.

Mine yet, in some sweet subtle sense,
  In stillness, where no rude note jars,
Where Amaranth blooms, and Innocence,
  And Sorrel's silver stars.

Temple Bar. C. B.

THE SOUDAN.

England, the voice of weeping breaks thy rest, —
  The voice of women wailing o'er the slain,
  Whose generous blood hath purpled all in vain
The desert sands; what victory unblest
Is thine, proud nation thronèd by the West,
  Who, knowing most of men the costly gain
  Of freedom, quellst in iron-shod disdain,
Hearts burning with its insults unredressed.

Oh England, those accusing cries, that broke
  The calm of the Arabian night, declare
Thee banded with the ancient powers that yoke
  Life to the body of Death; think what despair
Of human justice in these cries awoke,
  What doubt of God made sick the desert air!

Academy. EMILY PFEIFFER.

IN MEMORIAM THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

A lamplike soul hath flamed away;
  Its light no more returns.
Learning a faithful friend to-day,
  And Art a lover, mourns.

So placed — in such a century —
  On such a social stage —
That such a man should merely be
  Was healthful to the age.

The age must lose him; there hath fled
  In truth a princely soul;
We pity not the happy dead,
  But with the world condole.

Academy. WILLIAM WATSON.

From The London Quarterly Review.

THE MONASTIC KNIGHTS.*

RECENT explorations have brought to light some interesting structural remains of the Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem, carrying us back to a period anterior to the capture of the city by Saladin. After the Moslem reoccupation of the holy places, the Church of St. John the Baptist was turned into a madhouse, and the whole space formerly covered by the buildings of the Hospitallers came to be known by the Turkish word, Muristan. In 1869 the sultan gave a portion of this Muristan quarter, with its obliterated ruins, to the crown prince of Prussia. Extensive excavations have since been made by the Germans, which have laid bare portions of the old buildings, thereby establishing many details of topographical interest. Conspicuous amongst these remains is the picturesque gateway of St. John's, consisting of a large round arch with two smaller arches within it. The capitulation of Jerusalem to the Saracens took place in 1187, so that this building would probably date fifty years prior to that time, when the Hospitallers were already enriched by numerous benefices. We must not forget that the brotherhood were localized at Jerusalem before the first crusade, while, in fact, the city was still in the hands of the Moslems.

To those in the half darkness of the times who were struggling after spiritual light — the Biblical East had a wonderfully magnetic influence. The trader and the pilgrim were alike drawn there; and if the former lingered at Amalfi, then at the height of its commercial importance, the pilgrim hurried on to Jerusalem and the holy places.

What western Europe would have been without this fervid impulse can only be matter of conjecture. Civilization owes much, undoubtedly, to the restless spirit of the age. When the pilgrim returned to hang his palm branch and scallop shell on the walls of the old parish church in England, poor as he was, he brought back the wealth of new thoughts and new experience. His wonder-feeding tales of travel would stir the pulses of an unlettered generation, whose ancestors had been rude vikings, but whose posterity were to be navigators, explorers, and missionaries.

When Palestine fell into the hands of the caliphs, the pilgrims were taxed, harassed, and plundered; and had it not been for the friendly help of the merchants of Amalfi, who had established business relations with the Saracens, their condition would have been still worse. As early as 1014 the caliph granted a concession to the Christians to establish a hospital at Jerusalem for poor and sick pilgrims. Within a few years of its original foundation the work was developed by the erection of two hospitals (one for either sex), and certain of the pilgrims formed themselves into a charitable body, remaining permanently at Jerusalem to carry out their good work. Subscriptions from distant parts of Christendom came in to support this useful institution, the merchants of Amalfi acting as stewards of the foundation, which came to be known as the Brotherhood of St. John at Jerusalem.

Evil times were at hand; "the savage Turks who had embraced all that was barbarous and aggressive in the religion of the Prophet" were now contending with the more tolerant caliphs for the possession of Syria. The atrocities committed by the Turks on the Christian pilgrims stirred up the indignation of Europe, and became the war-cry of the Crusades. As Milman points out, "Latin Christendom was already in some degree prepared for the great confederacy that formed at the summons of Peter the Hermit." The far-seeing among Christian rulers beheld with alarm the newly aggressive spirit of Islam.

In the manifest necessity for repressing the inroads of Mohammedanism we find the key-note of the mingled religious and military spirit of chivalry. This spirit

* 1. *A History of the Knights of Malta, or the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.* By WHITWORTH PORTER, Major-General Royal Engineers. Revised Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

2. *The Knights Hospitallers in England.* Printed for the Camden Society. 1857.

3. *Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society.* Vol. X. London: Bell & Daldy. 1861.

infused itself into the Brotherhood of St. John; but while it was still a peaceful corps of Hospitallers, their rector, Peter Gerard, had raised it to a position of very considerable influence and importance. His nationality is uncertain, but he was one of those with whom all good men claim kindred. He was a man who, in an age of fierce fanaticism, understood charity in its widest sense — the doors of the hospital were open alike to infidel and to Christian. It is said that he was regarded with almost filial veneration by the Moslem poor of the city. This, be it remembered, was on the eve of the capture of Jerusalem by the first crusaders, when the Moslem had but a poor chance of finding the quality of mercy in the creed of the Christian.

In Gerard's crowded hospital, over against the Holy Sepulchre, Godfrey de Bouillon found the Brothers of St. John tending friend and foe with equal care — a strange contrast to the spirit that dyed the streets of Jerusalem with blood. But he, the conqueror, who himself had not spared the sword, was so impressed with Gerard's management of the hospital that he at once endowed it with his manor of Montboise, in Brabant.

The Order of St. John now entered a period of development and prosperity. They were formally sanctioned by Pope Paschal II. in 1113, and various powers and exemptions granted them. The institution exactly fitted the necessities of the time, for now that Jerusalem was in the hands of the Christians, the fashion of pilgrimage greatly increased. In vain had the early fathers protested against those wanderings over sea and land, declaring that heaven was as accessible from Britain as from Palestine. To meet the necessities of these hordes of pilgrims, Gerard, the rector, saw fit to establish branch hospitals in most of the maritime provinces of Europe, which gave not only help to the sick, but shelter and entertainment to such as were waiting for transport to the holy land.

When the good Gerard died in 1118, the choice of the brotherhood fell on Raymond du Puy — a member of a noble family in Dauphiné. He is known in history as the first grand master — is called in fact the founder of the order. Raymond, whose mind was of a chivalric and warlike bent, proposed that the Hospitallers should assume military functions and assure by their swords the defence of the new kingdom of Jesuralem. "They soon deserted," says William of Tyre, "their humble patron St. John the Eleemosynary for the more august character St. John the Baptist."

> The times are very evil,
> The foe is at the gate,

says the old monkish rhyme; and this was the justification of the fraternity in taking upon themselves the military character. Palestine was still in a very unsettled state. The Christians possessed many isolated cities, but the Saracens were always at their heels; and a well-organized militia, who could guard travellers and defend towns, was welcome indeed.

The new constitution of the order appealed to the religious fanaticism and the warlike necessity of the age; the monk, doffing his cowl, seized the sword, and springing into the saddle became at once the glass of fashion and the model of chivalry. The flower and youth of the noblest families in Christendom hastened to enroll themselves amongst the monastic knights; and those who, on the eve of another world, could fight no more, left their wealth to Raymond's Order of St. John.

Other fraternities followed their example. "The Hospital was *mater*, the Temple *filia*," and in 1190, the Teutonic order was added to the list.

To such an extent had these orders of religious knights commended themselves to all persons professing Latin Christianity, that their endowed wealth became enormous. Writing in the early part of the thirteenth century, Matthew Paris stated that the Order of St. John held nineteen thousand *maneria** (or manors) and that not less than nine thousand were possessed by the Templars. When at the height of their power and prosperity,

* Probably, manor meant the extent of land ploughed by one yoke of oxen.

the Teutonic knights held lands extending from the Oder to the Gulf of Finland.

The internal constitution of these different fraternities was in the charter of their first foundation virtually the same. The monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience were required of all who entered therein; and members of the highest division — the knights of justice — must make good their claims to the birthright of approved nobility. Priestly critics and lay historians were not slow, even in contemporary times, to accuse these aristocratic corporations of insolence, luxury, and greed. Gibbon sums up his estimate of the monastic knights with his usual facile sneer.

> The austerity of the convent [he says] soon evaporated in the exercise of arms: the world was scandalized by the pride, avarice, and corruption of these Christian soldiers, and the public peace was endangered by their jealous emulation. But in their most dissolute period, the Knights of the Hospital and the Temple maintained their fearless and fanatic character: they neglected to live, but they were prepared to die in the service of Christ.

There can be no doubt that in their early days the work done by these fraternities was really very important, and at the time, and for a long time, the world could not well have done without them. Their influence for good and for evil did not pass away for centuries. By their international character they raised the tone of European society, they stamped their own impress of chivalry on a rude age, and taught by example the power of discipline, co-operation, and tenacity of purpose. During the twelfth century they fought the good fight nobly against the infidel; the successful siege of Ascalon was mainly due to the heroic conduct of the Hospitallers; not, however, to the Templars, whose avarice, in trying to secure the entire pillage of the town to themselves, very nearly brought defeat on the whole enterprise. For thirty years this victory was the means of keeping the Moslem back in the heart of Egypt; but Jerusalem was to be no abiding city for the Christian. As we know, the disastrous battle of Tiberias left the holy places once more to the unhallowed rule of the Saracen.

It is worthy of remark that on the fall of Jerusalem the Knights of St. John were conspicuously favored by Saladin. He gave them the privilege of ransoming their fellow-citizens on terms suited to their well-nigh exhausted treasury, and he permitted ten of the brotherhood to remain for a time in the city to complete the cure of the sick under their charge.

Unable to cope with the dangers and uncertainties of life in the East, the ladies of the Order of St. John at this time abandoned the Holy Land forever, dispersing themselves in various branch establishments in Europe. The queen of Aragon gave them a suitable home near Saragossa, but their principal settlement was in England, where at Buckland, in Somersetshire, they fixed themselves for upwards of three hundred years — till, in fact, the order was suppressed.

The knights, both of the Temple and of St. John, lingered in the East, at Margat and other places, where they exercised their original functions of hospital work; but, to their shame be it spoken, they were more concerned in mutual dissensions than in opposing the Saracens. The selfish greed of the Templars was again conspicuous. Conrad of Monferrat complains in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that during the defence of Tyre the grand master of the Templars carried off the money which the king of England had sent him, and that all succor was denied.

The regular clergy cordially hated the knightly orders from first to last; and when there was a growing suspicion that the Templars cared more for their worldly possessions than the Holy Sepulchre, they gladly fomented the public distrust. But the end of the Templars was not yet. It was reserved for Philip of France, in the first years of the fourteenth century, to dissolve a corporate body whose power was as justly obnoxious as their wealth was irresistibly tempting. If the order could have been saved by mere bravery, their heroic achievements during the wars of the Crusades might have been their salvation in the world's esteem. But

they shrouded their laws and administration in profound mystery, and the jealous superstition of the age was not long in raising the terrible cry of heresy and idolatry, and the haughty Templars fell under the ban of public opinion. At the same time, the end of the thirteenth century saw the almost complete annihilation of the Hospitallers, decimated as they were by the evil chances of war. It was the darkest hour for the soldiers of the Cross. One after another the Christian strongholds had yielded before the overwhelming force of the Moslem. Acre was the last to fall — the fair city lying beneath the shadow of Mount Carmel, old as the Ptolemies, but now the gorgeous *entrepôt* of trade, of wealth and pleasure, the metropolis of Christianity in the East. When St. Jean d'Acre fell (history has coupled it with the name of the order), the few surviving Knights of St. John escaped in the galleys that were anchored in the roadsteads, and turning the prows of their ships westward, left the Holy Land forever.

When they settled themselves at Limasol, in Cyprus, their numbers were so seriously diminished that an order was sent to each grand priory to despatch immediately all available members. "This injunction," says General Porter, "was obeyed with so much enthusiasm that before many months the attenuated ranks of the fraternity once more became augmented into something like their former numbers." Nor was the help only in men: from the most distant parts of Europe money poured in to replenish their exhausted treasury. During their stay at Cyprus the Knights of St. John did useful work: they made the navigation of the Levant comparatively secure for the commerce of Europe. The Turkish rovers who had for so many years been the terror of the eastern shore of the Mediterranean were now baffled, and instead of Christian sailors filling the slave marts of Egypt, it was the luckless Turk who tugged the galleys of the Hospital.

It was a bold stroke of policy that led the grand master, Fulk de Villaret, to cast his eye upon the island of Rhodes, and ignoble selfishness on the part of the Greek emperor to hinder his possession of it. But, as we know, all opposition was overborne, and, after a desperate fight, the banner of the white cross was planted upon the citadel of Rhodes, on the 5th of April, 1310.

This island was destined to be the home of the Order of St. John for upwards of two centuries. They wisely made it a great trading centre: they tempted merchants thither by removing all restrictions and taxation, and in a few years this free port was overflowing with the ships of all nations.

During the comparatively peaceful years of their early sojourn at Rhodes, the order divided itself into seven languages, or *langues*, after the manner of the mediæval universities. The preponderating influence was always French; three of these were the *langues* of France, Provence, and Auvergne; the rest were Italy, Germany, England, and Aragon. The dignity of Turcopolier, or commander of light cavalry, was permanently allotted to the English *langue*. For this reason we so often meet with the names of Englishmen as distinguishing themselves in the military achievements of the order. Only two Englishmen attained to the position of grand master, but the grand priory of England was an important office, and the "responsions," or surplus revenue, sent to headquarters at Rhodes was very considerable.

We are indebted to the Camden Society for the first publication of an extremely interesting balance-sheet of accounts in the year 1338, the same having been rendered by the grand prior of England to the *chef-lieu* of the order.

In England the duties of the fraternity were entirely of a peaceful nature, less romantic, perhaps, than repulsing hordes of Saracens, or sweeping Turkish pirates from the sea; still the duties were important. They had to farm the lands of the order, to amass wealth, and to keep up the character of the *langue* for supplying its contingent of brave knights. In this report of their stewardship we get an insight into the daily life of the fourteenth century which is very interesting. Besides the ordinary sources of revenue derived from houses, dovecotes, and fields, there are noted down "grants from benefactors, appropriate churches, services of villains and copyholders in labor and kind, rents of tenants in socage, perquisites of the court, and confraria." The last-named was the yearly sum raised by contributions of the free landowners. Mr. Kemble finds on calculation that the whole sum so collected in England in 1338 amounted to the large sum of £883 4*s.* 3*d.* Taking the value of money as Hallam and Mr. Freeman both estimate, in dealing with the question about the same period, it would represent from twenty to twenty-five times the amount of our present

currency. We may certainly draw this inference, namely, if so large a sum was collected from the sparse population of rural England, the knights must have been popular, and have fulfilled their duties to the poor and sick in the neighborhood of their preceptories. We come upon some curious details about prices. The highest-rented arable land was in Kent and Lincolnshire — namely, two shillings an acre; the average was, however, let at under twelve pence. In pasture land there is a great distinction between the *pastura separatis* and *pastura in communi:* the first has an average of twelve pence, the latter about four pence per acre. In Hampton, Middlesex, the knights themselves had a flock of two thousand sheep, whose usual produce was six sacks of wool, each valued at £4 — in all £24. We suppose the modern farmer would expect to clear something like £750 from the wool of the same number of sheep.

A curious item occurs in this balance-sheet, showing that the lay impropriation of tithes was much older than the Reformation. This "appropriation of churches" was a considerable source of revenue. General Porter remarks that in the case of sixteen churches, the amount paid to the order was the nice little sum of £241 6*s.* 8*d.*, while the cost to the knights of providing chaplains was only £34 10*s.* They made "good affairs," as the French say.

Mr. Kemble thinks that we may gather from this balance-sheet that certain reasonable compositions had been agreed upon between the knights and their *villani*, or unfree tenants, making payments in kind, or giving a *fixed* amount of labor at *stated* seasons, instead of being called upon at the will and caprice of their lord. This arrangement would probably tend to smooth matters very much between the landlord and villain. The income derived by the order from the socagers, or free tenants, proves that a large proportion of their lands were rented out — a fact not without significance in estimating the number and position of the farmer class in the fourteenth century. It must be remembered that there was hardly a county in England in which the Knights of St. John did not hold manors of land at this time.

Among the notable disbursements there are heavy charges for the cost of feeding outsiders of all ranks, who had the right to live at the board. This "corrodary" or boarder, if gentle, was accommodated at the preceptor's table, and their servants at the table of the garciones. At Clerkenwell, the headquarters of the order in England, there were boarders who were more amply and liberally treated than the brethren themselves; and if such persons were pleased to dine out of hall, they received a fixed allowance of equivalent food for themselves and servants. Some Jewish names occur amongst the boarders at Clerkenwell, suggestive of obligations to money-lenders — no uncommon state of things, seeing how the expenses of the Crusades in the preceding century had impoverished the landowners everywhere.

We now come to law expenses; and we chance upon a very litigious time, for the Order of St. John had inherited in great part the forfeited estates of the Templars. The suppression of that order had taken place a few years previously, under circumstances of revolting cruelty on the part of the French king (the story is too well known to need repeating); and though they were less hardly used in England, their property here was confiscated. Lands and houses in fifteen counties of England, formerly belonging to the Templars, were awarded to the Hospitallers, but in many cases the families of the original donors interfered with this transfer, claiming a right to enter on these forfeited estates. To obtain quiet possession of the property, a complete system of embracery, or in common parlance, bribery, was set in motion that gives us a very poor idea of justice in those days. Amongst the items in the balance-sheet are regular payments to the judges of the royal courts for general services. In the Common Bench, Sir William de Herle, chief justice, had ten pounds yearly; then follows a list of high officials with open palms, down to the clerks, who received each "a robe furred with *boget*." Bribes in the form of pensions charged on landed estates were by no means uncommon. The law officers may possibly have salved their conscience with the excuse that they were merely taking tribute from an overrich corporate body, whose wealth, though gleaned here, was sent abroad to fatten aliens. It is almost surprising that the English, always so jealous of foreign influence, should have lived at peace with the Hospitallers. The Templars and the Teutonic knights had both failed to conciliate the world at large, or even to justify their position, as a community endowed by the benefactions of the public, with duties to perform in return for that endowment. The arrogant and intolerant character of the Teutonic knights caused

them to be ousted from their possessions in Transylvania, formerly given to them by Andrew, king of Hungary, himself a Knight of St. John. Even in Brandenburg, the special home of the German order, their rule was but sullenly endured. Certainly in England the Hospitallers seem to have lived peaceably enough; with one exception there was no popular rising against them. The preceptories of the order were dotted about all over the country, and appear to have been looked upon pretty much as houses of public entertainment, where travellers were welcome to stay their three days, according to the custom of the times. Hospitality must have been their bounden duty — every commandery stated that they gave reception to all *supervenientes*, and a very serious item in the expenses appeared thereunder. Sometimes the bounty of the order was *demanded*, the king having recommended certain persons as claimants for pensions and corrodies (commons), thereby exercising the right which the crown possessed over all religious houses. It appears that the manor of Hampton was heavily mulcted in the matter of hospitality, owing to its proximity to the estate of the Duke of Cornwall. This valuable manor was left to the order by Joan Lady Grey in 1211. It contained about one thousand acres of land. In 1514 it was leased by the grand prior, Sir Thomas Docwra, to "the most reverend fader in God Thomas Wuley" (Cardinal Wolsey) for ninety-nine years. We know the end of that business. But we must not anticipate; we are now narrating events in the fourteenth century, when Clerkenwell was still "a delightful plain of meadow land, interspersed with flowing streams." The grand priory was an important mass of buildings of considerable architectural merit, and here the knights had a collection of valuables brought from the East, and a good library of books and records. All these treasures perished in the insurrection of Wat Tyler in 1381. The chronicle says: "They went straight to the goodly hospital of Rhodes, called St. John, and spoyled that, and then consumed it with fyre, causing the same to burn for seven days after." The grand prior, Sir Robert Hales, was beheaded by the mob; not, however, that the knights were peculiarly obnoxious to the rioters, more than any other noblemen.

The great wealth of the order soon enabled them to rebuild their priory, and only eighteen years after the destruction of the place by Wat Tyler, they were enabled to offer princely hospitality to Henry IV. on the eve of his accession to the throne.

As we mentioned before, the only community of women belonging to the order was located in Somersetshire, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, "deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard-lawns." There are some interesting records of the sisterhood in Mr. Hugo's valuable paper, to which our space only permits us to allude. The beautiful situation of the Buckland Priory suggests the sweetest thoughts of holy peace, but unfortunately for the happiness of the nuns, there was a preceptory of the order close by, and the wranglings between them never ceased. The grand prior might have cried, "A plague on both your houses." He tried to make peace between them to no purpose. The preceptor complains that neither he nor his brethren "could have or get aught from these ladies, who were rather burden, charge and grievance." He had probably been stirred up in the matter of "responsions" from headquarters. The sisterhood were commonly about fifty in number, recruited mostly from the leading families in the west of England, who had often proved themselves benefactors to the priory. At the time of the dissolution of the religious houses, their numbers had dwindled down to thirteen. These ladies received pensions of £4 each from their confiscated property — rather meagre dole, it would seem. Their prioress, Katherine Boucher, received £50 a year.

This brings us to that eventful time "when the old order changeth, yielding place to new." Fuller, in his quaint manner, gives an account of the suppression of the grand priory at Clerkenwell, so terse and graphic, that we venture to repeat it.

> The Knights Hospitallers [he says] being gentlemen and soldiers of ancient families and high spirits, would not be brought to present to Henry VIII. such puling petitions as other Orders had done; therefore like stout fellows they opposed any that thought to enrich themselves with their ample revenues, and stood on their defence with justification. But Barnabas Day itself hath a night, and this long-lived Order, which in England went over the graves of all others, came at last to its own. . . . Their dear friends persuaded them to submit to the king's mercie. . . . This counsel, harsh at first, grew tunable to the ears of the Hospitallers, so that, contented rather to exchange their clothes for worse than be quite stript, they resigned all into the king's hands.

Those of the knights who were fortu-

nate enough not to lose their heads, by the "king's mercie" retired to Malta. In 1549 the greater portion of the Church of St. John at Clerkenwell was blown up, for the sake of the building materials, which largely supplied the new erection of Somerset House, in the Strand.

Henry VIII. had behaved in a very capricious manner towards the knights, for only a few years before he had sent them twenty thousand crowns in war-material to aid their futile attempts to recover Rhodes.

As we know, they had to abandon their old home forever, and content themselves with Charles V.'s gift of Malta, then an almost valueless island, but destined to become, in the hands of the knights, one of the most powerful fortresses in the world. Before speaking of them under their new title of Knights of Malta, we must briefly sum up their achievements while yet in the old home of Rhodes, which, despite the grandeur and material prosperity of later days, was really the place and time of their most useful work. In reviewing the position of the order, as a factor in the history of that period, we must not forget that the commencement of the fifteenth century witnessed the increasing power of the Mahometan Turks. The victory, so disastrous to the Christians, of the battle of Varna, whereby the Turks consolidated their power in Europe, the fall of Constantinople, and the absorption of eastern provinces of Europe, were events that had followed each other rapidly. When, in 1480, the victorious Mahomet bore down upon the Christian stronghold of Rhodes, it was no vain boast, his threat of sweeping them off the face of the earth; but the knights gave him back their answer in his very teeth. The splendid defence of Rhodes, by the grand master D'Aubusson and his brave knights, is one of those heroic episodes that stand out boldly in the crowded perspective of history.

Had Rhodes not been saved at this time from the grasp of the Turks, the way to Italy would have been open to them, and Mahomet might have redeemed his word, that the banner of Islam should wave over the Capitol of Rome. The names of fourteen English knights appear as having taken part in the defence of Rhodes, and General Porter thinks that there were probably more, but "the records of the strength of the garrison and list of killed are imperfect."

Passing over nearly a century, we come to the next important repulse of the Turkish power by the Order of St. John. The siege of Malta by the army of Solyman the Magnificent in 1565, signalized the first years of their possession of the island by the most brilliant feat of arms that the knights ever achieved. To fling back upon Constantinople the defeated remnant of this vast army of Turkish invincibles was not only a proud victory for La Valette and his knights, but a matter of congratulation to Europe, which had seen good reason to deplore the late disastrous battle of Mohacs and the defenceless state of Hungary. As a reward for breaking down the prestige of the Turks, the Catholic powers of Europe now showered down contributions to the treasury of Malta, and thus aided, the knights began the work of fortifying the island.

It is evident that these stupendous masses of masonry could only have been piled up by means of forced labor. The skill of the engineer is not more evident than the enduring fact that these very ramparts are themselves a monument of a terrible wrong. That prisoners of war were reduced to slavery, had long been the practice of Eastern warfare; but to the shame of the knights of Malta, it must be told that they not only continued the custom, unabated by any touch of humanity, but fostered a trade in human beings.

> The truth was [says General Porter] that eventually the convent of St. John became neither more nor less than a vast slave mart. . . . At Malta the miserable trade flourished without a check. . . . The war which the knights unceasingly waged against the Ottoman maritime power was not maintained purely for the glory of the struggle, or from religious conviction as to its necessity; they found other attractions in the strife. In thus gratifying their privateering propensities, they were swelling at one and the same time their own private fortunes and the coffers of the Order. Honor there was none, religion there was none; it had degenerated into a pure mercenary speculation. . . . It is unfortunately a matter of fact, that in their anxiety to keep their slave mart at Malta well supplied, the Knights of St. John were by no means careful to discriminate between the piratical corsair and the peaceful Eastern merchant.

If theirs was the sin of selling slaves, ours was the almost greater sin of buying them. There exists a letter, under date 1673, from Charles II. of England to the grand master, complaining that the collector of taxes had demanded five pieces before certain slaves, who had been purchased by order of the king, were allowed to depart. The letter goes on to say that it is well known that the kings of France

and Spain were not charged this toll for the slaves they bought yearly at Malta.

Where slavery flourishes, all is more or less corrupt: this became apparent in every detail of the administration of the Knights of Malta; and as time went on their own lives became a scandal to Europe. A pretence of the hospital work was still kept up; but when Howard, the philanthropist, visited the place, in 1786, he speaks in terms of unmitigated abuse of the hospital and all its arrangements. He says: "The patients numbered about five hundred. These were served by the most dirty, ragged, unfeeling, and inhuman persons I ever saw. I once saw eight or nine of them highly entertained with a delirious, dying patient. The slow hospital fever (the inevitable consequence of closeness, uncleanliness, and dirt) prevails here." The moral degeneracy went further than neglected duties; the vaunted bravery of the knights failed them; they had already accepted the aid of foreign troops to defend their island. This French protectorate began in 1775; a few years more and the end was at hand. Revolutionary France was not likely to leave this semi-religious and wholly aristocratic body in peaceful possession of their rich manors. A decree was issued in 1792 that the order should cease to exist within the limits of France, and that their property should be annexed to the national domains. This decree was the signal for a general plunder of the commanderies; the knights themselves mostly sought refuge in Malta. In 1798, the French Directory declared themselves offended by the alleged hostility of the Order of St. John, and the annexation of Malta was resolved upon. This was effected by Buonaparte, almost without the firing of a gun. The vast treasures of the order, consisting of much antique gold and silver plate, were seized by the French and shipped on board the "Orient"—never destined, however, to reach the shores of France, for the "Orient," as we all remember, blew up at the battle of the Nile, and her precious cargo lies full fathom five.

After the loss of Malta, the main body of the knights sought shelter in Russia, under the protection of the emperor Alexexander, who took upon himself the duties of head of the order. During the passage of arms between the French and ourselves for the possession of Malta, Nelson wrote a curious letter to the emperor of Russia, giving full details of the siege operations under Captain Ball, and oddly enough asks for the decoration of the Order of St. John for Lady Hamilton. He did so on the plea that she had induced the queen of Naples to send a large sum of money for the relief of the suffering inhabitants, the so-called subjects of the absconded knights. The emperor of course had "great pleasure" in granting the request of so distinguished a friend of both parties, and Lady Hamilton figured as a *chanoinesse* of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The bathos of this episode would hardly injure the reputation of the knights, who had survived worse scandals.

The real grand master, the unfortunate Hompesch, who, by the way, was the only German who ever held that high office, was meanwhile dying on a foreign shore, in actual penury and want, having been defrauded of his promised pension by the French.

To all intents and purposes the Order of the Knights of Malta was at an end; their sovereignty had gone from them forever; no treaty of Amiens, or other political treaty, could foist them again upon an unwilling people, whom in the days of their arrogant prosperity they had grievously oppressed.

A certain continuity in the existence of these knightly orders has been kept up in Russia, Italy, Germany, and England. The English Freemasons claim a revival of the order as long ago as 1781, and still incorporate the titles of the Knights of Malta in their institution. The independent revival of the order was brought about in England by the Rev. Sir Robert Peat, D.D., in 1831, who was invested with the functions and authority of grand prior of the revived English *langue*, and the names of many noblemen and gentlemen were inscribed on the roll of the order.

Before speaking further of the proceedings of the English branch, we must briefly observe that in 1812, when the bailiwick of Brandenburg (an offshoot of the original fraternity) was suppressed and dissolved, the king of Prussia founded a new Order of St. John, and in Germany the "Johanniter" is in a condition of great activity. There are sixteen hospitals in different parts of the country, supplied with nearly five hundred beds; altogether most important work is being done in the true spirit of the old Hospitallers. The members of the order have shown their usefulness in recent campaigns by aiding the carrying out of the Geneva Convention for the sick and wounded in time of war. The Germans

have established again a hospital at Jerusalem, almost on the old site where the good Gerard built his noble foundation eight centuries ago: thus "God fulfils himself in many ways."

The English *langue* has also its hospice at Jerusalem, an institution particularly devoted to diseases of the eye, which are known to inflict such terrible sufferings in that country. The work is on a strictly non-sectarian basis, and crowds of afflicted Syrians crowd to this hospital for relief. It is gratifying to be able to state that the sultan of Turkey has liberally helped the funds of the institution.

It is worthy of remark that the German branch require from their members a promise that they will maintain their Protestant faith as Lutherans. At the same time they keep up their official correspondence with the headquarters of the order at Rome.

In England there is at present great activity amongst the members, as the following paragraph, which is going the round of the newspapers, will prove: "A scheme is maturing at Cambridge, under the auspices of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, by Mr. Reynolds Rowe, who has purchased a site in the town, on which he intends to build and endow a church. Hospitaller works are contemplated in connection therewith, including an infirmary for the use of the members of the university, a training school and home for nurses, and an ambulance centre."

"The St. John Ambulance Association," so well known for its useful work, is an outcome of the more direct objects of the society. It is needless to enumerate those objects. There are evils in our midst — poverty, disease, ignorance, and vice — each one more powerful than was ever Saracen of old; and as the Order of St. John insists, the fittest survival of chivalry is to fight these foes. The days of the monastic knights are gone forever, but the real work of the true Hospitaller remains to be done.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS COMPTON'S BALL.

LADY FERMOR was as good as her word. She brought Lord Fermor up to that point of recovery which made it permissible and not outrageous that a ball should take place in his house of Lambford, where he was dragging out his weary days.

The ball had come to be called Miss Compton's ball, without any objection on the part of Lady Fermor, although she suggested an improvement.

"It may also bear the name of my worthy young neighbor, Sir William Thwaite," said the old lady demurely. "It is his first ball in Eastham, as it is my granddaughter's first ball at Lambford. Let it be Miss Compton and Sir William Thwaite's ball, if you please. Awkward to couple the two names together, do you think? Oh! I don't mind it," declared Lady Fermor, with such an unblushing amount of candor, that it sounded as if there was something under it, something to excuse the indiscretion.

But the persons appealed to judged that the union of names was premature, to say the least. Even supposing Miss Compton and Sir William had got so far as a betrothal, England was not Germany, where betrothals were announced like marriages, and betrothed pairs appeared in public together the same as husband and wife. As for Lady Fermor, she did not care what the hypocrites and fools called the ball if they came to it, and it served her purpose.

Mr. Mildmay and his wife lent Lambford their countenance for the event. He was simply and strictly polite as usual. She looked frightened to speak or move lest she should compromise herself, while she stuck to her husband like his shadow, as if she might require his protection at any moment.

"Does the good woman think I shall take a bite of her?" protested Lady Fermor in one of her slight asides. But both Mrs. Mildmay and Lady Fermor knew it was not being bitten but being socially contaminated that the lady dreaded. It was a little compensation to her, for being dragged down to face this horrible ordeal, to be able to take stock, covertly, of the possessions among which she was to reign as the future Lady Fermor. Mrs. Mildmay did not count Iris one of these possessions, and would almost as soon have proposed to be on confidential terms with the wicked old grandmother as with the innocent young granddaughter. In fact Mrs. Mildmay, though she was not worse than other colorless, cowardly, self-engrossed women, had very little doubt that Miss Compton's innocence was nothing

better than a callow stage of wickedness, and felt disposed to regard it as more insidious, if less repulsive, than the advanced stages.

Iris was glad to turn from the chill of Mrs. Mildmay's unthawed reserve, and her constant withdrawal to her husband's side, to the friendly presence of Lucy Acton, who had been allowed to spend a few days at Lambford to support Iris on the great occasion of her ball. It was something like a preparation for home gaiety to have Lucy on one of her rare visits, and to grow enthusiastic in her company over the dresses, the decorations, the dancing, the supper. Iris would have taken delight in them all had she not been behind the scenes, whereas Lucy happened to be a matter-of-fact girl, who took things as she found them, and did not seek to look below the surface. She was a good daughter, and an assiduous helper of her father and mother, both with the parish and the younger children. She was a faithful friend to Iris, and paid back with easy fondness the girl's fervent affection. But Lucy Acton was not gifted either with much sensitiveness of feeling or discrimination of character. She was inferior to Iris both in heart and mind. Her personal appearance was of less consequence; but in this case the body reflected the spirit. Lucy Acton was a well-grown, rather comely, but perfectly commonplace-looking young gentlewoman, the color of whose hair and eyes, and the shape of whose nose and mouth, though quite well defined, her acquaintances were constantly in danger of forgetting. A crown on her head and a sceptre in her hand would not have made her look otherwise than a contented, every-day individual. But Lucy was worth a great deal to Iris, and the solitary girl warmed into something of the pride and pleasure which the ball at home called for. The two girls were excitedly comparing notes on all the important items that belong to such an entertainment — surreptitiously inspecting the ball-room and supper-room — dwelling in delighted half-mystification on what was to be the distinguishing characteristic of the evening — fluttering from Iris's room to Lucy's to gaze upon this dress or that, and compare these flowers and those, and study the programme till they had it by heart.

"It must be so nice for you to have a ball at Lambford, dear," said Lucy in all sincerity. "You are the young lady of the house, and therefore the queen of the ball. It is for you to confer honor and bestow pleasure, though you may kindly share your good things. Won't you like it very much? I am so glad Lady Fermor thought of it at last."

"Yes, it is kind of grandmamma," said Iris, hesitating a little, with a momentary cloud coming over her small face. "Of course I like to have a ball of my own, and to invite my friends. They are not very many now — that is one drawback," she remarked quickly. "Other girls are happy in loads of home relations and family friends. Where there is an affair of this kind, the house itself is overflowing with kindred near and remote. But grandpapa and grandmamma are old, and have outlived whole generations, and that makes a difference," she broke off with a sigh.

She had conjured up a vision such as she had read of, rather than seen, of a girl with loving sisters and brothers, with a mother of whom she was proud, who held her child dear, and a father whom she could trust implicitly, who guarded her as the apple of his eye — a family who were among the salt of the earth, whose friendship was coveted and prized by like-minded people, arriving in troops to take part in their festival.

"But in that case you would not be the one queen, with an undisputed, undivided sovereignty. I know there are girls who hate the idea of rivals, even in their own family, and are ready to be thankful that they have no sisters to come in and claim any portion of the attention that falls to their share. But there is no use in speaking of them, for I know you are not a bit like them. As for myself, I must say I should not care to be without King Lud, and Susan, and Georgie, and the rest — not to say without the poor dear father and mother, to be handed back to a former generation. I have not more than one grandmother living, the kindest granny in the world, at Birkett, you know, Iris," said the literal Lucy. "But it's the will of Providence, and we must all submit to the will of Providence," she quoted glibly from her stereotyped speeches by cottage sick-beds and in the Sunday-school. "We ought to make the best of things, and to feel contented and cheerful, as I know you do, Iris. Only I don't know why you let your deprivations — we all have our deprivations — it would not be good for us if we had not — crop up on the afternoon of your ball. You are not badly off for a birthday treat this year, and I do hope that Mr. and Mrs. Mildmay behave well to you."

Iris winced a little at this suggestion, even from Lucy Acton. Neither of the girls knew a great deal of the old, miserable embroilments of the family, but they were acquainted with the general outline — that Tom Mildmay was the son of Lord Fermor's younger brother, who had, further, married a sister of the first Lady Fermor. It was understood that there had been an entire breach between the two branches of the family for many years, and that though young Mildmay submitted to a patched-up reconciliation for his own interest, he looked with hostile eyes, under his cold courtesy, on Lady Fermor and all her belongings. Iris, though she was his cousin once removed, was also Lady Fermor's granddaughter and heiress. In the last light she was likely to contest with Mr. Mildmay such money as the old lord could "will away," either with or from the entailed estate. When it is further taken into consideration that Tom Mildmay was a married man and the father of a family, that he had only the modest income of a moderately successful barrister, tacked on to Lord Fermor's allowance to his heir at-law, wherewith to maintain his household, it may be argued that he would have been more than human if he had been able to entertain a strong regard for Iris. Perhaps it was to the credit of both that, in their formal intercourse, he could preserve towards her a species of neutrality.

"My dear Lucy, there is not a fault to be found with the Mildmays' behavior, unless, indeed, they behave too well," replied Iris hastily. "They are never off their good behavior, as people sometimes say of children, with rather a stand-off result, to be sure."

"Then you ought to be satisfied," Lucy hastened to say, with a tone of sensible, affectionate reproach. "You should not spoil your grand birthday ball with crying for the moon, and raising up bugbears of trials and troubles."

"I don't mean to spoil anything," insisted Iris, still a little ruefully. "But it is not my birthday ball; that is another contradiction; my birthday was on the 29th of June, as you remembered, when you sent me that pretty, kind card. I spent it all alone without even you to speak to; grandpapa was lying at his worst, grandmamma would not come down, and she did not care for me to go up and help her to nurse him. But I did try to submit and make the best of things. It was a lovely day and I had a new book which I cared for, and took with me into the woods. Fancy how delightful they were while they were still fresh and full of flowers, and all the birds were singing! Mrs. Pole had baked a cake for my express benefit, and Susan and Georgie ran over to inquire for grandpapa, in time for afternoon tea, and helped me to eat it. Then we heard poor grandpapa was better and had enjoyed some hours of refreshing sleep. I am not sure whether a ball like this which we are going to have, would have made me so very much happier on my real birthday than I was, after all."

"That is going to the opposite extreme and talking nonsense still," said Lucy briskly. "I won't have you grow unsocial; but it is more likely you will have your little head turned with the compliments and flattery and all that sort of thing which you will be receiving presently. It is rather a pity that it is later in the season than the 29th of June, for then it was moderately cool, while the 30th of July is really too hot for anything save a garden party. I wonder Lady Fermor did not change the ball into a garden party, Iris."

"She was set on the ball and had made her arrangements; besides, I fancy garden-parties were not so common when she was young. However, we are to have something of the kind too, and you will be there, Lucy. Mind you must not cheat us of our due, and escape to a mothers' meeting, or a cottage reading at the other end of the parish. The Mildmays have half consented to stay and go, and Lady Thwaite is to preside, though it was grandmamma's idea, and I believe it was her influence which brought it about."

"I am not going to make any difficulty; I am not often in such request," said Lucy merrily. "I enjoy a treat just as much as the school children do. But you have never told me where this one is to be."

"At Whitehills, at Sir William Thwaite's," said Iris composedly. "He is to have the second cutting of hay in the water meadows just beyond the park, to-morrow. We are all to go down after luncheon to look on at the hay-making, and I suppose to help also if we have a weakness for playing at Daphnes and Chloes. Lady Thwaite is to give us tea in her old drawing-room. Poor soul! I dare say she will not like it, though she can laugh and carry off her troubles as well as most people. The rector thinks she has behaved beautifully to Sir William, though, as you say, we all have our

deprivations. Oh, Lucy," went on Iris, in the rambling manner of a person who is saying everything that is crowding into her head, without stopping to classify the materials, "I should not be surprised if the Hollises were there. Grandmamma will take care that they have an invitation. I think the hay-making will help us to subside gracefully into our usual soberness. I have only been at two or three balls before, and I confess I felt headachy and dawdling and do nothing, for days after the ball."

Lucy had heard the name of the host, and of his local habitation, with a modified "Oh!" She was too busy a girl to be quite familiar with all the last confident gossip which served to confirm idle guesses and audacious prognostications. But she knew enough, to have put it to any other girl as intimate with her as Iris Compton, whether she were going to marry Sir William Thwaite. But somehow Lucy could not ask such a question of Iris Compton. Girls, especially fairly educated, well-bred girls, may be very good friends, without exchanging love confidences. In this case there was none to exchange. Iris had none, and if she had, the greater depth and delicacy of her nature would have made her shy of confiding it, till the very last moment, to her dearest friend.

It seemed only the other day that Iris and Lucy Acton had speculated, with the rest of their world, on the anomaly of a clownish squire at Whitehills, and asked each other if he would be fit to enter a drawing-room, and how they should shake hands with him when he might swing their arms like a pendulum or crush their rings into their fingers. What should they find to say to him, especially if they wished to propitiate him — supposing Lucy sought a subscription for her pet cottage hospital or any one of her missions, and Iris was solicitous to abet her?

When brought to the test the difficulty had not proved so insurmountable to a girl with an exceptionally tender heart and single mind. But Lucy had only an inkling of this, while it struck her that Sir William's name was constantly coming up in the conversation.

On Iris's tablets, which were not left clean ivory, it was recorded that she was to have Mr. Hollis for her first partner, while Mr. Mildmay was to dance with Mrs. Hollis. This was a piece of county etiquette. Iris again, as a piece of family etiquette, was to waltz the first waltz with Tom Mildmay.

"And I hope you will give the third dance to King Lud," suggested Lucy, using her brother Ludovic's family nickname.

"No, nothing quite so good," answered Iris. "I am to have Sir William for my third partner."

"But can he dance? are you sure?" urged Lucy, in alarm for the consequences. "Will he not trample on your toes till they are like jelly, or tear your skirt to tatters?"

"Oh! no," answered Iris, laughing fearlessly. "At least grandmamma vouches for him, and scouts at any doubt. It is only a quadrille, so that I cannot come to great grief. But I don't think he would attempt what he knew nothing about. He has sense and observation. You must remember I have seen a good deal of him since grandmamma has received him into high favor. I have not seen her make so much of anybody for a long time; she keeps him mostly to herself, but occasionally I have to talk to him, or play to him, or take a turn with him on the terrace. It is not nearly so awkward and uncomfortable as we feared. I believe he is rather a nice fellow. Plain? Oh! without any pretence, homely, and not particularly bright; though it is hard to judge of a man brought up quite differently from ourselves. He never drinks anything save water, because he promised to a friend that he would not touch strong drink. Then you know Jenny Rogers, the little table-maid out of your class, whom I like so much? She tells me that she has a brother a groom up at Whitehills; since the rain and heat he has been attacked with rheumatic fever, and Dr. Snell is attending him at the Whitehills offices. Sir William goes to see Bill Rogers every day, and lifts him in his arms, as if he were the servant and Bill the master. He offered to read to him to ease the pain and help to pass the time, just as he has read the newspapers to grandmamma during a fit of her gout. The book was to be what the lad liked, but he had no choice, so that Sir William took over 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' which I had told him to get, when we happened one day to speak of boys' sports. I am so proud of having mentioned it, because he said it was first-rate. I declare," said Iris impulsively, with her sweet smile, "I am falling quite in love with poor Sir William, though he is a rough diamond. His eyes are like a woman's, or like a dumb animal's when it is trying to make itself understood."

It was a frank announcement, which

did not sound promising, and Lucy did not mistake it for a moment.

Lady Fermor had ordered a dress for her granddaughter from a court dressmaker, and the old lady turned out certain jewels from her jewel-case for Iris to wear. Had the girl known their history, the thought of it would have burnt into her pure, just soul as if the jewels were red-hot and scorching her tender flesh; but Iris did not know, and her ignorance was more than bliss, it was unsullied righteousness.

Lady Fermor had spared nothing for the occasion. She had even condescended to consult Lady Thwaite on what novel luxury, elegance, or eccentricity would bestow *éclat* on the ball. Formerly Lady Fermor's attempts in this direction had tended to aristocratic, but rather riotous orgies. She now sought to establish a different character for Iris's ball. She was asking the suffrages of the neighbors, and she made a concession to their prejudices to the extent of letting it be known that Miss Compton's ball was to be a ball pure and simple. There was to be no cosy room, with green tables, to attract stragglers from the chalked floors. For once play was abjured at Lambford.

Lady Thwaite had suggested a foreign fashion of dancing the cotillon. It certainly called for expensive accessories, but it might be new in Eastham, though it had been ridden to death half-a-dozen seasons ago in London, and had fallen back in a great measure on its native ground of French and Austrian ball-rooms. But Lady Thwaite could think of nothing better as a surprise to tickle and charm the natives, and Lady Fermor adopted the device.

Iris and Lucy met to put the finishing touches to each other's toilets. Iris's costume was made up of white silk, tulle, and lilies, with long grassy leaves. It might have been looked down upon as insipid, tame, and old-fashioned by the man-milliner Worth and his prostrate American and English worshippers, but she had never worn anything so befitting her youth and beauty. As she looked at herself in the long mirror, her face beamed with girlish gladness at her own fair image. It beamed still more brightly, though bashfully, when Lucy cried out in honest exultation, "Iris, dear, you look — I won't say how you look," for she knew Iris, however pleased by her friendly admiration, would still feel affronted if she were told to her face that she was beautiful. "Your dress is charming. Madame deserves her reputation and her prices," with a little sigh; for poor Lucy — one of the many children of a much-hampered clergyman — had to be satisfied with an old pink silk of her mother's, which had seen much service but was still supposed to pass muster when covered with fresh tarlatan.

"I am so happy you like everything about me," said Iris, with her soft blushes, "but if love were not blind, you would see that all is needed where there is a face like a Queen Anne's sixpence, and a big bump to be concealed by real thatch," and she stirred with her forefinger the silken tangle above the disproportionate forehead.

The next moment Iris forgot herself in inventing improvements on Lucy's dress. She would gladly have given her friend a new gown for the occasion, while Lucy and her mother would not have been too proud to accept the gift. But Iris, though a prospective heiress, had little more pocket-money at her disposal than Lucy possessed. Neither was Iris at liberty to transfer for a night one of the diamonds glittering at her throat and waist, and on the band passed through her hair. It was only her love, taste, and skill, and a few perishing flowers, which Iris could lavish on her friend. But Iris looped up here, and gathered together there, and festooned with ferns and *géant de bataille* roses, till Lucy protested with gratification she would not have known her gown, and that Iris had far too clever fingers for anybody save a dressmaker.

"There is not much of you, but we have made the most of it," said Lady Fermor, when Iris went to show herself. The mistress of Lambford spoke from the superbness of her purple velvet and ermine, which only royalty, condemned to wear robes of state, or eighty years of age, with an icy finger on its veins, could have borne on a July night after the Goodwood races had sounded the retreat to the rear-guard of fashion from suffocating London rooms. "See that *you* do the best for yourself, child," said the ancient oracle, "and make your hay when the sun shines. Don't be such a fool as to think you are everybody's bargain, and lose the only chance that may fall to your lot."

Iris was accustomed to her grandmother's speeches. She had got into the habit of not stopping to analyze them when they held anything enigmatical. Where was the good of pulling words to pieces in order to find beneath them gall and wormwood, ashes, golden powder from the

great image of Mammon, stamped small and strewn on the water which men and women were to drink for their daily refreshment?

The little-used ball-room at Lambford was one of the finest, least-spoilt rooms in the house. Iris's taste and dextrous fingers had been there too in the decorations. She had laughed to herself as she indulged in her little spurt at the æsthetic mania, with which she was so familiar from her studies of *Punch* and the other illustrated papers. She had introduced the great tawny discs of sunflowers and shields of peacocks' feathers among the drapery of ivy, Virginian creeper, and clematis. "Even Punch, and Toby, and 'the Colonel,' of whom one has read, would own the effect was good if they were here to-night."

CHAPTER XV.

IRIS WITH THE BALL AT HER FOOT.

THE guests, though there was a shade of shyness and stiffness about them at first, because they were conscious of replacing a different company, did not disgrace the scene. True, Mrs. Mildmay was more colorless than ever in her pale grey satin. She would have liked, if she had dared, to have her gown black, and to wear no ornaments but her pearls, which might have stood for congealed tears of reluctance and consternation. She drew Mr. Mildmay aside into the conservatory, and begged him to tell her which were the least objectionable people present. She got into a scare, and pointed out the Hollises' party as certainly disreputable.

"My dear Amelia," replied the harassed gentleman, "it is quite right that you should be particular about the company you keep, no husband worthy of the name could blame his wife for being careful on such an important point. But for heaven's sake don't go into a panic and do yourself and me irreparable injury. Remember this is to be our future home and these are to be our neighbors. There is nothing wrong with anybody here to-night, unless it be that stout, bottle-nosed man in the corner, whom there is not the slightest occasion for you to notice. Lady Fermor knows better than to have us down to countenance her old associates;" and the small, pompous man, who was to be the future Lord Fermor, spread out his chest, and brushed up his flaxen hair, which was in a higher top than usual, and drew his fingers through the "Piccadilly weepers" of his long moustache and beard. "Besides, the old woman is not such a fool as to compromise that girl and the lout on whom she is to be bestowed. I wish they would take themselves farther off than Whitehills, certainly; but the rank-and-file 'baronet' may be more easily dealt with than a finer gentleman. Now, just to show you how much you may be mistaken, and how near you may go to impairing our future comfort here, the very people you have singled out as objectionable are the most unexceptionable in the whole room, so far as birth, fortune, and irreproachable antecedents go."

"You don't say so, Thomas!"

"Fact, I assure you. Indeed, the family is so irreproachable that the present people must needs trade on their immunity from scandal, and begin to play pranks. Hollis is of a very old Eastham family, who have left their estates unencumbered — not the usual practice with the gentry here — neither will he impair them. He is an excellent man and admirable magistrate, though not so much master in his own house as he is on the bench. Mrs. Hollis had a large fortune and is equally well descended — she is nearly related to the Marquis of Eastham's family — all of which is perhaps at the bottom of the mischief. I mean these people can do anything they like, and they, especially the young people among them, have chosen lately to revive many of the tricks and tom-fooleries of a former generation. I cannot help thinking it is a pity, but there is no serious harm in it, and it must be overlooked in their case. You can see for yourself what thorough aristocrats these two pretty girls are, though they have early shown themselves fond of making people stare."

Tom Mildmay's definition of the Hollises was not a bad one. Either they and their actions were a singular relic of the rudely healthy thoughtlessness, half-haughty hoydenishness, and half-refined, half-barbarous horse-play of their predecessors, or else the existence of these qualities was one sign amongst others that, in the moral as in the physical revolutions of the world, we are constantly edging back to a good deal that we were fain to hope we had outlived. Thus the Puritanism of the Commonwealth was replaced by the license of Charles II.'s reign, and the virtues of good King George III.'s court were replaced by the vices of the Regency. At such eras old quips and cranks and odd traditional

practices come to the front again. Such were the unbridled, giddy love of fun — not ending with boyhood or girlhood, and the feather-headed, unscrupulous devotion to frolic for which nobody was responsible, that had distinguished the Marquis of Eastham's race when its members were contemporaries of the wits and bullies of the earlier Georgian chronicles. The same characteristics had reappeared strongly marked in the family lately. It was a remarkable testimony to the influence of blood and to the truism that there is nothing new under the sun, so that biography must repeat itself, to discover how decided the attributes were in a branch from the main line, consisting mostly of women, like the Hollises. For the sons were rarely at home, and Mr. Hollis, representing generally the sole male element in the family, had no quicksilver blood in his veins.

Mrs. Hollis had laughed and grown fat like Lady Thwaite. She was in a measure *hors de combat* where active sport was concerned. But she would not stand in the way of nonsense — which she enjoyed with the zest of the youngest engaged in it — or hinder her girls in their maddest escapades.

It was difficult to believe what these two stately-looking nymphs, certainly with roguery peeping out, now and again, from beneath the stateliness, had dared to do and to leave undone. All Eastham would have been up in arms against the culprits, if they had not been the Hollises, who might do anything.

Maudie and Nanny Hollis had dressed themselves like farmer's daughters, and driven a market cart through Cavesham, stopping at every door when required, measuring out and selling peas and early potatoes, blackberries, and cherries, much as Sarah Jennings, the future Duchess of Marlborough, dispensed oranges, for a wager, in the streets of London.

The Misses Hollis were never out of their mail phaeton, during the summer, when they had a brother at home. They coaxed him to let one of the girls blow the horn, and the troop had been known to draw up, and invite each marvelling stray pedestrian they met to avail himself of their cattle and trap.

Sometimes zeal for the improvement of the human kind was engrafted on the family foible. The young ladies would arm themselves with a formidable array of brushes, brooms, and pails, and force an entrance into a cottage closed for the day. Dainty hands would splash and sweep and souse with such good will, that the cottagers, returning from toilsome field work, craving sluttish rest, would stand transfixed before a dwelling reeking and running down with cleanliness, and half-dried whitewash. Every chair and table had been ousted to undergo soaping and scrubbing; every cherished old secret hole, full of rubbish, stood gaping in emptiness, in the garish light of day. It never appeared to occur to the imperious, gleeful philanthropists what their feelings might have been if Thornbrake, with all their pet retreats, had been so assaulted, taken by storm, and well-nigh washed and swept off the face of the earth.

At another time it would be the children the girls would rout out of their hiding-places and hunt into the Hollises' school, which was under no officious, troublesome board. There the young idea was taught to shoot in a wholly fitful and grotesque manner. According to the amateur schoolmistresses' moods they would set their small scholars such astounding lessons as no youthful brain could compass, which drove the juvenile fry and their parents to the verge of despair. Or Nanny Hollis would undertake to enact the entire drama of "Punch and Judy" for the benefit of the assembly.

Withal, the Hollises were kind-hearted in their heedlessness. Whole and half sovereigns, which to be sure they never missed, were continually finding a way into Lucy Acton's or her father's purse, so as to salve, in the people's day of distress, what wounds had been dealt to the pride which still survived in the stolid day-laborers, and doltish, unskilled mechanics of Eastham.

Nanny and Maudie Hollis were the most simply dressed girls in the room, but for the gleam of some of their mother's jewels, to which Lady Fermor's ill-gotten gems had been nothing. The sisters sat demurely by Mrs. Hollis's side, and it was only those that knew the madcaps best, who entertained an unerring apprehension that the long, sleepy-looking eyes — the true Eastham eyes, under the well-pencilled brows — were glancing out from beneath their lids in search of prey.

Lady Thwaite's weeds had passed gracefully into black satin and bugles, and a Queen Mary cap. She had fulfilled what had been expected of her. She had brought with her a train of young nephews, and nieces, and cousins, to whom any ball was welcome. She was sincere in seeking that neither Miss Compton's ball, nor the great *coup* which Lady

Thwaite had herself inaugurated, should prove a fiasco, only if either did she was not called upon to cry over it. She was easy in her mind with respect to "hedging," so far as any woman could perform that prudent, manly measure, where the ball and any results that might follow the ball were in question.

The officers from Birkett had appeared to a man, and Lady Thwaite was taking some of those she knew into her confidence about her special part of the programme. When the best that could be brought forward was said of Sir William, he was not the man who could be chosen with any prospect of a successful issue — nay, with anything save trembling apprehension — to figure as a master of the ceremonies in a *jeu de société*. There he stood, half-hidden among a knot of men at one of the doors, so that though many an eye was turned upon him, and many a whisper breathed his name, he did not suffer from an overwhelming consciousness of observation. He could pass muster, tugging at his gloves, in his well-fitting dress-coat, with the camellia, which Lady Fermor had herself picked for him, stuck in his button-hole.

Iris had danced with Mr. Hollis and received the kindest encouragement from the white-bearded, indulgent, too indulgent master of Thornbrake, whom his wife and daughters set at nought, coaxed and laughed at as "poor old dad," and "Peter," whereas he was not a descendant of the old Hollises for nothing, and his Christian name in reality was "Adrian."

Iris had waltzed her punctilious waltz with her cousin till, before the three rounds were ended, she felt alarmingly infected by his solemnity. She was glad to exchange her partner for Sir William, who went through the quadrille to the admiration of the sceptical and the credit of his dancing-master, though not without some loss of equanimity.

"Poor man," Iris secretly compassionated him, "how pale he has grown! surely the game is not worth the candle." At the same time she darted a triumphant challenge of the eyes to Lucy. "Shall I introduce them?" Iris pondered. "Of course the rector has called, and Sir William knows some of the family, but I think this is the first time he has happened to meet Lucy, and she has been sitting for the last dance. He would not be a bad partner if he would appear to forget what he is doing, and not leave his partner to find all the small talk. He looks as well as any man present. I am not sure that he does not look better. His figure is not at all bad, if it were not so bolt upright; then he has got quite beautiful eyes, and I like his chestnut hair. If Lucy were very captivating she might pave the way for a handsome subscription to her cottage hospital. He could afford it, for grandmamma is always saying what a fine estate Whitehills is."

Iris's good intentions were nipped in the bud by Lady Thwaite's claiming Sir William and carrying him off in mystified reluctance to be presented to Maudie Hollis. This movement was the consequence of a short conversation which had passed between the two ladies.

"Where is Orson, Lady Thwaite?" inquired the younger. "You don't tell me that he is dancing with Iris Compton? What next? He will be found able to read and write, and then he will be like everybody else; he will not be worth his salt."

"My dear child!" exclaimed Lady Thwaite. She was a little nettled, for Sir William, though she could laugh at him when it suited her, was her late husband's heir and her *protégé*. Like many women, when she was piqued, she became specially affectionate with a sort of bitter-sweet affectionateness. Besides, she had known the Hollis girls all their lives, and felt free to take them to task. "I should not wonder, Maudie, though he were better read for a man than you are for a woman. Every class can command wonderful advantages now. Sir William had a fair elementary education, and he is a reading man."

"He may easily be better read than we are," said Maudie Hollis unblushingly, "if he has gone beyond a few novels, which make me yawn all the time I am reading them, though it was rather good fun smuggling them into the house, under papa's nose, in the guise of histories and sermons. But Sir William Lumpkin is disappointing," went on Maudie with a pout. "What is the use of the fine story of the man's having been a private soldier, if he is to be just like every other partner we meet? But I mean to give him another chance. Won't you introduce him, Lady Thwaite?"

"Certainly."

Lady Thwaite brought him over, and, to her gratification, Sir William went through the introduction with a coolness which would have been miraculous, had it not admitted of an explanation. The well-filled room contained only one woman for Sir William Thwaite, and that woman

was Iris Compton. To dance with her was rapture and torment, in which former scenes came flashing back to taunt, cow, and sicken him. To every other woman there he was profoundly indifferent, and indifference in certain instances lends ease, freedom, even a species of distinction to the manner. But Sir William did not immediately avail himself of the privilege of asking Maudie Hollis to dance. He stood looking, a little as if he wondered what he had been brought there to do, till she suggested that she was dying to waltz to the particular air which the orchestra was playing.

"Then hadn't we better try it?" he said, and whirled her round carefully and correctly.

"Orson's a humbug," she whispered to her sister, when the couple stood still to rest, and Nanny Hollis with her partner stopped beside them. "There is not a rise to be got out of him. I think the field-marshal should make an investigation what the men who take the queen's shilling are really drilled in — the goose-step or waltzing. If he had been a Scotchman, and we had stood up in a reel, I could have understood it; I believe Scotch children are born dancing reels, and only need the sound of the bagpipes to make them skip and whoop like red Indians. But a waltz! Yet, I assure you, there is nothing at all odd in his waltzing. Why, I thought we should be the spectacle of the room, and I might be reduced to spraining my ankle or fainting to put an end to it, and he only touches me as if I were glass, and lets me go when he has the opportunity. I wonder what Iris Compton sees in him? But you can try him, if you like. I dare say Captain Ryder will not object to change partners, and Orson may think it is the rule in our set. Then Peter will be pleased to see us both dance with Sir William, though the worthy soul has no notion of match-making."

"Of course not," answered Nanny. "Peter only thinks we are good, polite children, to dance with everybody who asks us, and not to affront a stuck recruiting sergeant."

In the mean time Iris had been allowed to follow her inclination and waltz with her fast friend, Ludovic Acton, as they had waltzed together hundreds of times before, since the juvenile days when they disputed hotly about their steps, and she asserted that he trod on her toes, while he retorted that she had nearly pulled his arms off.

Lieutenant Ludovic had developed into a big and incomprehensible fellow, comely, like his sister Lucy, but with more individuality in the comeliness, which defied and conquered a mass of material, for he was big, with sandy hair and moustache, and an inclination to chubbiness in his cheeks. At home he was the gentlest and most inoffensive of male beings, the most dutiful and affectionate of sons and brothers, whose principal weakness displayed itself in a passion for musical instruments of a languishing and die-away description. He never came home from foreign service without bringing back a new flute or mandolin. It would have been his joy to have played accompaniments to his mother's and sisters' performances on the old piano all day long. It was his sorrow that with all the will in the world to oblige the family's darling, they had so little time to avail themselves of his powers.

But no sooner had Ludovic rejoined his ship than the most extraordinary reports reached the rectory and his neighbors regarding him. The mild, strumming fellow was all but blown up by his forwardness in torpedo practice. He had leaped overboard in the happy hunting-ground of sharks, and risked his valuable life twice over to save a wretched Malay woman. He had volunteered to take the command of a boat on an exploring expedition among the ice near one of the poles. And when the crew landed on a frost-bound coast, and on false information took a journey over the snow, which was likely to be their last, he left the exhausted, despairing men huddled together in their hut, and made an awful journey back alone. He crossed the wild, white waste, with no companion save an Esquimaux dog, and no sound to break the stillness of death but the roar of a bear, the bay of a wolf, or the scream of a bald-headed eagle.

These performances were certainly removed by an immeasurable distance from any experience which his home and native place had of King Lud; and he was so hurt and indignant if anybody ventured to approach the subject that his familiars were driven to the verge of doubting whether he could really be the hero of the exploits which were put in his name. Had they not rather been performed by some gallant young man who was unaccountably defrauded of his due, while Ludovic Acton, as his manner seemed to imply, had, by an absurd mistake, been falsely accredited with the glory? In spite of the bewilderment which attended

on the young man's honors, King Lud was justly the pride of his father's and mother's hearts and the idol of his sisters. Iris Compton, too, was proud and fond of him. She had only escaped a deeper feeling because of the familiarity which paralyzes the imagination, and because one of the finest fellows in the world did not happen to entertain any deeper feeling for her.

All the difference which the advance from boy and girlhood to young man and womanhood had made in the relations between Ludovic Acton and Iris Compton was that, after frequent separations and renewals of intercourse, the couple were able, as a tribute to social forms, to address each other in public as Mr. Acton and Miss Compton, instead of King Lud and Iris.

Therefore Sir William, with his unmasked face, need not have looked every time he passed the pair as if he would enjoy swearing "like a trooper," according to Maudie Hollis's graphic description. Even if he had heard their conversation, so primitive a fellow might have felt elated rather than depressed by it.

"Don't you think Sir William Thwaite waltzes very nicely?" said Iris, looking with approving eyes on the waltzer. "Oh! I hope Lucy sees him."

Ludovic had been interrupted in an enthusiastic account he was giving of a zither. He did not dream of resenting his partner's lapse of interest in his conversation; but he looked at her a little curiously in his quiet way. "A lady is the best judge of a fellow's waltzing," he said cautiously, pulling his fawn-colored moustache; "but if you ask me — I should not have presumed to offer any criticism, mind, if you had not put it to me — I should say the gentleman is just a trifle labored in his performance, and occupied with it. No doubt art will soon become second nature."

"Now, Mr. Acton, that is very ill-natured of you, particularly as we are speaking of dancing, not of singing, or playing on the banjo," said Iris saucily; "and I do not know what you mean by professing not to presume to give me an opinion, till it is solicited."

"Don't you?" responded King Lud dubiously; "but may I inquire what Lucy has to do with it?"

"Yes, Lucy was so conceited as to imagine Sir William could not dance at all — Sir William who is waltzing like — like Lord Palmerston when grandmamma saw him at Almacks."

"Sir William waltzes more like his dancing-master, whoever he may have been. The man is as solemn and earnest over his task as if he were earning his bread by it."

"I don't believe he ever had a dancing-master," said Iris in her ignorance, with a gay laugh. "I think he waltzes by nature — so well that you are tempted to be jealous of him, just as he is a gentleman by nature, to a greater extent than many people suppose."

It was just after this dance that Iris had her eyes opened and the ball utterly spoilt for her. The operation of having euphrasy squeezed on the eyelids may be always beneficial, as truth if we can bear it is always the best. It by no means follows that the act itself is not often exquisitely painful; indeed the occasions when it is supremely pleasant are the exceptions. Iris's enlightenment had no apparent connection with an awkward and distressing episode of the ball which had happened a little beforehand. The girl was out of the room when the unlucky blunder occurred, and she only heard a mangled version of it some time afterwards. Nevertheless the accident was partly the cause of Iris's having her eyes opened — in this as in many instances she suffered for the sins of others.

Lord Fermor had not walked since his last attack of illness, but he liked to be wheeled from room to room, to look at the company he could no longer join, and mumble greetings to any friend he recognized. Lady Fermor had directed that he should be wheeled once round the ball-room. The progress, though it disconcerted some of the guests, was made with apparent satisfaction to the poor old man, who glanced about with his lack-lustre eyes, and smiled a meaningless smile, till he came close to Lady Fermor where she sat at the top of the room. She was preparing to accost him with one of her customary challenges, in the overpoweringly hilarious tones which she always adopted towards him.

"How do you like it all, Fermor? The doings are a little slow, eh? The young folks have not the go they had when we were young."

At that moment he anticipated her, a light came into his faded eyes and a tinge of life-blood into his clay-colored cheeks. He succeeded in raising himself up, and stooped forward with an attempt at a low bow, at the same time fumbling to lay his yellow, wax-like hand on his heart. He spoke in a quavering but perfectly audible

voice. "Allow me to pay you my very best respects — my ardent homage. You must know it gives me the greatest pleasure in life to attend your assembly, Mrs. Bennet," he said, using a name which had not been mentioned in her hearing since she had dragged it through the mire.

Even she grew ghastly at the unfamiliar sound, and quailed for an instant, while everybody within hearing looked at each other in dismay, and poor Mrs. Mildmay was so appalled, that her husband had to hurry her away in search of instant restoratives, lest she should groan aloud or faint on the spot.

The next moment Lady Fermor had signed to the servant who was wheeling the chair to move on, had pulled herself together, looked round defiantly, and startled her next neighbor by asking her how she liked the new fashion of puffed sleeves, like pillows with strings tied round them.

But there was a disturbing impression produced at the worst time; for there was a lull in the dancing, while the gentlemen whom Lady Thwaite, as mistress of the ceremonies for Lady Fermor, had deputed to be *aides de camp*, were assuming their stewards' bows and ribands, and consulting together about the bringing on of the *pièce de résistance*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AN IDLE HOUR IN MY STUDY.

I HAVE deserted a fairly merry party, who seemed fifteen minutes ago determined to have a lengthy evening — with a good piece of the night thrown in — at the round table. By that last expression I do not intend to secularize a phrase which has been consecrated to the Pendragon chivalry; I only wish to have it understood that my friends and relatives are, in right merry pin, gathered about a table that is round; and as it is the only one, save little tea-dots, which, being of that form, appertains to me, I have used the definite article. That explanation will, as I hope, appease any and every shade which in the neighborhood of Tintagel or Caerleon may look over the shoulders of "Maga's" readers, as all ingenuous shades are known to do. And I proceed to say that, notwithstanding my sincere respect and affection for amusements which are enjoyed at round tables, I have sought my desk this evening intending to make progress with a literary labor which I have in hand.

But I find myself little inclined to settle to steady work. I have been greatly exercised all day by an account which an acquaintance has given me of a large and cruel piece of villany which has been perpetrated lately in America, and by a wealthy man. My informant was eloquent on this subject. He has resided in America, and has adopted the ideas of levellers, pessimists, and others, which are becoming prevalent there. Though an honest, liberal-minded man in most things, he has a strong prejudice against riches in general, and says they never fail to corrupt their owners; while he holds the poor and humble to be the only virtuous people. These notions disturb me. I know that they are not true. But, while one's nerves are tingling at the great depravity of a rich rogue, one longs to fortify one's belief by reviewing this question of the comparative merits of rich and poor.

That many poor persons and many poor communities are incorruptibly honest, I have no doubt at all. Indeed I have experience which enables me to say positively that such honest people do exist. Once in days long gone by, it was my lot to go and live, and carry out some transactions of importance, in a remote and very wild district — wild, that is, as to its natural features. I asked a friend who had been there before me, whether it was necessary to be always armed there, and he laughed at the idea.

"You may send," said he, "a bag of gold coin by a peasant to a distant place over the hills, and feel certain that it will be safely delivered."

This I afterwards found to be a true account. Later on in life I was in a village of the Alps, and had the misfortune to lose, while travelling, an important part of my luggage. My case seemed to myself hopeless; nevertheless I took what steps I could to recover the property. In doing so I consulted the manager of a rather large hotel a few miles off — a German, who spoke English.

"Much will depend," said he, after he had heard my lamentation, "upon whether your lost goods may have gone beyond this district or not: if they have, I have not much comfort to give you; if they have not, you will certainly get them again, *for they are all honest people here.*"

The things were brought back in about a week after that, with straps, locks, and hinges all in order. I asked myself

whether, if the loss had happened in a country district of England, I could have been so fortunate, and decided that the chances were very much against my being so. It is a fine thing to claim to rule the waves, a very grand idea to have dominions on which the sun never sets; but one feels, at a time when a large rascality has been occupying the public mind, that it is a thing of no mean importance to live among people of approved honesty. Haroun the Just, if he had come among them, would probably have placed my Alpine villagers very high in his scale of desert — perhaps would have had it recorded in letters of gold (his favorite blazon), THEY ARE ALL HONEST PEOPLE HERE.

Some years ago I was journeying between Peel Castle and Douglas in the Isle of Man. My vehicle was an outside car. At every cabin, or cluster of cabins, which I passed, miserably poor-seeming children came running after the car and begging, in very foreign English, "Please give a ha'penny." These extracted some of my coppers. One group, ragged and importunate, escorted the car a good way, and at last obtained a present; so I passed on in peace. In peace for a mile or so; but having done that distance, I was aware of an enemy in the rear. From whence it had collected I did not know (for I had passed no house lately), but there was certainly a troop in hot pursuit, their little naked feet pattering over the road at their highest speed — and wonderful speed and wind did they exhibit. They had not, however, prudence enough to save breath for the chase, for they kept up a shrill shouting.

"What the devil does that mean?" I asked of my carman, after the pursuit and the screaming had lasted some quarter of an hour.

"God knows, your honor!" he replied; "I suppose they want ha'pence."

"They don't expect me to stop the car and wait for them?"

"Oh no, sir, not a bit of it. They know what they're after."

And so they did. They followed me another mile or mile and a half, shouting still, but more breathlessly. At last we walked a hill, which gave them an advantage, and at the top of the rise was a drinking-place, to use which for the horse's benefit the equipage pulled up. Much encouraged by this halt, the pursuers now pushed on with renewed vigor. They got so near that I, who am not very long-sighted, perceived the biggest of the small fry to be holding up his arm as if to show something; if so, I could not distinguish what it was.

We waited to be run into: and then there arose such a chorus of shrill Manx utterances as showed that something of unusual interest to them had occurred; but, guessing accurately the defect of my education, the whole cry clustered about the driver, who had descended from his seat and was standing by the drinking horse. As soon as he could a little quell the clamor, he came to enlighten me.

"It's nothing, sir — nothing to make such a noise about; only, your honor threw them a bit of silver which they knew you didn't mean, and they've just brought it back, that's all." Yes, that was all. It seems that I had not sorted my change, and a half-crown, consigned to the pocket which should have received coppers only, had been, with some of its baser companions, chucked on to the road at the last begging-station. That was, after all, but an ordinary occurrence; the pursuit of me for such a cause I thought a very extraordinary occurrence. Tears come into my eyes as I write it, when I remember the little barefooted wretch racing along and holding up the silver, though it is to me an old incident.

Now I hope that what I have written above is good evidence that I have no wish to deny, or to veil, or to make light of the honesty which is undoubtedly to be found sometimes among poor people. Such virtue is the more remarkable, forasmuch as those who exhibit it are peculiarly open to temptation. Yet the instances of it are not very common — indeed it is because they are not common that we note them so carefully. Again, such depravity in a well-to-do man as I have been exercised withal to-day, is striking and distressing because it is uncommon. Heartless and unpardonable as it is, it is exceptional. To find a great rogue among the rich now and then, or an instance of honesty that cannot be shaken here and there among the poor, proves nothing as regards the virtue of either class. There are good and bad in all classes, and in each of us is a tendency to be "desperately wicked;" so that, be we rich or poor, we require to keep a careful guard on ourselves.

Having thus considered this question which had been distressing me, and settled it once more as well as I could, there is nothing to prevent my going on with my work: but I seem to-night to be possessed by a contrary and perverse spirit; for, prompted, as I suppose, by reflecting

upon the rich and poor in classes, I begin to think about the strong feelings which are gathering in many sections of the community against the sports and pastimes of the rich. It is to be feared that these feelings proceed in too many persons from envy; howbeit, there are undoubtedly many who conscientiously object to sports on the ground that they are cruel, that they offer occasions of gambling, that they encourage idleness, and so on.

I am quite incompetent to take up the attack or the defence of sports; and, were I ever so well qualified, both sides have been so amply advocated that it would be a work of supererogation to examine the question. The only remark I would make is, that the friends of sport are such thorough friends that they will give no ear at all to an adverse argument; while its enemies are pertinaciously deaf and blind to everything which tells in its favor. Be the rights of the case, however, what they may, I think I can see that many of our most cherished amusements are doomed to extinction within an age from now. Hostile attacks may be the immediate, and seem to be the principal, causes of the changes which will come; but if we look at the notable variations in the sports themselves during the present century, we shall see that things have been working together towards their decadence. Facilities of communication and the spread of wealth have wholly altered the conditions of the sports; and democratic jealousy looks askance at them as aristocratic, notwithstanding that they are more generally attainable than they used to be. The amount of organization which is required to adapt them to the circumstances of the day, and the large migrations which at certain seasons they occasion, cannot but draw public attention to them. They are no longer the pastimes of a few idle hours, but they have become gigantic systems of recreation. They cannot be hid, any more than a city that is set upon a hill. All their qualities will be closely scanned, and a great deal made of those which seem objectionable. While they were *quasi* private, their affairs were principally in the hands of those who enjoyed them; now that they have become institutions, the public claim and exercise a right to criticise them. The same power which suppressed the cockpit and the prize-ring, is occupying itself with the affairs generally of the sporting world, and will certainly find means of depressing it.

The democratic spirit is not a modern invention. In old days the prevailing circumstances generally inclined men to subordinate it to other influences. Now, new forces, chiefly the pressure of population, give it momentum; and one wonders how and where it will discharge itself. As long as there may be "fresh woods and pastures new" to occupy, it is to be expected that emigration from old countries will to a large extent relieve the crush. But from the pace at which the world is moving, there is a look as if, within a conceivable period, our race may have spread over the whole soil of the globe, reclaimed deserts, overrun and essayed to cultivate mountain ranges. What, then, is likely to be the next move? Will the struggle for life control the numbers of mankind, or will famine or pestilence lend an occasional sweep to moderate the multitude of mouths? I never heard from any one a hint of what I am now going to say, but it does not seem quite an irrational supposition. The oceans and seas of the globe were created to be something more than a mere waste of waters: so we may without presumption suppose. At present, whatever other designs of the Creator they may fulfil, they certainly put limits to human occupation and mark out certain areas of the earth as available for our species; while the rest — the major portion — of the orb, is not for our use and possession, except as a great highway. But may not these great waters, when more land shall be required for our race, be gradually withdrawn so as to expose more dry land? I remember to have seen it shown in "Maga" how the waters have retired from the neighborhood of the Caspian and Aral Seas, leaving them but extensive lakes. It would seem to be geologically demonstrable that a vast sea once covered the region of central Asia which lies to the westward of the Hindoo Koosh, and the range of mountains which trends northward therefrom. This great sea rolled so far south as the Persian mountains. Since those days, when Persia was an isthmus, the waters have receded northward to the confines which we see on modern maps, leaving the Caspian and Aral lakes as *souvenirs* of its once extensive dominion. The area of land thus uncovered has been immense — one-half, or thereabouts, of what is now called central Asia. If there were no corresponding submergence of land at the time when this retreat of the sea took place (and it is impossible to say whether there was or was not), a very

sensible addition was made to the regions available for human occupation. Such additions, made at intervals, might well furnish footing for our kind for a longer period than we can form any but the vaguest idea of.

I know that it might be objected to this, that the quantity of matter in our earth and its atmosphere is probably constant; whither, then, can the mass of waters be sent, if they are to disappear off the land, so as to leave the weight of the earth undiminished? The answer is, that the component parts of the water may be dispersed into solid or gaseous matter. Gases added to the air would, of course, alter its composition; but we do nor know but that, under the new circumstances of more land, a differently composed atmosphere might be convenient. There may be in the future a larger accumulation of ice about the poles, which would dispose of some of the waters, while the spherical form of the planet might be perfected thereby.

We are so accustomed to the immense quantity of water shown on our terrestrial globes and our maps, that it probably seldom occurs to any of us to marvel at the great excess of the immersed over the dry portions of the world. The reason for this being so now, must be an excellent reason; but we are nowhere taught that the large areas of seas must always remain as they are now. Compared to the volume of the earth, the deepest sea on its surface is but a wash. The amount of water might be diminished with scarce any disturbance of the sphere as part of the solar system. Thought of this ought to make us view the rapid multiplication of mankind with hopeful feelings; for if there be accommodation reserved for our descendants beneath where the seas now roll, thousands upon thousands of years must elapse before they will be straitened for space. It has been nowhere told us that the seas will gradually diminish as the earth becomes fuller and fuller of human life, but it is told us that in the new and perfected earth there will be no more sea.* It does not, therefore, seem irrational to expect that there may be a gradual decrease of the water on the surface of the earth as the world grows older. The waters of the Deluge disappeared and went somewhither: —

> And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear;
> With clamor thence the rapid currents drive
> Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.

The same wonder which took place after the Deluge may be re-enacted so as to uncover more of the land, — the seas so eliminated being disposed of as were those which overwhelmed the world in the days of Noah.

The rising up of the land, which used once to be so much in favor with geologists, but which, as I believe, is rather out of fashion just now, might effect the "gathering together of the waters;" and if by that means portions of the land were uncovered, there might be no withdrawal from the globe of any of the seas, only an increase of the depth of some of them. I write this having in my mind's eye the valley of the river Jordan (about submerging which we have read so much of late). If we believe in great upheavings of the land, we may suppose that the Holy Land was once under the sea; that then the mountains from Judea through Samaria and Galilee on to Lebanon, rose up and cut off the Mediterranean on the west from the water — made by that division an inland sea — on the east. This inland sea wasted itself in course of time, as the Dead Sea does now, and allowed to appear the greater part of Palestine. The Sea of Galilee, the course of the Jordan below it, and the Dead Sea, are all below the level of the Mediterranean — the last of them more than a thousand feet below. Only the dam which keeps out the Mediterranean prevents the valley of the Jordan from being filled with salt water from the Levant. The chain of mountains which I just now mentioned is that dam. The rising up of similar chains as dams might recover other large areas which are now submerged.

While I was running my eye along the map tracing the mountain range from Syria southward, it lighted upon the name En-dor, which revived thoughts which have come to me more than once before concerning the doings there of Saul and the witch. It was so very like what is reported to occur at some spiritualistic *séances*, that one is apt to suppose it to be the model of some of those which prove to be impostures. By which remark I am far from intending to hint the least doubt of what is recorded in the Book of Samuel. I only say that the scene there described has been imitated by charlatans in these and in other times. It is quite clear from the commands of Scripture that no such thing ought to be attempted. We know for certain that many pretended callings of "spirits from the vasty deep" have been closely watched and proved to be impostures.

* Rev. xxi. 1.

It is a thing very worthy of remark that we are profoundly ignorant of the condition of the departed immediately after death, notwithstanding that so much has been told and written which would seem to let light in upon the matter.

It is a common enough belief among persons who have not thought very earnestly on the subject, that they will be able after death to return to the world for certain objects determined on in their lifetime. I have known threats made by country people to come back and annoy persons who may have offended or thwarted them. It was imparted to me, when I was young, by a female servant who lived many years with us, and who was very learned in such matters, that the ability or otherwise of deceased persons to appear again among the living depended entirely upon whether the clergymen who might bury them should do their duty or not. "If," said she, "the passon turn'th the book at the right place, that binds mun to the earth; they can never trouble nobody again no more. But if he is careless or stupid about it, then there's no saying what skermadging there may be with 'em before they be properly laid. And 'tis a shame and a sin of passons not to see at the burying-time that they be rightly and tightly bound down."

But there must have been some people who did not admit this power of the clergyman to lay an embargo on the departed; for I remember one instance of an old woman threatening to haunt a clergyman, which she would scarcely have done had she believed that he could effectually prevent her from molesting him or any one else. Her threat was uttered to a quaint old sexton. This elder was engaged one day in staking off a corner of the churchyard, the vicar having, for some reason, decreed that no more interments should be made in that corner. While he was thus employed, the old woman of whom I write came by and demanded the meaning of this stockade which he was making. The sexton told her; whereupon she said, "That won't do at all, Willie; I al'ays meant to be buried there." "But, my dear, you see you can't; so you'd better look out for other lodgings." She replied, "No, that I shan't; for my man lieth there, and my poor Dick there, and I mean to lie between 'em. And I tell 'ee what it is," added she, waxing warm, "if I ben't buried there, as I say, I'll come back to Measter Jan, and to you too — mind that!"

Not long after her departure, came along Measter Jan himself — that is to say, the vicar (he was a native of the place, and well known from boyhood to the older parishioners). He paused a minute to return the sexton's good-morrow, and to observe the progress of the work of enclosure.

"Sartain is it, sir, that no more be put in this corner?" asked the old man.

"Certain, William; not another body shall be buried within the stakes."

"You don't know, sir, what you have a-brought upon yourself by that. Old Jenny Weldon have been here, and she saith she's determined to lie in here, because her husband and her cheeld be both here."

"Poor old body, I'm very sorry for her, but I can't make any exception; she must be bestowed elsewhere."

"Then I tell 'ee what she saith. She saith, if she isn't put there, she'll come back to you, and me, too."

"Really, now! Well, that was wicked of her. However, there's no help. I'm not frightened of her, William; are you?"

"Well, no, my dear, I be not. If she goeth to a good place, she won't care to come back to this sorrowful world again; and if she sail'th in another direction, there's one there that'll take care she *don't* come back."

I never heard that the old lady came back; I cannot be sure that the vicar and sexton, or either of them, outlived her.

I suppose that the world contains as many odd things and odd people as ever it did; but I never now come across such quaint persons as I saw every day in my early youth. The old sexton was an oddity if ever there was one; and there was a poor old woman who used to come and beg for money to buy snuff, of which she took an immense quantity when she could get it. Her third husband — a miserable old man — was a sufferer from asthma; her second, to the best of my recollection (I trust that I do not wrong his memory) had been hanged; her first, who formed the chief topic of her conversation, had been a soldier, and had died in the service of his country. She had been a heroine in little, if her account of herself could be credited, and I believe that she told it truly. A century or so back from now, her husband's regiment had been at the island of St. Christopher, in the West Indies, and it had some sharp encounters with French troops, who contended with us for that colony. On one occasion when the red-coats had had to retire, there was consternation and afflic-

tion among them, not so much on account of the check which they had received (for that they hoped to retort upon the enemy shortly), but because the colors were missing. They had, in the hurry of retreat, been secreted somewhere near the field of action. It was not thought that they were in the enemy's possession; but there was the greatest reason to fear that the Frenchmen, who had advanced as the English retreated, would in rummaging the neighborhood discover and seize them. The colonel, at thought of having to report the loss of his colors, was well-nigh distracted. He would think of nothing else, and could hardly be got to issue the necessary orders for the safety and sustenance of those under his direction. But he would seem to have been a favorite of the regiment; because, great as was the general danger and privation, it was a sorrow all round that the commanding officer took the loss of the colors so much to heart. He was assured that they would retake them, or perish in the attempt; but he could not bear that things so precious should be dishonored by being in the enemy's keeping for an hour.

Now it was that my old friend began to be prompted to do a deed of heroism. All through the camp the men were lamenting the colonel's affliction, and inventing all sorts of senseless plans for recovering the colors and relieving his anxiety. One soldier spoke of a way by which a black man might, by following certain paths, get unsuspected to the place of concealment, and, if he were at all adroit, bring off the silk hid in some parcel of farm stuff. But to this scheme it was objected that a black man, though he could be sufficiently cunning when after any devilry of his own, would be likely to make a bad adventure in a case like this, where discovery would be followed not only by failure, but probably by punishment also. It was, moreover, considered highly inexpedient to disclose the hiding-place to a slave, who might sell the secret to the enemy.

The woman heard all this discussed, but said nothing to the soldiers. She, however, thought over what had been said, and formed a resolution. As soon as it was dusk she repaired to the colonel's tent, asked to see him on a matter of importance, and obtained admission. She told him how sad it made everybody to know of the trouble he was in, and that she would make an effort for relieving his distress if he would explain to her accurately the whereabouts of the place of hiding, and would give her a pass to get beyond the English sentinels. After speaking with her for a short time, he looked kindly upon the idea, and gave her all the information which had found its way to himself. He also wrote with his own hand the necessary passport.

"Now God bless you, my woman!" said he: "if you succeed, you will save the honor of the regiment; and if you fail, and come back to us, you shall have the thanks of the whole corps for your daring."

"Sir," answered she, "I don't vally my life the point of a pin when there's so much trouble. If the luck isn't very much against me, I'll make my way to the place you've a-described; and, please God, I'll come again with some comfort for 'ee."

The night, fortunately, was pretty dark. She dressed herself in sombre habiliments and set off on her quest. With great cleverness and patience she made her way unobserved through the enemy's lines, and crawling and crouching, then making a run when a chance offered, she, by following the directions which she had received, reached the place which she was seeking, torn and bleeding from passages through the bush, and with her limbs sprained from working over rugged ground and rocks. But she was at last rewarded by putting her hand upon the precious colors. They had been torn from their staves, and put away under a rock or in a hollow tree, I forget which. Her courage revived on having so far succeeded, and she set to work with fresh energy. Having taken off her gown, she sewed the colors in between the stuff and the lining. This being part of her plan, she had been prepared with needle and thread; but it must have been a work of some skill for a woman, tired and torn as she was, and in the dark, to achieve such a job. It was, however, managed, and the dress put on again; and then she started to perform the other half of her task, glowing with the thought that, happen what might, the colors were probably safe from the enemy. If I recollect aright, she managed so as to escape observation altogether, and not to be challenged at all. Arrived in the English camp, she lost no time in extricating her charge, which just after daybreak she took to the anxiously expectant colonel. His relief and joy were beyond expression; as the old lady put it, he was ready to jump out of his skin.

For this achievement she got her full

meed of celebrity, and probably some more substantial earnest of the officers' and soldiers' gratitude. I am afraid, however, that the poor thing did not benefit in the way of gratuity or pension from the public purse. This may have been because her connection with the regiment was soon afterwards dissolved by the death of her husband, who fell with harness on his back, and his breast to the foe. Another fight, in which artillery took part, had ended, as I suppose, in the success of our side, because the field seems to have been accessible to our camp-followers after the action. The woman went on to the ground impelled, as she herself said, by a sad misgiving that he had perished. We know that there have been such presentiments in people of all stations.

"I was as sure that a was dead as if I'd seed un killed," the old body said, years after, to a lady from whom she would often beg snuff.

"And did you find him?"

"I made un out, my dear, amongst the dead and wounded."

"Was there no hope?"

"None. Stone dead."

"How horrible! How I pity you! What did you do?"

"I kneeled down beside un, put my arm round his waist, and kissed (ay, that I did) his dear hand."

"Did you not put your arm round his neck and kiss his lips?"

"My dear, the head of un was a-knocked off."

I said a little above that the quaint old characters seemed to be dying out: I may add, that of two classes of oddities with the appearance of whom I used to be tolerably familiar, I have not for years encountered a specimen.

The first of these classes is occasional drunkards, who, when well moistened, delighted to wander about the streets, sometimes for two or three hours on end, making short remarks to them who passed by, or perhaps coming to a halt in the middle of the road and uttering grand soliloquies to heaven and earth. I do not remember to have seen two of these companions adrift at the same time, to have seen them quarrelsome, or to have thought that they intended to be spiteful or offensive, though doubtless they were coarse. A very large indulgence was accorded to them on all hands. They were rarely meddled with by the constables, although notice might at last be conveyed to their homes that their infirmity was in the peripatetic stage; and then a wife or a daughter coming gently on the scene, would take the hand of the old voluptuary and lead him by easy stages, smiling and weeping, to his home.

The second class is of scolds. I call to mind women who, generally standing at their doors, would rail at the top of their voices for the greater part of a day. I do not mean that they would be having a quarrel; but that one woman, having had her temper rubbed the wrong way, would continue scolding so as to be a nuisance to a whole neighborhood. Often, when one of these shrews has been holding forth, have I asked of a bystander what ailed her, or whether any one had offended her. And I never remember to have received a more satisfactory answer than — "No; nobody have a-done nothing to her. 'Tis the way of her. She have got a long tongue." The scolding did not seem to utterly preclude attention to domestic work. The shrew would boil her pot, get ready her potatoes, and observe her children, but use every interval in these occupations to let the world become aware of her mind being ill at ease. These storms blew themselves out somehow, and left very little trace of the commotion. Between the outbreaks, the shrews would be affable and merry. Sometimes a lull would be of such length as to lead one to hope there had been a permanent improvement, when, some unlucky morning, while the lady herself was too far off to be plainly seen, would be heard her ominous voice proclaiming that everything in her neighborhood was to be ajar and out of joint for that day.

A scold's eloquence, though her neighbors are deafened with it, always seemed to me to be addressed, not to them, but to herself. It was a sort of blow-pipe to her indignation, to prevent the latter from declining below red-heat. She casts away, in spendthrift fashion, myriads of that commodity which thoughtful people prize as the great circulating medium of mental wealth. Squandered words, what refuse they are! Words well applied, how vast, how prevailing is their influence! To the unthinking they are foolishness; to those who can wield them they are power and wisdom. These "rascal counters" which are so easily coined and voided, and which to the uninitiated pass for vulgar ware, are the forces which direct and control human emotion and human action. Used with skill, they can discover and touch the hidden springs of feeling. There is no known condition of humanity

wherein words skilfully used may not be electrical in their effects. They can beguile us of our sympathy or command our admiration.

Words, or combinations of words, become divided according to their properties; for the winning of sympathy and the awakening of admiration, though both the work of words, must be achieved by quite different adaptations of words. Those words which will suffice for the one purpose will be by no means competent for the other. I have travelled now from scolding to the intelligent employment of a vocabulary. But so thoughts wander; and having drifted on to this subject of word-power, I am inclined to examine it, though I cannot search it profoundly.

The source of interest and the source of awe and high veneration are very distinct. Sympathy may be said to create interest; and exaltation above, or other distant removal from, that with which we can sympathize, awe and worship. We know well how in a landscape the introduction of figures unlocks our feelings, which would not have yielded to a solitude however skilfully portrayed. The same is true in poetry; the "one touch of nature" introduced in the appropriate place is a link between writer and reader and subject, greatly awakens our sympathy, and increases the pleasure with which we follow the written thoughts. Where Milton is weighing the attractions of a life of ease and pleasure against those of a life of study and devotion to the Muses, he does not content himself with stating the voluptuous alternative in a general way, but exclaims, —

> Were it not better done as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

presenting little scenes of dalliance which place him on common ground with his reader, and make the latter feel how entirely the argument concerns himself as a fellow-man. The poet's contention is a high one — his object to draw away the mind from sensual and ignoble things to lofty contemplation; yet in doing this, he thinks it not unbecoming to stoop to earth — and not to stoop only, but to exhibit that which is earthly in all its charm and distinctness, in order that he may win the sympathy of his reader first, and having so attracted him, soar with him away towards the sky. The more familiar a scene or an illustration is made to us, the more we recognize it as one in which we ourselves might have borne a part — the more ready are we to yield our sympathy, and to be moved as the author wished us to be moved.

On the other hand, if the intention be to arouse awe or veneration, particulars are by skilful writers avoided, and we have for the most part only the common and generic names of things; the more indefinite and incomprehensible the images appear, the greater being their fitness for the purpose. Burke insists on obscurity as a source of the sublime, and points out many instances wherein Milton has resorted to this method when he would subdue the mind by grand ideas — citing his descriptions of Satan and of Death, and his heaping together of vague, indeterminate images to appal the mind, as

> Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
> A universe of death.

A little reflection suffices to convince us that, where terror or reverence is to be produced, the less particularizing there is of objects the better. Particularizing argues a greater or less exactness, and exactness is incompatible with the sublime emotions. To excite in us the necessary terror or respect, objects must be made to appear to us as removed from our comprehension or control, making us feel ourselves to be little or nothing by comparison, and only fit to bow down in helpless submission or in adoration — as Job, overawed by a sense of God's power, says, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Milton refrains sometimes from using a substantive at all when a very terrible idea is intensified, as "over the vast abrupt."

Words are fairies. You may narrate a story or deliver your sentiments in various combinations of words, all in some sort rendering your meaning; but you know that of these combinations some would give a totally wrong color to your utterances and awaken a wrong emotion, some would fall very far short of your intention, and some would do your bidding quite satisfactorily. It is not easy to say why this is. Many explanations have been offered. That words, as they fall upon the ear or meet the eye, do produce emotions which synonymous expressions would not in the same place produce, there can be no doubt; and yet I cannot think that the mere sounds can of themselves give pleasure or pain. There must be association of ideas with the potent words; yet the connection is so hard to trace, it is such

a mysterious influence, that many a man gives up the quest and rests content with the belief, as I stated it, that words are fairies, without prying into the source of their magic.

Monosyllables and dissyllables seem to be for the most part those which readily affect the mind. And the reason of this probably is, that common, general, widely comprehensive words, being invented in the infancy of a language, are usually short sounds; and therefore short sounds may, and for the most part do, represent very extensive ideas. Refer to the passage "Rocks, caves, lakes," etc., which I quoted above from Milton, and you will observe that in the whole of it the words are monosyllables, except the word *universe*. All of them are words which would be invented very early in the life of a language.

It often happens, I fancy, that we judge a composition to be very simple and unstudied because the words used in it are short and familiar,* and such as are in everybody's mouth. But simple words may be made to convey very grand ideas, and may be used by those who have thought profoundly on the matter which they have to impart. Thus it is not astonishing that simple words skilfully arranged make up the most powerful passages which we encounter in letters. The Scriptures abound with writings of this character, which impress their meaning with tremendous force, although the component words are such as the homeliest persons have in daily use. What appears to me the grandest utterance that ever was put forth is to be found in the New Testament; and it must, as I think, be pronounced to be sublime — to be a very battery of words — even by those who do not believe the great truths which it contains. I speak of the following text from St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians: —

> Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Take this overwhelming sentence to pieces, and it will be found to consist of very common words, only one of which is of more than two syllables; but they are made to represent ideas which are barely within the scope of human faculties, and which cannot possibly be so comprehended by us as to make us feel in any degree familiar with them. Consequently, not sympathy but veneration is aroused by them. The persons named are also beyond our comprehension; so that we cannot, except in the most imperfect degree, sympathize with them, while their glory and power claim our humblest adoration. Thus the quotation possesses some of the known properties of the sublime, and nothing but what is sublime. Though we have it as a translation only, I cannot imagine that the original to Greek ears could possibly have been more impressive than our version is to us.

I cited this passage as an example of the wondrous power of simple words judiciously put together; but now that I am noting it, I find it hard to refrain from pointing out the rhetorical perfection of the climax which it exhibits. It begins with, in general terms, "hath highly exalted Him;" then goes on to, "hath given Him a name which is above every name;" rising higher now, it proclaims that at that name "every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;" now higher still, that "every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord;" ending with the very grandest idea which can be presented to the mind — namely, "the glory of God the Father."

But it is preceded in the chapter by an anti-climax which is just as perfect, beginning with the equality of the Godhead, and stepping down to one of the greatest indignities conceivable — that is, the punishment by an ignominious death of a malefactor. The words are: —

> Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

The descent is regular throughout the figure, and between the beginning and end it is immense. Then follows the climax, — "Wherefore God also," etc., — which also covers an infinite distance of conditions, stretching from the death of the cross to the glory of God the Father!

I went a little out of my way to remark on the rhetorical perfection of the above

* The words — *i.e.*, the sounds — are familiar; yet the ideas for which they stand may be obscure, terrible, and grand.

passage, but now return to my argument, that its grandeur is in a high degree derived from the well-selected words in which the translators have thought proper to present it. I think, too, that an examination of any powerful passage in sacred or profane writing will elicit proof that much of the power is derived from the words employed.

The choice of words, then, since it counts for so much, should be made with much care. Of course, great words will not stand in place of great ideas; the attempt to make them do so produces bombast. But, granting that there are thoughts worthy of being communicated, it makes a vast difference in the reception of those thoughts by the reader or hearer, whether they are conveyed in the most fitting language or not. There are many compositions which are universally pronounced to be ingenious, original, true, sound, and even grand, which, nevertheless, never become to us more than highly esteemed acquaintances; they do not, for some reason or other, take hold of our hearts and minds, and make places for themselves in our memories. This, very probably, is because the honest writer or orator, solicitous only to deliver true and worthy matter, did not take sufficient heed of the vesture — to wit, the words — in which he would clothe it.

Again, there are composers who have not only choice thoughts to communicate, but who possess the art of telling them in language so affecting that they make their way into our minds when they first present themselves, and are ever after cherished and adopted as well as approved. An author who can make his countrymen delight in his expressions as well as approve his thoughts, has reached the summit of his profession. There must be a great art in this, which some are lucky enough to discover, while others remain forever ignorant of it. It is in vain that rules are from time to time invented; square and compass will not set bounds to a faculty which is, as Burke said of taste, so delicate and aerial that it will not bear the chains of a definition. The best way to study it, as I should think, would be to examine with the utmost care the productions of those who have mastered this great art, and to look there diligently for the secret — *nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

It seems to me that there are two compositions in English which have, more than any others, fulfilled these requirements of not only presenting acceptable ideas, but of so presenting them that they fasten at once on the imagination and memory. These two are Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and Gray's "Elegy." The lines and phrases of these pieces have been picked out and hoarded by the public with such avidity that nine-tenths of them have become household words, and they are so familiar that they are passed from mouth to mouth and used incontinently by hundreds who know not whence they first proceeded. The works have attained, as I think, the highest triumph of authorship.

The mention of a triumph attracts me to another subject. We have enjoyed the honor of a visit from a delegation of Boers from the Transvaal, who have come to London with the exquisite and original idea of dropping in *sans cérémonie* on the nation which they had first beaten and afterwards treated with domineering contempt. The lion-tamers have had no hesitation about entering the lair, so abject have the inmates become. Perhaps it is as well that lions should cease to lash their sides with their tails when they have forgotten how to use fangs and claws. Accordingly, we see the British Lion anxious for the smile of the enemies who treated us so cavalierly, and eating humble-pie greedily to convince our visitors that he likes it. But it seems to me that the proper settlement of our score with the Transvaal is only deferred; we are not all of us so callous as the grand old man would have us to be.

Meanwhile a little farce has been acted at which many a one must have laughed consumedly. To employ British capital in mining and other enterprises in the Transvaal has been desired by certain speculators among us; and they, no doubt moved thereto by good reasons, took the liberty of inquiring of the delegates whether any property which British subjects might acquire in, or carry to, the Transvaal, and whether any ore which they might extract from the soil, would be secured to them by the laws of the land. The delegates were indignant that such a question should have been asked: of course everything would be secured by the laws of the land. I make bold to think, however, that the question was not altogether impertinent. It might be urged, in excuse for it, that the Transvaal government had not scrupled to break a solemn convention almost before the ink with which it was written had dried; also that, with reference to the same convention, they made the demarcation very in-

distinct between *mine* and *thine*. About the value of the Boers' answer there cannot, I think, be two opinions. Investors possess now the guarantee of this scrupulously honorable people for the safety of property and persons!

Our conduct towards the Boers has been, no doubt, entirely out of keeping with our traditions, and, as I believe, with our real national character. The nation cannot, in a few years, have utterly changed its sentiments, its beliefs, its characteristics, and habits. I remember the excitement which occurred among us at the time of the "Trent" affair, some twenty years ago, when the nation would have taken, as one may say, the direction of affairs out of the hands of ministers, for fear that a little of the point of honor should be surrendered. Before the news of the outrage could have reached London, a meeting had been held at Liverpool, and a deputation was on its way to press upon Lord Palmerston the expediency of dealing boldly with the matter, and of leaving no room for suspicion that we would abate one iota of what we considered to be our rights. The whole nation followed in the wake of Liverpool, and the temper of the people was unmistakable.

That was, I am certain, the spontaneous action of the country, and displayed our natural feeling. The exhibitions which we make of ourselves in the way of pocketing up wrongs and condemning ourselves are abnormal and exceptional, — vagaries executed during absence of mind, that is to say, while a large portion of our population are really intent upon other matters, and will not give their minds to matters not purely domestic. Foreign complications stand in the way of the home questions which so many of us desire to solve; and so we, for the time, don't mind accepting a little dishonor, so that we may clear the board for those concerns about which we are anxious.

At the bottom of the present temper of the country is the idea, entertained by nine out of ten of our working population, that each person may be made rich (at any rate, raised far above a condition which can be called *poor*) by alterations of the laws and constitution. The great object, therefore, is to alter the laws, and foreign and colonial policy takes a low place in our regard. Everybody desires to have a voice in the alterations which are to be proposed. The new laws are to produce some marvellous beneficial effects; but what these effects are to be, or the exact course by which they are to come about, no man, I think, has attempted to explain. I quite believe that violent changes, regardless of equity, are intended, and that they will operate cruelly on certain persons or certain classes. I do not believe that they will have the effect of making any great number of persons richer, or of disseminating wealth. I go so far as to think that the changes will literally defeat the main object which their supporters have in view. Indeed I believe that even now, while the changes are unaccomplished, the shadow of them, cast before, is already operating to the material injury of that which they are intended to bring about. The vague dread and uncertainty caused by the anticipation of experimental and capricious innovations, are themselves a great drag upon enterprise. No man will work his best while he is under the apprehension (just or unjust) that the reward of his toil is not secure to him; and those are the conditions under which every man in Great Britain who works at all is working now. The result *must* be a falling off in national wealth.

If the national wealth is falling off, how are large classes of the community to grow richer? The question is a hard one to answer if it has regard to permanent improvement. One class may temporarily enrich itself by seizing the property of another class; but this method does not tend to general improvement. And it is certain that, as the community grows poorer, every class of it must suffer.

Already, as I believe, the conviction has come upon some of the more thoughtful of the advocates of change, that political arrangements for making people richer will disappoint those who make them. This conviction may not have become prevalent as yet, but it is growing. On the other hand, it must be plain to everybody, that threatened speculative changes in the constitution of society paralyze effort, and so bring a blight upon all.

Of all modern expedients for reforming society — I assume that amelioration of some sort is the aim — the generous and indiscriminate appliance of dynamite to man and his works is the hardest to understand. Sages have fathomed the significance of some of the violences of nature; the thunderbolt, the volcano, and the hurricane, destructive as they are, do not devastate in mere wantonness; there is a great and beneficent end to be effected after the outburst has passed. But no sage penetrates the explosive treatment

from outside; and no philanthropist, who is free to pass behind the scenes, and who is cognizant of all parts of the great scheme, has helped us to the least comprehension of the manner in which explosions are to work together for our ultimate benefit. We do not even with certainty know the source from which these costly and ingenious remedies are derived. At one time they are said to be *gages d'amitié* from Ireland; at another, tributes from anonymous friends in America: to-day they are of home conception and manufacture; yesterday we were thought to be indebted for them to Paris.

I confess to being quite in the dark as to the regenerate form in which surviving society is to emerge from the ordeal through which we are passing. We shall be saved so as by nitro-glycerine; but what will be our new condition? How shall we, or how shall any remnant of us, be improved by having our railway stations, our public buildings, our churches, and a few thousands of our population, blown to atoms? The old test-question — *Cui bono?* — is altogether insufficient to obtain a solution of the problem. It may be supposed, by the ever-watchful detonators, that a period of wholesome terror may humble us, and prove us, and make us willing to recognize the surpassing merits of persons who ought to be eminent, but whom we, in our present arrogance, refuse to admire. But if this be the idea, it will probably turn out to be a mistaken one; for unless the nature of Englishmen shall be very much changed by manifold demolitions, they are more likely to repay these efforts with punishment — I would I could say with halters — than with anything else. Indeed I very much doubt whether, with all our present disposition to turn our cheeks to the smiter, to cherish them who despitefully use us, and to discourage quiet and law-abiding citizens, we would even modify an act of Parliament or vote away the smallest sum of money in exchange for blowings-up.

We read that in the sporran of Rob Roy there was a small steel pistol fitted in such manner that it would be discharged, and the contents lodged in the rifler's body, if any one with a zeal which was not according to knowledge should attempt to undo the complicated fastenings. This he called the keeper of his privy purse. One quite understands why he resorted to this expedient, just as one knows why spring-guns used to be set with their wires obvious to the feet of poachers or burglars. The intention was to protect property. One knows, too, how in warfare there is very little hesitation about discharging a torpedo or an infernal machine so as to damage an enemy. But these things do not help us a bit in judging why villanous saltpetre should be digged out of the bowels of the harmless earth, or dynamite compounded, to destroy the bodies and the property of people who are not seeking to spoil any man's goods, and who have done nothing calculated to raise up for themselves deadly enemies.

To verify what my memory told me about that pistol of the M'Gregor, I just now took down a volume of Scott; and, as always happens with me when I approach that author, I could not close the book when I had found what I went to seek, but was allured by the old enchantment from page to page. It was like the accidental flavor of old racy wine to a palate that has been tortured by cheap Gladstone asperities, or the sight of an old master's painting offered to eyes that have been surfeited with raw pictures of yesterday. To me it is a marvel how a novel-reading people (as we have daily evidence that we may call ourselves) can ever let go their hold of such a writer as Scott. Yet I am told that we are doing so, and that men and women are not ashamed to say that they find him tedious and old-fashioned. When such remarks can be ventured on, one justly dreads that a short day of notoriety is dawning for Bavius and Mævius. But surely it will be only a short eclipse for Scott, who was not for a generation nor for an age. His wonderful tales cannot really grow old, but must again be the mode before the world is much older.

About Scott's poems I give my opinion with some hesitation, knowing that he has never as a poet occupied that foremost place which has been accorded to him as a novelist. But I confess to having been as much delighted with his poetry as with any that I ever read. I do not know a more charming story, or one more charmingly told, than "The Lady of the Lake." His verse and his thoughts want polish, say the critics. Perhaps so; but if this be a serious defect, we must put down the father of poetry from his high place. But then I hear it said again that though ballad poetry may be grandly meritorious when written in the youth of a people, readers in an Augustan age demand a less rugged composition. There is no use in disputing about tastes; but I am

prompt to say for myself that my emotions answer to Scott's touch, and I find but little to desire in the way of glamor when I am enticed within the charmed circle of his verse.

But I must put back Scott, collect my papers, and leave my desk. At last I am certain that I shall do no steady work tonight. I am tired of thinking. If any knights or dames should be still encircling my table round — and I think I hear occasionally a peal of merriment from thence — my idle hour shall be followed by a merry one.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BOURGONEF.

CHAPTER I.

AT A TABLE D'HOTE.

At the close of February, 1848, I was in Nuremberg. My original intention had been to pass a couple of days there, on my way to Munich; that being, I thought, as much time as could reasonably be spared for so small a city, beckoned as my footsteps were to the Bavarian Athens, of whose glories of ancient art and German Renaissance I had formed expectations the most exaggerated — expectations fatal to any perfect enjoyment, and certain to be disappointed, however great the actual merit of Munich might be. But after two days at Nuremberg, I was so deeply interested in its antique sequestered life, the charms of which had not been deadened by previous anticipations, that I resolved to remain there until I had mastered every detail, and knew the place by heart.

I have a story to tell which will move amidst tragic circumstances of too engrossing a nature to be disturbed by archæological interests, and shall not, therefore, minutely describe here what I observed at Nuremberg, although no adequate description of that wonderful city has yet fallen in my way. To readers unacquainted with this antique place it will be enough to say that in it the old German life seems still to a great extent rescued from the all-devouring, all-equalizing tendencies of European civilization. The houses are either of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or are constructed after those ancient models. The citizens have preserved much of the simple manners and customs of their ancestors. The hurrying feet of commerce and curiosity pass rapidly by, leaving it sequestered from the agitations and the turmoils of metropolitan existence. It is as quiet as a village. During my stay there rose in its quiet streets the startled echoes of horror at a crime unparalleled in its annals, which, gathering increased horror from the very peacefulness and serenity of the scene, arrested the attention and the sympathy in a degree seldom experienced. Before narrating that, it will be necessary to go back a little, that my own connection with it may be intelligible, especially in the fanciful weaving together of remote conjectures which strangely involved me in the story.

The *table d'hôte* at the Bayerischer Hof had about thirty visitors — all, with one exception, of that local commonplace which escapes remark. Indeed this may almost always be said of *tables d'hôte*; though there is a current belief, which I cannot share, of a *table d'hôte* being very delightful — of "one being certain to meet pleasant people there." It may be so. For many years I believed it was so. The general verdict received my assent. I had never met those delightful people, but was always expecting to meet them. Hitherto they had been conspicuous by their absence. According to my experience in Spain, France, and Germany, such dinners had been dreary, or noisy and vapid. If the guests were English, they were chillingly silent, or surlily monosyllabic: to their neighbors they were frigid; amongst each other they spoke in low undertones. And if the guests were foreigners, they were noisy, clattering, and chattering, foolish for the most part, and vivaciously commonplace. I don't know which made me feel most dreary. The predominance of my countrymen gave the dinner the gaiety of a funeral; the predominance of the Mossoo gave it the fatigue of got-up enthusiasm or trivial expansiveness. To hear strangers imparting the scraps of erudition and connoisseurship which they had that morning gathered from their *valets de place* and guide-books, or describing the sights they had just seen, to you, who either saw them yesterday or would see them to-morrow, could not be permanently attractive. My mind refuses to pasture on such food with gusto. I cannot be made to care what the Herr Baron's sentiments about Albert Dürer or Lucas Cranach may be. I can digest my *Rindfleisch* without the

aid of the *commis voyageur's* criticisms on Gothic architecture. This may be my misfortune. In spite of the Italian blood which I inherit, I am a shy man — shy as the purest Briton. But, like other shy men, I make up in obstinacy what may be deficient in expansiveness. I can be frightened into silence, but I won't be dictated to. You might as well attempt the persuasive effect of your eloquence upon a snail who has withdrawn into his shell at your approach, and will not emerge till his confidence is restored. To be told that I *must* see this, and ought to go there, because my casual neighbor was *charmé*, has never presented itself to me as an adequate motive.

From this you readily gather that I am severely taciturn at a *table d'hôte*. I refrain from joining in the "delightful conversation" which flies across the table; and know that my reticence is attributed to "insular pride." It is really and truly nothing but impatience of commonplace. I thoroughly enjoy good talk; but, ask yourself, what are the probabilities of hearing that rare thing in the casual assemblage of forty or fifty people, not brought together by any natural affinities or interests, but thrown together by the accident of being in the same district, and in the same hotel? They are not "forty feeding like one," but like forty. They have no community, except the community of commonplace. No; *tables d'hôte* are not delightful, and do not gather interesting people together.

Such has been my extensive experience. But this at Nuremberg is a conspicuous exception. At that table there was one guest who, on various grounds, personal and incidental, remains the most memorable man I ever met. From the first he riveted my attention in an unusual degree. He had not, as yet, induced me to emerge from my habitual reserve, for in truth, although he riveted my attention, he inspired me with a strange feeling of repulsion. I could scarcely keep my eyes from him; yet, except the formal bow on sitting down and rising from the table, I had interchanged no sign of fellowship with him. He was a young Russian, named Bourgonef, as I at once learned; rather handsome, and peculiarly arresting to the eye, partly from an air of settled melancholy, especially in his smile, the amiability of which seemed breaking from under clouds of grief, and still more so from the mute appeal to sympathy in the empty sleeve of his right arm, which was looped to the breast-button of his coat. His eyes were large and soft. He had no beard or whisker, and only delicate moustaches. The sorrow, quiet but profound, the amiable smile, and the lost arm, were appealing details which at once arrested attention and excited sympathy. But to me this sympathy was mingled with a vague repulsion, occasioned by a certain falseness in the amiable smile, and a furtiveness in the eyes, which I saw — or fancied — and which, with an inexplicable reserve, forming as it were the impregnable citadel in the centre of his outwardly polite and engaging manner, gave me something of that vague impression which we express by the words "instinctive antipathy."

It was, when calmly considered, eminently absurd. To see one so young, and by his conversation so highly cultured and intelligent, condemned to early helplessness, his food cut up for him by a servant, as if he were a child, naturally engaged pity, and, on the first day, I cudgelled my brains during the greater part of dinner in the effort to account for his lost arm. He was obviously not a military man: the unmistakable look and stoop of a student told that plainly enough. Nor was the loss one dating from early life: he used his left arm too awkwardly, for the event not to have had a recent date. Had it anything to do with his melancholy? Here was a topic for my vagabond imagination, and endless were the romances woven by it during my silent dinner. For the reader must be told of one peculiarity in me, because to it much of the strange complications of my story are due; complications into which a mind less active in weaving imaginary hypotheses to interpret casual and trifling facts would never have been drawn. From my childhood I have been the victim of my constructive imagination, which has led me into many mistakes and some scrapes; because, instead of contenting myself with plain, obvious evidence, I have allowed myself to frame hypothetical interpretations, which, to acts simple in themselves, and explicable on ordinary motives, have assigned hidden and extraordinary motives, rendering the simple-seeming acts portentous. With bitter pangs of self-reproach I have at times discovered that a long and plausible history constructed by me, relating to personal friends, has crumbled into a ruin of absurdity, by the disclosure of the primary misconception on which the whole history was based. I

have gone, let us say, on the supposition that two people were secretly lovers; on this supposition my imagination has constructed a whole scheme to explain certain acts, and one fine day I have discovered indubitably that the supposed lovers were not lovers, but confidants of their passions in other directions, and of course all my conjectures have been utterly false. The secret flush of shame at failure has not, however, prevented my falling into similar mistakes immediately after.

When, therefore, I hereafter speak of my "constructive imagination," the reader will know to what I am alluding. It was already busy with Bourgonef. To it must be added that vague repulsion, previously mentioned. This feeling abated on the second day; but, although lessened, it remained powerful enough to prevent my speaking to him. Whether it would have continued to abate until it disappeared, as such antipathies often disappear, under the familiarities of prolonged intercourse, without any immediate appeal to my *amour propre*, I know not; but every reflective mind, conscious of being accessible to antipathies, will remember that one certain method of stifling them is for the object to make some appeal to our interest or our vanity: in the engagement of these more powerful feelings, the antipathy is quickly strangled. At any rate it is so in my case, and was so now. On the third day, the conversation at table happening to turn, as it often turned, upon St. Sebald's Church, a young Frenchman, who was criticising its architecture with fluent dogmatism, drew Bourgonef into the discussion, and thereby elicited such a display of accurate and extensive knowledge, no less than delicacy of appreciation, that we were all listening spell-bound. In the midst of this triumphant exposition the irritated vanity of the Frenchman could do nothing to regain his position but oppose a flat denial to a historical statement made by Bourgonef, backing his denial by the confident assertion, that "all the competent authorities" held with him. At this point Bourgonef appealed to me, and in that tone of deference so exquisitely flattering from one we already know to be superior, he requested my decision; observing that, from the manner in which he had seen me examine the details of the architecture, he could not be mistaken in his confidence that I was a connoisseur. All eyes were turned upon me. As a shy man, this made me blush; as a vain man, the blush was accompanied with delight. It might easily have happened that such an appeal, acting at once upon shyness and ignorance, would have inflamed my wrath; but the appeal happening to be directed on a point which I had recently investigated and thoroughly mastered, I was flattered at the opportunity of a victorious display.

The pleasure of my triumph diffused itself over my feelings towards him who had been the occasion of it. The Frenchman was silenced; the general verdict of the company was too obviously on our side. From this time the conversation continued between Bourgonef and myself; and he not only succeeded in entirely dissipating my absurd antipathy — which I now saw to have been founded on purely imaginary grounds, for neither the falseness nor the furtiveness could now be detected — but he succeeded in captivating all my sympathy. Long after dinner was over, and the *salle* empty, we sat smoking our cigars, and discussing politics, literature, and art in that suggestive desultory manner which often gives a charm to casual acquaintances.

It was a stirring epoch, that of February, 1848. The Revolution, at first so hopeful and soon to manifest itself in failure so disastrous, was hurrying to an outburst. France had been for many months agitated by cries of electoral reform, and by indignation at the corruption and scandals in high places. The Praslin murder, and the dishonor of M. Teste, terminated by suicide, had been interpreted as signs of the coming destruction. The political banquets given in various important cities had been occasions for inflaming the public mind, and to the far-seeing, these banquets were interpreted as the sounds of the tocsin. Louis Philippe had become odious to France, and contemptible to Europe. Guizot and Duchatel, the ministers of that day, although backed by a parliamentary majority on which they blindly relied, were unpopular, and were regarded as infatuated even by their admirers in Europe. The Spanish marriages had all but led to a war with England. The opposition, headed by Thiers and Odillon Barrot, was strengthened by united action with the republican party, headed by Ledru Rollin, Marrast, Flocon, and Louis Blanc.

Bourgonef was an ardent republican. So was I; but my color was of a different shade from his. He belonged to the Reds. My own dominant tendencies being artistic and literary, my dream was of a republic in which intelligence would be the archon or ruler; and of course in

such a republic, art and literature, as the highest manifestation of mind, would have the supreme direction. Do you smile, reader? I smile, now; but it was serious earnest with me then. It is unnecessary to say more on this point. I have said so much to render intelligible the stray link of communion which riveted the charm of my new acquaintance's conversation; there was both agreement enough and difference enough in our views to render our society mutually fascinating.

On retiring to my room that afternoon I could not help laughing at my absurd antipathy against Bourgonef. All his remarks had disclosed a generous, ardent, and refined nature. While my antipathy had specially fastened upon a certain falseness in his smile — a falseness the more poignantly hideous if it were falseness, because hidden amidst the wreaths of amiability — my delight in his conversation had specially justified itself by the truthfulness of his mode of looking at things. He seemed to be sincerity itself. There was, indeed, a certain central reserve; but that might only be an integrity of pride; or it might be connected with painful circumstances in his history, of which the melancholy in his face was the outward sign.

That very evening my constructive imagination was furnished with a detail on which it was soon to be actively set to work. I had been rambling about the old fortifications, and was returning at nightfall through the old archway near Albert Dürer's house, when a man passed by me. We looked at each other in that automatic way in which men look when they meet in narrow places; and I felt, so to speak, a start of recognition in the eyes of the man who passed. Nothing else, in features or gestures, betrayed recognition or surprise. But although there was only that, it flashed from his eyes to mine like an electric shock. He passed. I looked back. He continued his way without turning. The face was certainly known to me; but it floated in a mist of confused memories.

I walked on slowly, pestering my memory with fruitless calls upon it, hopelessly trying to recover the place where I could have seen the stranger before. In vain memory travelled over Europe in concert-rooms, theatres, shops, and railway carriages. I could not recall the occasion on which those eyes had previously met mine. That they had met them I had no doubt. I went to bed with the riddle undiscovered.

CHAPTER II.

THE ECHOES OF MURDER.

NEXT morning Nuremberg was agitated with a horror such as can seldom have disturbed its quiet; a young and lovely girl had been murdered. Her corpse was discovered at daybreak under the archway leading to the old fortifications. She had been stabbed to the heart. No other signs of violence were visible; no robbery had been attempted.

In great cities, necessarily great centres of crime, we daily hear of murders; their frequency and remoteness leave us undisturbed. Our sympathies can only be deeply moved either by some scenic peculiarities investing the crime with unusual romance or unusual atrocity, or else by the more immediate appeal of direct neighborly interest. The murder which is read of in the *Times* as having occurred in Westminster, has seldom any special horror to the inhabitants of Islington or Oxford Street; but to the inhabitants of Westminster, and especially to the inhabitants of the particular street in which it was perpetrated, the crime assumes heart-shaking proportions. Every detail is asked for, and every surmise listened to, with feverish eagerness — is repeated and diffused through the crowd with growing interest. The family of the victim; the antecedents of the assassin, if he is known; or the conjectures pointing to the unknown assassin, — are eagerly discussed. All the trival details of household care or domestic fortunes, all the items of personal gossip, become invested with a solemn and affecting interest. Pity for the victim and survivors mingle and alternate with fierce cries for vengeance on the guilty. The whole street becomes one family, commingled by an energetic sympathy, united by one common feeling of compassion and wrath.

In villages, and in cities so small as Nuremberg, the same community of feeling is manifested. The town became as one street. The horror spread like a conflagration, the sympathy surged and swelled like a tide. Every one felt a personal interest in the event as if the murder had been committed at his own door. Never shall I forget that wail of passionate pity, and that cry for the vengeance of justice, which rose from all sides of the startled city. Never shall I forget the hurry, the agitation, the feverish restlessness, the universal communicativeness, the volunteered services, the eager suggestion, surging round the house of the

unhappy parents. Herr Lehfeldt, the father of the unhappy girl, was a respected burgher, known to almost every one. His mercer's shop was the leading one of the city. A worthy pious man, somewhat strict, but of irreproachable character; his virtues, no less than those of his wife, and of his only daughter Lieschen — now, alas! forever snatched from their yearning eyes — were canvassed everywhere, and served to intensify the general grief. That such a calamity should have fallen on a household so estimable, seemed to add fuel to the people's wrath. Poor Lieschen! her pretty, playful ways — her opening prospects, as the only daughter of parents so well-to-do and so kind — her youth and abounding life — these were detailed with impassioned fervor by friends, and repeated by strangers who caught the tone of friends, as if they, too, had known and loved her. But amidst the surging uproar of this sea of many voices no one clear voice of direction could be heard; no clue given to the clamorous blood-hounds to run down the assassin.

Cries had been heard in the streets that night at various parts of the town, which, although then interpreted as the quarrels of drunken brawlers, and the conflicts of cats, were now confidently asserted to have proceeded from the unhappy girl in her death-struggle. But none of these cries had been heard in the immediate neighborhood of the archway. All the inhabitants of that part of the town agreed that in their waking hours the streets had been perfectly still. Nor were there any traces visible of a struggle having taken place. Lieschen might have been murdered elsewhere, and her corpse quietly deposited where it was found, as far as any evidence went.

Wild and vague were the conjectures. All were baffled in the attempt to give them a definite direction. The crime was apparently prompted by revenge — certainly not by lust, or desire of money. But she was not known to have a single rival or enemy. She was not known to stand in any one's way. In this utter blank as to the assignable motive, I, perhaps alone among the furious crowd, had a distinct suspicion of the assassin. No sooner had the news reached me, than with the specification of the theatre of the crime, there at once flashed upon me the intellectual vision of the criminal: the stranger, with the dark beard and startled eyes, stood confessed before me! I held my breath for a few moments, and then there came a tide of objections rushing over my mind, revealing the inadequacy of the grounds on which rested my suspicions. What were those grounds? I had seen a man in a particular spot, not an unfrequented spot, on the evening of the night when a crime had been committed there; that man had seemed to recognize me, and wished to avoid being recognized. Obviously these grounds were too slender to bear any weight of construction such as I had based on them. Mere presence on the spot could no more inculpate him than it could inculpate me; if I had met him there, equally had he met me there. Nor even if my suspicion were correct that he knew me, and refused to recognize me, could that be any argument tending to criminate him in an affair wholly disconnected with me. Besides, he was walking peaceably, openly, and he looked like a gentleman. All these objections pressed themselves upon me, and kept me silent. But in spite of their force, I could not prevent the suspicion from continually arising. Ashamed to mention it, because it must have sounded too absurd, I could not prevent my constructive imagination indulging in its vagaries; and with this secret conviction I resolved to await events, and in case suspicion from other quarters should ever designate the probable assassin, I might then come forward with my bit of corroborative evidence, should the suspected assassin be the stranger of the archway.

By twelve o'clock a new direction was given to rumor. Hitherto the stories, when carefully sifted of all the exaggerations of flying conjecture, had settled themselves into something like this: the Lehfeldts had retired to rest at a quarter before ten, as was their custom. They had seen Lieschen go into her bedroom for the night, and had themselves gone to sleep with unclouded minds. From this peaceful security they were startled early in the morning by the appalling news of the calamity which had fallen on them. Incredulous at first, as well they might be, and incapable of believing in a ruin so unexpected and so overwhelming, they imagined some mistake, asserting that Lieschen was in her own room. Into that room they rushed, and there the undisturbed bed, and the open window, but a few feet from the garden, silently and pathetically disclosed the fatal truth. The bereaved parents turned a revealing look upon each other's whitened faces, and then slowly retired from the room, followed in affecting silence by the others. Back into their own room they went.

The father knelt beside the bed, and, sobbing, prayed. The mother sat staring with a stupefied stare, her lips faintly moving. In a short while the flood of grief, awakened to a thorough consciousness, burst from their laboring hearts. When the first paroxysms were over they questioned others, and gave incoherent replies to the questions addressed to them. From all which it resulted that Lieschen's absence, though obviously voluntary, was wholly inexplicable to them; and no clue whatever could be given as to the motives of the crime. When these details became known, conjecture naturally interpreted Lieschen's absence at night as an assignation. But with whom? She was not known to have a lover. Her father, on being questioned, passionately affirmed that she had none; she loved no one but her parents, poor child! Her mother, on being questioned, told the same story — adding, however, that about seventeen months before, she had fancied that Lieschen was a little disposed to favor Franz Kerkel, their shopman; but on being spoken to on the subject with some seriousness, and warned of the distance between them, she had laughed heartily at the idea, and since then had treated Franz with so much indifference, that only a week ago she had drawn from her mother a reproof on the subject.

"I told her Franz was a good lad, though not good enough for her; and that she ought to treat him kindly. But she said my lecture had given her an alarm, lest Franz should have got the same maggot into his head."

This was the story now passing through the curious crowds in every street. After hearing it I had turned into a tobacconist's in the Adlergasse, to restock my cigar-case, and found there, as everywhere, a group discussing the one topic of the hour. Herr Fischer, the tobacconist, with a long porcelain pipe pendent from his screwed-up lips, was solemnly listening to the particulars volubly communicated by a stout Bavarian priest; while behind the counter, in a corner, swiftly knitting, sat his wife, her black, bead-like eyes also fixed on the orator. Of course I was dragged into the conversation. Instead of attending to commercial interests, they looked upon me as the possible bearer of fresh news. Nor was it without a secret satisfaction that I found I could gratify them in that respect. They had not heard of Franz Kerkel in the matter. No sooner had I told what I had heard, than the knitting-needles of the vivacious little woman were at once suspended.

"Ach je!" she exclaimed, "I see it all. He's the wretch!"

"Who?" we all simultaneously inquired.

"Who? Why, Kerkel, of course. If she changed, and treated him with indifference, it was because she loved him; and he has murdered the poor thing."

"How you run on, wife!" remonstrated Fischer; while the priest shook a dubious head.

"I tell you it is so. I'm positive."

"If she loved him."

"She did, I tell you. Trust a woman for seeing through such things."

"Well, say she did," continued Fischer, "and I won't deny that it may be so; but then that makes against the idea of his having done her any harm."

"Don't tell me," retorted the convinced woman. "She loved him. She went out to meet him in secret, and he murdered her — the villain did. I'm as sure of it as if these eyes had seen him do it."

The husband winked at us, as much as to say, "You hear these women!" and the priest and I endeavored to reason her out of her illogical position. But she was immovable. Kerkel had murdered her; she knew it; she couldn't tell why, but she knew it. Perhaps he was jealous; who knows? At any rate he ought to be arrested.

And by twelve o'clock, as I said, a new rumor ran through the crowd, which seemed to confirm the little woman in her rash logic. Kerkel had been arrested, and a waistcoat stained with blood had been found in his room! By half past twelve the rumor ran that he had confessed the crime. This, however, proved on inquiry to be the hasty anticipation of public indignation. He had been arrested; the waistcoat had been found; so much was authentic; and the suspicions gathered ominously over him.

When first Frau Fischer had started the suggestion it flew like wildfire. Then people suddenly noticed, as very surprising, that Kerkel had not that day made his appearance at the shop. His absence had not been noticed in the tumult of grief and inquiry; but it became suddenly invested with a dreadful significance, now that it was rumored that he had been Lieschen's lover. Of all men he would be the most affected by the tragic news; of all men he would have been the first to tender sympathy and aid to the afflicted parents, and the most clamorous in the

search for the undiscovered culprit. Yet, while all Nuremberg was crowding round the house of sorrow, which was also his house of business, he alone remained away. This naturally pointed suspicion at him. When the messengers had gone to seek him, his mother refused them admission, declaring in incoherent phrases, betraying great agitation, that her son was gone distracted with grief, and could see no one. On this it was determined to order his arrest. The police went, the house was searched, and the waistcoat found.

The testimony of the girl who lived as servant in Kerkel's house was also criminatory. She deposed that on the night in question she awoke about half past eleven with a violent toothache; she was certain as to the hour, because she heard the clock afterwards strike twelve. She felt some alarm at hearing voices in the rooms at an hour when her mistress and young master must long ago have gone to bed; but as the voices were seemingly in quiet conversation, her alarm subsided, and she concluded that instead of having gone to bed her mistress was still up. In her pain she heard the door gently open, and then she heard footsteps in the garden. This surprised her very much. She couldn't think what the young master could want going out at that hour. She became terrified without knowing exactly at what. Fear quite drove away her toothache, which had not since returned. After lying there quaking for some time, again she heard footsteps in the garden; the door opened and closed gently; voices were heard; and she at last distinctly heard her mistress say, "Be a man, Franz. Good night — sleep well;" upon which Franz replied in a tone of great agony, "There's no chance of sleep for me." Then all was silent. Next morning her mistress seemed "very queer." Her young master went out very early, but soon came back again; and there were dreadful scenes going on in his room, as she heard, but she didn't know what it was all about. She heard of the murder from a neighbor, but never thought of its having any particular interest for Mr. Franz, though, of course, he would be very sorry for the Lehfeldts.

The facts testified to by the servant, especially the going out at that late hour, and the "dreadful scenes" of the morning, seemed to bear but one interpretation. Moreover, she identified the waistcoat as the one worn by Franz on the day preceding the fatal night.

CHAPTER III.

THE ACCUSED.

Now at last the pent-up wrath found a vent. From the distracting condition of wandering uncertain suspicion, it had been recalled into the glad security of individual hate. Although up to this time Kerkel had borne an exemplary reputation, it was now remembered that he had always been of a morose and violent temper, a hypocrite in religion, a selfish sensualist. Several sagacious critics had long "seen through him;" others had "never liked him;" others had wondered how it was he kept his place so long in Lehfeldt's shop. Poor fellow! his life and actions, like those of every one else when illuminated by a light thrown back upon them, seemed so conspicuously despicable, although when illuminated in their own light they had seemed innocent enough. His mother's frantic protestations of her son's innocence — her assertions that Franz loved Lieschen more than his own soul — only served to envelop her in the silent accusation of being an accomplice, or at least of being an accessory after the fact.

I cannot say why it was, but I did not share the universal belief. The logic seemed to me forced; the evidence trivial. On first hearing of Kerkel's arrest, I eagerly questioned my informant respecting his personal appearance; and on hearing that he was fair, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, my conviction of his innocence was fixed. Looking back on these days, I am often amused at this characteristic of my constructive imagination. While rejecting the disjointed logic of the mob, which interpreted his guilt, I was myself deluded by a logic infinitely less rational. Had Kerkel been dark, with dark eyes and beard, I should probably have sworn to his guilt, simply because the idea of that stranger had firmly fixed itself in my mind.

All that afternoon and all the next day, the busy hum of voices was raised by the one topic of commanding interest. Kerkel had been examined. He at once admitted that a secret betrothal had for some time existed between him and Lieschen. They had been led to take this improper step by fears of her parents, who, had the attachment been discovered, would, it was thought, have separated them forever. Herr Lehfeldt's sternness, no less than his superior position, seemed an invincible obstacle; and the good mother, although doting upon her only

daughter, was led by the very intensity of her affection to form ambitious hopes of her daughter's future. It was barely possible that some turn in events might one day yield an opening for their consent; but meanwhile prudence dictated secrecy, in order to avert the most pressing danger, that of separation. And so the pretty Lieschen, with feminine instinct of ruse, had affected to treat her lover with indifference; and to compensate him and herself for this restraint, she had been in the habit of escaping from home once or twice a week, and spending a delicious hour or two at night in the company of her lover and his mother. Kerkel and his mother lived in a cottage a little way outside the town. Lehfeldt's shop stood not many yards from the archway. Now, as in Nuremberg no one was abroad after ten o'clock, except a few loungers at the *cafés* and beer-houses, and these were only to be met inside the town, not outside it, Lieschen ran extremely little risk of being observed in her rapid transit from her father's to her lover's house. Nor, indeed, had she ever met any one in the course of these visits.

On the fatal night Lieschen was expected at the cottage. Mother and son waited at first hopefully, then anxiously, at last with some vague uneasiness at her non-appearance. It was now a quarter past eleven — nearly an hour later than her usual time. They occasionally went to the door to look for her; then they walked a few yards down the road, as if to catch an earlier glimpse of her advancing steps. But in vain. The half-hour struck. They came back into the cottage, discussing the various probabilities of delay. Three-quarters struck. Perhaps she had been detected; perhaps she was ill; perhaps — but this was his mother's suggestion and took little hold of him — there had been visitors who had stayed later than usual, and Lieschen, finding the night so far advanced, had postponed her visit to the morrow. Franz, who interpreted Lieschen's feelings by his own, was assured that no postponement of a voluntary kind was credible of her. Twelve o'clock struck. Again Franz went out into the road, and walked nearly up to the archway; he returned with heavy sadness and foreboding at his heart, reluctantly admitting that now all hope of seeing her that night was over. That night? Poor, sorrowing heart, the night was to be eternal! The anguish of the desolate "never more" was awaiting him.

There is something intensely pathetic in being thus, as it were, spectators of a tragic drama which is being acted on two separate stages at once — the dreadful link of connection, which is unseen to the separate actors, being only too vividly seen by the spectators. It was with some such interest that I, who believed in Kerkel's innocence, heard this story; and in imagination followed its unfolding stage. He went to bed, not, as may be expected, to sleep; tossing restlessly in feverish agitation, conjuring up many imaginary terrors — but all of them trifles compared with the dread reality which he was so soon to face. He pictured her weeping — and she was lying dead on the cold pavement of the dark archway. He saw her in agitated eloquence pleading with offended parents — and she was removed forever from all agitations, with the peace of death upon her young face.

At an early hour he started, that he might put an end to his suspense. He had not yet reached the archway before the shattering news burst upon him. From that moment he remembered nothing. But his mother described his ghastly agitation, as, throwing himself upon her neck, he told her, through dreadful sobs, the calamity which had fallen. She did her best to comfort him; but he grew wilder and wilder, and rolled upon the ground in the agony of an immeasurable despair. She trembled for his reason and his life. And when the messengers came to seek him, she spoke but the simple truth in saying that he was like one distracted. Yet no sooner had a glimpse of light dawned on him that some vague suspicion rested on him in reference to the murder, than he started up, flung away his agitation, and, with a calmness which was awful, answered every question, and seemed nerved for every trial. From that moment not a sob escaped him until, in the narrative of the night's events, he came to that part which told of the sudden disclosure of his bereavement. And the simple, straightforward manner in which he told this tale, with a face entirely bloodless, and eyes that seemed to have withdrawn all their light inwards, made a great impression on the auditors, which was heightened into sympathy when the final sob, breaking through the forced calmness, told of the agony which was eating its fiery way through the heart.

The story was not only plausible in itself, but accurately tallied with what before had seemed like the criminating evidence of the maid; tallied, moreover, precisely as to time, which would hardly have been

the case had the story been an invention. As to the waistcoat which had figured so conspicuously in all the rumors, it appeared that suspicion had monstrously exaggerated the facts. Instead of a waistcoat plashed with blood — as popular imagination pictured it — it was a grey waistcoat, with one spot and a slight smear of blood, which admitted of a very simple explanation. Three days before, Franz had cut his left hand in cutting some bread; and to this the maid testified, because she was present when the accident occurred. He had not noticed that his waistcoat was marked by it until the next day, and had forgotten to wash out the stains.

People outside shook sceptical heads at this story of the cut hand. The bloody waistcoat was not to be disposed of in that easy way. It had fixed itself too strongly in their imagination. Indeed, my belief is that even could they have seen the waistcoat, its insignificant marks would have appeared murderous patches to their eyes. I had seen it, and my report was listened to with ill-concealed disbelief, when not with open protestation. And when Kerkel was discharged as free from all suspicion, there was a low growl of disappointed wrath heard from numerous groups.

This may sympathetically be understood by whomsoever remembers the painful uneasiness of the mind under a great stress of excitement with no definite issue. The lust for a vengeance, demanded by the aroused sensibilities of compassion, makes men credulous in their impatience; they easily believe any one is guilty, because they feel an imperious need for fastening the guilt upon some definite head. Few verdicts of "Not guilty" are well received, unless another victim is at hand upon whom the verdict of guilty is likely to fall. It was demonstrable to all judicial minds that Kerkel was wholly, pathetically innocent. In a few days this gradually became clear to the majority, but at first it was resisted as an attempt to balk justice; and to the last there were some obstinate doubters, who shook their heads mysteriously, and said, with a certain incisiveness, "Somebody must have done it; I should very much like to know who."

Suspicion once more was drifting aimlessly. None had pointed in any new direction. No mention of any one whom I could identify with the stranger had yet been made; but, although silent on the subject, I kept firm in my conviction, and I sometimes laughed at the pertinacity with which I scrutinized the face of every man I met, if he happened to have a black beard; and as black beards are excessively common, my curiosity, though never gratified, was never allowed repose.

Meanwhile Lieschen's funeral had been emphatically a public mourning. Nay, so great was the emotion, that it almost deadened the interest, which otherwise would have been so powerful, in the news now daily reaching us from Paris. Blood had flowed upon her streets — in consequence of that pistol-shot which, either by accident or criminal intent, had converted the demonstration before the hotel of the minister of foreign affairs into an insurrection. Paris had risen; barricades were erected. The troops were under arms. This was agitating news.

Such is the solidarity of all European nations, and so quick are all to vibrate in unison with the vibrations of each, that events like those transacted in Paris necessarily stirred every city, no matter how remote, nor politically how secure. And it says much for the intense interest excited by the Lehfeldt tragedy that Nuremberg was capable of sustaining that interest even amid the tremendous pressure of the February Revolution. It is true that Nuremberg is at all times somewhat sequestered from the great movements of the day, following slowly in the rear of great waves; it is true, moreover, that some politicians showed remarkable eagerness in canvassing the characters and hopes of Louis Philippe and Guizot; but although such events would at another period have formed the universal interest, the impenetrable mystery hanging over Lieschen's death threw the Revolution into the background of their thoughts. If when a storm is raging over the dreary moorland, a human cry of suffering is heard at the door, at once the thunders and the tumult sink into insignificance, and are not even heard by the ear which is pierced with the feeble human voice: the grandeurs of storm and tempest, the uproar of surging seas, the clamorous wail of sea-birds amid the volleying artillery of heaven, in vain assail the ear that has once caught even the distant cry of a human agony, or serve only as scenical accompaniments to the tragedy which is foreshadowed by that cry. And so it was amid the uproar of 1848. A kingdom was in convulsions; but here, at our door, a young girl had been murdered, and two hearths made desolate.

Rumors continued to fly about. The

assassin was always about to be discovered; but he remained shrouded in impenetrable darkness. A remark made by Bourgonef struck me much. Our host, Zum Bayerischen Hof, one day announced with great satisfaction that he had himself heard from the syndic that the police were on the traces of the assassin.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Bourgonef.

The guests paused from eating, and looked at him with astonishment.

"It is a proof," he added, "that even the police now give it up as hopeless. I always notice that whenever the police are said to be on the traces the malefactor is never tracked. When they are on his traces they wisely say nothing about it; they allow it to be believed that they are baffled, in order to lull their victim into a dangerous security. When they know themselves to be baffled, there is no danger in quieting the public mind, and saving their own credit, by announcing that they are about to be successful."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SOCIAL STUDY OF OUR OLDEST COLONY.

II.

ANY one who was familiar with Irish social life before the famine and the passing of the Encumbered Estates Acts, would have found in many respects a most striking analogy between that and life in the South, particularly in Virginia, before the war. The presence in each of a degraded race, the varying treatment by good landlords and bad landlords, by good masters and bad masters; the strain upon the country in both cases from the rapid multiplication of the inferior race, though in Virginia the crowding was only crowding owing to the large and reckless system of farming it necessitated. The notions of hospitality were of an almost identical order. But not the least striking similarity was the presence of a class of men at the tag end of the real gentry that in both countries, but in rather different ways, looked on themselves as above honest work, and yet were quite unfitted to be either ornamental or useful in the higher walks of life.

I would now pass over the wavering and uncertain line that divided the aristocracy — or what, for want of a more exact definition, I have called the aristocracy — from the great middle class, or what may with equal fairness be called the yeomanry. The former, in the county whose social census I am making a rough estimate of, I placed at fifty families; the latter would number probably from a thousand to fifteen hundred households. All of these owned land and slaves at the opening of the war. Some of them held property in both to a greater extent than many of the class who were their social superiors. Such property was the chief and almost only opening for the investment of accumulated means, and men who began life with nothing but "a level head" sometimes died worth a considerable fortune in land and negroes, and the practical local influence which such brings, but without any social recognition. These were exceptions. The average Virginian farmer, who rode his own horse in the war as a trooper under Stuart, or got off it for the first time in his life and performed astonishing marches, barefoot, under Stonewall Jackson — such a man would probably have had four or five hundred acres of land and from ten to thirty head of negroes, only a small proportion of whom would have been full-power male laborers. He stayed persistently at home and rarely went out of the county, which he spoke, and still speaks of, as "old" Nelson, "old" Buckingham, "old" Halifax, or whatever its name might be. His dwelling was very frequently superior in external appearance to what his habits and ideas would seem to demand. He shared all the characteristics of the class above him, with whose material interests his were of course identical, saving the social and educational advantages which alone distinguished them apart. He treated his negroes well and was his own overseer, kept out of debt rather more than the *'ristocrats* (*sic*), was admirable in all his relations of life, rather slow and unbusinesslike than actually lazy, as he is depicted by outside chroniclers. For an Anglo-Saxon, he was not drunken by any means; occasionally went "on the spree," but very seldom "boozed" habitually in his own house — drinking, as a general thing, spring water and buttermilk. A careless farmer, but yet, under the economic conditions which surrounded him, not such a senseless one as is generally made out by people who have had no practical experience of Southern agriculture or Southern life. While the class above him were mainly Episcopalians, he leaned decidedly towards the more congenial excitabilities of the Baptist or Methodist persuasion. By the time of the Revolutionary War, indeed, dissent

from the old Episcopal faith of Virginia was so great that the first republican legislature "was crowded with petitions for abolishing this spiritual tyranny" (religious legislation). Two-thirds of the citizens were even then seceders; now the proportion is much greater, embracing nearly all the middle and lower ranks. The Southern yeoman, too, is polite, and has no trace of that uncouthness which makes the plain Northern or Western farmer respected more for his intrinsic merits than for his charm of manner. He has always kept fox-hounds and hunted foxes with a passion that is hereditary and of British origin, though in a style that would shock the booted and breeched and ornamented devotee of that noble sport in modern England. He shoots a little, but not nearly so much as the class above him. The balance of his leisure is devoted to "chatting," the pastime above all others which he ardently loves. A country where for seven months in the year people sit in verandahs or under the shade of trees when they sit at all, and when that is combined with a state of society where people live entirely upon farms and plantations, apart from one another — such a state of things is, I think, conducive to a desire for conversation. "Neighborliness," indeed, was cultivated as a science by the Virginian always. He will talk at any time in the day and upon any and every day. Outside each country store rows of saddled horses tied up to the fence for hours at a time, though most of them have not come three miles, give evidence of the gregarious instinct of their owners. These will be found within sitting among the flour-barrels and nail-kegs, indulging in quaint, humorous chaff, or passing slow judgment upon men and things, upon negroes, corn and tobacco, church meetings, lawsuits, or fox-hunting, as if time itself were no more.

The whole tradition of the country unites in a vast protest against hurry. If you meet your neighbor on the road on horseback, though you had met every day for a week, he would look on you as a curmudgeon did you not stop and "chat a while." If on a summer day you stop at a roadside farmhouse for a drink of water, you will be fortunate, if the owner is a speaking acquaintance, to get away within an hour, and considerable hardening will be required to resist the entreaty to "'Lite, sir, 'lite," that follows instantly on his greeting of recognition.

Rural property, where the house stands upon the public highway, is among this middling class considered as having something special in that particular to recommend it. The middle-aged or elderly proprietor of such an enviable location, though he has nowadays to make his boys work, will still sit himself upon the porch in his shirt-sleeves, with long pipe or the less picturesque quid between his teeth, rocking himself to and fro in the warm summer days. His eyes are bent always on the dusty red road that, beyond the shade of the acacias and the old-fashioned, straggling box-trees which divide him from it, leads the people of his part of the county to the county town. Riding along it at slow ambling gaits, on Texan saddles with long swinging stirrups, in big straw hats and white linen jackets, the neighbors go by in ones and twos at long intervals. Each is greeted by our venerable friend with a shout of entreaty to "'lite and set a while." The predilections of all tempt them to comply. The stronger-minded, however, declare "they are mightily pushed for time, and must get on." Others yield to their native instinct, hitch their horses to the fence, and relapse into that extended and elaborate formula which, of various kinds according to education, accompanies in the South the meeting of man and man.

It is considered almost rude for a man to go straight into the business — the loan of a plough or whatever it may be — that takes him to his neighbor's door, without a long preamble on things in general. The extraordinary unwillingness to come to the point in any business, however trivial — that is, I believe, exaggerated to the greatest extent in the Spanish American — is a very strong characteristic of the Southerner. It is a symptom, I think, of excessive neighborly tenderness, that shrinks from disturbing — by rude allusions to necessary things — the *dolce far niente* of Southern rural life. It is the same spirit that produced the happy-go-lucky style of life that has become identified with those regions, that made the backing of a bill come to be gradually looked on as the natural duty of every man towards his neighbor, if he would not be condemned as an utter niggard; the fatal tendency of putting off everything that smacked of business formality to the very last moment, which made whatever in the rural South depended on parchment and figures so apt to be a hopeless chaos.

This great yeoman class, in Virginia particularly, is, now that slavery has been abolished, far more important even than

it was. The war reduced it certainly to poverty, together with the class above, or rather we should say destroyed for a time the means of tapping its only sources of supply — the lands — that were left to it. The richer and better educated slave-owners abandoned farming in very large numbers at the end of the war, being unable or unwilling to adapt themselves to a new state of things. They and their sons often went into commercial and professional life, while those that are left, though of course their traditional social position still clings more or less to them, are drawing nearer and nearer, under the more levelling influences of a comparatively hard-working and anxious life, to the level of mere farmers. The large middling class, on the other hand, has scarcely moved at all from its former abodes, and if its rising generation are not so picturesque or so quaint as their shade-loving sires, they are at least more hard-working, more ambitious, more open to outside influences, and in the general advance of education better instructed than the latter. These in all probability imbibed their three Rs, and maybe a little elementary Latin, at the feet of one of those pedagogic oddities who ruled over what was called in their young days an "old field" school.

For the third time the Virginian social system has been destroyed, and the cards are reshuffling themselves on a new basis — this time neither on an aristocratic nor on a *quasi* aristocratic, but on a purely republican one. By a gradual and natural process farmers all over the South, as elsewhere in America, are melting into one class. The evidences of recent class distinction, battered though they be, are still too fresh to have accomplished this as yet, though lands and homesteads that were identified with well-known families have been changing hands rapidly for the past ten years. The "country" is already beginning to be looked down on by the ambitious youth, and his eyes, as elsewhere in America, turn now towards the towns where a rate of improvement much faster than that of the rural districts is beginning to create, out of all sorts of constituents, a leading class on a basis of wealth and education. It is not likely, however, that the rural districts of Virginia will ever become a social wilderness, like so much of America, for many reasons. The hereditary land-hunger of the Virginian causes the successful man of business very frequently to invest his first savings in a country place whither he can "carry" his wife and family in the summer months and experiment in comparatively improved farming. Northern people of education are not infrequently to be found doing the same thing, attracted by a beautiful and healthy country, large, ready-made, and often even pretentious establishments surrounded by groves and mountains, and broad acres of naturally fertile soil to be had, at what seems to them, and is in fact, a very low price, while still greater numbers of educated Englishmen have stepped into the vacated homestead of the better class of ex-slaveholder. The old magisterial system, which was identical with our own, went with the war, and stipendiary judges at the county towns were appointed. The interests of the people in the State legislature instead of being represented as of old by the educated country gentry are intrusted to courthouse lawyers, or more often still to shrewd yeoman farmers. No more social honor is conveyed by being a member of the Virginia legislature in these days than would be the case in Ohio or Kansas.

Before the war most of the wholesale and all the retail trade in the few towns there were, was carried on by Jews, Irishmen, and the middle class of native Virginians. People with any social pretensions did not go much into wholesale business, rather from the lack perhaps of opening than anything else, but they looked down on shopkeeping with contempt. Now all that is altered, but still there is a discrimination in shops which is amusingly marked and has no doubt good reason for being so. A hardware, or a dry-goods, or a drug store in a good town is looked upon in these days as highly respectable, but I never heard of a young man belonging to the better class becoming a confectioner, a tobacconist, a tailor, or a family grocer, and I don't think I ever saw one keeping a country store. Saloon-keeping, that common resource of young English gentlemen in America, who have either a natural taste for low company or think themselves smart and tell their friends that it doesn't matter what you do in America, is, I need not say, utter social death.

There is no question but that the South has altered wonderfully in its ideas, within the last decade more particularly. I remember even ten years ago the bitterness of defeat seemed to me to have entered irrevocably into the very souls of its people. The farmer, as he sat upon his porch and looked upon the smokeless

chimneys of his cabins, breathed imprecations on everything and everybody north of Mason and Dixon line. It used in those days to be a sort of consolation to him to scout at the notion of the United States remaining intact, and to gloat over some future day when the irreconcilable conflict of powerful interests should effect that disruption which he had unsuccessfully attempted by force of arms. Such feelings, which were then but natural, the local papers used to vie with one another in keeping alive. You hear little or nothing of all this now. The old strong sectional feeling, so far as any hostility is concerned, gets every year fainter and fainter.

The towns, which I have said are gaining rapidly on the country in influence, are growing more American and less Southern. All the energies, at any rate all the enthusiasm of the people, is directed towards home development, and a Northern man who twelve or fourteen years ago would have been coldly received upon any terms, is now, if he is likely to be a substantial addition to a community, welcomed with open arms.

At the close of the war great bids were made for immigration by Virginia and other Southern States. But the flow that was expected from the North, and that did actually begin to trickle, was dried up by the high prices at which proprietors were foolish enough to hold lands that in many instances it would have paid them to give away. They had not yet learned what now is an accepted truth in the South, that it is better to farm four or five hundred acres well and keep it in good condition than to scratch over a thousand or two on the old "rip and tar" (tear) principle.

It was a period, however, of general inflation, and the sanguine temperament of the Southerner found vent in that glowing phraseology, so characteristic of his race, scattering the impression through the country districts that the outside world were all jostling one another in their eagerness to get to those halcyon fields that a dire calamity had suddenly thrown open for their use. Therefore the first instalment of investors found the enormous surplus of land that was waiting to be tilled in the South held at prices which were based not only upon its past value for the raising of negroes but on the fiction of a crowded market.

Nearly all investors in these lands at their early prices lost heavily, for it was 1877 before they reached "hard pan." Now that the South has shaken down into harness, forgotten *la revanche*, and has an assured future, judicious investors have a very different prospect before them.

With regard, however, to the native farmers after the war — they scraped what they could together and went on working with hired labor on the same careless, easy-going, soil-exhausting principles they had pursued during slavery. They could not reconcile themselves to household thrift, and continued to live with regard to such matters as they had when they were comparatively rich men — simply at all times, but generously and with a contempt for details. I forget the exact years, but I think it was about 1871–2, that tobacco and other staples ran up to a very high price, and it seemed to many as if a whiff of old times had come back. Parts of the country began to burst forth again into "frolics" (vernacular for dances) and tournaments,* credit most fatally revived for a time, and people generally conceived an idea that things were not so bad after all. It was, however, but a false and fleeting gleam of prosperity. A slow shrinkage in everything thinned out still further the ranks of the country gentry class, who, when they came fairly face to face with the life of a farmer who had nothing but a farm to live upon, and no capital to help him, shrank from it and began to move townwards. The yeoman class have had of course the same ups and downs since the war, but they have weathered the storm much better — naturally so — their ideas not being so 'ristocratic. They are better farmers as a rule than the others, having lived closer to the soil than these, even if they have not delved in it personally to any great extent. As I before said, the younger generations of both classes are taking off their coats pretty generally, and merging by slow but perceptible degrees into the same type. As the principal agriculturalists of the South they stand upon a better and firmer basis of prosperity, though a less picturesque one, than their forbears. Fortunately they do not emigrate to the West much, and when they do, they very frequently return with a strong dislike both to the people and the climate. The Virginian, it must be remembered, is as much a foreigner in Kansas or Nebraska as an Englishman, without, however, being at all like the

* Tilting at the ring on horseback was till quite recently a leading rural sport in Virginia.

latter. From whatever rank of society he comes he has been all his life accustomed to treat others, and be treated with rather formal politeness, and Western manners are distasteful to him. He has generally been quite unaccustomed to blasphemy and profanity, at any rate as an habitual method of conversation, and it is disgusting to his stricter ideas of decency and decorum. Perhaps he has not always energy enough for a Western life. His own climate is, of course, an admirable one, and he is not as well adapted to stand extreme cold as a New Englander or an Englishman. Lastly, he is very fond and proud of his own State, and has a clinging to home and home surroundings that is not to be found to the same extent in other parts of old America. Wherever he goes he is always a Virginian, and associates, if possible, with other Virginians. The matter-of-fact bluntness of the Westerner has little sympathy for this sort of thing, and is impatient of any other standards of human perfection save the material one he has erected, together with his prairie towns and grain elevators.

Perhaps the most unhappy characteristic of the South to-day is the tacit refusal of public opinion, and consequently of juries, to recognize as murder, or sometimes even as manslaughter, the killing of a man in a personal quarrel. They are not a quarrelsome people. You seldom hear men outside of politics abusing one another, either to their face or behind their back. Of course gossip of a kind flourishes, but it is of a cautious description, while the scandal-monger is far less reckless than in countries where the pistol is unknown. I am by no means inclined to attribute the universal reluctance of the Southerner to say anything against his neighbor to the dread of serious consequences only. I think it is due very much to the old, easy-going feeling of neighborliness that, outwardly, at any rate, overrides jealousies and shrinks from the nuisance and unpleasantness of even a bloodless "fuss." No doubt the recognition of the pistol does have some influence on people's behavior to one another. The universal purity of white women above the most degraded class, and the excessive rareness of domestic scandals is, no doubt, due in very great part to the fact that the seducer acts at the peril of his life, with judge, jury, and public opinion to applaud the injured relative who kills him without ceremony upon the first opportunity.

The statistics of homicide in the South look formidable, nor is it any defence to say that the statistics of quarrelling and wrangling, could they be determined, would present, on the other hand, a very favorable appearance. In Virginia, as elsewhere in the South, there is an ingrained feeling that to kill a man under certain provocations is a misfortune rather than a crime. Respectable people, however, do not in my observation rush lightly into quarrels as Englishmen do, and when such occur there is a great reluctance to say or do those particular words and acts of insult that the Southerner looks on as unpardonable. If, however, this line is once overstepped, the consequences are very likely to be serious. Duelling went out before the war. Now and then, however, a meeting comes off, and is a nine days' wonder. The whole press then unites in ostentatious thankfulness that the barbarous practice has so nearly disappeared; but the vehemence of the denunciations against it are somewhat dulled by the consciousness that most newspaper editors would not hesitate to shoot down on the spot a man that struck them with a cane; nor would they consider that by so doing they had in any way forfeited their position in the eyes of society, much less their life or liberty. The homicides of the West are mostly done by the hectoring, bullying rowdy, ready for insult and prone to aggression. The homicides of the South are very frequently the deeds of men of otherwise irreproachable position — men whom the world would call good Christians and good citizens. I cannot see the logic of the self-laudatory congratulation of the Southern press in having got rid of the duello, and substituted the street fight with six-chambered revolvers. The former had at least an element of Anglo-Saxon fair play about it, and had the minor merit of gentility which should have tickled Southern ears. The latter savors of the "rough" pure and simple, has no assurance of fair play, and is often dangerous to harmless passers-by. In this method the aggrieved one, if he is not armed — which is probably the case, for Northern writers very much exaggerate the prevalence of carrying pistols about in the South — sends word to his enemy to look out for himself, and each procuring a pistol, their first meeting in the street or elsewhere is the signal to commence firing. A good deal, however, of the homicidal records of the South are drawn from the haunts of the "poor whites" in the remote valleys of the

mountains, and the exterminating family feuds, so much talked about at the North, are more often than not among these social outcasts, who have little but the passions and instincts of animals to guide them. In Virginia, for instance, among the respectable classes, the refusal to regard certain forms of homicide as murder is as strong as anywhere; but the cases of deadly conflict among these are only just numerous enough to illustrate from time to time by their treatment the aspect of public opinion, and far too few to enter for a moment into the considerations of life. It is the feeling towards this matter, which in the South seems to be something apart from religion or morality, that is unfortunate for the country, and that this palliatory attitude towards this class of crime is a matter of internal sectional satisfaction, mixed with a feeling something akin to contempt for people who cannot understand it, does not argue well for its speedy disappearance.

Many of the characteristics of the Virginian, and of those neighboring States of whom he is typical, savor of the Puritan rather than of the rollicking Cavalier. Its Episcopal Church is evangelical, even to contempt, as regards forms. I have seen the Bishop of Virginia hold a confirmation in a country church attired in a frock coat, stand-up collars, and a black tie fastened in a sailor's knot. The feeling of the majority of his diocese is quite in sympathy. The behavior of the younger portion of the congregations in country churches is so extraordinary as to argue rather a complete failure to appreciate their position than wilful irreverence. The blessing is hardly finished when the ladies, young and old, fall into one another's arms; the men relapse into corn and tobacco, and the inside of the church assumes the appearance of an animated social gathering. That few of these buildings, even those erected in country neighborhoods that at the time were wealthy, have anything in their external appearance to mark their ecclesiastical character is not unnatural in a country where architects and mechanics proper had no existence, and where nothing approaching to art was known. Imagine one of the old-fashioned, oblong, red brick Methodist chapels of a small English country town dropped down in a grove of trees by the roadside, and you have a fair idea of the average country meeting-house of the Southern Episcopalian. If service is going on, you will see forty or fifty saddle-horses hitched up in the shade of the oak-trees, a dozen or so of conveyances of every description — buggies, spring wagons, and cumbrous, old-fashioned family coaches, spattered with mud, and venerable in appearance, with black-coated negroes snoozing upon the box. Horses and mules taken from the plough, with loosened breast-chains and hanging bearing-reins, crop sleepily at the scant grass, and shake the flies from their long ears. Negro servants will be murmuring in groups under the trees — for the African does not much appreciate the 'piscopal service — and a knot of men will probably be hanging round the open door, getting scraps of the service between their remarks on crops or weather. Many of the congregation will be Methodists and Presbyterians, who, having no service at their own church upon that Sunday, have no sectarian scruples of any kind in patronizing the more exclusive church, if not as worshippers, at least as silent critics.

There will be many Episcopalian families there, however, with whom that church has always been *the* church, in spite of all the lack of dignity and slovenliness that has characterized it from the earliest times in its first transatlantic strongholds. They sit where their fathers sat before them, and can look out through the great square windows over the undulating fields of corn, and wheat, and tobacco, to homesteads where their fathers lived before them, shining among the distant woods. They like their sermons long, and they like them strong. It is no uncommon thing to hear, even at this date, the giddy waltz denounced with solemn thunders from an Anglican pulpit in the South, while the clergy of other denominations wage universal war against such innocent pastimes, with threats and arguments which do little credit either to their common sense or their perspicuity. There are even degrees of crime in this particular in the rural South that are worthy of remark. First, then, are the young ladies who are terrified into abjuring dancing altogether by the thunders of their Church. Next come those who will go out of the straight path so far as to perpetrate "a square." There are then a very large following — I am afraid the hopelessly insubordinate — who dance everything that comes, but in deference to local ideas of decorum abjure the familiar position of the gentleman's arm, and adopt, as a last protest, a compromise of crossing hands in front. Lastly, there has been, from recent friction with the outer world, an immense increase in the brazen young

ladies who insist, to the horror not only of their spiritual advisers, but of their more conservative kinsfolk, in waltzing as people waltz in New York, London, Paris, and every other centre of civilization.

The young lady in the South is still a "belle;" the young man is still a "beau." As a small but suggestive instance of the gradual assimilation to the outside world going on in the South, I may mention the difference in the appearance of the Southern rural "beau" when I first knew him and now. Then he wore a "full suit of broadcloth" with sweeping tails, an expansive shirt-front, long hair, a moustache and goatee often dyed black, a stiff-brimmed, wideawake hat, with a silk cord round it, and a pendent tassel. All that is changed now. The funereal, go-to-meeting garments are left to the very rustic, and the young clerk or student attires himself as nearly like his contemporary of New York and London as the advantages of location admit of. He has not yet shaken off many of his funny notions, and one of the drawbacks to introducing tennis successfully, I hear, into the country towns and districts, is his tradition that it is indecent to take off his coat before the ladies. America abounds in such fantastic pruderies, but the South revels in them. Athletic sports have never gained the faintest foothold. A few rowing clubs flourish feebly, but they flourish without the countenance of the older generation, many of whom look on such things as being connected vaguely with gambling, and at the best, being "ungenteel." There is no sort of sympathy for physical or muscular prowess as there is in the Northern States, except, perhaps, in connection with a horse. There is a kind of feeling that all such things are "undignified," for there is a strange passion for this vague distinction of dignity in the Southern character. The greatest compliment that an aspiring country-town clerk or sucking lawyer can have paid him by admiring young ladies is to be told he is dignified; he struts happily then, and cultivates at second hand, by the light of a limited experience and narrow education, what he fancies to be the grand air of the "old Virginian gentleman."

Something like a third of the population, and two-thirds of the white population, in the county I have spoken of were non-slaveholders before the war. Most of these belonged more or less to the *bonâ fide* "poor white" class, who lived apart in the mountain hollows, or on odd corners of thin land, that in a country where land was plentiful and cheap could always be had. Just above these, but with the vaguest of divisions, came the mechanics (so-called), overseers, and small farmers — without slaves, who were connected with, and merged imperceptibly into, the lower strata of the class that I have spoken of as "yeoman."

Without a particle of sympathy for slavery as an institution, one may yet state the bare, incontrovertible fact that the Virginia negro before the war was, as a general thing, a happy and well-cared-for being. He had no thought for the morrow; he was well fed, well clothed, attended in sickness with the best medical skill procurable, and nursed with almost the same care as his master's own family. So far as his understanding went he wanted for nothing. His work upon the whole was by no means excessive; time was allowed him to attend to his garden; presents of money even were frequent at Christmas, when he had several days' complete holiday, and enjoyed the best of all that was going. Other days in the year, too, were given up to merrymaking and enjoyment, as a matter of long usage, by the majority of masters, and no race ever knew better how to utilize such opportunities than the negro of the Southern States.

If the less that is said on the question of morality the better, yet as far as outward observance went, the form of marriage was a standing institution, and was celebrated with solemn pomp. It was a common thing for slaves belonging to different plantations to intermarry, and in such cases so many evenings a week were given to the man to visit his family, while the children always belonged to the owner of the woman.

Throughout the war the negroes behaved admirably. Great numbers were drafted for the Confederate works around Richmond and elsewhere. Some few joined the Federal armies, but the majority stayed at home, and formed all the support the women and children of both races had to look to during those terrible years.

Emancipation tried them sorely. Exaggerated ideas of freedom drove some from homes that under other circumstances they would have been loath to leave; while others refused to leave their old master even when he told them there were no dollars in the till to recompense their services. This same emancipation found them without surnames — a difficulty which was got over by their adopting

with some reluctance the names of the families to whom they had belonged. All this righted itself after a time, for it was natural that the freeman of Virginia should be less averse to labor than his brother of the extreme South or the West Indies, where a warmer climate made it easier to maintain life with a minimum of work, and where the recollections of serfdom were, upon the whole, far less pleasant. Since the war the Virginia negro, considering his training and traditions, has behaved himself well. A temperate climate has, we have already said, compelled him to work, and if he has done that work in a fashion peculiar to his race, he has, upon the whole, given fair satisfaction.

A few have bought small farms, though these have, as a general thing, been low-priced, and consequently indifferent, land. A frequent inability to pay cash for their purchases, and a system of deferred payments, has hampered many of such small proprietors with debt, and it is a question whether they are in as good a position as many of their landless brethren.

Others work as laborers, at wages varying from eight to twelve dollars a month, and rations of bacon and Indian corn meal.

The greater proportion, however, live as tenants upon estates, and inhabit, for the most part, fairly comfortable log or frame houses, with garden attached, and the right to cut firewood, with pasture for cow and pigs.

In some cases such tenants may own a pair of horses or mules, and have allotted to them so many fields, for which they pay a fixed money rent, or a share of the crop, varying from one-fourth to one-third. Usually, however, his landlord provides him with teams and implements, advances him rations for the year when necessary, and divides the crop evenly when sold.

The chief difficulty of this system, which to a great extent frees the negro from supervision and compulsion, lies in his unbusiness-like qualities, rather than in his deliberate idleness, and in the frequent holidays which his new-found independence thinks necessary to indulge in. Should Whit-Monday, for instance, or some other Church festival — the name of which conveys no meaning to the Ethiopian ear other than a time-honored jubilee — arrive in the middle of a critical period in the farm work, no matter how weedy the corn is, or how foul the tobacco land, money could not bribe the hitherto industrious darkey to forego his customary "fling."

The negro's dissipations almost always have a religious tendency; he hardly knows any other social joy but that which is in some way or other connected with the log church by the roadside, which he will work very hard to erect and to support. To analyze his religious feelings would be difficult, to determine the exact proportions of animal excitability and earnestness that constitute his piety would be as vain as to mock at his whole mode of worship would be flippant.

Religious excitement has the most marvellous power over the negro. He will go Sunday after Sunday to his church, and wait patiently, and to all appearance with perfect indifference to all religious influence, for that magic impulse, of which we know nothing, that impels him to seek the "mourner's bench," and lose for a time his sanity in wonderful convulsions. He will listen in absolute immobility day after day to the passionate thunders of his negro preacher, till on a sudden its echoes will strike him at the plough-tail, and drive him leaping and bounding all over the plantation, till he falls exhausted in his cabin, amid the sympathies of his fellows, a happy and converted man.

Against lying and stealing his creed inveighs, mildly, and without effect; but against dancing or planting a cabbage on Sunday, it devotes its denunciations with great success.

Again we must admit the negro does not swear nor drink, to speak of; nor is he much given to fighting or to serious dispute. He is neither rude nor arrogant, but is rather by nature civil, and generally ready to render any small service over and above his regular work that may be required of him.

As an agricultural laborer, a miner, or a factory hand, at the comparatively low wage which he receives, the negro is probably the cheapest labor in America. His want of industrial ambition and frugality is the most hopeless trait in his character. He will desert the farm where he is hired by the year at forty cents a day, for a mine or mill where he is hired by the day — but still, with the option of regular work — at a dollar, and yet the aggregate sum he earns will be no greater, and will be regulated by his simple wants, the difference in wage being made up by idleness and loss of time, and inability to save money that is paid him frequently and regularly.

Government schools for the colored population have been universally established throughout the South, presided

over by colored teachers, who, as regards Virginia, have for the most part received their education at Hampton College, an institution founded by Northern philanthropists soon after the war, for the benefit of negroes and Indians. The desire to learn among the children and young men and women is general, and up to a certain point they show great aptitude and quickness. It is as yet too early to predict what effect this will have upon the future of the race. From an outside and abstract point of view, common sense will naturally suggest but one effect, that of general elevation; but an intimate knowledge of the people and their circumstances, will make one shrink from unreserved acquiescence in what at first sight seems like a truism.

To begin with, the color line in social matters is not likely ever to be broken through. A gradually diminishing minority is not likely to wrest a privilege from a ruling and increasing majority, the concession of which that same majority now looks on as a calamity worse than death itself.

Any possible elevation, therefore, of the negro race must always be within certain restricted bounds. A certain amount of political place will be open to them, it is true, for years to come, but office without even the faintest pretence to social recognition amounts after all to very little, even if their best moral and intellectual representatives came to the front in such matters, which, after the fashion of their superior caste, they do not. It would be mere affectation in an Anglo-Saxon to regret that prejudicial barriers exist which secure his race against an infusion of negro blood. Nor whatever abstract laws of justice enthusiasts at a distance may lay down, is it conceivable that an American of English blood, with the welfare of his State and nation at heart, could hail as a sign of its progress and improvement, the participation of Africans in its government.

So as laborers, small farmers, factory hands, and so forth, it is more than probable the negro will remain, and it is a question not to be lightly dismissed, whether a limited education, the acquisition of which encourages that very irregularity in habits of labor which is their curse, is an altogether unmixed good.

A freemasonry, assuming almost the form of mutual terrorism, pervades the whole race. To detect crime, except such as threatens personal safety, through negro channels, is as hopeless an undertaking as it is to track agrarian crime through native sources in Ireland at this moment. Revenge of some kind in return for exposure is looked on by a would-be informer as more than likely. "A white man," they say, "don't know how mean black folk can be to one another." A dread of poisoning without, I think, much ground for such, is the commonest form which this mutual timidity takes. The negro, however, is full of fears, and has not the smallest shame in making them public. He is afraid to walk in the woods alone at night lest "a sperrit" should jump on him from behind. Every familiar spot is peopled after nightfall by his fancy with the spectres of the dead. The cry of the night owl from the forest is for him full of the most portentous omens, while sickness and misfortune he is ever ready to attribute to the spell of some evil eye.

The future of the women is far less hopeful even than that of the men. The older generation, from the habits of industry inculcated by slavery, are still more or less valuable as household servants, washerwomen, or housewives in their own cabins. The younger are as a mass utterly frivolous. The good qualities of the parents are not sustained, while the bad are exaggerated in the children. The latter are as immoral as the men of the same generation — less inclined to work, and less steady and efficient when they do work. Sufficient wages and constant employment are always within their reach. "Trifling" as they are, an established reputation for honesty, steadiness, and application would secure any of them high wages; but these ordinary virtues among the young negro women seem incompatible with the whole tenor of their lives. In the tobacco factories, it is true, they do more regular work, but these are open for very few months in the year, and the town life which they necessitate and after which the women hanker is more costly, not only in the matter of food and lodging, but in that of the excessive personal adornment which it encourages. That this class forms an exception to the otherwise very fair record of the negroes since the war, will, I think, hardly be disputed, though that they are the mothers of future generations of United States citizens is not a pleasing matter for contemplation.

Since the artificial connection between the two races was severed by the abolition of slavery they seem to have each fallen back within themselves, and left a yawn-

ing gulf between, across which it is not easy to imagine that even in their remotest future any bridge can stretch.

The independence of the free negro is not like the independence of the white laborer of the Northern States, who though he may talk about equality, and be barely civil to his superior, yet prides himself upon the reputation he has for skill and industry among the employing class, and regards that reputation as his stock in trade.

The negro on the other hand, in spite of the protestations that run smoothly from his glib tongue, does not as a rule care a straw for the good opinion of the white employing class, though his manner towards such is usually that of a servant to his master and his feelings anything but unfriendly. Of the bad opinion of his own race, however, he lives in pious dread, and the opinion of his own race is based upon a standard that can tend in no way to his advancement, but very much to the contrary.

The most curious side of all this is that there is no one more fond than the negro of enlarging on the duties and obligations of life. Neither is there any one, except perhaps the low-class Southern white, such an adept at blowing his own trumpet. It is quite a common thing to hear two negroes, whether men or women, whether in the corn-field or the kitchen, taking turns about in expatiating on their happy freedom from all those lamentable vices and weaknesses to which their less fortunate brethren are liable.

In spite of all these things, however, no spark of race hostility has ever disturbed the amicable relations that have existed between the Virginians and their former slaves since the war. In nothing has the general fairness of the white majority to the black minority been more displayed than in politics. The latter have voted year after year, in conjunction often with the illiterate whites and unprincipled adventurers in opposition to their employers, and have occasionally been by these tactics victorious on issues that have simply brought disgrace upon their State in the eyes of the world. I have never, however, heard of even an attempt at intimidation except among the negroes themselves, but have rather wondered at the sublime indifference with which educated and intelligent men watch the annual stampede to the polls of those who live upon their land, and who look to them in time of need for everything, but who give wholesale political submission to the dictation of men who very rarely even pretend to be respectable.

I am far from wishing to scoff at the tenacity with which the negro exercises his right to vote. On the contrary, his loyalty to the party that freed him would have an admirable aspect if it were intelligent and more individually spontaneous, and if it were not for the knowledge that his simplicity and ignorance were used as a catspaw by the unscrupulous and the adventurer.

Two-thirds of the black vote is cast in ignorance of even the names of the candidates. Just as they were taught to believe after the war in the "forty acres and the mule" canard, so now is the fiction that the victory of the Democratic party would once again rivet on them the chains of slavery industriously maintained. In the presidential elections their vote merely helps to swell the Republican majority and does no harm except in the opinion of the defeated Democracy. It is in State elections, where they form a tempting prey to any adventurer with an immoral platform and a small following, to turn the scale, that the mischief lies.

From The National Review.

A HAMPSHIRE TROUT.

THE art and mystery of fishing with a fly, like many another mystery, is not to be learned from books. It has an excellence and a beauty of its own which the true disciple gradually learns for himself, but which an outsider can neither understand nor appreciate; though the joys and pleasures of angling have been sung in many a happy strain since the days of honest old Izaak Walton. Byron, indeed — though he relished the coarser excitement of the cock-pit, or the slaughter of rats — has a hard word for all things piscatorial and all fishermen —

> And angling, too, that solitary vice,
> Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says.

And lackadaisical Leigh Hunt actually proposes that the father of all anglers should be hooked by the nose, and pulled up into cloud-land, that he might know the pangs of a captured fish. But in spite of all these and other hard sayings, and in spite even of ponderous old Sam Johnson's bitter *dictum* about a hook at one end of a line and a fool at the other, young and old, rich and poor, will go a-fishing as keenly as ever; and Wal-

ton's "Angler"—after running through more editions than any like popular handbook but "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress"—is now read by thousands of disciples where the quaint old fisherman rejoiced to find a score. His whole book is full of sunshine and air, the fragrance of flowery meadows, the sweet sounds of country life, the song of birds, the ripple of the stream. With no more fitting words than his can we turn to our immediate subject.

"The trout," says Walton, "is a right generous fish, feeding cleanly and purely in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and Hampshire, as I think, exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, and pleasant brooks, and good store of trout." Hampshire still deserves its good character as the land of bright waters, and a nourisher of a breed of trout which for strength, beauty, and pluck are not to be surpassed; and it is from the banks of a swift clear stream running into the Test that we shall first glance at them in their native element.

The river winds along through a quiet, lonely valley for the most part across broad, level water-meadows, but here and there creeping up to the foot of some swelling, chalky slope, the edge of which is fringed with overhanging alder-bushes or drooping willow. More rarely we meet with a clump of birch-trees or quivering poplar; but for the most part it is open country, and everywhere the stream is as bright and sparkling as crystal. It is worth a long day's fag only to stroll through such a goodly domain of fragrance and liquid sunshine. "The traveller," says C. Kingsley "(*piscatorum piscator*), fancies he has seen the country; so he has, the outside of it, at least; but only the angler sees the inside. He is face to face with flower, bird, and insect life of the rich river-banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has not interfered." In the course of a mile the stream may wind a dozen times, every curve and bend adding some fresh charm to the scene; and revealing a succession of deep, clear pools, and rich feeding-grounds for goodly fish. The odd thing is that after a fortnight of parching July weather the river seems full to the brim. This is the secret of the chalk stream, which is full nearly all the year round, and totally unlike the mountain or moorland brook, that for three weeks may be dry as a turnpike road, and then for a trio of days be a torrent of what looks like bottled porter. Nor is this all, for countless swarms of insects haunt the rich soil of the chalk stream; hence the food is rich and abundant, and the trout grows lusty and strong. And though at times he may seem to be dainty enough, and refuse every variety of diet which *Piscator* can offer; or, after dining heartily on green-drake, devote himself to a tiny iron-grey midge—just as an alderman may take a few whitebait after a course of turtle and juicy haunch—there is no doubt of his being rather a coarse and free liver. Scarcely a living thing is there which falls in a trout's way that he will not attack and swallow—if not too big for a mouthful—including even his own relations; so that when old Walton calls him a *generous* fish and a clean, it must not imply any refinement of palate, or nicety of living, but apply to him as it does to old wine or royal venison.

But let us stroll down to the river, and see what is going on in the broad pool below the hatch, through which the stream sparkles and dashes on in the open sunshine. It is a sultry July morning, and the dew still lingers here and there in beads of crystal on the long grass and sedge; but there is a bonny breeze springing up from the south, and with it come clouds and a promise of shade. We will jump over this little bubbling watercourse—running at right angles to the main stream—get down below the clump of alders, and stand at the foot of the long run. The pool is some forty yards long and about fifteen in width; gradually deepening from a few inches over the sandy shallow, up to four or five feet of dark-green water rushing under the wooden bridge. At the first glance up-stream, not a fish is visible; but luckily the sun, which has been shining fiercely down from the opposite side, just now drops behind a passing cloud, and as the shadow falls on the water, a map of the country below may be clearly seen. Eyes *used to such work* will easily make out the clumps of long, waving weed,* the outline of each narrow channel and bed of pebbles, as well as of

* Let Kingsley himself tell us what he saw when looking down, over a hoarding, into one of these very Hampshire pools: "It is like a tiny forest of fine, waving weed, all crowded with insect life. The floor is covered with small odds and ends of stick, some crusted with bits of fine gravel. Watch, and see them crawling and tumbling over each other. They are the larva-cases of the tribe of caperers; inside are goodly, fat grubs—delicate, rich eating. Does he eat case and all? Little doubt, for in spring-time he has a regular gizzard to digest them. Next come the larvæ of water-flies, green-drakes, black-alders, and a host of other dainties, and water-shrimps, all down below in the cold, bleak weather, when the big trout lie close, and feed heavily like aldermen."

many of the fish that are feeding. If you shade your eyes with your hand, and look steadily into the shallow five or six yards up, you will see half-a-dozen trout ranging from a quarter to a half a pound, a few feet apart, all watching keenly for any stray eatable that may chance that way. Higher up, near that tuft of sedge on the left, where the water runs deeper and swifter under the bank, are three other fish, heads up-stream, working steadily against the current, and looking at first as if motionless. Further out, two other larger ones are feeding, every now and then dashing to the surface, and, having swallowed some truant fly, dropping back to their old *habitat*. The larger one weighs at least two pounds; and as he rises, you may make out some of the crimson spots on his side, which glows like a bar of ruddy copper.* The strange thing is that, though many fish are feeding, scarcely a fly seems visible. But look again, and you will see, hovering over the surface of the water, little clouds of tiny midges, like motes in the sunbeam: it is at these the fish are rising; and if you take your eyes off the water for two minutes, you will lose sight of the midges altogether, and even of the trout themselves, which are of one color with the weed, sand, and stones about them.

But a sudden breeze springs up; the leaves of the willow and the poplar quiver and whiten, and the whole pool is covered with a sparkling ripple. In a moment, weeds and stones, shallows and swift stickles † and trout are all alike hidden; and *now* is your time to throw for the big fish. Line and collar have been soaking in the run below for the last ten minutes, and every kink is now fairly out. But take off the *quill-gnat*, and put on a *caperer*, of which you may see half-a-dozen buzzing to and fro over the swift water. They have been just blown off the long grass above the hatch, and are now zig-zagging over the rough water, little conscious of the hungry mouths that watch for them below. Once or twice in his gay flight one of them has unwisely touched the water; the next dip is fatal. His wings are too wet to permit of his rising quickly, and in a trice his fate is sealed. There is one swift dash in the ripple, a gurgling circle in the bright water, and all is over. Now is the time for Piscator. Never mind the half-pounders in the shallow, but, keeping well back from the bank, throw daintily some three or four feet above where the unlucky caperer came to grief. Let the fly come quietly down with the current, past the fatal spot. No sign of our friend as yet. Never mind, he is still there; and, if not hungry, yet breakfasting with a fair relish. Patience. Throw again; fifty times if need be; and every time with unruffled temper and equal care. The breeze freshens, and the ripple grows stronger; all the better for you. The line is carried out to its extreme length before it falls, but just as the fly reaches the water the wind gives it one little flick over in the ripple; there is a sudden splash, and you have him. Gently; shorten your line steadily, keep your rod well up, and bring him quietly down-stream into the shallow. There; now you have him well under command below the point of your rod; not, as you supposed, however, the two-pounder, but a fellow of about half his size, who was feeding a foot or two below his worship. It will take several minutes yet before he is exhausted; as you cannot afford to let him have the run of the pool and scare all his friends. Now he is in the net, turn him out on the grass, and admire the beauty of a well-made Hampshire trout. Back arched into a curve; small, compact head; belly and sides silvery white and grey, or yellow, spotted with brilliant crimson, grey, or black; and dorsal tail-fin of glowing red.

Aud now for the two-pounder. Wait for a minute or two and he may rise again. There he is! not a yard from his old place. Set to work, and make the caperer fall above him as lightly as a snow-flake. Fifty times in vain! Try fifty more. He is rising freely now, but unhappily not at your fly. He is perchance an old, crafty tyrant of the pool; and, up to all the mysteries of feathers and wool, has broken away from half-a-dozen anglers before to-day. Never mind; be patient. Well thrown! At last he has taken the fatal gulp, and as he turns away into his cool retreat give him a quiet turn of the wrist. He feels it in a second, and is off as hard as he can go to an old hiding-place, through the fierce rush of water among the weeds, close up to the woodwork of the bridge. If he once reaches that nook, the chances are fifty to one against Piscator; therefore check him quietly at once. Let him, if he likes, take an excursus to the opposite bank, where there is no drooping branch to touch the line, or bed of weeds for shel-

* This ruddy glow, visible in some trout, but altogether wanting in others, I cannot account for, unless it be a sign of lusty health and vigor.

† Devonshire for rough broken water.

ter. But wherever he goes, either with or against the current, make him pull out every inch of line he wants, and never suffer it to grow slack. Now he is grubbing under the opposite bank, where he must not linger too long, but be led steadily out down the stream. Once more he feels the hook, and is off to the top of the run; now, luckily for you, he rushes down stream, and, as you reel up your line in hot haste, leaps wildly into the air. Luckily, again, your rod is well down, and the line nearly taut, so that, the dangers of the leap being over, you can bring him out of the swift water into the quieter shallow. Here he must be fought by inches, but with good temper. One false move, one touch of impatience, or hasty strain, and you will be checkmated; the line will grow suddenly slack, and your crimson-spotted adversary will roll lazily over once or twice down the shallow into the next pool, there retire into a fastness of weeds, think over what has happened, and gradually recover his bewildered wits.

But you give him no such chance. Shorter and shorter grows the line, feebler becomes every effort, nearer he draws to the bank, and at last, brought smoothly up to the surface — with open mouth he turns over on his side, the net is slipped under him from behind, and in another moment he is on the grass; and if steelyard is to be relied on, two and a quarter pounds good weight. It has taken more than six minutes to kill him, and he has been full of pluck to the last.* Side by side with the other fish, you could scarcely believe that both came from the same river, or were of the same breed, though both are of the same shape and both in season. The black spots of the bigger fish are larger and more numerous, thickly scattered along the back and belly, while the basis of the coloring, so to speak, is of a tawny brown. On the smaller fish the red spots are sprinkled over the whole body, the belly is golden, there is a deeper fork to the tail, while the coloring inclines to a greenish, silvery black. The length of the heavier trout is about fifteen inches; of the other, a foot.†

Meanwhile it grows hotter and hotter. Let us rest a while under this tall poplar, and after a morsel of luncheon smoke the pipe of peace. As we look up the valley, and watch the golden haze as it shimmers and trembles in a faint cloud across the green meadow, with not a sound to be heard but the coo of the ringdove in the copse beyond the hatch, the light quiver of the aspen overhead, and the music of the stream hurrying onwards towards the silver Test, one might sit and dream here for golden days together. All the fag, worry, and care of life are forgotten. "For we anglers," says a master of the craft,* "are a peculiar people. We understand each other's thoughts by an intuition of which you know nothing. We cast our flies on many waters, where memories, facts, and fancies rise; we take them and show them, small or great, — and are content. Not that it is a mere dreaming; there is excitement enough, ripe and sudden. It's like searching for ancient treasures; no one knows what lies hidden under the surface. As far away as the days of Theocritus, the angler dreamed of his good luck, and of big fish; and woke up with a start at a sudden rise."

And as Charles Kingsley, himself the prince of Hampshire fishermen, says: "If he hasn't caught them, he might have caught them; he has been catching them in his imagination all the way; and there is no falser proverb than that devil's beatitude, 'Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.'"

But, all at once in the midst of our reverie, a sudden splashing is heard in the little stream behind us, where the back-water is not more than a foot deep. Is it a fish, or a frog? If you look, you will see the back-fin and tail of a trout above the surface, where he is hunting about for food. He winds in and out among the tufts of grass very cleverly, and is just paddling slowly up towards the clear water at the foot of the little wooden sluice-board. The pool is there about four feet square, and as many deep, shut in by steep banks, and on the third side by a sheet of dark wood which bars all further progress. Over this domain

* Forty years before this I was fishing in the valley of the Plym, a mile below Bickleigh bridge. Time, an August noonday; river, a thread of silver, and not a fish to be had. A sudden thunder-storm turned the Plym into a torrent of muddy foam. Off with flies; on with a big hook and a worm, cast idly into a deep under waterfall. A giant of 2 lbs. seized it, and raged up and down stream for *five-and-thirty* minutes. But we were two boys, without a landing-net and without skill, or any knowledge of a trout above 4 oz. He weighed 2 lbs.

† When cooked, the larger fish cut red like a salmon; the other white as a dace; hardly agreeing with old Walton's dictum as to color depending on difference of feeding-ground. "If I catch a trout," he says, "in one meadow, he shall be white and faint; in the next he shall be strong and red and lusty; oftentimes so that the very shape and enammelled color of him hath joyed me to look on."

* W. C. Prime, in his charming little book, "I go a Fishing."

he reigns supreme, devouring every truant creature that invades it. Long ago has every minnow, stickle-back, and troutlet perished; and he is often hard up for a dinner. Glance at him, from behind this pollard-willow; he is now sailing slowly round the crystal reservoir, and snapping up every stray fly and midge. You can trace him by his back-fin close up to the wood-work among the bubbles, where a thin stream of water makes its way through a crack into the pool. He has been a prisoner for the last six months, in fact ever since that wintry flood, when even the chalk stream must brim over with snow-water, the sluices have to be raised, and many a little trout is washed away among the meadow-grass. It will be curious to see the effect produced by such a change of *habitat*, and so limited a range of hunting-ground.

Put on, therefore, the smallest of quill-gnats, shorten your line to about ten feet, creep quietly up behind the willows, and throw as lightly as gossamer among the bubbles. If you *can*, make your fly strike against the wood-work, and then drop into the water. Ha! your quill-gnat has caught in a splinter of the wood, and holds fast. Still, — don't be in a hurry. One short jerk will set all to rights, when a hard pull would have snapped the collar. There, all is well, and at the very instant the fly touches the water it is seized on, and you are playing a good strong fish in a pool four feet wide. Don't give him an inch of line; and above all don't let him go for a second among the grassy roots. He fights hard to get there, for two minutes; but then you have him safe on the bank. And if you were surprised at the difference of outward show in your last two fish, you feel inclined to say of No. 3, —

Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.

He is, more or less, black all over. Back and belly are all dark; the red spots fewer, though brilliant; and the whole of the silvery side of a mellow brown — the exact tint of the wood-work and rich umber soil at the sides of the pool. He is strong, thick-set, and well-made, weighing just over a pound.*

And this leads us to a curious fact in the natural history of the trout — his power of acquiring an actual change of color, apparently by the exercise of some mere volition on his own part. "Put a living *black burn* trout," says Mr. St. John, "into a white basin of water, and in half an hour he will have become of a far lighter color. Keep him for some days in a good-sized jar lined with white, and he will become absolutely white. Put him into a dark vessel, and in the course of a day the white fish will have again changed his outward guise, and become black; as if by magic."*

Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.

However extraordinary this may seem, the truth of the facts may be easily corroborated.

The river Plym, which gives its name to the thriving town of Plymouth, is formed by the junction of two streams, the Meavy and the Cad, flowing down two separate moorland valleys, till they meet at the foot of Dewerstone,† below Shaugh bridge, and both full of trout. But though both streams rise in the same moorland, the soil of each valley entirely differs: the bed of the Meavy being fine gravel and pebbles; that of the Cad, dark, peaty bog earth, amid rocks covered with moss nearer black than green. The consequence of this difference is, as it were, two distinct kinds of fish, both of which may be caught in the same rapid below the bridge, perhaps within a yard or two of each other; one of a brilliant silvery white, starred with crimson, and the other of an olive or golden hue, as dark as a mulatto, the red spots being few and far between. Five miles below Shaugh bridge, the Plym flows at the foot of some steep hills, and specially the famous Cann quarry of pale blue slate, with fragments of which the bed of the stream is here lined. All along that reach the young trout obey the law of their being, and assume a garb of dark, greyish blue, like that of the salmon or grayling. But the fish are few and small, the diet being scanty and poor. By the time the stream has reached Plym bridge, it has become a goodly river, abounding in fish of a good size, and cutting red like a salmon. But in the large meadow, just below the bridge, is a deep pond, shut in by a thick fringe of trees. This was once the shaft of a copper or tin mine. The water is of a pale green, and the fish are of the same unhealthy complexion, and only to be caught by the wariest of anglers; trout with large, dropsical heads and greenish bodies.‡ Oddly enough, close by is an-

* This fish when cooked was firm, and of a good red color, but of a strong earthy flavor.

* St. John's Wild Sports.

† A fine old granite-covered Tor on the border of Dartmoor.

‡ "Not like the crocodile," says Walton, "who if he lives never so long, yet always thrives until his

other pool, which afforded one more proof of this chameleon tendency of the trout. It was in a little hollow, in which some recent flood had left a few scattered fish. One September evening, while passing this lonely pool, I took a cast at it. Instanter up came a fish. He was about as big as a pilchard, long and thin, and brown all over like a ripe filbert; for the pool was paved with ruddy autumn leaves; and the water being thus turned into a dye, had seized on its few speckled children and stained their pale faces like so many gipsies.

But we must hurry back into Hampshire. It is now hotter than ever, and the water seems brighter than crystal. But if, *well out of sight*, you look up the pool, you will make out that the trout are pretty much in their old places, and, though not steadily feeding, in a sort of siesta not precluding exertion if necessary. Look across the stream to that little bay where some cattle came down to drink ten minutes ago. It is still muddy where they stood, for an eddy in the curve prevents the water from being carried back into the main stream. Look sharply, and will see the back-fin of a large trout, foraging among the grassy roots in the shallow for such few caddis baits as have been stirred up by the kine. Out in mid-stream, hard by where the two-pounder fed only this morning, is another fish of the same size. He feeds near the same stone, haunts the same weeds, and, in fact, has succeeded his deceased friend in all the rights and privileges of sovereignty. The smaller fry treat him with deference and keep at a respectful distance. How the vacancy became known, or where the new sovereign came from, it is not for us to say. But *the king never dies*, and his right of succession will probably be obeyed, unless some roving three-pounder make his way up-stream and contest the seat with him. If so, the fight will be fierce.

How fierce the tug of war, let me tell in the words of one of the cleverest and kindest of Hampshire fishermen, who knows every pool and fish in this river. One morning, higher up the stream, he observed two large fish feeding near together, the one close to a lock, the other a dozen yards lower down. All at once, the latter began to move up into his rival's domain. His presence was at once detected, and felt to be *de trop;* symptoms of uneasiness were shown on both sides, by short, restless dartings from side to side. In another minute the fray had begun. "The trout," says T. B., "rushed at each other like a couple of bulls, striking heavy blows with the snout, and knocking each other about unmercifully." But neither fish would give in, and the end of it was that both of the combatants were lifted out in the keeper's landing-net, stunned, and all but dead. Whether they fought as a couple of rival chanticleers fight, for mere supremacy in the farm-yard, or in mere obedience to Mr. Darwin's theory of "the survival of the fittest," it is hard to say; but of the facts there can be no doubt. And to this instance of pugnacity, another can be added of a somewhat similar kind. A mile up the stream stands a mill, and above it a long stretch of deep water, too full of strong half-pound fish to admit of many larger ones. Late one evening a big fish had been hooked, and after many vagaries was at last *in extremis*, and drawing near the bank, when suddenly sailed up a *causa teterrima belli*, in the shape of a huge, black-looking trout, who hovered close to his expiring friend (or foe?), and, as if in utter bewilderment, rushed at him, bit him, and drove him to the extreme surface. So close were the two together at one time, that had a friend been with the angler — who held rod in one hand, and net in the other — both fish might have been dipped out at once. As it was, the big bully forced the other in his terror to leap about until he broke away, and both calmly sailed down stream together. Similar cases occurred more than once in that very milldam; but whether curiosity, rivalry, sympathy, or sheer amazement was at the root of the strange episode, it is impossible to say.

But, while wandering thus far a-field, evening has been coming on. The wind has grown gusty; piles of grey cloud cover the western sky, myriads of flies are abroad, and over the river; caperers, black gnats, whirling duns, and black-alders. *But where are the fish?* Just at the very time one would expect them to be busiest at the top of the water, not a trout is to be seen, except in the broad shallows where small fry are dimpling the stream with shining circles. Here, again, is a mystery. The hours at which trout feed seem altogether arbitrary, or to depend on laws unknown to Piscator. At one moment, far and wide up and down stream not a rise is visible, but in ten minutes the whole surface will be alive with fish.

death. Not so trout; for after he comes to full growth he declines in body, and keeps his bigness or thrives only in his head, — till he be dead."

This may last for twenty minutes, or for twice fifty, and then the feast all at once ends, though the table is still loaded with viands; time and tide are both fair, and the music of the evening breeze, and a score of dainty songsters among the trees, conspire to give the guests an appetite. Since about 3 P.M. this afternoon few trout have been on the move, and now there is a dead lull. Hasten up to the broad ford below the mill-bridge, and see what is going on where the river runs over a broad sheet of gravel. The clouds grow darker and thicker, and there is a heavy shower drifting up. Here come its first drops. Draw out half-a-dozen yards of line, and throw boldly out into mid-stream in the deeper water at the tail of the ford; stick your rod into the turf at an angle of 45°, and let your flies take their chance. It is raining heavily now, so heavily that most of the flies are driven ashore, or sent water-logged down stream; but if you peer keenly down the reach, you may still see some fish at work. Come back to the elm-tree for shelter; here, close to the hedge, and keep watch for ten minutes. Never mind the beetle, as you call it, on your neck. It is only a cock-chafer; throw him smartly into the still water by the side of the eddy, and see what becomes of him. He tries very hard to rise again, but his wings are too thoroughly clogged with wet, and so he drifts slowly along in the back-water, making little splashes which grow feebler every moment. Two fish have been at him already, but given him up as tough and unmanageable, and now a third carries him actually down for a second or so. Yet he struggles up into dismal vitality once more, and has just got into deeper water, when a greedy half-pounder's jaws snap upon him with a splash; in the midst of which, however, is heard a far pleasanter sound. It is the loud whizz of your reel, spinning swiftly round at the resistance of a good, strong fish. In the midst of the rain he was roving to and fro, foraging for whatever might fall in his way, when he suddenly fell in with your flies, seven or eight inches under water, swaying idly about, as any drowned couple might do. At first sight they attracted little notice, but a second offer of "the *governor*" was too tempting. Having hastily swallowed it, and found it not exactly to his liking, the trout dashed away to the other side of the river, at a loss to understand what the strange sensation in his lower jaw could mean. Run down, therefore, and, in spite of the rain, bring him to his senses; then to the shore across this pebbly beach. But don't hurry; he is a good fish, the strong current is dead against you, and the trees forbid your going any lower down stream. There — now you have him; he weighs some eighteen or twenty ounces, and is as handsome a fish as you will see to-night.

But the shower is over at last; the air seems sweeter and fresher than ever; the lark is singing her evening song high up towards the blue sky; the sand-martins and swallows are busily skimming across the meadow and over shining river, beyond which the light has just caught the spire of the village church and turned its shifting vane into a flash of gold. As we stroll back to the broad curve of the river below the hatch, let me tell you what once happened to a mighty angler * here in this very meadow, below the clump of pollard-willows. He tells the story as if of somebody else.

"I saw," he says, "the other day, a fish hooked cleverly enough by throwing to an inch where he ought to have been, and where indeed he was; and from the only place possible for such a cast. The moment he felt the hook, out of the water he came, head and tail, with a fair side showing clearly two pounds weight; and then? Instead of running away from the fisherman, he came straight at him, — and for the best of reasons. Between man and fish were ten yards of shallow, and then a bank of weeds in which was his house and home. For that weedy bank the spotted monarch made a dead set, knowing that once there he could drag himself clean of the hook. What was to be done? Take him down-stream through weed? Alas! on the man's left hand was an old pollard, stretching out over the water, barring all way. Jump in and run round? Alas! he had rather to run back, for fear of a loose line; so fast was the fish coming, without a moment to wind up. Safe into the weeds dashes the trout; then poor Piscator, finding the fish stop, plunges in mid-leg deep, and staggers up to the weeds, hoping to get all right. There he finds his dropper fast in the weeds, and the tail fly — just now in the fish's mouth — floating idly down stream, in the depths! *Quid plura?* Draw a veil over that man's return to the shore."

We will; and here we are at the broad pool, which five or six hours ago was a molten sheet of glass; but now, one of dark ripple. Creep to the bottom of the run, keeping well back, and look up the stream. Four or five fish are feeding

* C. Kingsley.

well, — some to be had if you go to work rightly. Take the lowest down, near the bank. Two throws settle *him*. Both were awkwardly managed; and that one splash made by your collar getting twisted in the wind sent him flying across the stream at such a pace as to scare No. 2; and both are now safe under the opposite bank. No. 3 is still feeding steadily on this side, within a yard of the shore. *You cannot see him?* Close to the end of that waving weed, mark the little dimpling circles which follow each other in rapid succession. The nose of the trout is just an inch or two below, and he is rising a dozen times in a minute, it would be hard to say at what. Throw cleverly a yard above him, and he is yours. At the third throw you hook him. Lead him gently down, *close to the bank*, in the same narrow channel; and before he is at all aware of what is going to happen, your friend slips the net under him from below, and dips him out on to the grassy bank. Not once in fifty times can a pound fish be thus despatched.

The last gleam of a fiery sunset is now falling on the winding river, and the alder-bushes on the opposite bank are all aflame. High above us is sailing a long, broken string of rooks heavily winging their way home to the belt of tall elms; the swallows are still busy over the stream; and the lonely cry of the corn-crake dies away on the hillside, where some swarthy reapers are still at work.

Our pleasant day by the clear water is ended, though we might have added fresh hours to it among the trout in a score of other quiet valleys, from the shore of Loch Lomond as far west as a little brook that falls into the sea near the Lizard, among the rocky streams of Dartmoor, by the Box Brook near Bath, the winding Avon under Hungerford Farleigh, the wooded slopes of the Tavy, the green meadows of the Exe, the swift waters in Bickleigh Vale, or the silent deeps of the Yealm where she meets the sea. For in all these have we found many hours of happy wandering in sun and shade, fresh air, content, and goodly trout, where care is forgotten and the battle of life for a time is stayed. No wonder, therefore, that such days have attracted men of all ages, ranks, and professions. No wonder that when that most potential of archdeacons and senior of wranglers, Paley, was asked by his bishop when a certain erudite treatise would be ready for the press, he replied, "*As soon, my lord, as the fly-fishing season is over.*" No wonder that Christopher North, giant and magician of the Lakes, up to the last of fourscore years, was found busy at the burnside, though no longer able to see to tie his own flies; or that Horatio Nelson, after losing one eye and his right arm for his country, taught himself to fish with his left, and killed many a gallant trout in the Wandle.* There, too, and in the Colne, fished sage Sir Humphrey Davy, and light-hearted Gay the poet. These, and a host of others, warriors, statesmen, and fishers of men, poets, men of business, science, or philosophy, have sought out and found the pleasures of fly-fishing. For the true fisher does more than learn to kill trout, or even watch the shining waters. "By the side of a pleasant river," says cheerful Charles Cotton, "thou art otherwise pursuing thy recreation. For the gliding of waters, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, the view of delightful prospects, and the various occupations of rural life, shall dispose thee to quiet reflection; while the beauties of nature, the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty in caring for all his creatures, the order and course of his providence, the rewards of a good life, and the certainty of thine end be thy subjects of meditation."

"Atte the least," says Dame Juliana Berners (some two centuries earlier), "the angler hath his wholesome walke, and is mery at his ease; he hath a swete aiyre of the swete savoure of the meede flowers that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodious armoury of fowles, swannes, duckes and cotes; surely thenne no man is merier in his spryte than he." †

Say a cheery good-night, therefore, to the passing reapers; and then, in no more fitting words, or a daintier bit of modern Latin, can we take a parting glance at the "pleasant river:" —

Hic
Nulla vox montani fluminis
Numerus nullus Aquarum
Talis qualis est
Illic
Ubi in ripis sacris jucunditate
Perenni quiescunt quorum
In Memoriam almam scriptum
Est hoc volumen.
Vale.‡

The ruddy glow of sunset has faded out of the sky, and a soft mist is creeping over the meadows, as we make our way stoutly up the valley. After ten hours

* In Merton Church, close to the Wandle, still hangs the hatchment of Lord Nelson, who once lived at Merton Grove, and often attended the church, and fished hard by, as a boy.

† On Fyshing. By Dame Juliana Berners. Printed by Caxton, 1486.

‡ I go a-Fishing. By W. C. Prime.

thus healthily spent in the fresh air, the prospect of supper at the roadside inn is not an unpleasant one.

Hark! as we gain the brow of the hill, the lonely village tower tells nine o' the clock, and, as the sound dies away, far off may be heard the faint music of rushing waters hurrying down to join the silver Test, on its way to the distant sea.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

HEINE'S REMINISCENCES OF HIS FATHER.

WE learn from the continuation of the memoirs in the *Gartenlaube* that Heine was well aware of the influence exerted on his destinies by his bandit relative, Simon de Geldern. For about a year after becoming acquainted with the family traditions concerning his Oriental great-uncle, he lived a kind of dream-life, in which reality mingled with fancy, and in his excited imagination he identified himself with his adventurous uncle. "In my dreams I met people in strange garments of striking colors; their faces wore a weird expression, and looking at them I had the feeling which overcomes us on remembering the love or hatred of former days. I understood their language, which I had never heard before, . . . and I said things of which I had not the slightest idea." For about a year this condition lasted, then it was shaken off, but traces of it remained in the soul of the boy. "Many an idiosyncracy, many a fatal sympathy and antipathy, perhaps contrasting with my own nature — nay, even many a deed contrasting with my thought — I explain as the consequences of that dream-life when I was my own great-uncle." Philosophizing on his relations to this uncle, Heine indulges in a general contemplation on the relations of human beings to each other, contrasts the philanthropic Mosaic with the egotistic Roman law, and then returns to his reminiscences. It has often been brought against Heine — as years before it was against Goethe — that he dwelt too much on his relations of a higher social class, and was silent about the rest. His explanation of this fact is amusing as well as characteristic. Speaking of his father's relations, he says: "The reason (for not mentioning them) is very simple. I never knew much about them. . . . My father himself was a quiet man, and did not care to tell me old stories. Only once when I was a small boy I asked a question about his father. Half laughingly, half angrily, he answered, 'Your grandfather was a little Jew, and had a long beard.' Next day, when I came into the large convent schoolroom where my little comrades were already assembled, I hastened to tell them the important news which my father had told me — that my grandfather had been a little Jew with a long beard. Scarcely had I made this communication when all over the room it was repeated in all possible keys, accompanied by the imitation of animal voices. The children jumped over the desks, tore the blackboards from the walls, spilt the ink, upset the chairs, laughed, crowed, neighed, barked, and grunted — the refrain always being the grandfather, a little Jew with a big beard. The entrance of the master stopped the noise, the culprit who had raised the rebellion was soon found out, and received a sound whipping in return for his interesting communication. It was the first whipping I ever got, and on that first occasion I made the philosophic observation that God, who created whippings, had in his great wisdom ordered that the whipper should in the end get tired, otherwise whipping would become unbearable. The stick I was whipped with was a yellow cane, but the marks it left on my back were dark blue." It is not difficult to understand that, as his first communication concerning his paternal grandfather was received with so little favor, Heine should in future have thought it wiser to be silent on that and similar subjects.

The little Jew, however, must have had some other good qualities beside his long beard, for a wealthy Hamburg banker gave him his only daughter, a great beauty, in marriage. Both grandfather and grandmother died early, and of their children two inherited their mother's beauty — Heine's father and uncle. The beauty of the former was rather of a feminine type, but the latter was one in whom manly beauty and strength of character were combined. He, his wife, and his children, "a cluster of lovely human flowers," all died in their youth, and when he remembers them, Heine has to make his fool's bells ring to banish sad thoughts. The father, whose remark on the characteristics of his ancestor earned for Heinrich Heine his first whipping, wore a solemn look. Every movement was slow and measured, and every feature of his face seemed to indicate the deep thinker and philosopher. But this was only the superficial aspect, for he was neither a Thales nor a Lampsacus brooding over problems of the origin of things. The

gravity was not borrowed, but it reminded one of those antique bas-reliefs where a frolicsome child hides its face behind a tragic mask. He was in reality but an overgrown child; but he felt with his moral antennæ what the wise could only understand by slow degrees. He thought less with his head than with his heart, and had the most amiable heart that could be imagined. His voice, too, was pleasant, and to his excellent German his famous son owes the perfect purity of his language, which indeed can hardly be surpassed. To say that Heine the elder had a rather feminine face is perhaps going too far. He was handsome, but, as seen from a portrait, he would have shone as an ideal of the rococo shepherd, with queue and powdered hair, which, in the face of changing fashion, he wore to his life's end. This light-hearted father, whom his son describes as endowed with boundless vitality, a joyous temper, full of gladness and mirth, forgetting the troubles of yesterday and unmindful of those to come, had been in his youthful days the *protégé* of Prince Ernest of Cumberland. He had been in the suite of the prince at the beginning of the French Revolution. When, after his marriage, he settled down as a merchant at Dusseldorf, he brought with him, much to the annoyance of Mme. Heine, his wife, twelve thoroughbred horses. They were sold at the request of the lady, but to get rid of a disreputable groom, who invited every tramp to a game of cards in the stables, was more than even young Mme. Heine could accomplish. The groom went away at last of his own accord, and with him went his master's gold watch and other pieces of jewellery. Of all the hounds only old hypocritical Joey was allowed to stay, until he became "a travelling barrack for fleas," and then he was drowned. To this time of military life Heinrich Heine traces back his father's love for soldiers and their uniform. Long after he had become a sedate citizen he entered the civil militia, wore the dark blue uniform with the light blue velvet cuffs and collar, and marched with a glad heart past the window where his wife blushingly received the salutations of her husband and his men. Valorously, too, he took the lead as commanding officer of the main guard, which assembled every night to protect the town. Fortunately, the protector's services were not put to the test, otherwise it might have been discovered that the chief work done by the soldiers and their laughing chief was to empty as many bottles of Rüdesheimer, provided by the commanding officer, as they could drink. This weakness, however, did not degenerate into drunkenness, and in speaking of the memory of his kind father, the poet puts aside both ridicule and cynicism, and with something of the father's own childish simplicity mourns over him in these touching words: —

He was of all human beings the one whom I loved most on earth. He has now been dead for more than twenty-five years. I never thought that I should ever lose him, and even now I can hardly believe that I have lost him. It is so difficult to believe that those are dead whom we have loved so dearly. Neither are they dead; they live on and have their dwelling place in our souls. Since then, no night has passed that I have not thought of my father, and when I wake in the morning I fancy I hear the sound of his voice, as the echo of a dream. Then I have the feeling as if I must quickly dress and hurry down into the large room, as I did when a boy. My father used to get up very early, and all the year round I found him at his desk, whence, without looking up, he gave me his hand to kiss — a beautiful, elegant hand, which he used to wash in almond water. I see it still, with every little blue vein on the marble-white hand. I smell the scent of almonds, and tears start to my eyes. Sometimes my father took me between his knees and kissed my forehead. One morning he embraced me with more than usual tenderness, saying, "I had a beautiful dream about you, and I am very pleased with you, my dear Harry." While he said these simple words a smile came over his face which seemed to say, "However badly behaved Harry may be in reality, I will always dream pleasant dreams about him in order to love him without any regret."

From The Economist.

THE REMOVAL OF THE POPE FROM ROME.

THE Italian courts have recently decided that the property of the Propaganda is not a fund within the control of the papacy exclusively, but an ecclesiastical property, to be held by its trustees in obedience to the laws of the Italian kingdom. The college, as we understand the decision, is not threatened with confiscation, or with any serious interference, but it is declared to be Italian, and not exclusively papal, and consequently subject not only to the existing, but to future Italian laws. This decision, against which there is no appeal, except to the Catholic powers of Europe — which are not likely in the existing condition of affairs to threaten Italy — has created profound irritation in the Vatican, where it is regarded either as a gratuitous insult, or as a first step towards

the assertion of the right of Italy to control the whole material organization of the Catholic Church, except, perhaps, the person of the pope. Leo XIII., though a philosopher, and a man in many respects of singular moderation, has been quite moved out of himself, and has not only declared that his spiritual liberty is interfered with, the wealth of the college being devoted to strictly spiritual work, but has even revived the old project of removing the holy chair from Rome. For a few days it was currently believed that he would execute this threat, and although he has since cooled down, and has suppressed in the public report of his allocution the menace which, when orally delivered, it contained, it is evident the advisability of removal has been once more gravely considered. It is worth while, therefore, to consider a possibility which, if it were realized, would greatly change the appearance of affairs in Europe, and probably modify the relation of all Catholic States to each other.

The pope's threat of quitting Rome, though derided by most politicians, is not altogether an empty one. The demand of the papacy for an earthly sovereignty is not so ridiculous as it appears to many Protestants. Only a sovereign can be independent of laws, and the essential claim of the papacy is that it is above human legislation, and that the pope, as vicegerent of Christ, has the right to act in all spiritual things, and, therefore, in all worldly things affecting spiritual interests, as one exempt from any human control. The Holy See must, moreover, not only be independent, but must seem to be so, as otherwise its decisions, held by all Catholics to be supremely important, might appear to be given under constraint, and an excuse be thereby given for disobedience or schism. The pope, therefore, cannot submit to be a subject, and contingencies are quite possible in which an Italian government, possibly radical in sentiment, would treat him as one, and thus compel him either to sacrifice rights which his Church considers sacred, or to find a new and more secure asylum. There is little chance, it is true, that any Italian government in our time will take any such step, for that government, besides being Catholic itself, has no wish to arouse a fanatic dislike in Catholic Europe, and no desire that the centre of the Catholic Church should cease to be located in Italy, and subject to Italian influences. Still the contingency is possible, and it is not wise to treat menaces of retirement as only empty threats, which cannot be carried out under any circumstances. They might be carried out whenever the "Vatican" — that is, the whole of the corporation included in that word — thought it expedient, and they would be carried out if the pope's "liberty" were seriously menaced — that is, for instance, if he were treated as a person bound in any way to obey Italian laws. He could not be so bound without the entire loss of his special position, and he would, we may rely on it, quit Italy at once.

Nevertheless, it may, we think, be believed that the departure of the pope from Rome is exceedingly improbable. The Italian government is the last in the world to take any imprudent step, even if it had, which it has not, any motive impelling it to do so; and though the pope might, if hurt in his pride, take one, the reasons impelling him to caution are most weighty. In the first place, his Church is the "Roman" Catholic, and inherits from its position in the capital of the ancient world a tradition of high value, which removal might dangerously impair. No other and more modern seat could stir so little the jealousy of the nations, or seem to them so natural to a power which, unless it is universal, and as between peoples absolutely impartial, has no reason for existence. The world has been accustomed to consider Rome its first city, till no other city advances pretensions against it, and Spanish Catholics and French Catholics yield to the claims of an Italian potentate without a grudge, because, though Italian, he is also Roman. The loss of the charm inherent in the word Rome would be great, and could hardly be compensated by any probable gain in independence. Where could the pope go to be truly independent? Austria is suggested, but the Austrian government, though it would accord to the pope all the privileges of an ambassador, and exempt his dwelling from the laws, would hardly cede him a territory in full sovereignty, and would, if it ever pressed him, press much more strongly than Italy could ever do. Malta has been mentioned, but the British government, though it would offer an asylum to the pope, as to any other deposed sovereign, could not, and would not, release his whole *entourage* from the laws, or ask the pope's sanction if it were needful to prosecute one of his followers for an assault. The Spanish government has offered him Ivica, the smallest of the Balearic Isles, as a dominion, but an island is inconvenient as the centre of a universal Church, and the pope would re-

quire a Spanish guard to maintain his authority, which guard would cause Europe to regard him as, in some sense, a vassal of Spain. Monaco has also been suggested; but though the pope might, with the help of the Catholic powers, acquire that principality by purchase, might reign there in independence, and might even, amid the most beautiful scenery in the world, built a new Vatican and a new St. Peter's, he would never be safe from danger on the French side. France might at any moment be in the hands of men who would like nothing better than to insist on "guarding" him, and Germany would hardly risk war to protect his independence. No other place is even suggested as possible, and in none of those mentioned, except possibly Monaco, would the pope be more independent than he is now, while in any one of them he would be deprived of the traditional charm and authority which attaches to the word Rome. The world would not instinctively respect Ivica, or Malta, or Monaco, or the Styrian monastery which would be offered by the Austrian court.

Moreover, there is more to think of than the pope. He is the head of a great organization, as large and important as most governments, divided into many departments, each of them with business which is world-wide. These departments are all administered by gentlemen who are either Italian by birth and training, or have become Italian by long residence in Rome. Many of them scarcely speak any other language than Italian. All of them would feel when once removed from Italy unhappy exiles, knowing nothing of things about them, and hardly knowing themselves. They could not carry away their buildings, and hardly their subordinates, who are as closely linked to Rome by a thousand ties as they are themselves. They would lose at once the sense of habitude, and with it much of their self-confidence and serenity, while new and foreign influences, possibly hostile influences, would press upon them from every side. It was said during the last election to the chair that the choice of a foreign cardinal would, for a time at least, almost paralyze the papacy, so impossible would it be for a foreign pope to sympathize with or understand cardinals, prelates, and secretaries of departments all saturated with Roman feeling and Roman tradition, and the risk of dislocation involved in the transfer of the see to any non-Roman place would be little less violent. We may be sure that the Curia will never voluntarily quit Rome; and though the pope is in theory despotic, and in practice, when resolved, is the final referee, he is of all sovereigns the one who can least readily offend his counsellors, break with etiquette, or disregard the large body of traditions which make up so much of the working "system" of the Roman court. We do not believe it would be easier to move the capital of the Catholic Church than to move any other capital, and that has been proved throughout history to be the most difficult of undertakings. In modern times, only one capital has been shifted, and the present generation may yet witness the abandonment of St. Petersburg, and the restoration of the Russian dynasty to its ancient centre of action. The pope may be ready to quit Rome, but the papacy is essentially Roman, and will not, we may be sure, be moved, except under the pressure of a danger of which there is as yet no sign.

From Chambers' Journal.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

THE manor of Hampstead was given by Edward the Confessor to the monks of Westminster; and subsequent monarchs conferred on them the neighboring manors of Belsize and Hendon. It was at Hendon Manor House that Cardinal Wolsey made his first halt when journeying from Richmond to York after his disgrace. At that time, however, Hampstead itself had no great claim to notice, its inhabitants being, we are told, chiefly washerwomen, whose services were in great demand among the inhabitants of London. That this peaceful if humble occupation could be carried on, proves at least that the wolves which, according to Dame Juliana Berners's "Boke of St. Albans," abounded among the northern heights of London in the fifteenth century, had been exterminated by the end of the sixteenth. The wild-boar lingered longer; and so late as 1772, we hear of the hunting of a deer in Belsize Park. This, however, can scarcely be regarded as genuine sport, as it is advertised to take place among other amusements intended to allure visitors to Belsize House, which had been opened as a pleasure-house by an energetic individual of the name of Howell. He describes in his advertisement all the attractions of the place, and promises for the protection of visitors that "twelve stout fellows, completely armed, will patrol between Belsize and London." Early in the eighteenth century chalybeate wells were discovered

at Hampstead, and as they were recommended by several physicians, the hitherto quiet village became a fashionable and dissipated watering-place. Idle London flocked there: youths who were delighted to show their finery in a new place; girls who were young enough to delight in the prospect of dancing all night; gamblers of both sexes; wits and fops. They danced, lost their money at cards and dice, talked scandal of each other, and drank of the chalybeate well, which Sam Weller has characterized for all generations as "water with a taste of warm flat-irons," till Hampstead lost its novelty, and the company went elsewhere to go through the same programme. Among the crowd of nonentities that frequent the Hampstead Wells there is one notable figure, that of Richard Steele. In 1712 Steele retired from London to a small house on Haverstock Hill, on the road to Hampstead. Here, doubless, his friend and fellow-laborer Addison visited him; and the two would find in the humors and follies of the company at the Wells material for the next number of "The Tatler," the publication of which had now been going on for three years. Let us picture the two friends passing together through the gay company. Steele, radiant, we may be sure, in gay apparel, seizing at once on the humorous charac teristics of the scene; while Addison would tone down his companion's exuberant fancy, and draw his own thoughtful moralizings from the follies he witnessed. On summer evenings they would walk on the Heath, and admire the view across the swelling green slopes to the town of Harrow, where one day was to be educated my Lord Byron, a young gentleman who would win greater fame as a poet than even Addison's acquaintance — a *protégé* to begin with, an enemy at last — the lame Catholic gentleman, Mr. Alexander Pope. Thirty years later the figure of another literary man was to be seen at Hampstead. Not so gorgeous as Dick, not so precise as Addison, is slovenly, tea-drinking, long-worded Samuel Johnson; but he is their legitimate successor, nevertheless. He, too, is a man of letters, living by the produce of his pen, and appealing for support to the public, and not to the kindness or charity of private patrons. Indeed, he scorns such condescending patronage, as a certain stinging letter to Lord Chesterfield remains to testify. In 1748, Mrs. Johnson, for the sake of the country air, took lodgings at Hampstead; and there her husband wrote his satire, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Johnson did not spend all his time at Hampstead, for he was obliged to return and drudge in smoky London in order to provide for her comfort. Boswell tells us that "she indulged in country air and good living at an unsuitable expense; and she by no means treated her husband with that complacency which is the most engaging quality in a wife." Yet Johnson loved faithfully and mourned sincerely the querulous, exacting woman, a quarter of a century older than himself, and cherished an undoubted belief in her beauty; while all save him perceived that if she had ever possessed any — which they doubted — it had long disappeared. Early in this century, the year after Waterloo was fought, Hampstead was familiar with the forms of three men to whom life gave only scorn, insult, and disappointment, yet whose memory lingers about it and makes it hallowed ground. In 1816 Leigh Hunt lived at Hampstead in a part called the Vale of Health; and there Keats, who lodged in the village, and Shelley, were his frequent visitors. Each of the three was more or less a martyr. For the crime of describing the prince regent — whose memory as George IV. is not highly honored — as an "Adonis of fifty," Hunt was thrown into prison; while the political reviews and journals abused his graceful poems and scholarly essays as if they had been firebrands, to extinguish which every exertion must be made. They succeeded in torturing him, in reducing him to poverty and dependence, but they did not succeed in changing Leigh Hunt's convictions. He would not bow down to the Adonis of fifty. Shelley was rather a visitor than a resident at Hampstead Heath; but Keats composed not a few of his poems here. The sorrows of his sorrowful life had not yet reached their climax in 1816. Already he was struggling with poverty, disease, and hopeless, passionate love; but he had not yet published those poems which were to rouse such wrath in the bosoms of a few critics, and such delight in thousands of readers. But at Hampstead most of them were written. Here he breathed life into the long-dead myth of Endymion, surrounding it with such a wealth of description as seems scarcely possible to a youth of such limited experience. Can commonplace Hampstead Heath, the chosen resort of Bank Holiday excursionists, be the prototype of that Grecian valley where the goddess of night stooped to kiss Endymion? Here was written the sad story of "The Pot of Basil," and the legend of "The Eve of St. Agnes;" here, in 1819, was com-

posed that most exquisite "Ode to a Nightingale," which, even were it his only production, might place Keats among our greater poets.

From The British Trade Journal.

THE TRADE IN MODERN ANTIQUITIES.

ONE of the chief delights of Continental travel, as every person of experience will admit, is the unlimited opportunities it affords for buying antiquities. The statuary, the coins, and the pictures that may be purchased in Italy are a source of never-failing interest to English travellers and of never-failing profit to Italian dealers. Andalusia, again, is a huge curiosity shop. Being once upon a time in Seville, we came across a retired British grocer or tailor, or something of that kind, who had just purchased a Madonna and Child — unhappily unsigned — which he had picked up for a few pounds in a dingy back street. He was going to send it to the Exhibition of Old Masters, and, if he ever did so, he probably found that it was worth only a pound or thirty shillings at the outside. It is the same, indeed, throughout Spain. The altar-cloths, the broken fans, the inlaid tables and cabinets, as resplendent as anything in the convent of the Cartufle at Granada, the wonderful chairs, and the still more extraordinary scraps of ancient lace, upon which all who have ever travelled in Spain have spent much money — these abound from Malaga to Irun, and naturally one is inclined to speculate a little on the odd circumstance that the supply is more abundant than ever, although the demand is fairly brisk. Tangiers is, we should say, a hotbed of modern antiquities, and even Mr. Chamberlain bought some of them when he was over there a year or so ago. He ought to have known something about this class of goods, being a Birmingham man, but the childlike faith of the president of the Board of Trade in all things ancient is notorious. America, oddly enough, has taken to this business of manufacturing the antique Dutch cabinets that, with bronze panels, dingy and marked with the cracks of fictitious centuries, are turned out every day from Chicago furniture stores, and for some purposes they are quite as useful as if they had indeed belonged to some departed burgher in the dead cities of the Zuyder-Zee. New York experts in this sort of forgery make a specialty of Queen Anne chairs and tables, and the imitation is so perfect as to deceive all but those who have studied such things minutely in Europe. The explorer of furniture stores may come upon magnificent specimens of English Gothic chamber pieces or ancient looking Chippendale and Sheraton chairs, which might have belonged to Queen Elizabeth but for the fact that they did not. It must be puzzling at first to discover in New York shops stamped leather chairs of the time of Louis Treize, plentifully ornamented with brass nails whose heads are fully an inch in diameter, and the citizens of that enterprising city are invited to become the happy possessors of as many of these treasures as they like on ridiculously low terms. If, however, the explorer is inquisitive, and the furniture vendors are in a tolerably candid mood, the visitor may be conducted into some backyard where these gems of high art are produced. A Queen Anne's chair just made can, for instance, be supplied with worm-holes by the simple process of tilting it bottom side up and firing a charge of pigeon shot into the bottom and front of the seat. Old armor, too, is a good line in this business, the drawings required for the purpose being made from the collection in the Grand Opera House, in Paris. It is said that Birmingham knows something about this branch of the trade, and that helmets, shields, casques, breast-plates, and complete suits of mail are regularly manufactured for the gratification of credulous oil speculators and retired pill manufacturers. If a man starts a lot of ancestors he likes to have dummies of them in his hall rigged in their mediæval ironmongery. If Birmingham did not gratify him, Germany would. It is astonishing how many tons of antiquities are annually sold along the Rhine, and it is even asserted that in Castle Colburg, where Martin Luther threw his inkstand at the devil — and, unhappily, missed him — the original splash was cut up and sold long ago, but that, as the timber is massive, the place is carefully re-inked every night for the purposes of sale next day. We cannot say how much truth or falsehood there may be in this particular story. There might have been some excitement in seeing the original transaction if both the distinguished parties to it were present. There can be none in gazing on a patch of ink. The trade in modern antiquities, however, is a curious reality, as real as the sale of old clothes or tombstones. It is a fact calculated to weaken one's faith in life.

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PATIENCE.

HOLD thou mine hand, beloved, as we sit
Within the radiance of our winter fire,
Watching the dainty shadows as they flit
On wall and ceiling, as the flames leap higher.
Hold thou mine hand, beloved, with the calm
Close clasp of love assurèd and at rest,
And let the peace of home, a blessed balm,
Fall on us, folding faithful breast to breast.
Hold thou mine hand, beloved, while I speak
Of all thy love hath done and borne for me,
The stronger soul supporting still the weak,
The good hand giving royally and free;
The tender heart that put man's roughness by,
To wipe weak tears from eyes too seldom dry.

I touch this thing and that, thy pretty gifts,
The silver zone, the jewelled finger-ring,
The outward symbols of a love that lifts
My fate and me beyond life's buffeting.
Yet, oh, thrice generous giver! there remains
A thing for which I have not thanked thee yet,
Thy patience — through the long years with their pains —
Thy patience with my weakness and regret.
Ah, let me thank thee now with falling tears,
Tears of great joy, and deep, serene content,
And God be thanked that through the weary years
We saw together ere our lives were blent,
Although the years were desolate and long,
Thy patience matched thy love, and both were strong!

All The Year Round.

YEARNING.

OVER the west the glory dies away,
Faint rose flecks gleaming in the darkening sky;
And the low sounds that mark the close of day,
Rise up from wood and upland — rise and die;
Soft silence falls o'er meadow, hill, and grove,
And in the hush I want you, oh, my love.

In the gay radiance of the morning hour,
In the warm brooding glory of the noon,
When man and Nature, in their prime of power,
With the day's fulness blend in eager tune;
The rush of life forbids the pulse to move,
That now, in yearning passion, wants you, love.

Wants you to watch the crimson glow and fade,
Through the great branches of the broadening lime;
Wants you, to feel the soft grey quiet shade,
Lap the tired world in blessed eventime;
Wants you to whisper: "Come, your power to prove,
The gloaming needs its angel, come, my love."

All The Year Round.

IN THE FOLD.

THE snow drives fast across the height;
The day died young and grey,
Without a gleam of crimson light
The gloaming passed away:
Blow winter wind — the snow drives fast
O'er dreary wood and wold;
Safe sheltered from the cutting blast
The sheep are in the fold.

The shepherd's child, with rosy face
Close press'd against the pane,
Looks out with eager eyes to trace
The footpath on the plain:
The child laughs softly, sweet and low,
Safe sheltered from the cold;
The path is lost beneath the snow,
The lamb is in the fold.

The mother sits beside the fire,
And fast her needle flies,
With busy hands that never tire,
And thoughts that end in sighs:
She knows the churchyard on the hill
Is lone and white and cold;
Hush, throbbing bosom! peace, be still!
The lamb is in the fold!

Sunday Magazine. ARTHUR CLIVE.

TO MATTHEW ARNOLD IN AMERICA.

O POET! who hast left awhile,
For larger land and sea,
The narrow limits of our isle, —
What gain is come to thee?

What higher dreams? what holier mood?
What hopes for unborn years?
What noble deeds have warmed thy blood?
What sorrows waked thy tears?

What hast thou seen in sea or sky?
What in the wider earth?
What new light flashing on the eye?
What loveliness or worth?

What ecstacy in dancing foam?
What wrath in roaring sea?
We are thy brethren, — here thy home:
We look to share with thee.

Too long thy lyre untouched has lien,
And thy melodious voice
Has tones that seem not truly thine: —
Is this, is this thy choice?

Ah, yet consider it again!
Thy Thyrsis song of yore;
We borrow thy lost friend's refrain,
And bid thee sing once more!

Spectator. F. W. B.

From The Contemporary Review.

EURIPIDES AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

AMONG the services which Browning has rendered to literature, not the least conspicuous in his interpretation of Euripides. In "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Aristophanes' Apology," he has not only given a poet's rendering of two characteristic plays, the "Alcestis" and the "Phrenzied Hercules," but he has given the student sympathetic guidance to their deeper meaning. He has enabled English readers to estimate at their true worth the criticism of A. W. Schlegel, and at the same time he has opened a striking view of speculations and desires which found a place in the mind of a great Athenian when Athens was greatest. Euripides is indeed the true representative of democratic Athens. He was of honorable descent, and had enjoyed the discipline of most varied culture. Gymnast, artist, and student, he had made trial of all that the city had to teach; and as holding a sacred office in the service of Apollo he had an inheritance from older religious feeling. It may almost be said that Euripides lived and died with the Athens which has moved the world. His lifetime included the highest development of Athenian art and literature, the rise and the fall of Athenian supremacy. He was born on the day of Salamis (480 B.C.). He produced his "Medea" in the first year of the Peloponnesian War (431 B.C.). His "Trojan Women" was exhibited in the year of the expedition to Sicily and the recall of Alcibiades (415 B.C.). He died in 406 B.C., the year before Ægospotamos. He belonged wholly to the new order which is represented by the age of Pericles. Though he was only a generation younger than Æschylus, his works, when compared with those of his predecessor, represent the results of a revolution both in art and in thought.

But however different Æschylus and Euripides are in their views of existence, and in their treatment of life upon the stage, they are alike interesting to the student of the history of religious thought. Both speak with deep personal feeling. Both offer a partial interpretation of mysteries which fill them with an overwhelming awe. For both life with its infinite sorrows is greater than art. In this respect they differ from Sophocles, by whom they are naturally separated. Sophocles is not the poet as prophet, but the poet as artist. For him all that is most solemn, or terrible, or beautiful in human experience becomes simply an element in his work. He shows the perfection of calm, conscious mastery over the subjects with which he deals, but he does not speak to us himself. He has no message, no questionings, no convictions, beyond such utterances as harmoniously complete the consummate symmetry of his poems. It is otherwise with Æschylus and Euripides. Both are deeply moved and show that they are deeply moved, by religious feeling, as a spiritual and not an æsthetic force. But the feeling in the two cases is widely different.

Æschylus is the exponent of the old faith of Greece — stern, simple, resolute, strong in self-restraint. Euripides, on the other hand, has to take account of all the novel influences under which he had grown up; the speculations of Ionian philosophy, the larger relations of national intercourse, the force of a new domestic life. Once again Asia had touched Europe and quickened there new powers. Greece had conquered Persia only that she might better receive from the East the inspiration of a wider energy.

At the same time the political circumstances under which Euripides wrote helped to intensify the thoughts which were stirred by the teachings of Heraclitus and Anaxagoras. The glorious struggle of the Persian War, in which Æschylus had taken part, with its apparently plain and decisive issue, was followed by results widely different from that final triumph; and Euripides had to witness the long horrors of civil conflict, the shaking of the popular creed under unexpected disasters, paroxysms of popular fanaticism, the moral dissolution of the plague. He felt the grievous turmoil of opinion and action, and he reflected it. His constitution fitted him for his work. He was by nature inclined to ponder the problems of life and not to enter upon affairs. He

was a student of men in books as well as in society; and the popular tradition which assigns to Anaxagoras a decisive influence over his view of the world may certainly be accepted as true; though nothing is less likely than that he was diverted from philosophy to the stage by the fate of his master. For Euripides is essentially a poet, and not a speculator. He deals with the mysteries of being from the side of feeling rather than of thought. A passionate fulness of human interest is the characteristic mark of his writings, and the secret of his power. He touched the common heart because he recognized the different phases of its ordinary sorrows and temptations and strivings.

The brusque lines of Philemon are a unique testimony to his personal attractiveness: —

> If, as some say, men still in very truth
> Had life and feeling after they are dead,
> I had hanged myself to see Euripides.

His verses had a still wider persuasiveness. After the disaster at Syracuse, prisoners found relief and even freedom if they were able to recite passages from his poems; and a chorus from the "Electra" is said to have saved Athens from destruction when it was taken by Lysander.

The significance of Euripides as a religious teacher springs directly from his position and his character. He looks from the midst of Athenian society, a society brilliant, restless, sanguine, superstitious, at the popular mythology, at life, at the future, with the keenest insight into all that belongs to man, and what he sees is a prospect on which we may well dwell.*

* Though it is impossible to use isolated expressions of the characters of a dramatist as evidence of his own belief, the general convergence of their opinions may be fairly taken as giving his judgment from various points of sight. In the endeavor to obtain a just view of the teaching of Euripides on the line of subjects mentioned above, I wrote out every passage in his extant plays and fragments which seemed to bear upon them, and the reader will judge how far they combine to give an intelligible result.

The references are given throughout to the edition of Nauck in Teubner's "Bibliotheca." The translations are sufficiently close, I hope, to enable the scholar to recall the original words at once, and at the same time, to convey the meaning faithfully to the English reader.

I.

In order to understand the treatment of the popular mythology by Euripides, we must bear in mind the place which was occupied by the Homeric poems in contemporary Greek education. It is not too much to say that these were (if the phrase may be allowed) a kind of Greek Bible. Every Athenian was familiar with their contents; they furnished the general view of the relations of gods and men, of the seen and the unseen, which formed a fixed background to the common prospect of life. This being so they produced the impression that the divine forces corresponded with human forces, differing only in intensity and range. The gods were held to be of like passions with men, but stronger and wiser, with the vigor of undecaying energy. Such a conception affords an adequate basis for the ordinary duties of worship, and was not superficially at variance with morality. But more careful reflection showed that the beings of the Homeric Olympus failed to satisfy the ideal of spiritual sovereigns; that a mere increase in the scale of human qualities could not supply a stable foundation for reverence; that the worshipper must look beyond this crowd of conflicting deities if he was to find an object on which he could rest with supreme trust.

Such difficulties had not received a clear expression in the time of Æschylus, nor would he have been disposed to deal with them. The wants and sorrows of men vanish in his sight before the awful majesty of an inscrutable divine purpose. With Euripides the case was different: man, and not destiny, was the central subject of his art. His Orestes, for example, is not the instrument of a divine will, prompted, tortured, delivered by external powers, but a son racked with Hamlet-like misgivings, and finding within himself the justification and the punishment of his deed. Euripides, in other words, regarded the human and the divine as factors in life, alike real and permanent. He aimed at dealing with the whole sum of our present experience. He was therefore constrained to bring the popular creed in some way into harmony with absolute right and truth; to give a moral

interpretation to current legends; to show that life, even as we see it, offers ground for calm trust on which man may at least venture to rest. Plato banished poets from his ideal republic on account of the moral difficulties raised by their representations of divine things. Euripides endeavored to find a more practical remedy for an evil which he could not but feel: he sought to penetrate through the words and figures of the traditional teaching which the poets adopted to the truths which lay beneath, and so to preserve the symbols of primitive belief without doing violence to moral instinct.

In attempting to fulfil this work, Euripides frankly acknowledges its difficulty. All investigation of the divine is, he lays down, necessarily beset by difficulty. This difficulty is increased by a superficial view of the course of human affairs. It is made insoluble by the literal acceptance of the details of mythology.

Under various circumstances Euripides makes his characters affirm the mysteriousness of the questions involved in theology. They may not either be dealt with or set aside lightly. The poet refuses to acquiesce in those perfunctory utterances of professional diviners in which many found relief: —

Why do ye, seated at oracular shrines,
Swear that ye know the secrets of the gods?
Men have no power to fashion such replies:
For he that boasts he knows about the gods,
Knows only this, the art to win belief.*

There is a complexity, a manifoldness, in the vicissitudes of providential government which at once arrests human attention and baffles it: —

What mortal dares to say that he has found
By searching what is God, or what is not,
Or what between — the utmost bound of thought —
When he regards the work of Providence
Moving with rapid course, now here, now there,
Then elsewhere, with a sudden change of fate,
Conflicting, unexpected? †

This first difficulty is inherent in all religious speculations; and the burden of ignorance may be borne with patience as belonging to man's nature. But a greater difficulty lies behind. The appearance of injustice is harder to endure than darkness, and Euripides dwells with sorrowful persistence on the moral inequalities of life. He finds in this the sorest trial of faith. The passionate exclamation of Bellerophon, —

'Tis said by some that there are gods in heaven.
There are not, are not; if men will not still,
Bound by their folly, use the old wives' tale.
Nay, look yourselves,*

finds frequent echoes in his plays. So it is that the herald Talthybius, looking at the prostrate form of Hecuba, exclaims:

Zeus, shall I say that thou regardest men?
Or that we hold in vain this false belief,
Thinking there is indeed a race of gods,
While fortune sways all human destinies? †

And this apparent miscarriage of justice is as great negatively as positively. The failure of virtue to gain recognition is not less perplexing than undeserved suffering. For —

If the gods, to man's degree,
Had wit and wisdom, they would bring
Mankind a twofold youth, to be
Their virtue's sign-mark, all should see,
In those with whom life's winter thus grew spring.
For when they died, into the sun once more,
Would they have traversed twice life's race-course o'er;
While ignobility had simply run
Existence through, nor second life begun.‡

A final difficulty lies in the letter of the divine legends. According to these, the gods act as no good man would act. Euripides meets the difficulty boldly. He affirms consistently that the legends about the gods, which tend to confuse human intuitions of right and wrong, of truth and duty, are not literally true. When Heracles recovered from his phrensy, and looked upon his murdered wife and children in bitterest sorrow and shame, Theseus sought to bring him comfort by recalling facts from the popular mythology; but Heracles rejects the consolation and replies: —

* Philoct. fr. 793.
† Hel. 1137, ff. Comp. Hel. 711.
* Beller. fr. 288. Comp. fr. 892, 893; Scyr. fr. 185. Contrast fr. 981.
† Hec. 488.
‡ Herc. Fur. 635 (Browning).

I neither fancy gods love lawless beds,
Nor, that with chains they bind each other's hands,
Have I judged worthy faith, at any time;
Nor shall I be persuaded one is born
His fellows' master! since God stands in need —
If he is really God — of nought at all.
These are the poet's pitiful conceits.*

Elsewhere Euripides refers to the legends of the birth of Helen and the banquet of Thyestes, only to reject them.† The ground is given by Iphigenia —

I think no Deity can be unjust.

And Bellerophon expresses the thought still more decidedly, —

If gods do aught that's base they are not gods.‡

Following out this principle, Euripides ventures to openly condemn the gods for the actions attributed to them. At the close of the "Electra" the Dioscuri, addressing Orestes, who stands awestricken by the side of Clytemnestra, so pass judgment: —

Just is her punishment, but not thy deed;
And Phœbus, Phœbus — well, he is my king;
I am dumb: though wise, not wise he spake to thee.§

And the messenger who relates the death of Neoptolemus at Delphi concludes: —

So did he [Apollo] to Achilles' son,
Who offered retribution; he the king,
Who giveth oracles to other men,
The judge of righteousness to all the world,
And bore in mind, like a malicious churl,
Old grudges; how could such a one be wise!‖

Here, then, Euripides is directly at issue with much of the popular faith. How, it may be asked, can such language, widely different from the reckless banterings of Aristophanes, be reconciled with due respect for the divine? The answer seems to lie in the fact that Euripides draws a clear distinction between the Olympian gods and the one Being to whom they also minister. He was inclined to treat the Olympian gods as in some sense personifications or embodiments of human attributes. It is said that Anaxagoras interpreted the Homeric stories as symbolic,¶ and his scholar sought in the same line a worthy meaning for the current mythology. In this sense Hecuba, addressing Helen, gives a striking interpretation of the "judgment of Paris." It was no contest of actual deities, but of conflicting passions. Aphrodite herself could have moved Helen and Amyclæ to Troy without leaving heaven. But the Aphrodite who came with Paris and carried off the bride of Menelaus was the feeling which Paris stirred in Helen's breast.*

But while Euripides here finds in the soul itself the powers which man is tempted to place wholly without, it does not follow that he denies the objective existence of beings corresponding to human passions. On the contrary, he seems to recognize a correspondence between human feelings and impulses and supernatural forces, of which the Olympian deities were representatives. The origin of that which is extraordinary is referred to divine agency. Death and madness are real powers external to man. Strife and ambition, hope, justice, and persuasion, derive their force from something without which is akin to them.† From time to time men move in a mysterious intercourse with spiritual beings. Hippolytus in his first joy can say to Artemis: —

I feel thee near, and answer thee in word
Hearing thy voice, yet seeing not thy face.‡

It is not then surprising that imperfections should be found in beings which, even when they are felt to be most present and energetic, are essentially limited and human in their characteristics. But they can bring no repose or confidence to the soul. The poet as a religious teacher must look beyond himself, beyond the many gods — those colossal human figures, symbols or sources of man's conflicting passions — for that which gives unity to the view of existence.§ And here it is that the "theology" of Euripides becomes of the highest interest. Philosophers had sought the principle of unity in some primal element; Euripides, though his language is naturally vague, seems rather to seek it in a vital force, which slowly differentiates and moulds all things. The force is distinct from the matter through which it is manifested. Human thought is incompetent to define

* Herc. Fur. 1341 (Browning). Compare Antiope, fr. 209.
† Hel. 21; El. 737; Iph. Taur. 389.
‡ Beller. fr. 294, 7.
§ El. 1244. Compare 1301 ff.
‖ Androm. 1161. Compare Ion. 444 ff.; Orest. 28, 162; Iph. Taur. 35.
¶ Diog. Laert. ii. 11.

* Troad. 969 ff.
† Hel. 1002; Antig. fr. 170; Iph. Aul. 392; Phœn. 798; 531. Compare Hel. 560; Iph. Aul. 973.
‡ Hippol. 85. Compare Ibid. 1391.
§ The famous line with which the Melanippe originally opened obviously pointed to the Zeus of mythology, as different from the supreme Sovereign: —
"Zeus, whosoe'er Zeus is, for by report
I know him only" (Fragm. 483).
Compare Herc. Fur. 1263.

it exactly or simply. Under one aspect it is revealed as law, under another as intelligence, under another as will. All are harmonized in that for which we feel. Thus Hecuba gives expression to her prayer of thanksgiving, when Menelaus declares his purpose of taking vengeance on Helen, the curse of Troy: —

O Thou
That bearest earth, Thyself by earth upborne,
Whoe'er Thou art, hard for our powers to guess,
Or Zeus, or Nature's law, or mind of man,
To thee I pray, for all the things of earth
In right thou guidest on Thy noiseless way.*

From this point of sight the whole visible world appears as a progressive revelation of the one source of life. Euripides dwells on the prospect with evident delight. Heaven (æther) and earth symbolize for him the force and the matter through whose union all the variety of things come into existence. But he teaches that even these two were once undivided. Perhaps he thought of matter as the first self-limited expression of force. Thus, in one of his earliest dramas, "Melanippe the Wise," he says: —

Not mine the tale: my mother taught it me:
How heaven and earth were undivided once,
And when they grew distinct with separate forms,
They bore, and brought to light all things that are —
Trees, birds, and beasts, the creatures of the sea,
And race of men.†

This primal marriage of heaven and earth finds renewal in the vital processes of nature: —

The earth longs for the rain, when the parched land,
Fruitless through drought, lacks the life-giving shower;
The glorious heaven longs, as it swells with rain,
To fall upon the earth, with deep desire;
And when they meet commingled — earth and heaven —
They give to all, whereby the race of men
Lives and is glad, being and rich support.‡

So things come into existence, and then in due time they are dissolved. Nothing is lost, but each element returns to its source, and enters into new combinations as the great cycle of life finds fulfilment:

Great earth and sky supreme are source of all;
The sky supreme is sire of gods and men,
And earth receiving fertilizing showers,
Gives mortals birth, gives birth to tribes of beasts
And that whereby they live; so she is called
Mother of all, by just prerogative.
Then that which springs from earth to earth returns.
And that which draws its being from the sky,
Rises again up to the skyey height,
And nothing dies of all that comes to be,
But being sundered, each first element,
Freshly combined, displays some novel form.*

There is then nothing strained, when Euripides identifies the heaven (æther) with the one supreme, sovereign power: —

See'st thou this boundless Æther high aloft,
Enfolding earth about with moist embrace,
Believe that this is Zeus: hold this for God.†

For, according to his conception, it suggests at least all that is contained in the sublime description of God — than which he has no grander: —

The Self-existent, who in heaven's expanse
Holds in His large embrace all things that are;
Round whom the light, round whom in dusky shade
The chequered night and the unnumbered host
Of stars move gladly in unceasing dance.‡

Euripides gains, in fact, from his dynamical view of nature a vivid practical belief in the divine: —

Wretched is he who when he looks on this
Perceives not God, and does not cast afar
The crooked cheats of airy speculators,
Whose baneful tongue hazards on things unseen
Words void of judgment.§

At the same time, the partial, fragmentary, imperfect deities are given back.‖ These, though not absolute, bring the divine near to men. Through these men may rise to that by which they also are strong. The highest instincts of humanity can look for satisfaction without. These, which are a divine manifestation —

In each of us our reason is a god¶ —

must have a perfect fulfilment in the divine. Men may confidently attribute to the gods the consummation of that which

* It is interesting to contrast Euripides' view of the divine origin of civilization (Suppl. 201) with Critias' view of the human origin of theology in the Sisyphus (Plut. Plac. Phil. 1, 7, p. 880).

† Troad. 884.

‡ Melanippe, fr. 488.

* Fragm. 890. Compare Æsch. Danaid. fr. 38.

† Chrysipp. 836. Compare fragm. 1012; and Vitruv. viii. 1.

‡ Fragm. 935. Compare fragm. 867, 911. Still, in another sense, he speaks of æther as "the dwelling of Zeus." — Melan. fr. 491.

§ Peirith. fr. 596.

‖ Fragm. 905.

¶ Fragm. 1007. The line is also attributed to Menander.

is noblest in germ in themselves. They can trust even to the severity of righteousness. He who looks for weak forgiveness of wrong done is faithless to his own heart: —

So thou dost think the gods are merciful,
When one by oath seeks for escape from death,
Or bonds, or deeds of foeman's violence;
Or shares his home with blood-stained criminals:
Then truly they were less intelligent
Than men, setting the kind before the just.*

And the course of life, with all its inequalities, offers such glimpses of righteous retribution as are sufficient to support faith in the final triumph of supreme justice.†

This faith springs naturally from the underlying sense of the unity of the source of all things. The gods themselves, offspring like men of the one Being, are bound by law. They are not arbitrary, capricious powers, but subject to a sovereign right. Apollo may not rescue Alcestis from death by his divine might, though the task is open to the effort of a human champion. Artemis bows to the ordinance which limits the action of one deity towards another, though obedience cost her the life of Hippolytus.‡

The gods are strong, and law which ruleth them;
For 'tis by law we have our faith in gods,
And live with certain rules of right and wrong.§

Man, in other words, is born religious, and born with the faculty to recognize that which claims his devotion.

We have seen that the many gods are in one aspect ideals answering to human powers. Viewed under another light, they present different aspects of the one to whom they are finally referred. In different circumstances men necessarily conceive of God differently. He may bear this title or that, and the worshipper may dimly realize the unity of characters popularly divided: —

I bear an offering of drink and meal
To thee that rulest all, whatever name
Thou lovest, Zeus or Hades; and do thou
Receive this fireless sacrifice poured forth
Of earth's abundant fruitage at my hands.
For thou amidst the gods that dwell in heaven
Wieldest Zeus' sceptre; and o'er these beneath
Sharest the rule of Hades.‖

Euripides, therefore, is perfectly consistent when he affirms man's dependence on the gods, while he denies the historic truth of the ancient legends: —

No issue comes to men without the gods.
We strive for many things, led on by hope,
And toil in vain, as knowing nothing sure.*

Apart from God no man is prosperous,
Or comes to high estate. I rate at naught
The fruits of mortal zeal without the gods.†

Why do they say that miserable men
Are wise, O Zeus? For we depend on thee,
And do but that which answers to thy will.‡

For this is only to affirm in another form that unity of being for which he searches. Man cannot isolate himself. He is strong by sympathy. On the eve of a battle, fought for the maintenance of a common right, Theseus, the type of the true king, says: —

One thing we need, that the gods side with those
Who honor justice: heaven and right combined
Give victory; but virtue profits naught
To mortals if it have not God to help.§

Fate and the divine will are not two adverse forces, but complementary views of the same force. So the Dioscuri declare that they were forced to yield to "destiny and the gods," and counsel Electra that

henceforward she must do
What Fate and Zeus determined should be done.‖

Such general convictions, while they destroy the root of many superstitions, give a solemn sanction to the obligations of reverence and worship.

He hath no reason who lays cities waste;
Temples and tombs — shrines sacred to the dead —
He desolates, and then is lost himself.¶

Three virtues thou must put in act, my son;
Honor the gods, thy parents, and the laws,
The common laws of Greece. So shalt thou win
The victor's glorious wreath of fair renown.**

And Heracles in a remarkable phrase connects the success of his descent to

* Fragm. 1030.
† Œnom. fr. 581; Bacch. 1325; El. 582. Compare Herc. Fur. 347.
‡ Hec. 799. Compare Ibid. 847.
§ Hipp. 799.
‖ Fragm. 904. Compare fragm. 938, 1011.

* Thyest. fr. 395.
† Fragm. 1014.
‡ Suppl. 734.
§ Suppl. 594. Compare Hec. 1029.
‖ El. 1247; Hel. 1660. For Euripides' view of providence and fate, see Hippol. 1102 ff.; Heracl. 608 ff.; fragm. 149, 217, 264, 354, 494, 1167; and the common refrain with which he closes the Alcestis, Andromache, Bacchæ, Helen, and Medea.
¶ Troad. 95.
** Antiope, fr. 219.

Hades with his initiation in the Mysteries.*

But Euripides has strong words of condemnation for the unworthy use which men had made of religious feelings. The right of sanctuary, which had been designed to protect the innocent, was unjustly turned into defence for the guilty:

If a man
Seek refuge at an altar, stained with crime,
I will myself, regardless of the law,
Drag him to justice, and not fear the gods:
For evil men must bear an evil fate.†

Especially he dwells upon the impostures of soothsaying, by which the real voice of the gods was corrupted.

The oracles of Loxias are sure;
As for man's art, I will have none of it.‡

He has the true diviner's skill
Who has the gods for friends.§

He is best soothsayer who guesses well.‖

It is not the form of religious service, but the spirit which is precious. Acceptable worship must be accompanied by piety and effort.

Who offers sacrifice with pious heart
Obtains salvation, though his gift be small.¶

Do what thou canst, and then invoke the gods.
God helps the man who toils to help himself.**

From what has been already said, the profound significance of the Dionysian worship for Euripides will be at once clear. In that worship nature found the fullest recognition as the revelation of the Divine. Man sought fellowship with God in the completeness of his being. The organ of knowledge was confessed to be, not the intellect, but life. Thus the "Bacchæ" is no palinode, but a gathering up in rich maturity of the fruit of the poet's earlier thoughts. Man cannot, he shows with tragic earnestness, attain to communion with the divine by pure reason, a part only of his constitution. He must keep himself open to every influence, and so by welcoming the new in time prove his loyalty to the old. The aged seer Teiresias strikes the keynote of the play when he affirms the coequal supremacy of ancestral belief and present revelation. In this way the majesty of the living whole of human existence is vindicated against philosophic or ceremonial one-sidedness.

We trust no human wit in things divine.
The faith our fathers handed down, and that
Which we have welcomed, growing with our growth,
No reasonings shall o'erthrow, even though it find
The subtlest treasures of man's loftiest thought.*

The fresh unfolding of the divine bounty requires, he pleads, grateful acknowledgment: —

Two powers there are 'mong men,
First before all, O youth: our mother Earth,
Demeter, call her by which name thou wilt,
Who stayeth mortals with the staff of life;
And the late-come, the son of Semele,
Who formed the rich draught of the clustered vine
And brought the gift to men.†

Seen in this light, the Dionysian worship is the witness to a real belief in the vitality of religion as answering to the completeness of man's nature. It does not aim at superseding that which went before, but at bringing it nearer to actual experience. Men must worship as men, feeling at once the richness and the limits of their endowments: —

Dwelling afar in heaven the Deities,
Behold the deeds of men:
It is not wisdom to be wise
And follow thoughts too high for mortal ken.‡

Blest above all of human line,
Who, deep in mystic rites divine,
Leads his hallowed life with us,
Initiate in our Thiasus;
And purified with holiest waters,
Goes dancing o'er the hills with Bacchus' daughters.§

So in manifold and solemn strains, unsurpassed in classical literature for calm, sweet strength, Euripides lays open the joy of worship. The joy of the Dionysian worship with which he begins passes into the larger joy of universal piety: —

'Tis but light cost in his own power sublime
To array the godhead, whosoe'er he be;
And law is old, even as the oldest time,
Nature's own unrepealed decree.‖

Hold thou fast the pious mind; so, only so shall glide
In peace with God above, in peace with men on earth,
Thy smooth painless life.

* Herc. Fur. 613.
† Fragm. 1036.
‡ Elect. 399.
§ Hel. 759. Compare Ibid. 753.
‖ Fragm 963. The line is also attributed to Menander. Compare Iph. Ant. 955.
¶ Fragm. 940. Compare Dan. fr. 329.
** Hippol. 435. Comp. Iph. Taur. 910; El. 80.

* Bacch. 200.
† Bacch. 274.
‡ Ibid. 392.
§ Ibid. 72 (Milman).
‖ Ibid. 893 (Milman). Comp. Heracl. 902.

I admire not, envy not, who would be overwise:
Mine be still the glory, mine be still the prize,
By night and day
To live of the immortal gods in awe:
Who fears them not
Is but the outcast of all law.*

II.

THE theology of Euripides takes its shape from his conviction that all nature and all life is a manifestation of one divine power. His view of human life corresponds with this conviction, and his view of being is concentrated in his view of humanity. All that is human claims his sympathy; and it may be said conversely that all that claim his sympathy is seen in its connection with man. He practically anticipates Browning's judgment that "little else is worth study than the incidents in the development of a soul."

This largeness of sympathy with all that is human is shown by the great range of his characters. Heroes, Greeks, barbarians, peasants, slaves, women, children, play a part, and a noble part, in his dramas. It was a reproach against him that he made all utter great thoughts alike. The charge is so far true that he strives to give to each the voice of a common humanity. He admits no exclusive prerogative of race, or sex, or birth. The yeoman in the "Electra" is as chivalrous as Achilles in the "Aulic Iphigenia."

Euripides thus deals frankly and gladly with all the elements of life, and he deals with actual life as he saw it. There is much that is mean and frivolous, and even repulsive, in the portraiture, but still the picture never ceases to be true to experience. His characters are not ideal, but the strangely mixed beings who are fashioned in the turmoil of passion and interest. It is perhaps for this reason that his women are both better and worse than his men. Through them nature is revealed more directly; and it is a singular injustice of traditional criticism that the poet should be represented as a woman-hater who has left more types of female self-devotion than any other dramatist. The plays which exhibit the spontaneous, intuitive sacrifice of Macaria; the thoughtful, reasoned resolution of Iphigenia; the tender, wifely dutifulness of Alcestis; the romantic love of Evadne, show the strength of woman in the most varied phases of its characteristic beauty.

Not less striking are the sketches of children which Euripides has given. Eumelus in the "Alcestis," Molossus in the "Andromeda," the sons of the father chiefs in the "Suppliants," add characteristic touches to the action; and the appeal of Iphigenia to the infant Orestes to plead for her life with silent tears, is conceived with pathetic tenderness.*

Generally, indeed, the stress which Euripides lays on domestic life is worthy of study. The scene between Menelaus and Helena is a unique example in Greek tragedy of the love of husband and wife.† Again and again the affection of parents for children, and of children for parents, is presented as full of supreme joy: "Children are men's souls," "a Heaven-sent charm of awful power." ‡

Lady, this splendor of the sun is dear,
And fair the broad calm of the watery plain,
But nothing is so bright or fair to see
As to the childless, stung with long desire,
The light of new-born children in the home.§

Wretched the child
Who serves not those that bare him with the meed
Of noblest toil. One gives and gains again
From his own children what he gave himself.‖

The relations of the family lead up to the relations of the State, and when the claims of the family and State come into conflict the latter must prevail; for all life has a social destination and duty. In the "Erechtheus" the queen offers her daughter willingly for the deliverance of Athens. "Children," she says, "are born to us

That we may save our altars and our land.
We call the city one, and many find
Their home there: how can I then ruin these
When I may give one life to ransom all?" ¶

But Euripides had a keen sense of the perils of public life,** and there can be no doubt that he describes his own ideal in the lines: —

Happy the man whose lot it is to know
The secrets of the earth. He hastens not
To work his fellow's hurt by unjust deeds,
But with rapt admiration contemplates
Immortal Nature's ageless harmony,
And how and when her order came to be.
Such spirits have no place for thoughts of shame.††

And again in a lighter, more joyous strain: —

* Ibid. 1002 (Milman).

* Iph. Aul. 1124.
† Hel. 622 ff.
‡ Andr. 417; Alcm. fr. 104.
§ Danae, fr. 318.
‖ Suppl. 361. Comp. fragm. 848.
¶ Erechth. fr., 362, 14.
** Ion. 595, ff.; Med. 294, ff.; Hec. 254. ff.
†† Fragm. 902.

Well! I am not to pause
Mingling together — wine and wine in cup —
The Graces with the Muses up —
Most dulcet marriage; loosed from Muses' law,
No life for me!
But where the wreaths abound, there ever may
I be!*

Thus Euripides takes account of the manifold fulness of human existence, but the whole effect of life, as he sees it, is, in its external aspect at least, clouded with great sorrow. There is no music to charm its grief.† At the best it is chequered, like the face of the earth, with storm and sunshine: —

I say the heaven men call so, as time rolls,
Shows in a parable the fate of men.
It flashes forth bright light in summer-time;
And deepens winter's gloom with gathered
clouds;
And makes flowers bloom and fade and live
and die.
So too the race of men with happy calm
Is bright and glad, and then is clouded o'er.
Some live in woe, some, prosperous for a while
Fade like the changes of the changeful year.‡

Such is the life of miserable men,
Not wholly happy, nor yet wholly sad,
Blest for a while, and then again unblest.§

For the most part, however, pain outweighs pleasure. The consciousness of the instability of joy disturbs present delight with the prospect of inevitable change. There is no prerogative of immunity from suffering: —

He must not think that he will ever find
Unaltered fortune who has had no fall;
For God, I ween, if God He must be called,
Wearies of dwelling always with the same.
A mortal's joy is mortal. They who make
The present bind the future in their pride
Prove when they suffer what man's fortune is.‖

Death is the one certain limit of suffering,¶ and, therefore, it is not strange that to men in some moods it should seem "better not to have been born;"** or, as it is expressed at length: —

'Twere well that men in solemn conclave met,
Should mourn each birth as prelude to great
woes:
And bear the dead forth from their homes
with joy
And thanksgiving, as free at last from toils.††

* Herc. Fur. 673 (Browning).
† Med. 195.
‡ Daval. fr. 332.
§ Antiope, fr. 196.
‖ Fragm. 1058. Comp. Andromeda, fr. 152; Alex. fr. 63; Auge. fr. 275; Œd. fr. 558. Suppl. 331.
¶ Fragm. 908.
** Fragm. 900.
†† Cresph. fr. 452.

Life is called life, but it is truly pain.*

Not to be born is one, I say, with death;
And death is better than a piteous life.†

Nevertheless, those who are born to suffering cling to life —

Mortals are sad
In bearing earth to earth: yet it must be.
Life must be reaped, like the ripe golden grain,
One is and one is not.‡

For there is, after all, a mysterious uncertainty about the future, and men shrink from that which is beyond their experience. They

long to look upon the coming day,
Bearing a burden of unnumbered woes.
So deep in mortals lies the love of life,
For life we know, but ignorant of death,
Each fears alike to leave the sun's dear light.§

Meanwhile, man has a hard struggle to maintain, but he is able to maintain it. Whatever we may be tempted to think, justice is a real and a present power. She does vindicate her authority, not in a remote future and on some other scene, but essentially here and now.

Thinkest thou
To overcome the wisdom of the gods?
That justice has her dwelling far from men?
Nay, she is near: she sees, herself unseen,
And knows whom she must punish. Thou
knowest not
When she will bring swift ruin on the base.
'Tis true the working of the gods is slow,
But it is sure and strong.‖

There is no ever-present, overwhelming weight of physical or moral necessity which crushes him. He is allowed from time to time to see that greater labors are the condition and the discipline of greater natures. And in spite of the obvious sorrows of life he can discern that a divine purpose is being wrought out which will find accomplishment. "There is at present great confusion in the things of gods and men."¶ But the source of the disorder lies not with God but with man.** And in due time the inequalities and injustices which form the bitterest trial of the good will be righted, and that on the present scene of human conflict and failure, not by any sudden divine intervention or startling catastrophe, but by the sure working of the forces which are already in action: —

* Fragm. 957.
† Troades, 636. Contrast Ibid. 632.
‡ Hypsip. fr 757.
§ Phœnix, fr. 813. Comp. Hippol. 193.
‖ Bacch. 882.
¶ Iph. T. 572.
** Pel. fr. 609.

Think you that deeds of wrong spring to the gods
On wings, and then some one, on Zeus' book,
Writes them, and Zeus beholding the record
Gives judgment? Nay, the whole expanse of heaven
Would not suffice if Zeus wrote there man's sins;
Nor could he send to each his punishment
From such review. Justice is on the earth,
Is here, is by us, if men will but see.*

The criminal is alarmed by unreal terrors, and then comforted by an unreal security:

Justice will not assail thee, fear it not,
Not thee nor any other that doth wrong,
And pierce thy heart; but moving silently
With lingering foot, whene'er the hour is come,
She lays her heavy hand upon the base.†

For it is said truly "that Justice is the child of time," of time "that looketh keenly, he that seeth all."‡ But in the end she makes herself felt: —

The man that for the passing hour doth wrong,
And thinks the gods have failed to see the deed,
Thinks evil, and is taken in his thought.
When Justice finds a space of quiet time,
He pays full vengeance for the wrongs he did.§

Slow come, but come at length,
In their majestic strength,
Faithful and true, the avenging deities;
And chastening human folly,
And the mad pride unholy
Of those who to the gods bow not their knees.‖

The retribution which is thus indicated is often not complete at once. The sins of parents are visited on their children,¶ even as a later generation gathers the ripe fruit of earlier labor. A larger field than that which is offered by a single life is necessary for the revelation of this fulfilment of a just will; and it is a characteristic of the tragedies of Euripides that he introduces gods not so much to solve immediate difficulties in his plots, as to point out how in the future a righteous result will be assured. In no less than thirteen plays divine characters disclose the future issues of the action which will vindicate the mysterious course of Providence. And in this wider view of life the personal fate of the individual actors finds hardly any place.**

A wide view of life is required for the discernment of the justice of the divine government; and a wide view of life is necessary also for the fulfilment of human destiny. One chief cause of the sufferings and failures of men lies in the partial and inadequate view of the claims of being which is taken by those who are noble and good within a narrow range. This truth is brought out with impressive power in the characters of Pentheus and Hippolytus. Both are, up to a certain point, blameless and courageous, but they are unsympathetic to that which lies beyond their experience and inclination. They contemptuously cast aside warnings against self-will. They refuse to pay respect to the convictions of others, or to admit that their view of life can fall short of fulness. With tragic irony Pentheus is led to his ruin by a guilty curiosity, and Hippolytus, in the pathetic scene of his death, lays bare his overwhelming self-confidence. He can forgive his father, but he is defiant to the powers of heaven, and in the terrible line,

Would that the curse of men might reach the gods,*

he reveals at once the strength and the weakness of his character.

In this connection Euripides appears to indicate one use of suffering. The discipline of life as he regards it is fitted to give to men a truer and larger sense of human powers and duties than they were inclined to form at first. This lesson comes out prominently in the "Alcestis." In one aspect the drama is the record of a soul's purification. Admetus obtains life at the price which he was ready to pay for it, and he finds that it ceases to be the blessing which he sought. He sees in his father the full image of himself, and fiercely condemns the selfishness which he has shown. Little by little he fully realizes that what he has gained by consciously sacrificing another to himself is of no avail for happiness, and he is prepared to receive, cleansed in heart, that which has been won for him by the spontaneous effort of Heracles. This contrast of the two sacrifices and the two prizes is of the deepest meaning. Man cannot simply use another at his will for his own good; but he can enjoy the fruits of another's devotion. The life which Alcestis gave for her husband at his entreaty proved to be only a discipline of

* Melanippe, fr. 508. Comp. Andromeda, fr. 150.
† Fragm. 969. Comp. fragm. 266, 588, 646, 1030.
‡ Antiope, fr. 223; Melanippe, fr. 509. Comp. Beller. fr. 305.
§ Phrix. fr. 832.
‖ Bacchæ, 882 (Milman).
¶ Fragm. 970; Alcm. fr. 83.
** Comp. fr. 21.

* Hippol. 1415.

sorrow; the life which was wrested from death by human labor could be imparted to one made ready to welcome it.

In Pentheus and Hippolytus, Euripides has shown the failure of partial virtues; in Heracles — the man raised to heaven through toil — he seems to have wished to show a type of the fulness of life. The hero in the "Alcestis" keenly enjoys the pleasures of the feast in the close prospect of a terrible labor; and when he hears of his friend's loss he hastens to meet death with a kind of natural joy. He proves in act that the reward of victory is a new conflict, and with genial vigor accepts the condition of progress.

But even here there is a want. Man, as he is, cannot with impunity wrestle with death and rob Hades of its terrors. At the moment when Heracles seems to have prevailed over the common enemy, and to have brought deliverance to his own house, madness comes, and he works himself the ruin which he had just averted.* He, too, must feel his weakness. And so it is that in this last trial he rises to his greatest height. He sees the full measure of his calamity. He acknowledges that for him henceforward there is no hope. Where he looked for glory and joy, there can be only horror and pain. And feeling this, at the bidding of Theseus, he dares to live. In a fuller sense than before he has conquered death,† and he is ready for his elevation. The conception rises to the height of spiritual grandeur, and there is no nobler picture in Greek literature than that of the broken-hearted hero leaning on the friend whom he had rescued from the shades, and patiently going to meet exile and irremediable grief.‡ Toil consecrated by self-surrender could not but lead to heaven.

III.

A HERO like Heracles is raised to heaven, but what has the unseen world for common men? To this question Euripides has no clear answer. He looks, as we have seen, for the vindication of righteousness on earth. His references to another order are few and vague. In this respect he holds the common attitude of the Athenian in the presence of death.§ There is, as Professor Gardner has pointed out, no trace of scenes of future happiness, or misery, or judgment, on early Greek funeral sculptures. The utmost that is represented is the farewell of the traveller who is bound for some unknown realm. And in the inscriptions which accompany them the future practically finds no place. The world to come is not denied so much as left out of sight. It is not a distinct object either of hope or of fear. Euripides, indeed, has recognized, twice at least, in memorable words the mystery of life and death, the powerlessness of man to attain to a true conception of being: —

Who knows if Life is Death,
And Death is counted Life by those below?

Who knows if Life, as we speak, is but Death,
And Death is Life?*

But in the latter place he seems to shrink back from the positive hope which he has called up into mere negation, and he continues: —

Nay, lay the question by;
But this at least we do know; they that live
Are sick and suffer; they who are no more
Nor suffer further, nor have ills to bear.

Elsewhere dim visions are given of the possibility of new modes of existence hereafter, and he suggests that the clinging love of earthly life is not more than an instinctive shrinking from the unknown: —

We seem possessed by an unhappy love
Of this strange, glittering being upon earth,
Because we know not any other life,
And cannot gaze upon the things below,
But yield to idle tales.†

But more commonly his characters give unqualified utterance to the dread of death: —

This light is very sweet to men to see,
The realm below is naught. He raves who prays
To die. 'Tis better to live on in woe
Than to die nobly.‡

Death, my dear child, is not all one with Life;
For Death is nothing, but in Life Hope lives.§

Death, under this aspect, is presented as extinction, dissolution, in which there seems to be no room for further restoration: —

* Herc. Fur. 922 ff. Comp. Hartung, Eurip. restit. ii. 29.
† Ibid. 1146.
‡ Ibid. 1398 ff.
§ Compare Professor Gardner, C.R., Dec. 1877, pp. 148 ff.

* Polyd. fr. 639; Phrix. fr. 830.
† Hippol. 193. Comp. Ion. 1066; Iph. Aul. 1507.
‡ Iph. Aul. 1250. Comp. Ibid. 537; contrast Ibid. 1368 ff.
§ Troad. 632.

He that but now was full of lusty life,
Quenched like a falling star, hath rendered back
His spirit to heaven.*

Suffer the dead to be enwrapped in earth,
Suffer each element thither to return
Whence first it came; the spirit to the sky,
The body to the earth. For 'tis not ours,
But lent to us, to dwell in while life lasts,
And then the earth which formed it takes it back.†

Bless thou the living: every man when dead
Is earth and shadow: nothing turns to nothing.‡

But of all the utterances on the future, the most pathetic in its utter hopelessness is that of Macaria. With generous and unhesitating devotion she offers herself for the deliverance of her kindred. She bids farewell to her aged guardian, Iolaus. She prays for the efficacy of her sacrifice. She asks for burial as her just recompense. And then she concludes: "This" — this salvation which I have bought, this grateful remembrance which I have gained —

This is my treasure there,
In place of children, for my maiden death,
If there be any life beneath the earth.
I pray there may be none. For if there too
We shall have cares, poor mortals doomed to die,
I know not whither we can turn; for death
Is held the surest medicine for woes.§

Once only, as far as I know, is there any reference in Euripides to future punishment. The words have been regarded as an interpolation; but the fact that they occur in the "Helena" justifies the thought that the poet may have allowed himself to adopt in part an Egyptian belief, with which he could not have been unacquainted. Theonoe, a prophetess, sister of the king Theoclymenus, who wished to marry Helen by force in violation of the laws of hospitality, promises Menelaus her help in rescuing his long-lost wife. She cannot, she admits at once, be partner in her brother's crime:

Vengeance there is for this with those below,
And those above, for all alike. The mind
Of those that die lives not, indeed, but has
Immortal feeling, grown incorporate
With the immortal æther.*

The thought suggested by the last lines is, as far as I know, unique. The isolated life of the individual appears to be contrasted with a conscious participation in the divine life as man's final destiny. This participation is necessarily limited by Euripides to a part of man's nature; but in fashioning the thought he seems to have reached the loftiest idea accessible before the Gospel.

If, however, this be, as I believe, a true expression of the mind of Euripides, it is a solitary flash of light in the general gloom. When he speaks, as he does rarely, of the dead as still conscious, he does not conceive of them as more than the cold shadows of the Homeric Hades. Neoptolemus invites the spirit of Achilles to drink the blood of Polyxena offered in his honor.† Theseus, in reply to Heracles, says that in Hades he was weaker than any man.‡ Those beneath the earth have no strength, no joy.§ At one time they are supposed to be conscious of things above, and then again to be ignorant of them. Hecuba, in the same play, speaks of Priam as ignorant of her calamity, and anticipates the protection of Hector for his son Astyanax in the realm of the dead.‖ Orestes addresses his father in Hades as he shrinks from fulfilling the terrible duty required of him, and Electra nerves his indecision with the reply: —

All this thy father hears. 'Tis time to go.¶

Megara, in the "Hercules Furens," appeals to her lost husband in words which perfectly express the conflict of vague hope and fear: —

Dearest, if any mortal voice is heard
In Hades, Heracles, to thee I speak . . .
Help, come, appear, though but a shade to me,
For coming thou wouldst be defence enough.**

Once, in the "Hecuba," Euripides has ventured to introduce the dead upon the stage. The ghost of Polydorus opens the crowning tragedy of the fall of Troy. With natural inconsistency the disembodied spirit speaks now of itself, now of the unburied body as the "I:" —

I leave
The chamber of the dead and gates of gloom.

* Fragm. 961.
† Suppl. 531.
‡ Meleag. fr. 536. Comp. Suppl. 1140. This conception of the dissolution of the elements of man's being is of frequent occurrence in funeral inscriptions. It occurs on the monument to those who fell at Potidæa in 432 B.C.; though sometimes a personal continuance of the soul "in the realm of the blest" seems to be implied. Comp. Prof. Gardner, l. c. pp. 163 ff. Lenormant, "La voie sacrée Eleusinienne," i. 51, 62 f.
§ Heracl. 591. Comp. Antig. fr. 176; Alc. 937.

* Hel. 1013.
† Hec. 536.
‡ Herc. Fur. 1415.
§ Orest. 1084; Cresph. fr. 454.
‖ Troad. 1314; 1234.
¶ Iph. Aul. 682.
** Herc. Fur. 490.

I lie upon the shore.*

Yet even here the shadowy vitality is only a transitory manifestation. The spirit, it is true, has left the body by its own act; it has obtained from the sovereign of the nether realm the power to appear. But all that it desires is burial and a tomb, the symbol of untroubled rest and posthumous remembrance.†

This representation of the ghost of Polydorus offers an interesting parallel to that of the ghost of Darius in the "Persæ." Widely different as Æschylus and Euripides are in their views of man and gods, they are alike in their general conception of Hades. The Great King, as Æschylus describes him, though a joyless prince below the earth, appears in ignorance of his people's disaster. He knows the future only as men may know it — from the oracles of the gods. The lesson which he has to give, to those who can yet follow it, is to rejoice in the present blessings of life: —

I go beneath the gloom of earth;
But you, ye elders, though in woe, be glad;
And give your souls to joy while the day lasts,
For wealth avails not to the dead below.‡

There is one partial exception to the general darkness which Euripides allows to fall over the grave. The plot of the "Alcestis" gives greater play to hope than is allowed elsewhere. The devotion of the heroic wife and the joyous strength of Heracles in the face of trials, which grow with each victory, inspire the spectators with confidence that even the terrors of death may be overcome at last: —

On each soul this boldness settled now,
That one who reverenced the gods so much
Would prosper yet.§

But the confidence, so far as it exists, rests on the unique merits of Alcestis, and not on the common destiny of man. She is addressed with a prayer as a "blessed deity." ‖ Still, for her also, Hades is sunless.¶ The future which Admetus looks forward to is, at best, a reflection of the present.** And doubt dashes the loftiest expectation: —

If there — aye there — some touch
Of further dignity await the good,
Sharing with them, mayst thou sit throned by her,
The bride of Hades, in companionship.*

But Alcestis herself does not rise beyond the legendary picture of the gloomy region of Hades. She sees the two-oared boat and Charon, and the darkness of the abode of the departed, and no ray of light falls upon it from the splendor of her devotion.†

There are, indeed, some few who are exempted from the cheerless lot of the common dead. The kindred of the gods can reach to heaven. Thetis promises Peleus that she will hereafter make him an immortal god, and that he shall dwell with her in the palace of Nereus.‡ Heracles rises to heaven itself.§ Achilles and Menelaus are to live in the island of the blest; ‖ and the Muse, his mother, promises Rhesus she will obtain for him life as "a human deity" though she will never see his face.¶ But in speaking of these unusual blessings Euripides keeps within the limits of the epic legend. He repeats the old traditions, but he does not extend them. With these exceptions even the gods, who show in the future the triumph of righteousness, are silent as to the retribution of an unseen state. They promise no happiness, they denounce no suffering in the invisible order. The powers of the unseen world do not come within their view. This is shown most remarkably at the close of the "Hippolytus." Artemis appears in order to bring consolation to her dying worshipper. It might have seemed almost necessary that she should draw a bright picture of future unhindered companionship, of free fellowship untroubled by passion, of purity triumphant and unassailable. But of this there is not a word. All that she offers is the prospect of a pitiful vengeance and the honor of celebration upon earth.

Vitruvius mentions that the tomb of Euripides was still a place of frequent resort in his time (c. B.C. 15). It was situated, he says, just above the confluence of two streams. The waters of the one were noxious and unfit for human use; the waters of the other were pure and refreshing, and pilgrims drank of them freely.** The description reads like a parable of the position of the living poet,

* Hec. i. 28.
† Comp. Hec. 319. The reference to "the third day" is remarkable. See St. John xi. 39, note.
‡ Persæ, 839
§ Alc. 604 (Browning).
‖ Alc. 1003.
¶ Alc. 436.
** Alc. 363.

* Alc. 744 (Browning).
† Alc. 252 ff.
‡ Andr. 1254, ff.
§ Heracl. 9, 871, 910 ff.
‖ Andr. 1 c.; Hel. 1676.
¶ Rhes. 967.
** Vitruv. viii. 16.

and it is completed by a tradition preserved by Plutarch. The tomb, he relates, when it was completed was touched by fire from heaven, in token of the favor of the gods. This divine consecration was given besides only to the tomb of Lycurgus.*

Euripides certainly suffered, and thought, and wrote, at the meeting-point of conflicting currents of opinion and hope. He reflects and, to a certain extent, interprets the effects which followed from the dissolution of the old life and the old faith under the calamities of the Peloponnesian War and the influence of foreign culture. He treated the drama as Socrates treated philosophy; he brought it to the common concerns of daily experience, to the trials and the passions of simple men and women. So it is that he is the most modern of the ancient tragedians, because he is the most human.

The view of man's condition and destiny which he gives is unquestionably sombre. He has visions of lofty truth from time to time, but he does not draw from them any abiding support for trust. In his tragedies, the sorrows and failures of the good make themselves felt in their present intensity; the anticipations of ultimate retribution rest rather upon a rational conviction that it must be, than upon that sense of a divine fellowship which draws from the fulfilment of duty an inspiration of joy under every disappointment.

The religious teaching of Euripides corresponds, in a word, with that most touching and noble sentence which Plato, in this case perhaps with more than usual truth, quotes from a conversation with Socrates on the evening of his death. "In regard to the facts of a future life, a man," said Phædo, "must either learn or find out their nature; or, if he cannot do this, take at any rate the best and least assailable of human words, and, borne on this as on a raft, perform in peril the voyage of life, unless he should be able to accomplish the journey with less risk and danger on a surer vessel — some word divine." †

We can then study in Euripides a distinct stage in the preparation of the world for Christianity. He paints life as he found it when Greek art and Greek thought had put forth their full power. He scatters the dream which some have indulged in of the unclouded brightness of the Athenian prospect of life; and his popularity shows that he represented truly the feelings of those with whom he lived, and of those who came after him. His recognition of the mystery of being from the point of sight of the poet and not of the philosopher, his affirmation of the establishment of the sovereignty of righteousness under the conditions of earth, his feeling after a final unity in the harmonious consummation of things in the supreme existence, his vindication of the claims of the fulness of man's nature, are so many testimonies of the soul to the character of that revelation which can perfectly meet its needs. Let any one carefully ponder them, and consider whether they do not all find fulfilment in the one fact which is the message of the Gospel.

It cannot be a mere accidental coincidence that when St. Paul stood on the Areopagus and unfolded the meaning of his announcement of "Jesus and the Resurrection," he did in reality proclaim, as now established in the actual experience of men, the truths which Euripides felt after — the office of feeling, the oneness and end of humanity, the completeness of man's future being, the reign of righteousness, existence in God.*

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

* Acts xvii. 23 ff.

* Plut. Lyc. 31.
† Phæd. p. 85, C.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

(continued.)

LADY THWAITE wished to get rid of the sense of something wrong and to dissipate an uneasy qualm of conscience on her own account. Besides, she was a woman born to meddle, incapable of letting well alone, unless in her own private concerns, which she treated with the greatest respect and discretion. She caught Iris, as she was coming back into the ball-room, withdrew her from her partner and took possession of her, to have a little confidential chat, in a cool corridor which was then deserted.

"What is it, Lady Thwaite?" inquired Iris without a shade of apprehension, unless for the small trouble indicated in her

next words. "Oh! I hope nothing is going to put a stop to the cotillon. The bouquets and foolscaps have not gone amissing? Nobody is too bashful? Captain Hood has not begun to doubt his power to act as fugleman?"

"No, no, but I have hardly spoken to you to-night, my dear Iris, not even to congratulate you, if I may venture ——"

"On my ball?" Iris finished the sentence. "Well, I do think it is going off delightfully in spite of the heat, and that everybody is happy. I am beginning to be sorry it is half over; I did not enjoy my other balls nearly so much, though you were very kind," ended Iris with a little sigh of content.

"I am so glad you find this ball especially charming; I am not surprised. But you did not quite take me up. It was not on the ball I thought of wishing you joy — may I not do it on something else?" said Lady Thwaite caressingly.

"On what else should you wish me joy?" inquired Iris wonderingly. "I dare say it is very stupid of me, but I do not in the least know what you mean. I think I am stupid to-night, for I have been two or three times puzzled by things people have said, or rather left half-said. Ludovic Acton, among the rest, professed not to presume to give his opinion on something we were talking about. I must have grown, unknown to myself, a grand, imposing person all at once."

"You are not stupid, and you have only grown grander by anticipation — you are merely modest, a rare quality, let me tell you, nowadays, and perhaps a little shy. But I must warn you, my love, shyness is not always wise where serious interests — the happiness of two people's lives — are at stake," she added with an air of matronly wisdom, and a tone of friendly caution. "Shyness may be misunderstood in certain cases, and cause irreparable mischief."

"What can you mean, Lady Thwaite?" cried Iris, provoked into standing still, with her cheeks hot and scarlet, and a sparkle and ring of justifiable vexation in her eyes and voice. "You speak as if there were somebody when there is nobody — nobody in the world. Not a soul has a right to say so, or to talk to me about it; though I hope I should have the sense and good feeling to let any friend talk to me for my good, if there were a shadow of reason for it. Mr. Acton, if you mean him," continued Iris incoherently, "though I cannot think why, unless because he is Lucy's brother, and we have always been intimate friends — they have all been kind to me since I was a baby at the rectory — but we shall never be anything more than friends — we have never either of us had the most distant idea of —— I should be so sorry, and I am afraid grandmamma would be very angry, if anything without the smallest foundation were said."

"Don't trouble yourself, there is no fear of it," said Lady Thwaite, with the faintest sarcasm in what continued the unruffled, smiling serenity of her scrutiny; "what is the proper word for what old-fashioned people used to call 'close'? Does your grandmother never say, as characters in novels were wont to do, 'My dear girl, you are very close'?"

Lady Thwaite could not in any sense be termed a bad woman. She was not cruel or treacherous or even tyrannical in her selfishness, and she had a genuine liking for Iris Compton; but she no more understood her than she could have understood the inhabitant of another world.

"I am almost a relation," went on Lady Thwaite, with her exasperatingly cheerful reproachfulness — "at least a most interested family connection."

Iris had been standing staring at the speaker, now she started with a gasp. "Lady Thwaite, you cannot mean Sir William, to whom grandmamma has been kind; and I have tried to be kind to him too, though of course I have nothing in my power. What do you take us for? He would never make such a dreadful mistake."

"Iris," said Lady Thwaite, thoroughly excited, "it is not other people who have been making mistakes; it is you who are — a perfect simpleton I had almost said, forgive me for such plain speaking — a greater child than I could have conceived possible. All the people here to-night are talking of your marriage with Sir William Thwaite almost as an accomplished fact. What is more, Lady Fermor has arranged the match. She has spoken of it to me. Sir William himself is looking for the fulfilment of the expectations which have been held out to him. It is right that you should know the truth, if you have never suspected it before."

"And was I to have no voice in my own marriage? What is there about me, what have I done, that people should see fitness in such a marriage? Would grandmamma give me to one of the servants, to a rude, ignorant working man?"

Lady Thwaite was touched by the misery in the girl's face, and by the self-restraint which prevented her from expressing it, save by the unconscious tightening of every muscle — so that the eyebrows grew contracted and the little mouth drawn — and by the involuntary clenching of her hand on one of the white roses of the bouquet, till the flower was crushed, and the petals fell unheeded to the ground. But Lady Thwaite was also provoked and indignant. "My dear Iris, I am very sorry. If I had dreamt that you would be so distressed, I should certainly not have spoken to-night and spoilt your pleasure, though it is high time somebody spoke to prevent a great *esclandre*. But, pardon me, you are speaking very foolishly in what you imply of Sir William. He is not to be mentioned in the same breath with an ordinary working man. No doubt, his branch of the family had been permitted to sink into obscurity, so that he was brought up very plainly; but he was still a Thwaite of Whitehills. For my part I think he showed his origin by preferring the army to any small trade, and I believe he proved himself a brave soldier. You know we have all accepted him, and given him his place among us. Every year that passes will see him in greater harmony with his position. I am convinced he is a rough diamond, with many admirable qualities, as men go. He is young, fairly good-looking — I may say rather handsome than the reverse — manly, honest. If you were as well acquainted with the world as I am, you would be aware that many, very many girls of your rank, whether they get their choice or not, have to go farther and fare worse, to put up with much heavier objections in their husbands than are involved in marrying poor Sir William."

To Lady Thwaite's surprise Iris gave a little nervous laugh as her only protest. Lady Thwaite fancied it was in scorn, and she was annoyed at this exhibition of pride in a girl whom Lady Thwaite had imagined only too good, gentle, and docile.

But the laugh was more hysterical than scornful, though Iris was too healthy in body and mind, with too much native dignity and self-respect in her simplicity, to be guilty of pronounced hysterics. Only Lady Thwaite's words had vividly recalled to her mind the half-forgotten sentence which she herself had spoken of Sir William, when she had seen him first, that he seemed "a good sort of young man;" and Lady Fermor had protested impatiently such a report would have been very well if she had meant to hire him for a servant.

Yes, the recommendations which Lady Thwaite was citing were just the good character which one might get with a servant. The question was, whether the attributes of a good servant were quite those which a girl would look for in a husband, though it was true she might not fare the better as a wife for the lack of them.

Iris, in spite of the silence of her lips, had not been without her dream-husband, her ideal of true nobility, honor, grace, with every accomplishment for which she cared a straw. Compared to this ideal Sir William Thwaite was a clown, and something worse, if he had so grossly misinterpreted her, and presumed on her friendliness towards him.

Lady Thwaite went on in spite of the unpropitious laugh, "I think he was smitten with you at first sight. I am certain that he now worships the very ground you tread on. You could make almost anything of him. Would it not be worth your pains — a fit task for a girl so kind and unselfish as you are — to enable the poor Beast to break the spell of inadequate training and unfortunate associations, and see him rise the perfect prince of the fairy tale? I remember, Iris, finding you, when you were a little girl, reading 'Beauty and the Beast,' and crying your eyes out for the poor, self-denying, forsaken beast."

"That was long ago," said Iris, shaking her head. "I know now that Beauty had her rights, no less than the Beast — in fact, that there are no such Beauties and Beasts."

"Who would have expected cynicism from you? Was there not some old queen and saint who asserted her queenliness and saintship by christianizing and civilizing a barbarian of a husband, to whom my Sir William is a Paladin?"

"I am neither a queen nor a saint," answered Iris briefly; but she recollected instantly the whole story of St. Margaret, which Lady Thwaite had never read, and that Margaret's royalty and saintliness did not save her from dying of the stab of exquisite anguish, dealt by the bitter tidings that her old rustic wooer Malcolm, and their first-born son, had fallen together in the Northumbrian siege.

"I have only one word more to say," said Lady Thwaite, beginning to wonder at the zeal of her own pleading, when she was carried away by the spirit of the moment. "Lady Fermor is a very old wom-

an; it is simply natural and right that she should be concerned for your future. I don't wish to sadden you, love, but you will be a very lonely girl when she dies, and it is possible that she and Lord Fermor have not been able to make such an ample provision for you, as the world supposes. There may be other reasons, which you are too young, and do not know enough of the world, to comprehend, why it would be specially desirable for you to marry early and well, as society judges marriages. Is it at all surprising that your grandmother should wish to seize the opportunity of seeing you established at Whitehills? Though it is not above eight months since I lost poor Sir John, I think you must have forgotten what Whitehills is like," remonstrated Lady Thwaite between warmth and plaintiveness. "It is as well, perhaps, that you are to see it again to-morrow. I am not ashamed to confess that I was a proud woman when I came there first as its mistress. Whitehills, with a man who adores you — not at all a bad fellow, not vicious, or even superannuated, quite capable of becoming a respectable and respected county gentleman! Iris, think twice what you are about."

"Thinking a hundred times would not make any difference," retorted Iris, stung into passion, and proceeding, in her pain, to deal certain home-thrusts — of which she would have been incapable at a calmer moment — of whose point, in truth, she had little idea. "I may be left a poor solitary girl — far poorer and more solitary than girls who have been brought up to earn their bread. I may have to bear reproach; I have not been so happy as to fail entirely in the knowledge of evil, which will cling to me. And Whitehills may be a very grand place, with its mistress a most enviable woman. I dare say Sir William will not beat her, or prevent her from being a fine lady, though he is not a gentleman, and her friends will not forsake her. But for all that, I see no cause why I or any other girl should sell herself. That would be the lowest poverty, the most utter desolation of all, because it would be degradation and a lie."

"Then I imagine you must be suffered to go your own way," said Lady Thwaite a little loftily and angrily, "since your notions are so impracticable. I hope you will never regret your resolution. You will allow me to say so," she continued, recovering her temper. For it recurred to her again with greater force — why should she so press Sir William's suit? It would be nicer for her if he were longer in marrying — nay, if he never married at all — though what, in that case, would become of dear old Whitehills? To think that it should go a-begging! But now she would have the clearest conscience with regard to having done her best, in seconding Sir William in the wish of his heart, though it went a little against her convenience rather than her interest.

Even Bill Rogers might have owned that the dowager had done something to earn her pension. Under the renewed sense of what was best for herself — doubtless for her "cousin" and Iris also — and under the full sunshine of an approving conscience, good-natured Lady Thwaite's touch of indignation at Iris's very tall notions and absurd unconventionality vanished speedily. "Iris" — Lady Thwaite addressed her companion soothingly — "don't mind it too much; it cannot be helped. It is vexing; but most girls have troubles of the kind to encounter, sooner or later, and though they are trying they can be got over. Indeed, I am not sure whether any girl would like to be entirely without them — we are such contradictory mortals; we women especially. This is a free country, though there may be some difficulty with your grandmother, who cannot be expected to see with your eyes, and generally objects to being thwarted. However, I make no question that Sir William will take his *congé* like a man. But if I were you, my dear, I should put him out of pain as quickly and humanely as posssible. I am afraid he has deceived himself, and been deceived, without any fault of yours, while he may not stand being undeceived quite calmly just at first. Only don't frighten yourself. I dare say he will not go straightway to destruction, or even forget himself so far as to swear at you."

Lady Thwaite was laughing now; but though Iris felt hurt by this rapid transition to a light mood, as by everything else in the discussion, her wounded pride did not prevent her from more nearly breaking down than she had yet done. She could have implored Lady Thwaite to stay the *dénouement*, to save everybody from an explanation which could only be painful. If Lady Thwaite were right, which Iris to this moment doubted, with the doggedness of affront and mortification, and the utmost recoil from the next stage of the farce — surely it was a farce — not a tragedy — would not Lady Thwaite tell Sir William it could not be? She, Iris, was

very sorry; but the suggestion was monstrous. Well, if that would be too strong an epithet, the thing was not to be thought of for a moment. Sir William would take Lady Thwaite's word for his dismissal, and there would be an end of it. Lady Fermor could not say anything if he withdrew of his own accord.

Iris was saved from an entreaty which must have been refused, by the arrival of a servant, with an urgent request that Lady Thwaite and Miss Compton would return to the ball-room immediately. The second part of the programme, the cotillon, which was to give speciality to the ball, was about to begin, but it could not be started in the absence of the two ladies.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COTILLON.

LADY THWAITE was more sorry than ever for having interfered at so inopportune a time, though she had the consolation, which was great to a woman of her character, of knowing now exactly how matters stood.

"Are you quite able for it, Iris?" she inquired kindly. "Would you like to wait here a little longer, or to go to your own room for a few minutes? Shall I send to say the cotillon must be put off for another half-hour? It will not matter much, though the supper hour is coming on."

But whatever kind of home Lambford had proved to Iris, it had not been a nursery of self-indulgence. The place had not been without its bracing elements. She pulled herself together, slight young girl that she was, as a strong man might have done, and after putting her hand to her head for a moment, she answered, "No, thank you; where would be the good? I must not keep everybody waiting and disappoint people," and then she held up her drooping head and walked like a young queen back to the ball-room.

Lady Thwaite had never admired her so much. "She is too good for him and such a fate," she said to herself, for her abiding conviction was that the marriage was merely a thing of time. Lady Fermor would prevail eventually, for when had she not prevailed? Otherwise what would become of Iris, poor girl, in spite of her beauty and spirit, and what fortune she might inherit? It was a pity that she could not yield without a struggle. Sir William was a bit of a Turk, although all Lady Thwaite had said of him was true. It was to be hoped that he would not develop into a Bluebeard. If Iris could have seen it to be her wisest course, it might have saved useless contention and suffering; but Lady Thwaite had done her best, her ladyship wound up with a shrug of her shoulders.

So courageously did Iris carry herself to hide her wound and hinder herself from becoming a drag on the satisfaction of her neighbors, that only one person remarked the girl who had left the ball-room the happiest creature there, and who returned to it dizzy from a blow, with her maidenly pride up in arms and humiliated, and her heart fluttering with nameless shame, pain, and terror. It was not her old friend, Lucy, who saw the change. It was the awkwardly stiff young man, clumsily encumbered with his lessons in polite accomplishments, wretchedly self-conscious, out of his element, and so racked with anxiety and shaken with alternate ague fits of heat and cold, hope and fear, that he could not offer the slightest response to the many overtures — some of them not ungenerous or self-seeking — made to him as he hung about the doors and corners of the room. The consequence was that he was pronounced the merest stick, the most unsocial fellow in the world. It was he who was quick to observe the subtle alteration in Iris Compton's look, though her gait was as elastic, and the rosy flush on her delicately rounded cheek a more perfect carmine than ever.

"They have allowed her to do herself up," he complained to himself angrily. "She is as sick as I am of all this fallalling rigmarole."

There was a little agreeable murmur rather than hush of expectation. Ladies sat and fanned themselves and complained of the July heat, but could not make up their minds to go out on the terrace — not just at this moment. They hoped there would be no thunderstorm before to-morrow, both for Sir William's hay and their presence at the haymaking. It was so seldom that there was any summer gaiety in Eastham, except tennis parties, of which everybody was sick, or harvest festivals and thanksgiving services, which might be pretty and improving but were not very entertaining. Gentlemen formed a succession of little circles, copying the circle of officers who wore the badge of the stewards of the concluding ceremonies.

A flutter among those who were not acquainted with the cotillon heralded the entrance of servants with a great basket

full of bouquets composed of distinctive individual flowers — of white stephanotis, roses of every hue, striped carnations, purple petunias, blue or scarlet salvias, yellow and brown calceolarias, each tied with its appropriate white, red, or blue riband. These bouquets were handed to all the young people, ladies and gentlemen alike. Then the masters of the ceremonies announced to the novices, who were fingering the flowers and gazing doubtfully at the ribands — not knowing what to make of the posies and their streamers, since the most of the recipients were already provided with bouquets — that these cotillon bouquets matched each other two and two, and were to serve as indexes in the choice of partners, besides being worn without fail by their owners in the waltz which was to follow.

Then commenced a grand hunt for corresponding nosegays with plenty of jesting and laughter. Short-sighted men peered about for special roses with their special ribands. Color and form-blind men obstinately persisted that oleander blossom was the flower of a balsam, or that the large clustered head of the plumbago, with its grey blue, was one and the same with the little sky-blue tufts of lobelia.

Nanny Hollis tied her nosegay of marigolds under one ear in a trice. She was a tall girl, but she stood up in order that yellow and brown might the more easily detect her. Maudie swung her Tom Thumb geraniums from her girdle like a châtelaine, and advised her partner to tie his flowers at his knee as a new order of the Garter.

But Iris Compton kept her stephanotis and its bridal white riband hidden out of sight, while she glanced round in fright. Some witch at Sir William Thwaite's elbow — it might have been Lady Thwaite in spite of everything — had guided his selection, for he was dangling a handful of stephanotis and looking about with eager trepidation.

Iris leaned back and stooped down to one of Lady Thwaite's young cousins. She was a little girl of fifteen, full of the enthusiastic admiration which some girls lavish on other girls older than themselves. Iris Compton was at present the object of Janie Fuller's devotion.

"Do you like the scent of stephanotis, Janie?" inquired Iris faintly; "I don't; it makes me sick." And she had grown as pale as a lily within the last few minutes.

"Oh, then don't keep it near you, dear Miss Compton," pleaded Janie, intent on serving the heroine she was worshipping. "Give it to me, I am very fond of the scent, and though I were not, it would not matter. Change with me; my flower is only heather, with a tartan riband; that won't hurt you. But will it spoil the dance if we change the flowers? Will auntie or Lady Fermor be displeased? Oh, please tell me, Miss Compton," besought Janie in an agony of divided feelings. There was her delight in doing something for her goddess. There was her dread of not behaving properly and so annoying her aunt, who had procured for her, Janie, one of the greatest treats of her young life. Above all there was the terror of drawing down upon herself the wrath of that awful old Lady Fermor.

"No, no, there will still be partners for everybody, and I will take the responsibility. You know it is my ball, Janie," said Iris, hurriedly asserting her privilege with a poor attempt at a smile. At the same time she was ostentatiously shaking out her borrowed heather and tartan. They were successful in bringing to her side a stripling brother of Janie's, who would certainly have been a fitter partner for his sister than for the young mistress and beauty of the ball.

As for this very young gentleman who led Iris forth to the waltz, he was at the *nil admirari* stage of his existence. He would not have given a cricket match for all the balls in the world. He had already enraged Janie by declaring that he could not see what she made such a row about in Miss Compton, a maypole of a girl with a little round turnip of a head, pink painted cheeks, and the recollection of carrots in her hair. He would have preferred pulling about and teasing his sister, by a long chalk, to being compelled to stick that beastly rubbish of heather in the pocket of his jacket, and "to tread a measure," like any other theatrical ape, with the young lady of the house. The gentleman was not even propitiated by the circumstance that Iris, in her excitement and in the reaction produced by her small achievement, chatted to him as if she had been a very chatterbox.

Sir William fell to the share of the quaking Janie. He was hugely disappointed, and showed it transparently; but he had escaped seeing the manœuvre which gave him his partner, and fancied it was only a stroke of his bad luck, though he was considered, by the assembly generally, the luckiest fellow going.

If any other person received a surprise, at the result of the pairing of flowers and

couples, in one case, he or she was fain to conclude that a servant had blundered or had been unable to carry out private instructions.

The cotillon lottery had been quite fair, several people remarked with approbation, when they saw Miss Compton dancing with a schoolboy, and Sir William Thwaite, in his absence of mind, lifting Janie clean off her feet.

When the waltz was over there was another distribution of indexes and adornments. At the first glimpse, the young people were inclined to cry that the substitutes for the flowers were too childish and absurd. Then the company found that to every paper helmet or ass's head which was extracted from one of the crackers — that are generally reserved for the amusement of very juvenile parties on Christmas-eve and Twelfth Night — Lady Fermor had been so liberal as to add, by way of bribe, a pretty, more or less valuable trinket or fantastic charm, which could be worn either at a lady's or a gentleman's watch-chain.

A hum of gratification on the discovery testified that a large proportion of the bigger boys and girls there, were willing to make fools of themselves for a small reward.

If her fate and her human foes were alike minded to betray Iris on this occasion, she must submit so far to destiny. She must dance her round with Sir William, as the old, desperate villain danced his round beneath the gallows tree, though every eye in the room should be upon her and her partner, and every soul present mistake the couple's relations and injure and insult Iris by the mistake. Iris could not affect to be overcome by a paper crown, mitre, apron, or tippet; and she could not openly insult Sir William in her grandmother's house, by a marked rejection of his claim, and breach of the laws of the dance. She was too gentle, too courteous, her good breeding went too far beyond skin depth, to permit her thus to release herself, at the expense of Sir William and the company. The favor or treachery, call it what you will, appeared again in the distribution of the crackers, else Sir William was indeed the luckiest of men in externals and empty conquests. Fortune, half unbandaged, had awarded him a green paper sash with an emerald buckle to fasten it, and a fac-simile of the same sash and buckle lay in Iris's lap. His keen eyes detected the coincidence immediately. He came up and looked at her appealingly, with the blue eyes which she had said melted like a woman's sometimes.

"I suppose we must seem as great babies as the others," she said, with a rush of color to the cheeks which had been pale just before. She spoke in a formal, constrained way — the first time she had shown such a manner to him. He started, and looked at her with a more desperate appeal than ever.

"'Green is sorrow unseen,' I should warn you," she said lingering, as if she hoped to find him superstitious, and to play on his superstition.

"I don't mind," he answered in a voice half-choked with the tumult of his feelings. "I don't mind anything."

She rose and stopped him from saying more. She ought to have fastened his scarf on his shoulder, but she left that duty to a servant while she clasped her paper rag beneath one arm.

The scene had changed to a harlequinade, in which Iris's one ray of comfort was that the two must pass comparatively unnoticed among much more ridiculous figures causing merriment verging on boisterousness. For had not tall Nanny Hollis fluttering wings pinned to her shoulders, and was she not dancing with the smallest mite of a man in the room, having companion wings tacked to his little shoulders, which, as they waved in time to the music, gave him the air of making a perpetual vain effort to fly up to a level with his partner? Was not Ludovic Acton waltzing and pointing the beak of a vulture over the shoulder of a "vulture maiden" from no greater distance than Knotley?

No wonder Mrs. Mildmay took to reproaching her husband as if this were more than she had bargained for, more than any exemplary matron could come through and live or else be forever compromised.

"Is it a masquerade ball, Tom? Oh, I thought masquerade balls were confined to the opera houses and only attended by actors and actresses."

"My dear Amelia, you ought to go more into society, indeed you ought," protested the aggrieved husband. "This is only one of the figures of the cotillon. You will take fright at calico balls next: you will say calico balls are only got up for music-halls and casinos."

Iris would have hoped that she and her partner passed unobserved among the greater notorieties, if Sir William had not waltzed a little wildly, as if he had lost his head, so that he did not stop with the

others, or hear her telling him she would not have another turn. And when he paused at last, it was before Lady Fermor who — Herculean old woman as she had shown herself — was just withdrawing to rest for half an hour before supper.

Iris tried to meet her grandmother's gaze without betraying consciousness or tremor, but the girl's modest hazel eyes fell abashed before the bold, half-taunting challenge which met hers. "What characters are you two young people representing?" cried the old lady in great good-humor. "A pair of Tyrolean beggars on the tramp with an organ-grinder? A couple of Foresters from the worshipful company that hold their annual festival at the Crystal Palace, only the wives and sweethearts do not go in character? They are supposed to be too retiring for fancy dresses. Well, I am pleased to see that you are enjoying yourselves, and I'm ready to say 'God bless you, my children,' whenever you like."

Iris drew her arm from Sir William's, and moved hastily away. He might take the words as a matter of course. He might not understand them in their stagey slang. This was a forlorn hope. But if he were sharper, what a cruelly mortifying ordeal for her to be thus thrown at any man's head! At the head of this man, who could hardly be expected to see that she had no share in the unwomanly transaction! It was not to be thought that he would disclaim it for her, or even feel for her in this humiliating position. She had never refused to admit that there were nature's noblemen, but these she understood to be martyrs, heroes, geniuses at the very least, not mere stiff, shy, young squires and baronets. She had been surprised to find that Sir William could conduct himself passably; but he had been led into an intolerable blunder, which a better-bred man might have avoided. He had been betrayed by the coarseness of perception and vain credulity, which had made him become an easy prey to her grandmother's scheme. At this very moment Sir William might be exulting in what his lands and title could do. He might be making up his mind to get rid of all the matters on which the couple differed — of what would appear to him her squeamishness and fads, from the time that he consented to take a willing bride.

Iris was mistress of the situation in the two concluding acts of the cotillon. These were the prettiest, most dramatic, and most foreign of the whole.

A chair was placed in the middle of the room, and Iris was the first called to fill it. A hand-mirror was given to her, a march was played by the band, all the young men in the room passed in single file at the back of her chair, each pausing an instant that his image might be reflected in the glass she held. If she accepted the first man for her partner, she must let his image remain, till he, recognizing the sign, came round to the front of the chair, from which she had risen, led her out of the circle, when the two ought to waltz a single round of the room. Then another girl seated herself in the chair, and the same performance was repeated. If Cassiopea rejected the first man, she passed her handkerchief across the mirror, as if she were brushing away the offending image; and she might go on effacing quenched partners, one after another, to the last man, and, blotting him out also, decline to dance at all.

It was a tableau rather than a dance, a capital tableau for a born actress or a finished coquette, who could improve upon the original idea by fine touches of coyness, disdain, hesitation, surrender, to the delight of the audience.

Iris was no coquette, and she had only one thought in her mind, that of publicly refusing to have anything more to do with Sir William Thwaite, by theoretically wiping out his image. Her nimble mind had quickly laid hold of one important deduction. If she accepted the first, second, or third man for her partner — of course taking it for granted that none of the gentlemen was Sir William — her decision would be to a great extent without point. It might look the simple effect of girlish shyness and unwillingness to offend. It would be treating the unpalatable suitor thrust upon her, exactly as she treated a large proportion of the other young men. She must behave as if she were deliberately waiting till the partner of her choice presented himself; she must sit till the reflection of Sir William was in the mirror, and she had the chance of seeming to wipe it out. Oh, surely then he would take the hint! and it would dawn upon him, that she had never looked upon him in any other light than that of an acquaintance and neighbor, who might be the better for a kind word or look. He would comprehend that she had pitied, even liked him, but never cared for him as her grandmother had arranged that they should care for each other.

Iris sat the picture of youthful loveliness, with an erect, undaunted carriage

which she had shown before on special occasions, but only then. The company, thinking of her youth, and having some idea of her relations with her grandmother, marvelled that she acted her part so well. "She will make a dignified mistress of Whitehills. What a boon to that cub Sir William! The man may creep altogether into his shell, and remain there for the rest of his days, with so efficient a partner. She will not let herself be put upon. She will know what to do for both — a child like that! How cool and composed! She is no schoolgirl blushing and giggling, and looking fatuously round for guidance and support. She might have been a trained actress, or the heiress to a great estate. It is wonderful!"

The gallants of Eastham behaved with the gentlemanlike *gaucherie*, the paralysis of intelligence, and morbid *mauvaise honte*, which is apt to attack the young gentlemen of England when they are unexpectedly called upon for an exhibition of histrionic talent. They tumbled and stumbled, sidled and boggled past Iris, who sat so still and so steadily, with her heart throbbing as if it would burst her bosom, or make its beating heard above the rhythm of the march, as with a movement that grew measured and mechanical, she passed her handkerchief lightly across the glass, and hid the reflection of one smiling, reddening face after another.

Still he did not come. What if in his laggardness, or in his conceit and vulgar desire to flaunt his triumph, he stayed to the last? Then Iris's fastidiousness and determination, in place of giving a conspicuous denial to his claims, would lend a glaring confirmation to the report and to his hopes; because, as the daughter of the house and leader of this figure of the cotillon, she could not well avail herself of the welcome privilege of not dancing at all. She began to get dizzy with apprehension, to be conscious of a panic laying hold of her. She would wait no longer. She would leave the next reflection unbroken in the mirror. But happily agitation did not dim her eyes, for what she saw was the representation of the upright figure and soldierly step tramping past — contrasting not unfavorably with the irregular, shuffling paces that had gone before — the head slightly bent, the flushed face glooming with a very passion of suspense. It was the image she had been looking for and dreading to see.

Iris's arm was not unnerved by the apparition. With a rapid gesture she swept her handkerchief, as if in the impatience of high disdain, right across the glass.

Iris was conscious of a little stir of surprise in those around, and then she felt she could go no farther with the play. Instead of looking at Sir William's successor in the nearly completed file of rejected candidates, she shut her eyes for a second and let her arm drop, so that her handkerchief fell to the ground. The next moment she beheld Major Pollock leering and sneering and bowing before her. She had done well; she had given point to her suggestion with a vengeance. She had as much as said that a broken-down reprobate, the person she detested most among her acquaintances, was preferable in her eyes to the squire of Whitehills.

The consideration was a small consolation to Iris, when she was whirled away by the *ci-devant* man about town, with his step made up, like everything else about him — to suit his gout in this instance — his hateful, out-of-date, swaggering cockscombery. "'Pon my word, I don't know what to say, Miss Compton, for this mark of your favor. I'm a modest man, so that I'm at a loss to know what I've done to deserve it, unless you and I are going to be better friends in future. You may depend upon it I'm eternally obliged to you."

Swearing friendship with Major Pollock — was that what Iris had come to? It was a greater consolation that she was soon done with him. So much time was spent in each girl's making her choice of a partner, that the chosen man had to be content with the honor of his election, and eschew the profit of more than one round of the room.

Iris did not venture to seek out Sir William with her eyes, and learn, by the evidence of her senses, whether he was rampaging in a rude fury, or merely moderately morose. She was fain to trust that he had got enough of the cotillon, and would keep himself out of the last figure, which was only another version of what had gone before. The reversal of that rule of society by which a gentleman is supposed either to select or to be given to his partner, in all the various forms in which people dispose of themselves or disport themselves in the upper circles, must have fascinated the imagination of that master of the ceremonies — or more probably that queen of fashion — to whom the cotillon is due. The last figure was a repetition, with a slight variation, of the magnanimous permission for a fanciful

girl rather than strong-minded woman to select her champion, while it also betokened that the invention of the author was beginning to fail.

All the girls in the ball-room stood together in the centre of the room, making a stationary blooming ring, with their faces turned to an outer ring of young men that moved round the inner ring. As inclination prompted her, a girl bowed and made a step forward to a privileged man of her acquaintance, who took her hand and led her to his side. If Iris had been stern in stamping out a false impression — a base insinuation — that she had stooped and sold herself to the master of Whitehills, Sir William Thwaite proved stubborn in insisting on a public demonstration which should dispel the dream of his life, and scatter his hopes to the winds. He was in the revolving ring of men, but Iris did not wait for him to approach her. She eagerly nodded and advanced to Ludovic Acton, when he drew near, and went aside with him. She did not want to hurt Sir William more than she could help. She was utterly incapable of wanton cruelty. The blow she had dealt had rebounded on her own head, the sword-thrust was quivering in her own heart. She was very glad when Lucy Acton graced Sir William with her hand before the whole of the young people were whirling round in a final waltz.

Supper followed immediately afterwards. Iris might have saved herself from a last spasm of fright, for Lady Fermor, who had returned to the ball-room, took Sir William's arm as the crowning mark of what she had intended to have been the significant distinction conferred on him throughout the evening, and Iris fell thankfully to her last partner. But King Lud did not monopolize the attention of his companion. She could not keep it from straying to Lady Fermor and Sir William; she could not shake off the suspicion that they were speaking of her, plotting against her, if it ought to be called a plot, when he might merely be complaining of her avoidance of him, and Lady Fermor smoothing him down and reassuring him. His face — primitively transparent in spite of its fair share of sense and intelligence — certainly looked so black that she feared other people must remark it, while Lady Fermor had her rallying, snap-your-fingers, authoritative expression in full force.

Iris's guess was not wide of the mark. Sir William had said, in his gruff, hurt undertones, "I tell you it is of no earthly use. I had better let it alone before worse comes of it. I have your good will, I know, but that ain't everything."

"Now, Thwaite, what in creation are you down in the mouth about? You were all right when I left the room. Do you expect a girl like her to jump down your throat? Did you ever hear of such a quality as coyness? Are you not aware it is the most favorable, flattering symptom women betray at an early stage of a certain malady? Were you never told that when a woman is willing, a man can but look like a fool? Do you want to look like a fool? Would you deprive us of our single, short season of power? Don't we pay dearly for it to the best of you men in the long run? See what your *fête champêtre* to-morrow will do. Take my word for it that it will turn the scales, if there is any turning needed. She is just the style of girl, at the age to be idiotic about green fields, and rubbish of weeds, beetles, and snails, and all the rest of it. You can show her your house, too; and though it is not like Lambford, to be plain with you — you observe I don't butter you up — it is a fine place of its kind. You have my consent to press your suit. I will see that you are not worsted in the end, but you cannot expect that you are to walk over the field and conquer, without a siege or a battle, or the shabbiest skirmish. The prize would not be worth the winning if you got it at so easy a rate."

Lucy followed Iris to her room that night. "Oh dear, it has been such a charming ball — everybody says so," exclaimed Lucy, in a glow. "I never enjoyed anything half so much in my life. I feel perfectly demoralized; and, do you know, that dear fellow, Sir William, has promised such a handsome subscription for the harvest feast! He hardly waited for me to speak of it. Of course I should not have thought of asking him to put down his name the first time I had spoken to him. But when he saw I was pleased with his volunteering a subscription, in the handsomest, most modest manner, I assure you, darling, he wished to double it. I had actually to forbid it. There is a man with his heart in the right place. That is of twice as much consequence as his having stamped and dug his fists into his eyes, after the fashion of Gerald and Charlie over their Latin grammar, or pulled an oar or ridden a hurdle race at Oxford or Cambridge. I was quite struck with his appearance to-night. He is a fine, soldierly-looking man when one

comes to study him closely. I don't in the least wonder that you, who value all that is honest and kind, like him so much, though you tease him a little."

It became clear enough to Iris, in her heart-sickness, that Lucy's ears had been open, and had picked up a good deal more than Sir William's subscription.

"I am glad you have been happy, Lucy," she said wearily.

"Oh, happy! I am only afraid it is wrong to be so happy in a scene of mere worldly gaiety — though the Church does not condemn innocent gaiety, does it, dear? Then there is to-morrow to look forward to. I shall so enjoy seeing Whitehills again in a new light. But I shall leave you now, Iris, for you do look tired, and no wonder; but you must be at your brightest to-morrow."

Iris was at last at liberty to pace up and down her room, toss on her sleepless pillow, and cry, "Oh! I am glad it was not my real birthday," with the restless, tumultuous, half-fanciful trouble of youth.

From The Fortnightly Review.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

BY CANON FARRAR.

THE publication of the late Professor Maurice's biography, twelve years after his death, naturally awakens many recollections in the minds of those who knew and loved him; but it is not my object to add any further reminiscences to those which his son, Colonel Maurice, has here gathered together with so reverent and loving a hand; and others, especially Mr. Llewelyn Davies, have spoken far better of his teaching than I can hope to do. Many doubtless of his critics, and of those who belong to the various schools of his ecclesiastical opponents, will write of him in the same sneering tone to which we were familiar in his lifetime; and I shall offer no refutation of such criticisms. To my mind he stands above any need for counter eulogies. I merely wish to record some of the impressions which I received from his personal friendship and from the study of his works. It is a poor offering, but perhaps he, in his kindness, might have welcomed it as coming from an old pupil —

Ut caput in magnis ubi non est tangere signis
Ponitur hic imos ante corona pedes.

* *The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice*, chiefly told in his own letters. Edited by his son, Frederick Maurice. With Portraits; in 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

His biography, now published, has a twofold value. It shows the unity of his life and the continuity of his teaching. I remember years ago hearing him in one of his lectures quote the lines of Wordsworth: —

> The child is father of the man;
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.

Those lines — which were, he said, "as beautiful and noble a wish as a poet could utter" — were eminently true of himself. He was not one of those men who, like St. Augustine or Bunyan, have to turn over a new leaf at some special crisis of his career. To the last he retained "the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks," and the aims and feelings of his youth were taken up and matured in the powers of his manhood. He was one of the few of whom Jeremy Taylor has spoken, of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and reason and religion run together like warp and woof to frame the web of an exemplary life. But further than this, his biography shows that the incidents of his early years, the sort of unspoken tragedy which was being enacted in his father's house, the daily spectacle which he witnessed of a deep religious separation between loving parents and loving children, contribute much to explain the peculiarities of his mind and style.

They explain, for instance, the largeness of his charitable tolerance and the anxious scrupulosity of his invariable candor.

Maurice had seen from childhood the compatibility of a holy character with a defective creed. Some of those who were nearest and dearest to him, and to whom he always looked with the deepest gratitude and affection — especially among the Unitarians — held views which were opposed to his most intense and cherished convictions. This was one cause of his chief intellectual characteristics. "The desire for *unity*," he said in a fragmentary autobiography, "has haunted me all my life through; I have never been able to substitute any desire for that, or to accept any of the different schemes for satisfying it which men have devised." In other words, says Colonel Maurice, "the great wish in the boy's heart was to reconcile those various earnest faiths which the household presented." As an undergraduate at Trinity College, he had learnt indirectly from the study of Plato and the teaching of Archdeacon Hare "that there is a way out of party

opinions which is not a compromise between them, but which is implied in both, and of which each is bearing witness." This spirit and principle runs through all his writings, and he was as well aware of its unpopularity as of its importance. His aim always was, not to give cut-and-dried opinions on party questions, and least of all to express them in epigrammatic forms which could be used as effective missiles in controversy, but to set free his own mind and those of his fellow-men from the bias of unfair prejudice. He would not tumble his readers into a stage-coach which would certainly not take them on the road to truth, but he would lend them a staff and lantern, and himself set forward with them on the way. It was a habit of his mind which is illustrated in his "Religions of the World," in his "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," and in multitudes of his sermons, to search invariably for the positive elements in the faith and opinions of every man, and to avoid the mischievous "negative" elements which lay in their denunciations of others. This was one reason why several of his works were written in the form of dialogues. I have heard him say that there were very few books in the world — pre-eminent among them are the writings of Plato — which adopt this "maieutic" or "obstetric" method of guiding men to truth, by a fair discussion of the premisses on which alone it can be based. He expressed the hope that the day might yet come when more books of this kind should be written. "If I, being no Samson," he writes to his wife, "have got any strength at all, I will tell you, being no Delilah, where the lock is on which it depends: it is simply in the faith that the truth which is highest, as well as the highest faculty which apprehends it, is also the most universal. I certainly find very few who see this as clearly as I wish them to see it. Some form of intellectual worship, some exclusiveness or other, mars the fulness of this conviction. Till men are brought to it somehow, the philosophy of Christianity and of the Church cannot even be approached by them; both must seem to them foolishness."

These views and this method explain not only his writings, but much also of his life. They give the reason why he was an object of hostility to all party-men, upon each of whom, without any distinction, he urged fairness towards one another. He was never of the least use to the heated partisans who rushed so eagerly to pelt some unpopular scapegoat of the hour. It might be predicted as safely of him as of Dean Stanley — a man unlike him in everything but innate truthfulness and chivalrous generosity — that he would never be actuated by the "eternal spirit of the populace," which leads men to trample savagely on the persecuted, and that he would never be conspicuous in any "clerical stampede." He was quite ready to "alienate all respectable Church people" by opposing the Hampden agitation. He stood among a very small number of the clergy in firmly supporting the admission of Jews into Parliament. This he did on the ground, which to most persons would still be unintelligible, that he acknowledged Christ as the root of our national stability, and not the weak *declaration* that he is so. Against the opinion of those who chiefly worked with him, he defended the retention of the Athanasian Creed on the ground, to many no less unintelligible, that it gave the true conception of eternal life as consisting exclusively in the knowledge of God, and that it saved us from judging others by *seeming* to pronounce upon them a judgment so harsh that it could not be regarded as meant for any individual offenders except ourselves. His desire for unity sprang out of that love of truth which disunion and opinionativeness always distort. With characteristic humility he tells us that as a child he had the same temptations to speak and act falsely as other children. "I dare say I yielded to them as often. But I do think there was in me a love of truth which has kept alive in me ever since."

It was the fusion of Maurice's love of truth with his yearnings for unity which gave to his writings the "obscurity" of which almost all but his immediate disciples complained. In reality no writer, so far as his English style was concerned, was less obscure. His sentences were often too long; but I do not think that it is ever possible to mistake their meaning, or to doubt as to the construction which can alone be put upon them. The little children whom he taught, the working men to whom he lectured, the poor villagers of the country parishes in which he ministered, never found him obscure or mystical. But to many others, to persons of culture and to violent ecclesiastical controversialists, he seemed to speak parables, because he had a habit of addressing them interrogatively rather than by assertion, and because their minds were unreceptive of the truths which he desired to set forth. Men look to their

religious guides for definite propositions and systematized inferences, set forth in clear outline, rather after the manner of Fra Angelico than after the manner of Rembrandt. But Maurice saw truth as Dante saw charity, in a sunlike centre of light, which caused the outlines of all but the main features to be indistinguishable in the surrounding glory.*

Dark with excess of light her skirts appeared.

If a man can see only one fragment of a truth and one side of a question, he may feel that absolute certainty about every disputable point which is a characteristic of many minds; but if he desires to be scrupulously fair, he finds it impossible to shut his eyes to the fact, that views which are forced by their adherents into the sharpest contradiction are often in reality complementary and supplementary of each other. Maurice's one aim, therefore, was to persuade men not to plunge into mutual denunciations, but to find a basis for unity in things essential, and to assert modestly and tolerantly the special truths which they severally held. "Nothing," he said, "goes nearer to take away one's senses than the clatter of tongues when you feel every one is wrong, and know that if you tried to set them right you would most likely go as wrong as any. It would not be so if one had learnt to keep Sabbath days in the midst of the world's sin — but that is the difficulty."

Cognate to this balance and resolute fairness of mind was his determination to take all men at their best, and to judge them and their opinions in the most favorable light. It sometimes happens that one text takes more powerful hold of a man's mind than any other, and exercises a preponderant influence upon his life. The text to which Maurice most constantly refers as a rule of conduct is "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged." He tells us that he held it in more reverence than any other in the whole Bible. "I do not believe that we can, any of us, know the inmost thoughts of another man with reference to God." It always produced self-contempt in him if he was led to sauciness of language † or impertinence in judging others, And this beautiful habit of mind depended again, in no small degree, on the belief which lay at the centre of his entire theology, namely, the headship of Christ. Every relation to our fellow-creatures seemed to Maurice to be a step in a ladder which reached to Christ. The thought which is rarely absent from any of his books for many pages is that Christ is king, and that the Church is his kingdom. His wife once said to him that he might do much better work if he would only act on his conviction that Christ is in every one. He recognized in the rebuke the clearest indication of what he felt to be God's purpose in all his teachings, and it led him to such remarks as this to Sir E. Strachey: "One can find enough that is not good and pleasant in all; the art is to detect in them the good thing which God has put into each, and means each to show forth;" and this to his wife, "I wish for you and myself, dearest, lynx eyes for distinguishing between the precious and the evil in ourselves and in others, and then that those eyes may have a charm to make the evil as though it were not; for in very truth it is a falsehood. It has no reality, and why should we not treat it as having none."

The formative ideas of his theology have already become apparent in this sketch of some elements of his character. From his earliest days he was a devout and constant student of the Bible, and — especially by his "Prophets and Kings" — he shares with Dean Stanley the high honor of having helped to make its scenes and characters more real to thousands of Christians. But he was not timid about its authority, and did not exalt it into an object of worship. It was not to him a collection of authorized dogmatic writings, or a religious book from which everything might be cut out which was not found in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," but a book of work, and business, and politics, not the least like Doddridge, or any other treatise about the soul. When eleven thousand clergymen declared that the Bible not only *contains* but *is* the Word of God, the statement struck him not as an exaggeration, but as a perilous *denial* of the truth. "*The* word of God," he said, "I believe, as St. John taught, and as George Fox taught, to be very much above the Scriptures, however He may speak by and in the Scriptures." He regarded all *systems*, as such, as being of the earth, earthy; but he regarded the Church as a part of the spiritual constitution of which the nation and the family

* Dante, Purgator. xxix. 118.

† Maurice's letters and writings are singularly free from severe remarks about persons, even when he was most deeply moved. One of the severest in the book is his remark — only, be it observed, in free private intercourse with an intimate friend — about Mansel's Carlton Club and Oxford Common Room yawn, "'Pon my soul! can't see why evil should not last forever, if it exists now."

are lower and subordinate parts. He did not look on baptism as a rite in which a supernatural result was attached to a mechanical action, but as being the sacrament by which we claim the position which Christ has claimed for all mankind. He was rendered absolutely miserable by Dr. Pusey's tract on baptism, which "taught that the baptised child was holy for a moment after its baptism, but in committing sin lost its purity, and could only be recovered by acts of repentance and a system of ascetical discipline." He differed from the "Evangelicals," because they "seem to make sin the ground of all theology," whereas it seemed to him "that the living and holy God is the ground of it, and sin the departure from the state of union with him into which he has brought us." The belief that Christ, and not the devil, was, in all senses, the king of the universe, seemed to him a matter of life and death, and in that belief his whole theology was summed up. Instead of regarding the fall as determining man's condition, and the devil as the arbiter of it, he thought that the work of the Church was to witness that Christ was the head of every man. His whole being, as Hüber says, "was drenched in Christianity." If he could not address all persons as members of Christ and children of God, he said that he could not address them at all. Christ was to him not the head of a sect, not the founder of a religion. To speak thus of him seemed to Maurice "a ghastly substitution" of religionism in the place of a belief in the redemption of mankind by the Son of man, and the Son of God. In all his writings, even in his university lectures, we find "Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."

From this it is easy to understand the three chief controversies by which his life was agitated. He did not, as is still repeatedly asserted, deny the eternity, he did not even deny the possible endlessness of punishment; but he did teach, as Christ himself does, and as St. John invariably does, that the adjective "eternal" signifies a state or condition, not an infinite addition sum. To him eternity was the antithesis of time, not its indefinite extension. He saw that, in the New Testament, things eternal are not things future, but things unseen. We are now living in eternity if we have any true life at all. He could not accept the dogma of Universalism, because he could not tell whether it might not be possible for the soul to exercise its own free-will in resisting God forever; but heaven meant to him the forgiveness of sins, not the remission of punishment. He held that the starting-point of the gospel was the absolute love of God, its reward the knowledge of that love. He did not himself dogmatize about "the duration of future punishments;" he only protested against all dogmatism on the subject. He never asserted the absurdity, with which he was charged by Dr. Jelf and others, that impenitent and unbelieving sinners would be saved, seeing that he regarded unbelief and impenitence as *being* damnation. To him God was the God of hope, and the devil the spirit of despair, and therefore he saw no reason to assert that the victory of eternal love over sin must be impossible unless it were gained during this mortal life. His conception of the gospel was that it was a message that God saves the world. Much of the current theology appeared to him in the light of "destruction taking the name of a gospel." Dr. Pusey publicly said that he and Maurice "worshipped a different God," and Maurice was almost driven to accept that terrible statement, for he worshipped "the God who was manifested in his son Jesus Christ, and not another altogether different being, in whom we mingle strangely the Siva and the Vishnu — the first being the ground of the character, the other its ornamental and graceful vesture."

The controversy with Dean Mansel stirred his heart to its inmost depths. The arguments of the once famous but already half-forgotten Bampton lectures seemed to cut away the very roots of all that he had ever taught. To him the essence of faith was a desire to know God, which had never been satisfied except by the manifestation of God in the person of Christ. He saw clearly that Mr. Mansel's arguments would become, as they have become, the basis of the negation to which Professor Huxley has given the name of Agnosticism. The very reason why as a youth he had ceased to be a Unitarian arose from his belief that the incarnation had brought home to men in a man the very knowledge of God which Mr. Mansel declared to be impossible. The Bampton lectures were hailed with a tumult of acclamation by the religious press, and the author was promoted at once to one of the metropolitan deaneries; but, nevertheless, Maurice saw in them a denial of that real knowledge of the love of God, which was to him the very gospel; a definite setting up of "religion" against God. It is remarkable that the most powerful statement of the

essentially subversive and irreligious tendency of Dean Mansel's arguments should have come from John Stuart Mill.*

The controversy with Bishop Colenso agitated him less deeply on theological, but more deeply on personal grounds. Bisbop Colenso had long been his friend, and had embraced many of his views. About his special criticisms and calculations Maurice cared less than nothing, but he was so pained and shocked by the apparent inference that there was no substantial truth in the narrative of the Pentateuch, that, with a chivalry of spirit infinitely rare, he was on the point of giving up his incumbency of St. Peter's, Vere Street, in order that he might without suspicion defend the cause of the Church among whose clergy, so far at any rate as they are represented by their religious journals, he had ever found his bitterest and least scrupulous opponents. The passion which he felt on the subject led him to one of the severest remarks which occur throughout the whole biography. "To have a quantity of criticism about the dung in the Jewish camp and the division of a hare's foot thrown in my face, when I was satisfied that the Jewish history had been the mightiest witness to the people for a living God against the dead dogmas of priests, was more shocking to me than I can describe." It was hardly less shocking to him that Bishop Colenso should be claimed on this ground as the apostle of free thought, and that the clergy in general wrapped themselves more closely in their dreary and hopeless literalism. And yet, intense as were his feelings on the subject, he desisted from the steps which he contemplated simply because to carry them out would have worn the aspect of taking the side of the strong against the weak. It was just that against which he had struggled all his life. "All through life his great conviction had been that the solitary Man upon the cross is always stronger than the surrounding crowds of soldiers and of priests."

I have no space to dwell on all Mr. Maurice's other achievements. His works do follow him. His labors as a clergyman were always admirable. Like Jean Gerson, he loved at all times to gather the little children around him. He was never so happy as when, in country parishes, he was preaching the gospel to the poor. He never *read prayers*, he *prayed*. Those who in Lincoln's Inn Chapel heard him read the Litany and the Athanasian Creed, came away with a new conception of their force and meaning. Had he been a philanthropist and nothing besides, I doubt whether any man since the days of St. Vincent de Paul has been the originator of more and more fruitful works than he. The early-closing movement, the "days in the country" for ragged children, the co-operative movement, the higher education of women, the working-men's college, the organization of charity, the establishment of girls' homes, the Sanitary League, and many other endeavors to promote the happiness of society, count him as one of their first founders, or earliest and most self-denying supporters. Mr. Matthew Arnold says that he spent his life "in beating about the bush with deep emotion, but never started the hare." Most men would have a right to die happy if they had started but one such hare as these.

Above all, if Maurice had left nothing else to the world, he has left the legacy of one of the noblest, purest, and grandest characters which this generation has seen. We are sometimes told, with a good deal of superfluous scorn, that his works won't live. It is a question supremely indifferent to those who loved him best. It is a result over which no man has any personal control. It is important for the world, it is of consummate importance for himself, that every man use his powers honestly and faithfully in the cause of all things which are true and just and pure; but it is a question of little or no concern to him whether his works are destined to attain the rare and brief continuance which is called "immortality." Hundreds of books which no human being will ever read again yet live in the most effectual way by the influence which they have exercised over thousands in the day when they were written, and over hundreds of thousands who have propagated the thoughts and impulses which were originally derived from their pages. Even if Maurice's writings should cease to be sold or published, they have profoundly affected the thoughts of men both in this and the last generation. We have a right to hope that by means of his son's record of what manner of man he was, he may exercise an influence still deeper and nobler.

For this man, to rail at whom well-nigh every religious critic of every religious newspaper dipped his pen in gall and

* Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy, pp. 88-105, where Mill protests against the attribution to God of qualities which have a certain signification in man, but are meant to have a totally different signification in him.

falsehood, was one of the holiest, humblest, tenderest, most loving, of men. A relative says of him, that even in childhood he never knew him to commit even an ordinary fault, or apparently to entertain an immoral idea. He fulfilled Dante's ideal of one who was in boyhood gentle, obedient, and modest; in youth temperate, resolute, and loyal; in manhood prudent, just, and generous; in age thankful, and in perfect peace with God.* All his life long he showed an awful sense of responsibility, and a delicate fastidiousness of conscience. He was always a friend to the weak, and wholly fearless of the strong. He had risen completely superior to the infirmity of ambition. He lived in prayer; sometimes he devoted the whole night to prayer, like the saints of old. He would never think even of a pleasant plan for himself unless he could connect it with a moral law. "Dearest, pray that we may be kept thinking of high and earnest things," he wrote to his wife, "and so may do our common duties better and live in love." All who enjoyed the happiness of his friendship, or even of his acquaintance, will unite in saying of him, as was said of Newton, that he was "the whitest soul they had ever known." It was this man — this humble, self-denying, chivalrous-hearted saint of God, of whom Archdeacon Hare said, in words which many who knew him will endorse, that he was "incomparably the grandest example of human nature that it has ever been my happiness to know;" it was this man, perhaps the truest, bravest, most orthodox, most Christ-loving and Christ-like Christian whom this generation has seen; this man, in whose teaching there was a prophetic accent not heard in any living voice, — who, thanks to the fuglemen of the so-called "religious world," lived amid perpetual storms of abuse and falsehood, and spent his life under the oppression of a perpetual hissing. For these religious assailants, whose aim it seems to have been slowly to sting him to death, he felt a sovereign pity, and for the temper by which they were animated a sovereign disdain. Unhappily, as is shown by too many pages of his biography and of his own writings, their attacks, misrepresentations, and slanders caused him acute mental anguish, and he did not learn the simple remedy of never reading and never noticing a single line they wrote. But they never caused him to waver in fulfilling the high duties which God had ascribed to him, nor even produced the sad and common result of breaking down his faith in human nature.

He loved the world that hated him; the tear
Which dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged and he that flung the dart
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Blush, Calumny, and write upon his tomb,
If honest eulogy will leave thee room,
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies
Which aimed at him have pierced the offended skies,
And say, blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,
Against Thine image in Thy saint, O Lord!

* Dante, Canzone xvi., st. 7.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BOURGONEF.

CHAPTER IV.

A DISCOVERY.

BOURGONEF'S remark had been but too sagacious. The police were hopelessly baffled. In all such cases possible success depends upon the initial suggestion either of a motive which leads to a suspicion of the person, or of some person which leads to a suspicion of the motive. Once set suspicion on the right track, and evidence is suddenly alight in all quarters. But, unhappily, in the present case there was no assignable motive, no shadow darkening any person.

An episode now came to our knowledge, in which Bourgonef manifested an unusual depth of interest. I was led to notice this interest, because it had seemed to me that in the crime itself, and the discussions which arose out of it, he shared but little of the universal excitement. I do not mean that he was indifferent — by no means; but the horror of the crime did not seem to fascinate his imagination as it fascinated ours. He could talk quite as readily of other things, and far more readily of the French affairs. But on the contrary, in this new episode he showed peculiar interest. It appeared that Lehfeldt, moved, perhaps, partly by a sense of the injustice which had been done to Kerkel in even suspecting him of the crime, and in submitting him to an examination more poignantly affecting to him under such circumstances, than a public trial would have been under others; and moved partly by the sense that Lieschen's love had practically drawn Kerkel within the family — for her choice of him as a husband had made him morally, if not

legally, a son-in-law; and moved partly by the sense of loneliness which had now settled on their childless home, — Lehfeldt had in the most pathetic and considerate terms begged Kerkel to take the place of his adopted son, and become joint partner with him in the business. This, however, Kerkel had gently yet firmly declined. He averred that he felt no injury, though great pain had been inflicted on him by the examination. He himself in such a case would not have shrunk from demanding that his own brother should be tried, under suspicions of similar urgency. It was simple justice that all who were suspected should be examined; justice also to them that they might forever clear themselves of doubtful appearances. But for the rest, while he felt his old affectionate respect for his master, he could recognize no claim to be removed from his present position. Had she lived, said the heart-broken youth, he would gladly have consented to accept any fortune which her love might bestow, because he felt that his own love, and the devotion of a life, might repay it. But there was nothing now that he could give in exchange. For his services he was amply paid; his feelings towards Lieschen's parents must continue what they had ever been. In vain Lehfeldt pleaded, in vain many friends argued. Franz remained respectfully firm in his refusal.

This, as I said, interested Bourgonef immensely. He seemed to enter completely into the minds of the sorrowing, pleading parents, and the sorrowing, denying lover. He appreciated and expounded their motives with a subtlety and delicacy of perception which surprised and delighted me. It showed the refinement of his moral nature. But, at the same time, it rendered his minor degree of interest in the other episodes of the story, those which had a more direct and overpowering appeal to the heart, a greater paradox.

Human nature is troubled in the presence of all mystery which has not by long familiarity lost its power of soliciting attention; and for my own part, I have always been uneasy in the presence of moral problems. Puzzled by the contradictions which I noticed in Bourgonef, I tried to discover whether he had any general repugnance to stories of crimes, or any special repugnance to murders, or, finally, any strange repugnance to this particular case now everywhere discussed. And it is not a little remarkable, that during three separate interviews, in the course of which I severally, and as I thought artfully, introduced these topics, making them seem to arise naturally out of the suggestion of our talk, I totally failed to arrive at any distinct conclusion. I was afraid to put the direct question, Do you not share the common feeling of interest in criminal stories? This question would doubtless have elicited a categorical reply; but somehow, the consciousness of an *arrière-pensée* made me shrink from putting such a question.

Reflecting on this indifference on a special point, and on the numerous manifestations I had noticed of his sensibility, I came at last to the conclusion that he must be a man of tender heart, whose delicate sensibilities easily shrank from the horrible under every form; and no more permitted him to dwell unnecessarily upon painful facts, than they permit imaginative minds to dwell on the details of an operation.

I had not long settled this in my mind before an accident suddenly threw a lurid light upon many details noticed previously, and painfully revived that inexplicable repulsion with which I had at first regarded him. A new suspicion filled my mind, or rather, let me say, a distinct shape was impressed upon many fluctuating suspicions. It scarcely admitted of argument, and at times seemed preposterous, nevertheless it persisted. The mind which in broad daylight assents to all that can be alleged against the absurdities of the belief in apparitions, will often acknowledge the dim terrors of darkness and loneliness — terrors at possibilities of supernatural visitations. In like manner, in the clear daylight of reason I could see the absurdity of my suspicion, but the vague stirrings of feeling remained unsilenced. I was haunted by the dim horrors of a possibility.

Thus it arose. We were both going to Munich, and Bourgonef had shortened his contemplated stay at Nuremberg that he might have the pleasure of accompanying me; adding also that he, too, should be glad to reach Munich, not only for its art, but for its greater command of papers and intelligence respecting what was then going on in France. On the night preceding the morning of our departure, I was seated in his room, smoking and discussing as usual, while Ivan, his servant, packed up his things in two large portmanteaus.

Ivan was a serf who spoke no word of any language but his own. Although of a brutal, almost idiotic type, he was loudly

eulogized by his master as the model of fidelity and usefulness. Bourgonef treated him with gentleness, though with a certain imperiousness; much as one might treat a savage mastiff which it was necessary to dominate without exasperating. He more than once spoke of Ivan as a living satire on physiognomists and phrenologists; and as I am a phrenologist, I listened with some incredulity.

"Look at him," he would say. "Observe the low, retreating brow, the flat face, the surly mouth, the broad base of the head, and the huge, bull-like neck. Would not any one say Ivan was as destructive as a panther, as tenacious as a bull-dog, as brutal as a bull? Yet he is the gentlest of sluggish creatures, and as tender-hearted as a girl! That thick-set, muscular frame shrouds a hare's heart. He is so faithful and so attached, that I believe for me he would risk his life; but on no inducement could you get him to place himself in danger on his own account. Part of his love for me is gratitude for having rescued him from the conscription: the dangers incident to a military life had no charm for him!"

Now, although Bourgonef, who was not a phrenologist, might be convinced of the absence of ferocious instincts in Ivan, to me, as a phrenologist, the statement was eminently incredible. All the appearances of his manner were such as to confirm his master's opinion. He was quiet, even tender in his attentions. But the tyrannous influence of ideas and physical impressions cannot be set aside; and no evidence would permanently have kept down my distrust of this man. When women shriek at the sight of a gun, it is in vain that you solemnly assure them the gun is not loaded. "I don't know," they reply — "at any rate, I don't like it." I was much in this attitude with regard to Ivan. He might be harmless. I didn't know that; what I did know was — that I didn't like his looks.

On this night he was moving noiselessly about the room employed in packing. Bourgonef's talk rambled over the old themes; and I thought I had never before met with one of my own age whose society was so perfectly delightful. He was not so conspicuously my superior on all points that I felt the restraints inevitably imposed by superiority; yet he was in many respects sufficiently above me in knowledge and power to make me eager to have his assent to my views where we differed, and to have him enlighten me where I knew myself to be weak.

In the very moment of my most cordial admiration came a shock. Ivan, on passing from one part of the room to the other, caught his foot in the strap of the portmanteau and fell. The small wooden box, something of a glove-box, which he held in his hand at the time, fell on the floor, and falling over, discharged its contents close to Bourgonef's feet. The objects which caught my eyes were several pairs of gloves, a rouge-pot and hare's-foot, and a black beard!

By what caprice of imagination was it that the sight of this false beard lying at Bourgonef's feet thrilled me with horror? In one lightning-flash I beheld the archway — the stranger with the startled eyes — this stranger no longer unknown to me, but too fatally recognized as Bourgonef — and at his feet the murdered girl!

Moved by what subtle springs of suggestion I know not, but there before me stood that dreadful vision, seen in a lurid light, but seen as clearly as if the actual presence of the objects were obtruding itself upon my eyes. In the inexpressible horror of this vision my heart seemed clutched with an icy hand.

Fortunately Bourgonef's attention was called away from me. He spoke angrily some sharp sentence, which of course was in Russian, and therefore unintelligible to me. He then stooped, and picking up the rouge-pot, held it towards me with his melancholy smile. He was very red in the face; but that may have been either anger, or the effect of sudden stooping. "I see you are surprised at these masquerading follies," he said in a tone which, though low, was perfectly calm. "You must not suppose that I beautify my sallow cheeks on ordinary occasions." He then quietly handed the pot to Ivan, who replaced it with the gloves and the beard in the box; and after making an inquiry which sounded like a growl, to which Bourgonef answered negatively, he continued his packing.

Bourgonef resumed his cigar and his argument as if nothing had happened.

The vision had disappeared, but a confused mass of moving figures took its place. My heart throbbed so violently that it seemed as if its tumult must be heard by others. Yet my face must have been tolerably calm, since Bourgonef made no comment on it.

I answered his remarks in vague fragments, for, in truth, my thoughts were flying from conjecture to conjecture. I remembered that the stranger had a florid complexion; was this rouge? It is true

that I fancied that the stranger carried a walking-stick in his right hand; if so, this was enough to crush all suspicions of his identity with Bourgonef; but then I was rather hazy on this point, and probably did not observe a walking-stick.

After a while my inattention struck him, and looking at me with some concern, he inquired if there were anything the matter. I pleaded a colic, which I attributed to the imprudence of having indulged in *sauerkraut* at dinner. He advised me to take a little brandy; but, affecting a fresh access of pain, I bade him good-night. He hoped I should be all right on the morrow — if not, he added, we can postpone our journey till the day after.

Once in my own room I bolted the door, and sat down on the edge of the bed in a tumult of excitement.

CHAPTER V.

FLUCTUATIONS.

ALONE with my thoughts, and capable of pursuing conjectures and conclusions without external interruption, I quickly exhausted all the hypothetical possibilities of the case, and, from having started with the idea that Bourgonef was the assassin, I came at last to the more sensible conclusion that I was a constructive blockhead. My suspicions were simply outrageous in their defect of evidence, and could never for one moment have seemed otherwise to any imagination less riotously active than mine.

I bathed my heated head, undressed myself, and got into bed, considering what I should say to the police when I went next morning to communicate my suspicions. And it is worthy of remark, as well as somewhat ludicrously self-betraying, that no sooner did I mentally see myself in the presence of the police, and was thus forced to confront my suspicions with some appearance of evidence, than the whole fabric of my vision rattled to the ground. What had I to say to the police? Simply that, on the evening of the night when Lieschen was murdered, I had passed, in a public thoroughfare, a man whom I could not identify, but who, as I could not help fancying, seemed to recognize me. This man, I had persuaded myself, was the murderer; for which persuasion I was unable to adduce a tittle of evidence. It was uncolored by the remotest probability. It was truly and simply the suggestion of my vagrant fancy, which had mysteriously settled itself into a conviction; and having thus capriciously identified the stranger with Lieschen's murderer, I now, upon evidence quite as preposterous, identified Bourgonef with the stranger.

The folly became apparent even to myself. If Bourgonef had in his possession a rouge-pot and false beard, I could not but acknowledge that he had made no attempt to conceal them, nor had he manifested any confusion on their appearance. He had quietly characterized them as masquerading follies. Moreover, I now began to remember distinctly that the stranger did carry a walking-stick in his right hand; and as Bourgonef had lost his right arm, that settled the point.

Into such complications would the tricks of imagination lead me! I blushed mentally, and resolved to let it serve as a lesson in future. It is needless, however, to say that the lesson was lost, as such lessons always are lost; a strong tendency in any direction soon disregards all the teachings of experience. I am still not the less the victim of my constructive imagination, because I have frequently had to be ashamed of its vagaries.

The next morning I awoke with a lighter breast, rejoicing in the caution which had delayed me from any rash manifestation of suspicions now seen to be absurd. I smiled as the thought arose: what if this suspected stranger should also be pestered by an active imagination, and should entertain similar suspicions of me? He must have seen in my eyes the look of recognition which I saw in his. On hearing of the murder, our meeting may also have recurred to him; and his suspicions would have this color, wanting to mine, that I happen to inherit with my Italian blood a somewhat truculent appearance, which has gained for me among friends the playful *sobriquet* of "the brigand."

Anxious to atone at once for my folly, and to remove from his mind any misgiving — if it existed — at my quitting him so soon after the disclosures of the masquerading details, I went to Bourgonef as soon as I was dressed, and proposed a ramble till the diligence started for Munich. He was sympathetic in his inquiries about my colic, which I assured him had quite passed away, and out we went. The sharp morning air of March made us walk briskly, and gave a pleasant animation to our thoughts. As he discussed the acts of the provisional government, so wise, temperate, and energetic, the fervor and generosity of his sentiments stood out in such striking contrust with the deed I had

last night recklessly imputed to him, that I felt deeply ashamed, and was nearly carried away by mingled admiration and self-reproach to confess the absurd vagrancy of my thoughts, and humbly ask his pardon. But you can understand the reluctance at a confession so insulting to him, so degrading to me. It is at all times difficult to tell a man, face to face, eye to eye, the evil you have thought of him, unless the recklessness of anger seizes on it as a weapon with which to strike; and I had now so completely unsaid to myself all that I once had thought of evil, that to put it in words seemed a gratuitous injury to me and insult to him.

A day or two after our arrival in Munich a reaction began steadily to set in. Ashamed as I was of my suspicions, I could not altogether banish from my mind the incident which had awakened them. The image of that false beard would mingle with my thoughts. I was vaguely uncomfortable at the idea of Bourgonef's carrying about with him obvious materials of disguise. In itself this would have had little significance; but coupled with the fact that his devoted servant was — in spite of all of Bourgonef's eulogies — repulsively ferocious in aspect, capable, as I could not help believing, of any brutality, the suggestion was unpleasant. You will understand that having emphatically acquitted Bourgonef in my mind, I did not again distinctly charge him with any complicity in the mysterious murder; on the contrary, I should indignantly have repelled such a thought: but the uneasy sense of some mystery about him, coupled with the accessories of disguise, and the aspect of his servant, gave rise to dim, shadowy forebodings which ever and anon passed across my mind.

Did it ever occur to you, reader, to reflect on the depths of deceit which lie still and dark even in the honestest minds? Society reposes on a thin crust of convention, underneath which lie fathomless possibilities of crime, and consequently suspicions of crime. Friendship, however close and dear, is not free from its reserves, unspoken beliefs, more or less suppressed opinions. The man whom you would indignantly defend against any accusation brought by another, so confident are you in his unshakable integrity, you may yourself momentarily suspect of crimes far exceeding those which you repudiate. Indeed, I have known sagacious men hold that perfect frankness in expressing the thoughts is a sure sign of imperfect friendship; something is always suppressed; and it is not he who loves you that "tells you candidly what he thinks" of your person, your pretensions, your children, or your poems. Perfect candor is dictated by envy, or some other unfriendly feeling, making friendship a stalking-horse, under cover of which it shoots the arrows which will rankle. Friendship is candid only when the candor is urgent — meant to avert impending danger or to rectify an error. The candor which is an impertinence never springs from friendship. Love is sympathetic.

I do not of course mean to intimate that my feeling for Bourgonef was of that deep kind which justifies the name of friendship. I only want to say that in our social relations we are constantly hiding from each other, under the smiles and courtesies of friendly interest, thoughts which, if expressed, would destroy all possible communion — and that, nevertheless, we are not insincere in our smiles and courtesies; and therefore there is nothing paradoxical in my having felt great admiration for Bourgonef, and great pleasure in his society, while all the time there was deep down in the recesses of my thoughts an uneasy sense of a dark mystery which possibly connected him with a dreadful crime.

This feeling was roused into greater activity by an incident which now occurred. One morning I went to Bourgonef's room, which was at some distance from mine on the same floor, intending to propose a visit to the sculpture at the Glyptothek. To my surprise I found Ivan the serf standing before the closed door. He looked at me like a mastiff about to spring; and intimated by significant gestures that I was not allowed to enter the room. Concluding that his master was occupied in some way, and desired not to be disturbed, I merely signified by a nod that my visit was of no consequence, and went out. On returning about an hour afterwards I saw Ivan putting three pink letters into the letter-box of the hotel. I attached no significance to this very ordinary fact at the time, but went up to my room and began writing my letters, one of which was to my lawyer, sending him an important receipt. The dinner-bell sounded before I had half finished this letter; but I wrote on, determined to have done with it at once, in case the afternoon should offer any expedition with Bourgonef.

At dinner he quietly intimated that Ivan had informed him of my visit, and apologized for not having been able to see me.

I, of course, assured him that no apology was necessary, and that we had plenty of time to visit the sculpture together without intruding on his private hours. He informed me that he was that afternoon going to pay a visit to Schwanthaler the sculptor, and if I desired it, he would ask permission on another occasion to take me with him. I jumped at the proposal, as may be supposed.

Dinner over, I strolled into the Englische Garten, and had my coffee and cigar there. On my return, I was vexed to find that in the hurry of finishing my letters I had sealed the one to my lawyer, and had not enclosed the receipt which had been the object of writing. Fortunately it was not too late. Descending to the bureau of the hotel, I explained my mistake to the head waiter, who unlocked the letter-box to search for my letter. It was found at once, for there were only seven or eight in the box. Among these my eye naturally caught the three pink letters which I had that morning seen Ivan drop into the box; but although they were *seen* by me they were not *noticed* at the time, my mind being solely occupied with rectifying the stupid blunder I had made.

Once more in my own room a sudden revelation startled me. Every one knows what it is to have details come under the eye which the mind first interprets long after the eye ceases to rest upon them. The impressions are received passively: but they are registered, and can be calmly read whenever the mind is in activity. It was so now. I suddenly, as if now for the first time, saw that the addresses on Bourgonef's letters were written in a fluent, masterly hand, bold in character, and with a certain sweep which might have come from a painter. The thrill which this vision gave me will be intelligible when you remember that Bourgonef had lost or pretended to have lost his right arm, and was, as I before intimated, far from dexterous with his left. That no man recently thrown upon the use of a left hand could have written those addresses was too evident. What, then, was the alternative? The empty sleeve was an imposture! At once the old horrible suspicion returned, and this time with tenfold violence and with damnatory confirmation.

Pressing my temples between my hands, I tried to be calm and to survey the evidence without precipitation; but for some time the conflict of thoughts was too violent. Whatever might be the explanation, clear it was that Bourgonef, for some purposes, was practising a deception, and had, as I knew, other means of disguising his appearance. This, on the most favorable interpretation, branded him with suspicion. This excluded him from the circle of honest men.

But did it connect him with the murder of Lieschen Lehfeldt? In my thought it did so indubitably; but I was aware of the difficulty of making this clear to any one else.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST LOVE.

If the reader feels that my suspicions were not wholly unwarranted, were indeed inevitable, he will not laugh at me on learning that once more these suspicions were set aside, and the fact — the damnatory fact, as I regarded it — discovered by me so accidentally, and, I thought, providentially, was robbed of all its significance by Bourgonef himself casually and carelessly avowing it in conversation, just as one may avow a secret infirmity, with some bitterness, but without any implication of deceit in its concealment.

I was the more prepared for this revulsion of feeling, by the difficulty I felt in maintaining my suspicions in the presence of one so gentle and so refined. He had come into my room that evening to tell me of his visit to Schwanthaler, and of the sculptor's flattering desire to make my personal acquaintance. He spoke of Schwanthaler, and of his earnest efforts in art, with so much enthusiasm, and was altogether so charming, that I felt abashed before him, incapable of ridding myself of the dreadful suspicions, yet incapable of firmly believing him to be what I thought. But more than this, there came the new interest awakened in me by his story; and when, in the course of this story, he incidentally disclosed the fact that he had not lost his arm, all my suspicions vanished at once.

We had got, as usual, upon politics, and were differing more than usual, because he gave greater prominence to his sympathy with the Red Republicans. He accused me of not being "thorough-going," which I admitted. This he attributed to the fact of my giving a divided heart to politics — a condition natural enough at my age and with my hopes. "Well," said I, laughing, "you don't mean to take a lofty stand upon your few years' seniority. If my age renders it natural, does yours profoundly alter such a conviction?"

"My age! no. But you have the hopes of youth. I have none. I am banished forever from the joys and sorrows of domestic life; and therefore, to live at all, must concentrate my soul on great abstractions and public affairs."

"But why banished unless self-banished?"

"Woman's love is impossible. You look incredulous. I do not allude to this," he said, taking up the empty sleeve, and by so doing sending a shiver through me.

"The loss of your arm," I said — and my voice trembled slightly, for I felt that a crisis was at hand — "although a misfortune to you, would really be an advantage in gaining a woman's affections. Women are so romantic, and their imaginations are so easily touched!"

"Yes," he replied bitterly; "but I have not lost my arm."

I started. He spoke bitterly, yet calmly. I awaited his explanation in great suspense.

"To have lost my arm in battle, or even by an accident, would perhaps have lent me a charm in woman's eyes. But, as I said, my arm hangs by my side — withered, unpresentable."

I breathed again. He continued in the same tone, and without noticing my looks.

"But it is not this which banishes me. Woman's love might be hoped for, had I far worse infirmities. The cause lies deeper. It lies in my history. A wall of granite has grown up between me and the sex."

"But, my dear fellow, do you — wounded, as I presume to guess, by some unworthy woman — extend the fault of one to the whole sex? Do you despair of finding another true, because a first was false?"

"They are all false," he exclaimed, with energy. "Not, perhaps, all false from inherent viciousness, though many are that, but false because their inherent weakness renders them incapable of truth. Oh! I know the catalogue of their good qualities. They are often pitiful, self-devoting, generous; but they are so by fits and starts, just as they are cruel, remorseless, exacting, by fits and starts. They have no constancy, — they are too weak to be constant even in evil; their minds are all impressions; their actions are all the issue of immediate promptings. Swayed by the fleeting impulses of the hour, they have only one persistent, calculable motive on which reliance can always be placed — that motive is vanity; you are always sure of them there. It is from vanity they are good — from vanity they are evil; their devotion and their desertion equally vanity. I know them. To me they have disclosed the shallows of their natures. God! how I have suffered from them!"

A deep, low exclamation, half sob, half curse, closed this tirade. He remained silent for a few minutes, looking on the floor; then, suddenly turning his eyes upon me, said, —

"Were you ever in Heidelberg?"

"Never."

"I thought all your countrymen went there? Then you will never have heard anything of my story. Shall I tell you how my youth was blighted? Will you care to listen?"

"It would interest me much."

"I had reached the age of seven-and-twenty," he began, "without having once known even the vague stirrings of the passion of love. I admired many women, and courted the admiration of them all; but I was as yet not only heart-whole, but, to use your Shakespeare's phrase, Cupid had not tapped me on the shoulder.

"This detail is not unimportant in my story. You may possibly have observed that in those passionate natures which reserve their force, and do not fritter away their feelings in scattered flirtations or trivial love-affairs, there is a velocity and momentum, when the movement of passion is once excited, greatly transcending all that is ever felt by expansive and expressive natures. Slow to be moved, when they do move it is with the whole mass of the heart. So it was with me. I purchased my immunity from earlier entanglements by the price of my whole life. I am not what I was. Between my past and present self there is a gulf; that gulf is dark, stormy, and profound. On the far side stands a youth of hope, energy, ambition, and unclouded happiness, with great capacities for loving; on this side a blighted manhood with no prospects but suffering and storm."

He paused. With an effort he seemed to master the suggestions which crowded upon his memory, and continued his narrative in an equable tone.

"I had been for several weeks at Heidelberg. One of my intimate companions was Kestner the architect, and he one day proposed to introduce me to his sister-in-law Ottilie, of whom he had repeatedly spoken to me in terms of great affection and esteem.

"We went, and we were most cordially received. Ottilie justified Kestner's

praises. Pretty, but not strikingly so — clever, but not obtrusively so; her soft, dark eyes were frank and winning; her manner was gentle and retiring, with that dash of sentimentalism which seems native to all German girls, but without any of the ridiculous extravagance too often seen in them. I liked her all the more because I was perfectly at my ease with her, and this was rarely the case in my relations to young women.

"You leap at once to the conclusion that we fell in love. Your conclusion is precipitate. Seeing her continually, I grew to admire and respect her; but the significant smiles, winks, and hints of friends, pointing unmistakably at a supposed understanding existing between us, only made me more seriously examine the state of my feelings, and assured me that I was not in love. It is true that I felt a serene pleasure in her society, and that when away from her she occupied much of my thoughts. It is true that I often thought of her as a wife; and in these meditations she appeared as one eminently calculated to make a happy home. But it is no less true that during a temporary absence of hers of a few weeks I felt no sort of uneasiness, no yearning for her presence, no vacancy in my life. I knew, therefore, that it was not love which I felt.

"So much for my feelings. What of hers? They seemed very like my own. That she admired me, and was pleased to be with me, was certain. That she had a particle of fiery love for me I did not, could not believe. And it was probably this very sense of her calmness which kept my feelings quiet. For love is a flame which often can be kindled only by contact with flame. Certainly this is so in proud, reserved natures, which are chilled by any contact with temperature not higher than their own.

"On her return, however, from that absence I have mentioned, I was not a little fluttered by an obvious change in her manner; an impression which subsequent meetings only served to confirm. Although still very quiet, her manner had become more tender, and it had that delicious shyness which is the most exquisite of flatteries, as it is one of the most enchanting of graces. I saw her tremble slightly beneath my voice, and blush beneath my gaze.

"There was no mistaking these signs. It was clear that she loved me; and it was no less clear that I, taking fire at this discovery, was myself rapidly falling in love. I will not keep you from my story by idle reflections. Take another cigar." He rose and paced up and down the room in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

AGALMA.

"At this juncture there arrived from Paris the woman to whom the great sorrow of my life is due. A fatalist might read in her appearance at this particular moment the signs of a prearranged doom. A few weeks later, and her arrival would have been harmless; I should have been shielded from all external influence by the absorbing force of love. But, alas! this was not to be. My fate had taken another direction. The woman had arrived whose shadow was to darken the rest of my existence. That woman was Agalma Liebenstein.

"How is it that the head which we can only see surrounded with a halo, or a shadow, when the splendors of achievement or the infamy of shame instruct our eyes, is by the uninstructed eye observed as wholly vulgar? We all profess to be physiognomists; how is it we are so lamentably mistaken in our judgments? Here was a woman in whom my ignorant eyes saw nothing at all remarkable except golden hair of unusual beauty. When I say golden, I am not speaking loosely. I do not mean red or flaxen hair, but hair actually resembling burnished gold more than anything else. Its ripples on her brow caught the light like a coronet. This was her one beauty, and it was superb. For the rest, her features were characterless. Her figure was tall and full; not graceful, but sweepingly imposing. At first I noticed nothing about her except the braided splendor of her glorious hair."

He rose, and went into his bedroom, from which he returned with a small trinket-box in his hand. This he laid open on the table, disclosing a long strand of exquisite fair hair lying on a cushion of dark-blue velvet.

"Look at that," he said. "Might it not have been cut from an angel's head?"

"It is certainly wonderful."

"It must have been hair like this which crowned the infamous head of Lucrezia Borgia," he said bitterly. "She, too, had golden hair; but hers must have been of paler tint, like her nature."

He resumed his seat, and, fixing his eyes upon the lock, continued:—

"She was one of Ottilie's friends — dear

friends, they called each other, — which meant that they kissed each other profusely, and told each other all their secrets, or as much as the lying nature of the sex permitted and suggested. It is, of course, impossible for me to disentangle my present knowledge from my past impressions so as to give you a clear description of what I then thought of Agalma. Enough that, as a matter of fact, I distinctly remember not to have admired her, and to have told Ottilie so; and when Ottilie, in surprise at my insensibility, assured me that men were in general wonderfully charmed with her (though, for her part, she had never understood why), I answered, and answered sincerely, that it might be true with the less refined order of men, but that men of taste would certainly be rather repelled from her.

"This opinion of mine, or some report of it, reached Agalma.

"It may have been the proximate cause of my sorrows. Without this stimulus to her vanity, she might have left me undisturbed. I don't know. All I know is, that over many men Agalma exercised great influence, and that over me she exercised in a short time the spell of fascination. No other word will explain her influence; for it was not based on excellences such as the mind could recognize to be attractions; it was based on a mysterious personal power, something awful in its mysteriousness, as all demoniac powers are. One source of her influence over men I think I can explain: she at once captivated and repelled them. By artful appeals to their vanity, she made them interested in her and in her opinion of them, and yet kept herself inaccessible by a pride which was the more fascinating because it always seemed about to give way. Her instinct fastened upon the weak point in those she approached. This made her seductive to men, because she flattered their weak points; and hateful to women, because she flouted and disclosed their weak points.

"Her influence over me began in the following way. One day, at a picnic, having been led by her into a conversation respecting the relative inferiority of the feminine intellect, I was forced to speak rather more earnestly than usual, when suddenly in a lower voice she said, —

"'I am willing to credit anything you say; only pray don't continue talking to me so earnestly.'

"'Why not?' I asked, surprised.

"She looked at me with peculiar significance, but remained silent.

"'May I ask why not?' I said.

"'Because if you do, somebody may be jealous.' There was a laughing defiance in her eye as she spoke.

"'And pray, who has a right to be jealous of me?'

"'Oh! you know well enough.'

"It was true; I did know: and she knew that I knew it. To my shame be it said that I was weak enough to yield to an equivocation which I now see to have been disloyal, but which I then pretended to have been no more than delicacy to Ottilie. As, in point of fact, there had never been a word passed between us respecting our mutual feelings, I considered myself bound in honor to assume that there was nothing tacitly acknowledged.

"Piqued by her tone and look, I disavowed the existence of any claims upon my attention; and to prove the sincerity of my words, I persisted in addressing my attentions to her. Once or twice I fancied I caught flying glances, in which some of the company criticised my conduct, and Ottilie also seemed to me unusually quiet. But her manner, though quiet, was untroubled and unchanged. I talked less to her than usual, partly because I talked so much to Agalma, and partly because I felt that Agalma's eyes were on us. But no shadow of temper or reserve darkened our interchange of speech.

"On our way back, I know not what devil prompted me to ask Agalma whether she had really been in earnest in her former allusion to 'somebody.'

"'Yes,' she said, 'I was in earnest then.'

"'And now?'

"'Now I have doubts. I may have been misinformed. It's no concern of mine, any way; but I had been given to understand. However, I admit that my own eyes have not confirmed what my ears heard.'

"This speech was irritating on two separate grounds. It implied that people were talking freely of my attachment, which, until I had formally acknowledged it, I resented as an impertinence; and it implied that, from personal observation, Agalma doubted Ottilie's feelings for me. This alarmed my quick-retreating pride! I, too, began to doubt. Once let loose on that field, imagination soon saw shapes enough to confirm any doubt. Ottilie's manner certainly had seemed less tender — nay, somewhat indifferent — during the last few days. Had the arrival of that

heavy lout, her cousin, anything to do with this change?

"Not to weary you by recalling all the unfolding stages of this miserable story with the minuteness of detail which my own memory morbidly lingers on, I will hurry to the catastrophe. I grew more and more doubtful of the existence in Ottilie's mind of any feeling stronger than friendship for me; and as this doubt strengthened, there arose the flattering suspicion that I was becoming an object of greater interest to Agalma, who had quite changed her tone towards me, and had become serious in her speech and manner. Weeks passed. Ottilie had fallen from her pedestal, and had taken her place among agreeable acquaintances. One day I suddenly learned that Ottilie was engaged to her cousin.

"You will not wonder that Agalma, who before this had exercised great fascination over me, now doubly became an object of the most tender interest. I fell madly in love. Hitherto I had never known that passion. My feeling for Ottilie I saw was but the inarticulate stammerings of the mighty voice which now sounded through the depths of my nature. The phrase, *madly in love*, is no exaggeration; madness alone knows such a fever of the brain, such a tumult of the heart. It was not that reason was overpowered; on the contrary, reason was intensely active, but active with that logic of flames which lights up the vision of maniacs.

"Although, of course, my passion was but too evident to every one, I dreaded its premature avowal, lest I should lose her; and almost equally dreaded delay, lest I should suffer from that also. At length the avowal was extorted from me by jealousy of a brilliant Pole — Korinski — who had recently appeared in our circle, and was obviously casting me in the shade by his superior advantages of novelty, of personal attraction, and of a romantic history. She accepted me; and now, for a time, I was the happiest of mortals. The fever of the last few weeks was abating; it gave place to a deep tide of hopeful joy. Could I have died then! Could I even have died shortly afterwards, when I knew the delicious misery of a jealousy not too absorbing! For you must know that my happiness was brief. Jealousy, to which all passion of a deep and exacting power is inevitably allied, soon began to disturb my content. Agalma had no tenderness. She permitted caresses, never returned them. She was ready enough to listen to all my plans for the future, so long as the recital moved amid details of fortune and her position in society — that is, so long as her vanity was interested; but I began to observe with pain that her thoughts never rested on tender domesticities and poetic anticipations. This vexed me more and more. The very spell which she exercised over me made her want of tenderness more intolerable. I yearned for her love — for some sympathy with the vehement passion which was burning within me; and she was as marble.

"You will not be surprised to hear that I reproached her bitterly with her indifference. That is the invariable and fatal folly of lovers — they seem to imagine that a heart can be scolded into tenderness! To my reproaches she at first answered impatiently that they were unjust; that it was not her fault if her nature was less expansive than mine; and that it was insulting to be told she was indifferent to the man whom she had consented to marry. Later she answered my reproaches with haughty defiance, one day intimating that if I really thought what I said, and repented our engagement, it would be most prudent for us to separate ere it was too late. This quieted me for a while. But it brought no balm to my wounds.

"And now fresh tortures were added. Korinski became quite marked in his attentions to Agalma. These she received with evident delight; so much so, that I saw by the glances of others that they were scandalized at it; and this of course increased my pain. My renewed reproaches only made her manner colder to me; to Korinski it became what I would gladly have seen towards myself.

"The stress and agitation of those days were too much for me. I fell ill, and for seven weeks I lay utterly prostrate. On recovering, this note was handed to me. It was from Agalma."

Bourgonef here held out to me a crumpled letter, and motioned that I should open it and read. It ran thus: —

"I have thought much of what you have so often said, that it would be for the happiness of both if our unfortunate engagement were set aside. That you have a real affection for me I believe, and be assured that I once had a real affection for you; not, perhaps, the passionate love which a nature so exacting as yours demands, and which I earnestly hope it may one day find, but a genuine affection nevertheless, which would have made me

proud to share your lot. But it would be uncandid in me to pretend that this now exists. Your incessant jealousy, the angry feelings excited by your reproaches, the fretful irritation in which for some time we have lived together, has completely killed what love I had, and I no longer feel prepared to risk the happiness of both of us by a marriage. What you said the other night convinces me that it is even your desire our engagement should cease. It is certainly mine. Let us try to think kindly of each other and meet again as friends.

"AGALMA LIEBENSTEIN."

When I had read this and returned it to him, he said: "You see that this was written on the day I was taken ill. Whether she knew that I was then helpless I know not. At any rate, she never sent to inquire after me. She went off to Paris; Korinski followed her; and — as I quickly learned on going once more into society — they were married! Did you ever, in the whole course of your experience, hear of such heartless conduct?"

Bourgonef asked this with a ferocity which quite startled me. I did not answer him; for, in truth, I could not see that Agalma had been very much to blame, even as he told the story, and felt sure that could I have heard her version it would have worn a very different aspect. That she was cold and disappointed him, might be true enough, but there was no crime; and I perfectly understood how thoroughly odious he must have made himself to her by his exactions and reproaches. I understood this, perhaps, all the better, because in the course of his narrative Bourgonef had revealed to me aspects of his nature which were somewhat repulsive. Especially I was struck with his morbid vanity, and his readiness to impute low motives to others. This unpleasant view of his character — a character in many respects so admirable for its generosity and refinement — was deepened as he went on, instead of awaiting my reply to his question.

"For a wrong so measureless, you will naturally ask what measureless revenge I sought."

The idea had not occurred to me; indeed I could see no wrong, and this notion of revenge was somewhat startling in such a case.

"I debated it long," he continued. "I felt that since I was prevented from arresting any of the evil to myself, I could at least mature my plans for an adequate discharge of just retribution on her. It reveals the impotence resulting from the trammels of modern civilization, that while the possibilities of wrong are infinite, the openings for vengeance are few and contemptible. Only when a man is thrown upon the necessities of this 'wild justice' does he discover how difficult vengeance really is. Had Agalma been my wife, I could have wreaked my wrath upon her, with assurance that some of the torture she inflicted on me was to fall on her. Not having this power what was I to do? Kill her? That would have afforded one moment of exquisite satisfaction — but to her it would have been simply death — and I wanted to kill the heart."

He seemed working with an insane passion; so that I regarded him with disgust mingled with some doubts as to what horrors he was about to relate.

"My plan was chosen. The only way to reach her heart was to strike her through her husband. For several hours daily I practised with the pistol until — in spite of only having a left hand — I acquired fatal skill. But this was not enough. Firing at a mark is simple work. Firing at a man — especially one holding a pistol pointed at you — is altogether different. I had too often heard of 'crack shots' missing their men, to rely confidently on my skill in the shooting-gallery. It was necessary that my eye and hand should be educated to familiarity with the real object. Part of the cause why duellists miss their man is from the trepidation of fear. I was without fear. At no moment of my life have I been afraid; and the chance of being shot by Korinski I counted as nothing. The other cause is unfamiliarity with the mark. This I secured myself against by getting a lay figure of Korinski's height, dressing it to resemble him, placing a pistol in its hand, and then practising at this mark in the woods. After a short time I could send a bullet through the thorax without taking more than a hasty glance at the figure.

"Thus prepared, I started for Paris. But you will feel for me when you learn that my hungry heart was baffled of its vengeance, and baffled forever. Agalma had been suddenly carried off by scarlet fever. Korinski had left Paris, and I felt no strong promptings to follow him, and wreak on him a futile vengeance. It was on *her* my wrath had been concentrated, and I gnashed my teeth at the thought that she had escaped me.

"My story is ended. The months of

gloomy depression which succeeded, now that I was no longer sustained by the hope of vengeance, I need not speak of. My existence was desolate; and even now the desolation continues over the whole region of the emotions. I carry a dead heart within me."

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE BLOODY ASSIZES.

THE standard of revolt had been raised, had fluttered for a brief while in the breeze, and then, beaten down by the strong arm of possession, had ingloriously fallen. Stimulated by the discontent, which the acts of James the Second in favor of his Roman Catholic subjects had excited throughout the country, the once indulged but now exiled bastard of the late king had crossed over from Amsterdam, and taken up arms in defence of oppressed Protestantism and in support of his own cause. Never was there a man less fitted to play the part of a leader of insurrection than the Duke of Monmouth. Save his handsome face and graceful bearing there was little in his talents or his conduct to win the hearts of men and command the devotion of a following. He was weak, wanting in capacity, easily led and consequently vacillating and impulsive, whilst the once virile character of the man had been so softened by the dominion which luxury and voluptuousness had obtained over him as to render him, if not timid, at least averse to dangerous enterprises. It was only after much prayer and pressing that he had consented to quit his exile, and make a fight for what, he was assured, would prove an easy conquest. He was then in Holland, living the quiet life of a man forced by his sovereign's displeasure to fly his country, but who, solaced by all the charms and devotion of woman's love, had become reconciled to expatriation. Here he, shortly after the accession of James the Second, had gradually developed into the leadership of a little band of plotters and fugitives, which was bent upon expelling the hated Stuart from the English throne, and at one blow stamping out his oppressive policy. After much deliberation a plan of action was drawn up; a list of adherents was framed; arms and ammunition were obtained; and at last in the grey of the early morn of June 11, 1685, a little fleet of Dutch-built ships was seen standing off the rocky coast which fringes the port of Lyme in Dorsetshire. Boats were lowered from the distant shipping filled with armed men and rowed towards the harbor. In a couple of hours it was known throughout the town that the Duke of Monmouth had landed with a large following from over the seas, and was come to claim his own and put an end to the despotism of the past.

The beginning of the expedition augured well. Lyme was enthusiastic in its devotion to the duke; other towns in the west followed its example; the public feeling, especially in Somersetshire, was soon aroused and hotly pronounced in favor of him, whom malice decried as a bastard, but who, so vowed his adherents, was the lawful heir to the throne and the defender of no miserable superstition, but of sound and pure Protestantism. "A Monmouth! A Monmouth!" "Down with James the Papist!" "Down with the usurper!" were the cries that rent the air during the next few days that followed upon this invasion. Nor did the declaration which the duke issued upon his landing tend to diminish this enthusiasm or moderate the invectives of his supporters. He branded James, Duke of York, as "a murderer and an assassin of innocent men, a traitor to the nation, and a tyrant over the people;" he alleged that the whole course of his life had been "but one continued conspiracy against the Reformed religion and the rights of the nation." He had, he said, trampled upon the laws and liberties of the country, by the introduction of Jesuits, by promoting infamous men to be judges in the land, and by the granting of new illegal charters. If Englishmen, cried Monmouth, did not wish to see the Protestant interest betrayed and their country handed over to France and Rome, they were bound as men and Christians to betake themselves to arms, and redress the grievances which could not be removed after any other fashion. "It is not," declared he, "for any personal injuries or private discontents, nor in pursuance of any corrupt interest, that we take our swords in our hands; but for vindicating our religion, laws, and rights, and rescuing our country from ruin and destruction, and for the preserving ourselves, wives, and children from bondage and idolatry. Wherefore, before God, angels, and men, we stand acquitted from, and do charge upon our enemies, all the slaughter and devastations that unavoidably accompany intestine war." Then he

set before the country the programme he was desirous of seeing carried out. Parliament was to be held annually; the militia was to be the only standing force in the kingdom; all towns which had their charters confiscated should have them re-granted; the fullest toleration was to be accorded to all Protestant sects. The declaration concluded with an assertion as to the legitimacy of the Duke of Monmouth; he was, it said, the son of Charles the Second, born in lawful wedlock; to him, therefore, the throne of England rightfully belonged, yet he did not appear as its claimant. Whether he was to be king of England or not, he was, said the duke, content to leave to the wishes of a free Parliament; for the present he fought only to re-establish the Protestant religion, and the overthrown constitution of the country.

When rebellion is successful it is patriotism; it is only when insurrection fails that it is dubbed treason. During the first few weeks it seemed as if the movements of Monmouth were to prosper and his claims to be allowed. Though the recruiting was chiefly confined to the laboring classes, partisans came in by hundreds to enrol themselves under his standard, and soon his following assumed a somewhat formidable force. So confident was he in his resources that he resolved to march upon Taunton and there further swell his ranks. His reception was all that could be desired. The whole town went over as it were bodily to his side; he had himself formally proclaimed king, and for the second time issued proclamations denouncing James as a usurper, and the Parliament then sitting at Westminster as an illegal assembly. Yet such anathemas did little hurt to the cause he opposed. The House of Commons had offered a reward of five thousand pounds for his apprehension; royal troops were rapidly marching west to oppose his progress, whilst new taxes were freely suggested and as freely raised to enable the king to uphold his own. Then the collision ensued and the result could have but one issue. Arrayed against the ill-disciplined forces of Monmouth, composed of tradesmen, yeomen, and ploughmen, commanded by a few country gentlemen who had never borne arms and a sprinkling of officers who had seen some service abroad, were the Blues commanded by Churchill, afterwards the great Marlborough, and a large body of infantry and cavalry under Faversham. The rebels soon saw themselves nonplussed. They wandered aimlessly about the country for some days, not knowing what course to pursue, until they found themselves brought up face to face with the foe on the swampy common of Sedgemoor, a few miles from Bridgewater. Under cover of the night Monmouth marched his men to attack the royal troops; a brief conflict ensued; then the duke finding the enemy too strong for him put spurs to his horse and rode off the field for dear life. Shortly after his flight the rebel forces were completely crushed, and the revolt which was to have placed a new sovereign on the throne and restored to the country the Protestantism of the past, was at an end. The next day, at the break of dawn, Monmouth was discovered by his pursuers famished and hiding in a ditch in the New Forest. Under a strong guard he was taken first to Ringwood, and then by easy stages through Farnham, Guildford, and Rochester to London.

And now it would seem as if the captive had but one course to adopt. He had put himself at the head of a dangerous revolt; his plot had led to much suffering and loss of life; he had openly defied the might and right of his king; and for him at least it was idle, even if it were not ignoble, to sue for mercy. It was his duty, therefore, to show his followers that he was a leader they might proudly have obeyed, and no recreant in his own cause. If men had perished to attain his ends, he, the head and front of all the evil, should certainly have met death without blanching. But the character of Monmouth was cast in no stern mould. In him, when opportunity called for decision one way or another, the baser part of human nature swayed the supremacy. He was essentially a fair-weather adventurer; no one played his part better than he when receiving the fealty of adherents, when smiling upon maidens who did him reverence, who posed as king to those who admitted his claims, who on any occasion of pageant was the perfect gentleman and the knight accomplished in all those arts that win the admiration of the crowd. But it was otherwise when, isolated from his followers, he found himself a captive within the four walls of a dungeon, with the almost certain prospect of the block and the executioner's axe before him; then it was that his manhood deserted him, and the soft pleasures of the life he loved too well stood out so attractively against the background of the terrible future that any effort, however grovelling, was worth being made to re-

tain the power of enjoying them. He wrote a piteous letter to the king, begging for mercy and putting upon others all blame for his vast enterprise. He had it never in his thoughts, he said, to have taken up arms against his Majesty, but it was his misfortune "to meet with some horrid people that made me believe things of your Majesty, and gave me so many false arguments that I was fully led away to believe that it was a shame and a sin before God not to it." He craved an interview. "I am sure, sir, when you hear me you will be convinced of the zeal I have for your preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done." He would rather die a thousand deaths, he continued, than excuse anything of which he was guilty, if he did not really think himself the most in the wrong that ever man was, and had not from the bottom of his heart an abhorrence for those that put him upon it and for the action itself. Then having exculpated himself at the expense of his victims, he thus ended the craven note: "I hope, sir, God Almighty will strike your heart with mercy and compassion for me as he has done mine with the abhorrence of what I have done. Thereupon I hope, sir, I may live to show you how zealous I shall ever be for your service, and could I say but one word in this letter you would be convinced of it; but it is of that consequence that I dare not do it. Therefore, sir, I do beg of you once more to let me speak to you, for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be your Majesty's most humble and dutiful Monmouth."

But the captive knew not the monarch to whom he appealed. The cruel, effeminate James was not the man to forget that he who now acknowledged his authority and sued for pardon was the very same who, but a few short weeks ago, had denounced his sovereign as an assassin and usurper. Yet, with a refinement of vindictiveness such as even the most absolute despotism has seldom exhibited, he was resolved to grant his petitioner an interview, and yet to suffer him to pay the last penalty of the law. He would see Monmouth and then send him to the block. Such an act was unexampled, for hitherto to allow a prisoner to come into the presence of his sovereign had been regarded as a preliminary to pardon. When it was told the Duke of Ormond that Colonel Blood, who had attempted to steal the jewels from the Tower, had been seized, and the king had wished to see him, "Then," said Ormond, "the man need not despair, for surely no monarch should wish to see a malefactor but with intentions to pardon him." Such an exception was now to take place. Monmouth was brought bound into the presence of the king; he dragged himself along the ground, bemoaning his lot, and pleading for mercy; true to his policy of implicating others to save his own head, he went on to say that the secret which he wished to disclose was that Sunderland, the favorite minister of the crown, was not to be depended upon, for he had, at the beginning of the revolt, agreed to join the insurgents in the west. The king coldly looked upon his victim, and then having feasted his eyes sufficiently upon the abject spectacle, sent Monmouth back to his dungeon with the last flicker of hope extinct.

The end now certain, the manhood of the prisoner was restored him, and Monmouth prepared to meet his doom with the courage expected from one who had dared attack a throne. His cell was cheered by the frequent presence of the divines appointed to console his last hours. He read the Bible with them, and he listened attentively to their exhortations; but all their eloquence and Scriptural arguments were powerless to convince him that the desertion of his lawful wife for the charms of the beautiful Henrietta Wentworth, with whom he had lived during the last few years, was an act of which he should repent. On the contrary, he justified his past conduct, and declined to admit that it had been sinful. In the eyes of the law, he said, the Duchess of Monmouth was of course his wife, but in the eyes of heaven the Lady Henrietta was his true wife. He had been very young when he had been united to the duchess, and he had not considered "what he did when he married her." He had led an evil life in his youth, and it was through the influence of Lady Henrietta that he had been induced to abandon dissipation, and afterwards she had been all in all to him. It was no secret that his affection for her was deep, and he had prayed that if it were pleasing to God such love might continue, or otherwise it might cease. That prayer, he said, had been heard, for the affection of one for the other had never ceased, and therefore he doubted not but it was pleasing to God; it was indeed a marriage, he urged, "not influenced by passion but guided by judgment upon due consideration." Such sophistry the divines refused to accept; they entreated him to repent and to admit his sin. Mon-

mouth could only repeat what he had already said, and therefore asked in vain that the sacrament might be administered to him. Upon the scaffold he was of the same mind. All the arguments of the divines, and they were remorseless in their arguments, failed to convince Monmouth that he had done wrong in deserting his duchess for his mistress. He died, he said, a Protestant and a member of the Church of England; he was very penitent for the treason he had committed; he had many sins to repent of, but as to the Lady Henrietta she was "a very virtuous and godly woman," and he looked upon her as his true wife, and would say nothing to the contrary. "Then God Almighty, of his infinite mercy, forgive you," said the divines. "God Almighty accept your imperfect repentance." Nor was Monmouth less obstinate in another matter. He was asked to address the crowd, and especially to comment upon the iniquity of resistance to an anointed king. "I will make no speeches," he curtly said. "I come to die." He laid his head upon the block, but the executioner was unnerved; he mangled his victim terribly, and it was not until the sixth stroke that the work of his dread office was done. The body was interred in St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower.

If scant mercy had been shown to the leader of the rebellion, the punishment of those he had led was not to be a whit less severe. The prisons of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire were so crowded with the followers of Monmouth that the county authorities were at their wits' ends to find room for the number of captives daily being handed over to justice. The strain upon their faculties was however to be relieved by the most terrible gaol delivery that the history of crime has had to record. Two months after the ill-fated landing at Lyme there set out from London, to preside over that baleful western circuit, one whose name an infamous immortality must preserve so long as the decisions of the bench continue to interest us. It is the fashion to picture Jeffreys as a man whose features were so repellent that instinctively the gaze of all who came in contact with him was averted; yet from the only portrait we possess of this inhuman judge the face in repose was far from being a true index of the man's cruel, relentless disposition. The brow was broad and open, the eyes were blue and well cut, their expression rendered somewhat savage by the straight, thick eyebrows that surmounted them; the nose was aquiline, its bridge thin and well defined, but the nostrils coarse and wide; the upper lip was short, and its deep curl indicative of scorn and humor; the mouth was the worst feature, large and thick-lipped, with the harsh lines on each side full of temper; the chin was resolute and determined. It was only when inflamed by anger or by the drink now necessary to support his nervous system, that the face which in repose was handsome, became almost hideous from the furies raging behind its mask. As to the nature of the man there never has been any dispute: cruel, vindictive, servile when servility suited his purpose, yet overbearing to inferiors, utterly unprincipled, he enjoys the unenviable reputation of being the basest judge that in any civilized country has ever been called upon to hold the scales of justice. His abilities were of a high order, and he had risen to the position of chief justice by placing his talents entirely at the disposal, now of the Roundhead, then of the Cavalier; now of the Protestant, then of the Papist; yet proving himself on every occasion not only ready to do what he was bidden, but to do it so effectually as left nothing to be desired.

Accompanied by four other judges, he early in September set out upon his western tour. That summer no assizes had been held on the western circuit, but a special commission had been now appointed to try criminals for all the counties upon it, at the head of which was Jeffreys; by a second commission he was also deputed commander-in-chief over all the king's forces within the same limits. The title by which he was known was that of "the Lord General Judge." On entering Hampshire he was met by a strong military guard and escorted to Winchester, at which town he was first to open his commission. Unlike its neighboring county of Somerset, Hampshire had taken no active share in fomenting the revolt; only on the collapse of the luckless enterprise many of Monmouth's adherents, after the battle of Sedgemoor, had fled within its borders to take shelter. Their asylum had, however, been kept so secret that only two fugitives had been apprehended. The first case which therefore came up before Jeffreys for trial was that of giving harbor to the king's enemies. It is a case impossible still to read without ire and indignation.

At her country seat, Moyle Court, within a few miles of Southampton, there lived an aged dame, one Alice Lisle. She had in her day been somewhat of a beauty,

and was a familiar figure in London during the years of the Protectorate. When sickness and infirmity came upon her she quitted town and led a life of almost absolute retirement at her country place, save for the numerous acts of kindness and charity which now made her name beloved throughout Hampshire. Her husband had played an important part in the stormy scenes of the Rebellion. He had sat on that self-elected bench which condemned our first Charles to death, and under the Protectorate he had held office as president of the High Court of Justice. Fearful of the royal vengeance at the time of the Restoration, he fled to Switzerland and took up his abode at Lausanne. His flight, however, failed to save him. He was a marked man, and one morning while on his way to attend service at the neighboring Protestant church, he was shot dead by an unknown Englishman, who had been staying at Vevay resolved upon avenging the judicial murder of his late king by taking the life of the regicide. With a cry of *vive le roi*, the assassin put spurs to his horse and was no more heard of. "Thus died John Lisle," writes his fellow-exile, Ludlow, "son to Sir William Lisle of the Isle of Wight, a member of the Great Parliament, one of the Council of State, commissioner of the great seal, and one of the assistants to the lord president of the High Court of Justice that was erected for the trial of the late king." Whatever might have been the nature of their domestic life, there was little similarity of opinion as to their political views between Alice Lisle and her lord. The wife was, if a Puritan, no harsh bigot, for under her roof had many a proscribed royalist found shelter in the intolerant days of Roundhead rule. She was not hostile to the house of Stuart, and had bitterly lamented the share her husband had taken in the condemnation of "the blessed martyr." When at her trial it was attempted to prejudice her case by fiendishly laying stress upon the fact that she had been married to John Lisle, the regicide, she cried out that she had been in no way consenting to the death of King Charles the First. "My lord! my lord! to say otherwise is as false as God is true! My lord, I was not out of the chamber all the day on which that king was beheaded, and I believe I shed more tears for him than any woman then living did; and this the late Countess of Monmouth, and my Lady Marlborough and my Lord Chancellor Hyde, if they were alive, and twenty persons of the most eminent quality, could bear witness for me."

Such was to be the first prisoner, tried by God and her country, of this terrible assize. The charge against the woman was the most strained and trumped up that ever caused a court of justice to investigate. Two fugitives, Hicks and Nelthorp by name, had sought shelter in her house, had begged for rest, meat, and drink, and had their prayer granted. It afterwards transpired that both men had given in their adherence to Monmouth, had fled from Sedgemoor, and were being hunted down by the royalists. Hicks was not unknown to Mrs. Lisle. He was a Nonconformist minister of somewhat violent opinions, and the unhappy dame in offering him hospitality was under the impression that as a conventicle preacher he had been proscribed and was seeking to elude the meshes of the law. "I knew Hicks," she said in her defence, "to be a Nonconformist minister; and there being, as is well known, warrants out to apprehend all Nonconformist ministers, I was willing to give him shelter from these warrants. I beseech your lordship to believe I had no intention to harbor him but as a Nonconformist, and that I knew was no treason." It was in the days of the intolerant Conventicle Act, when it was a parlous offence for a Dissenting divine to gather together a congregation and preach and pray. Of Nelthorp, Alice Lisle vowed she knew nothing; he was the companion of Hicks, and in that capacity alone found refuge under the roof of Moyle Court.

It was proved in evidence that Alice Lisle was in utter ignorance of the connection of these men with the Duke of Monmouth; it was also proved that she was loyally disposed to the house of Stuart, and that her own son was at that very time holding a commission in the king's army. "I know the king is my sovereign," said she, "and I know my duty to him; and if I would have ventured my life for anything, it should have been to serve him. I know it is his due. But though I could not fight for him myself, my son did; he was actually in arms on the king's side in this business; I instructed him always in loyalty, and sent him thither. It was I that bred him up to fight for the king." Her words fell on deaf ears. The savage and servile judge had opened his commission at Winchester; Alice Lisle, "a gentlewoman of quality," was his first victim; and he was determined to show his king how relentlessly he would punish those who in any way

assailed the stability of his throne. It was indifferent to Jeffreys that the sentence he was about to pronounce was founded neither on law nor justice; he had but one object — provided the judgment pleased his royal master he recked not how basely he interpreted his judicial oath. Every act, therefore, that told in favor of the prisoner he suppressed or distorted, whilst any matter that could prejudice her case he unblushingly advanced. The witnesses that spoke in her favor he intimidated and confused. He adjured them after his own peculiar fashion not to give false evidence. "Do not tell me a lie," he thundered, "for I will be sure to treasure up every lie that thou tellest me, and thou mayst be certain it will not be for thy advantage. I would not terrify thee to make thee say anything but the truth; but assure thyself I never met with a lying, sneaking, canting fellow but I always treasured up vengeance for him; and therefore look to it that thou dost not prevaricate with me, for to be sure thou wilt come to the worst of it in the end." When a witness contradicted himself he was assailed from the bench with such choice abuse as, "Thou art a strange, prevaricating, shuffling, snivelling rascal," or, "Jesus, God! was there ever such a fellow as thou art!" or, "Thou vile wretch, thou art;" or, "A lying Presbyterian knave!" No wonder then that, as an excuse for his contradictions, the bewildered witness trembling before those embruted eyes and that streperous voice murmured, "I am quite cluttered out of my senses: I do not know what to say." Deplorable as was this judicial license, and degrading alike to the bench and the man, Jeffreys was at his very worst when he proceeded to read his victim, witness, or prisoner a moral lecture on the heinousness of bearing false testimony or rising in revolt against the sovereign. On these occasions — and they were very frequent — his piety is more monstrous than his abuse. During the trial of Alice Lisle he was much given to discourses of this nature — discourses which, coming from such a polluted source, were blasphemous in the extreme. Over and over again we hear him preaching of the enormity of sin, groaning over the iniquity of the times in which his lot was cast, discoursing upon the purity and holiness of God, and, like the devil, freely quoting Scripture. "Oh, blessed Jesus!" he cried, "what an age do we live in, and what a generation of vipers do we live among." One "viper" he was determined to crush. Three times the jury came forward and pronounced Alice Lisle not guilty, and three times Jeffreys sent them back to reconsider their verdict. Then, cowed and browbeaten, and also threatened with an attaint of jury, the unwilling foreman at last spoke up against his conscience and brought the prisoner in guilty. The dread sentence was then pronounced: "That you, Mrs. Lisle, be conveyed from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, where your body is to be burnt alive till you be dead. And the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

Every effort was now made by the friends, assisted by the local clergy and gentry, to obtain a reprieve for the unhappy woman. It was shown that the sentence was not in accordance with law, for even if Alice Lisle had given shelter to Hicks, the man had not yet been convicted, and therefore, in the eyes of the law was innocent; how then could this aged dame be condemned for having harbored a rebel when his treason had still to be proved? Then the loyalty of the prisoner was duly set forth; how well she was disposed to the present dynasty, how her son wore the king's uniform, and "particularly that she was an enemy to the king's foes in the time of the late wars." Her great age, her sex, her infirmities were also enlarged upon, and brought forward as so many claims upon the royal mercy. In vain. The harsh king had given full powers to her judge, and declined to interfere. To Jeffreys all appeal was, of course, nugatory; the prisoner was his first victim, to pardon her would be destructive of the terror he wished his commission to inspire. If Alice Lisle were condemned, and all her petitions ignored, what hope then had those who had been actually engaged as principals in the late rise? One favor — terrible indeed was the penalty when such an alternative was deemed a favor! — was granted this ill-starred gentlewoman. She had begged that execution might be altered from burning to beheading, and her prayer had been acceded to. Nobly and bravely — like many another good woman who has had to face a cruel death — she went to her doom. We read, "On Wednesday, the 2nd of September, in the afternoon, Alice Lisle was brought to execution, which was perfomed upon a scaffold erected in the marketplace in the city of Winchester, when she behaved herself with a great deal of Christian resolution."

One of the first acts of the next reign was to have the attainder of "Alice Lisle, widow," made null and void on the grounds that her prosecution had been "irregular and undue," and that the verdict had been "injuriously extorted and procured by the menaces and violences and other illegal practices of George, Lord Jeffreys, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench." In the official record before me the name of Alice Lisle stands alone as the one victim of this assize.*

From Winchester the lord general judge proceeded to Salisbury. Like Hampshire, the county of Wilts had taken no part in the rising, and there consequently being no rebels to hang or burn, the insatiable but disappointed Jeffreys was forced to content himself with finding out and punishing those who had been guilty of uttering "indiscreet words." In the record before me I find entered: "Wiltshire.— None indicted for high treason; six men convicted for speaking seditious words, severally fined and whipped." †

This leniency was, alas! only exceptional. The day after the execution of Dame Lisle, the judge entered Dorsetshire, and took up his quarters in the town of Dorchester. He was now in the very heart of the county which had declared for Monmouth, and he knew with a furious joy that the calendar would be a full one. It was remarked that when in the parish church the clergyman, who was preaching the usual assize sermon, discoursed upon the sacred duty of tempering justice with mercy, the thick brows of the judge contracted, and there was a smile upon the large mouth which seemed to the awed spectators to imply that he was about "to breathe death like a destroying angel, and to sanguine his very ermine in blood." Their conclusion was only too accurate. Jeffreys was anxious to do his work, and do it quickly. The lord keeper Guildford had breathed his last; the vacant post was offered to Jeffreys, and he was bidden "to finish the king's business in the west." No one better appreciated than the judge the activity of his enemies during his absence. He was, therefore, most desirous of getting back with all speed to Whitehall and checkmating their moves. To expedite matters his wicked cunning now came to his aid. If every prisoner were to plead not guilty, the trials must necessarily extend over a long period of time, but if prisoners should be tempted to throw themselves upon his mercy, a very different result might be obtained. On opening his court in the town hall, which was ominously hung with scarlet for the occasion, Jeffreys was careful to make a promise which might mean a good deal, and which might also mean nothing. He said, "If any of those indicted would relent from their conspiracies and plead guilty, they should find him to be a merciful judge; but that those who put themselves on their trials (which the law mercifully gave them all, in strictness, a right to do), if found guilty, would have very little time to live, and therefore that such as were conscious they had no defence had better spare him the trouble of trying them." As drowning men catch at a straw, so men when face to face with death are glad to seize upon any alternative which gives them prospect of life. Prisoner after prisoner was brought to the bar, and acting upon the advice of the judge, pleaded guilty. Hosts were sentenced to death, and upon hosts the sentence was carried out. Every man who put himself upon his country and was convicted was strung up then and there. I give the numbers of the Dorsetshire men tried on this occasion as set out in the official list sent to the Treasury, and the punishment inflicted upon them: *—

Seventy-four men executed for high treason. Ninety-four "prisoners convicted at Dorchester for high treason to be delivered to Sir William Booth to be transported." Sixty "prisoners to be transported to be delivered to Jerome Nipho." Sixteen "prisoners to be delivered to Sir Christopher Musgrave for transportation." Twenty-seven "prisoners who had certificates allowed pursuant to his Majesty's gracious proclamation." Twenty-seven "prisoners humbly proposed for his Majesty's gracious pardon." Six "prisoners remaining in custody." The following prisoners to be thus pun-

* An Account of the Proceedings against the Rebels and other Prisoners in the several counties of Southampton, Wilts, Dorset, Devon, and Somerset, by virtue of His Majesty's special commission of Oyer and Terminer and general gaol delivery, directed to the Right Honorable George, Lord Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice of England, the Hon. Wm. Mountagu, Lord Chief Baron of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer, Sir Creswell Levinz, knight, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, Sir Francis Withens, knight, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of King's Bench, and Sir Rob. Wright, knight, one of the Barons of His Majesty's Exchequer, dated the 8th day of July, in the first year of His Majesty's reign over England, 1685. — State Papers, Domestic. Letter Book, Treasury, Feb. 1684-Oct. 1686. Removed from Treasury to the Record Office, 1853. The contents of this book have never before been made public.

† An Account of the Proceedings, etc.

* An Account of the Proceedings, etc.

ished: Rich. Holliday "for conducting the Lord Grey from Gillingham to Ringwood after the fight at Weston to be whipt twice, fined a mark, and to find sureties for the good behaviour for a year." Hugh Greene "for publishing Monmouth's Declaration fined £1,000, and committed till paid, and to find sureties for the good behaviour during life." Will. Wiseman "for publishing a seditious libel to be whipt at Dorchester and at every market town in the county." Six "prisoners for speaking seditious words severally fined and whipt." Fourteen "prisoners discharged for want of evidence." Nine "prisoners continued in gaol not indicted."

Jeffreys was fully satisfied with his day's work, and he thus writes to the powerful Sunderland:* —

"I most heartily rejoice, my dearest, dearest lord, to hear of your safe return to Windsor. I this day began with the trial of the rebels at Dorchester, and have dispatched ninety-eight; but am at this time so tortured with the stone that I must beg your lordship's intercession to his Majesty for the incoherence of what I have ventured to give his Majesty the trouble of; and that I may give myself so much ease by your lordship's favor as to make use of my servant's pen to give a relation of what has happened since I came here. My dearest lord, may I ever be tortured with the stone if I forget to approve myself, my dearest lord, your most faithful and devoted servant,

"JEFFREYS.

"Dorchester, September 5, 1685, 8 at night.

"For God's sake make all excuses, and when at leisure a word of comfort."

From Dorchester Jeffreys, always escorted by his strong military guard, proceeded to Exeter. The Devonshire men had taken little part in the actual fighting that occurred, not that they were wanting in sympathy with Monmouth, but as the insurrection had been rapidly crushed it failed to spread much beyond the confines of the county. Hence but few persons here were sentenced to death as rebels. It had so happened that the first prisoner who was arraigned, contrary to the judge's advice, pleaded not guilty, and being convicted, was at once tied up. His fate deterred others from following his example; man after man came to the front of the dock, said that he was guilty, and saved his lordship from going through the form of trial. The list of punishments forwarded to the Treasury was, however, compared with that of other counties, not a heavy one. We find twelve were "executed at Exeter for high treason; two reprieved." Seven prisoners were "to be transported for high treason;" three were "convicted remaining in custody;" one was "proposed for pardon;" whilst twelve "for speaking seditious words were severally whipped and fined at Exeter."*

But Jeffreys reserved himself to the last for wreaking his vengeance to the full. He entered Somersetshire, and first opened his court at Taunton. He was now in the county which had been the very head and front of the rebellion, and, rendered half mad by a terrible malady, he was in a fitting mood to teach men how heinous was the crime of treason. It would not be his fault, he said, if he did not purify the place. And Taunton in his eyes was especially guilty, for it was here that Monmouth had been received with every sign of enthusiasm; the town on his entrance being decorated with flags, triumphal arches, and wreaths of flowers; it was here that, beneath a banner embroidered by the fairest hands in the county, the fascinating bastard allowed himself to be proclaimed king of England; and here it was that he had vowed the object of his mission was to uphold Protestantism. "I come," he said, when accepting a Bible which had been presented to him, "to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal them, if it must be so, with my blood." Such a place was to be "purified," and if wholesale slaughter was purification Jeffreys had no reason to complain of his efforts. The calendar presented more than five hundred persons for trial, for whom "justice" thus accounted: Two hundred and twenty-two prisoners were "executed for high treason;" one hundred and ninety-eight were "to be transported;" twenty were "to be pardoned;" twenty-three were "proposed to be pardoned;" fifteen were "omitted in the warrant for execution although designed to be executed;" and thirty-three were "to remain in gaol until further order." †

The cells of the prisons at Taunton were so full that it now became necessary to adjourn the commission to Wells. Here the same story of hanging, imprisoning, and whipping was repeated with all its sickening details. We read that ninety-

* State Papers, Domestic, 1685.

* An Account of the Proceedings, etc.
† Ibid.

five were "executed for high treason;" three hundred and eighty-six were "to be transported;" six "pardoned," and twenty-five "proposed to be pardoned;" seventeen in custody "for want of evidence;" six were "to be fined or whipped for misdemeanors," and one hundred and thirty-nine were "bound over to appear at the next assizes."*

Bristol now only remained to be visited. The city was full of the partisans of Monmouth, but they had been prevented by the Duke of Beaufort, who was zealous in the king's cause, from being of service to their chief. Still many came up for punishment, and the judge did not spare them. Only three were executed for treason, but the usual penalty of whippings and imprisonment was freely passed. "I am just now come, my most honored Lord," writes Jeffreys to Sunderland,† "from discharging my duty to my sacred master in executing his commission in this his most factious city. For, my Lord, to be plain upon my true affection and honor to your Lordship, and my allegiance and duty to my royal master, I think this city worse than Taunton; but, my good Lord, though harassed with this day's fatigue, and now mortified with a fit of the stone, I must beg leave to acquaint your Lordship that I this day committed the Mayor of this city, Sir William Hayman, and some of his brethren, the aldermen, for kidnappers,‡ and have sent my tipstaff for others equally concerned in that villainy. I therefore beg your Lordship will acquaint his Majesty that I humbly apprehend it infinitely for his service that he be not surprised into a pardon to any man, though he pretend much to loyalty, till I have the honor and happiness I desire of kissing his royal hand. The reasons of this my humble request are too many to be confined within the narrow compass of this paper, but, my dear Lord, I will pawn my life, and that which is dearer to me, my loyalty, that Taunton and Bristol, and the county of Somerset, too, shall know their duty both to God and their king before I leave them. I purpose to-morrow for Wells, and in a few days don't despair to perfect the work I was sent about, and if my royal master would be graciously pleased to think I have contributed anything to his service I am sure I have arrived at the height of my ambition. The particulars of Taunton I humbly refer to my Lord Churchill's relation, who was upon the place; I have received several letters signed by your Lordship for the disposal of the convicts. [Convicted prisoners were often sold to the planters in the West India Islands. Jeffreys valued them at about ten pounds apiece, and was aggrieved that the king should grant numbers to his favorites. The judge looked upon this generosity as interfering with his special spoil.] I shall certainly be obedient to his Majesty's commands, though the messengers seem to me too impetuous for a hasty compliance. And now lest my dearest Lord should be afflicted by further trouble, as I am at this time by pain, I will only say that I am, and with all truth and sincerity ever will approve myself, your Lordship's most dutiful, grateful, and faithful, as I am your most obliged, servant,

"JEFFREYS.

"Bristol, Sep. 22, 1685."

The cruelty which characterized the sentences passed by this hateful judge upon the prisoners brought before him was always apparent. Never did he once err on the side of mercy. If he condemned a man to the gallows or to transportation he was always careful to add to the severity of the sentence by some brutal remark or ribald jest as to the prisoner's antecedents. When his victim was allowed to escape out of his hands no one doubted that the judge had been freely bribed, or that by no manner of straining could the law be called upon to deal out punishment. From the monstrous record of his pitiless ruling on this occasion history has taken care to pick out a few of his decisions as indicative of the temper and conduct of the man. Upon a lad, still in his teens, who had been convicted of uttering "seditious words," sentence was passed of imprisonment for seven years, with a whipping during that period of once a fortnight at the different market towns in his county. The clerk of arraigns had the courage to interpose in mitigation of this awful judgment, while the women in the gallery sobbed audibly out of sympathy with the prisoner. "The punishment is not half bad enough for him," growled Jeffreys; "not all the interest in England shall save him." Fortunately the lad was seized with small-pox, and softened by a ruinous bribe, the judge remitted the sentence. One of the girls who had been found guilty of embroidering the colors given to Monmouth at

* An Account of the Proceedings, etc.

† State Papers, Domestic, 1685.

‡ This refers to a discovery made by the judge that the magistrates of the Bristol Corporation were in the habit of having assigned to them prisoners charged with felony, whom they sold for their own benefit to the West Indian planters.

Taunton was so paralyzed by the ferocity with which judgment was given against her, that scarcely had she returned to her cell than she fell on the floor a corpse. Seldom was a woman sentenced to a whipping without some coarse joke being made as to the exposure that must necessarily ensue. "It may be a cold morning to strip in," said he, "but we shall try to keep you warm, madam! See that she is whipped — whipped soundly till the blood runs down! We'll tickle you, madam!" A prisoner, with some knowledge of law, made a technical objection to the course being pursued at his trial. "Villain! rebel!" cried Jeffreys, "I think I see thee already with a halter round thy neck." The prisoner was convicted. "Let him be hanged the first," laughed the judge, "for if any with a knowledge of law come in my way, I shall take care to *prefer them*." One rebel begged for mercy on the ground that on the eve of Sedgemoor he had sent important information to Faversham, the general of the king's forces. "You deserve a double death," said the judge, not without reason; "one for rebelling against your sovereign, and the other for betraying your friends." We are told that he particularly piqued himself upon this *bon mot*. To repeat the stories as to this circuit which history has preserved would be to fill a goodly volume. Chroniclers differ with respect to the number of Monmouth's followers hanged and transported after this western revolt. According to the official list before me, forwarded to the Treasury, three hundred and twenty were sent to the gallows, and eight hundred and forty transported.*

The fell instructions had been carried out, and the infamous servant of an infamous master was now to receive his reward. Sprung from a decent but very impoverished lineage, Jeffreys had in his boyhood barely escaped being bound apprentice to a Denbigh shopkeeper; but conscious of the talents working within him, he had manfully fought against the opposition of his family and had embraced the bar as a profession. His rise had been rapid. After a few years' practice he was appointed common sergeant of the city of London, then recorder, then chief justice of Chester, then chief justice of the King's Bench, and now on his return from the terrible western circuit the great seal was entrusted to him. "His Majesty," so ran the entry in the *Gazette*, "taking into his royal consideration the many eminent services which the right honourable George, Lord Jeffreys, of Wem, Lord Chief Justice of England, has rendered the crown, as well in the reign of the late King of ever blessed memory as since His Majesty's accession to the throne, was pleased this day [October 1, 1685] to commit to him the custody of the Great Seal of England with the title of Lord Chancellor." It has been the endeavor of those who seek to exculpate the king at the expense of Jeffreys, to attribute the merciless slaughter in the west alone to the interested vindictiveness of the judge. James, it is said, was opposed to these bloodthirsty proceedings and had counselled mercy. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, declared that the king never forgave the cruelty of the judge "in executing such multitudes in the west against his express orders." Yet the evidence of contemporaries fails to support this assertion. Burnet reports that James "had a particular account of the proceedings writ to him every day, and he took pleasure to relate them in the drawing-room to foreign ministers and at his table, calling it Jeffreys' campaign; speaking of all he had done in a style that neither became the majesty nor the mercifulness of a prince." Lord Sunderland writing to the judge when busy in the west tying up his prisoners, informs him that "the king approved entirely of all his proceedings." Implicit faith is not, of course, to be placed on the testimony of Jeffreys, but let it be listened to for what it is worth. The wretched man when imprisoned in the Tower declared that "his instructions were much more severe than the execution of them," and when on his death-bed again said, "Whatever I did then I did by express orders; and I have this further to add, that I was not half bloody enough for him who sent me thither." "Though we cannot believe," writes Lord Campbell,* "that Jeffreys stopped short of any severity which he thought would be of service to himself, there seems no reason to doubt (if that be any palliation) that throughout the whole of these proceedings his object was to please his master, whose disposition was now most vindictive, and who thought that by such terrible examples he should secure to himself a long and quiet reign."

The end of Jeffreys is well known. On

* An Account of Proceedings, etc. See also a very curious book, "The Western Martyrology," by T. Potts, 1695.

* Lives of the Chancellors. Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, vol. iv., p. 586.

the flight of James from Whitehall, at the advance of the Prince of Orange, the miscreant followed his master's example, and endeavored to make his escape by finding shelter on board a Newcastle collier bound for Hamburgh. He had shaved off his thick eyebrows, the upper part of his face was hidden by an old tarred hat which slouched well over his eyes, and he had disguised himself in the garb of a common sailor.

> He took a collier's coat to sea to go;
> Was ever Chancellor arrayéd so?

The collier anchored off Wapping for the night. In the early morning Jeffreys, dry and half maddened with the drunkard's thirst, thought he might trust to his dress to go ashore and satisfy the cravings which were now a second nature. He went to an inn and called for a tankard of ale. Here a disappointed suitor recognized him, the cry was raised that the terrible lord chancellor was within, the mob clamored for his blood, and in all probability Jeffreys would have been torn limb from limb if a party of the train bands had not come to his rescue. He was driven off to the lord mayor amid the yells of the baffled crowd, and at his own suggestion was confined within the walls of the Tower in order to feel safe from the fury of the people. It was announced that he would speedily be put upon his trial, but the excitement consequent upon the occasion of a new dynasty interfered with all other matters, and the miserable wretch was allowed to pass away undisturbed by the law. He died a few months after his imprisonment, April 19, 1689. His end, it was said, was hastened by intemperance. "He chose to save himself," writes Oldmixon, "from a public death by large draughts of brandy which soon despatched him."

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

From Temple Bar.

MADAME TALLIEN.

FRANCOIS CABARRUS was a native of Bayonne; but early in life he moved to Madrid, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits. In these he prospered, amassed wealth, and in time was given by the Spanish government the directorship of the Bank of Saint Charles. Business took him to Paris in the winter of 1788. He was then a widower. His only daughter, Theresia, accompanied him on the journey. Theresia Cabarrus was a beauty: her raven-black hair, dark, lustrous eyes, and brilliant complexion, were perfect; her nose was the one feature to which exception could be taken; it was turned up at the end. Years afterwards, when enemies were leagued together to disparage her, this "tip-tilted" nose served as a point of attack.

But her beauty apart, Theresia was eminently attractive. Her liveliness, her good-nature, her irresistible smile, drew around her a crowd of admirers. She had an ambition to shine in society, and, with that view, she cultivated the art of appearing to know much more than she really did. Lastly, it was understood that her father, if she made a suitable marriage, was prepared to give her a handsome dowry. She was not long in finding a husband. Among the many proposals she received, that of M. de Fontenay, a *conseiller au parlement* at Paris, seemed the most eligible. At the age of eighteen, she became Madame de Fontenay. Very little is known of her husband; but he is described by her biographers as a selfish libertine, who sought her less for herself than for her money. This may or may not be true. It is quite as likely that his young wife had been brought up with lax notions of morality, and that she gave herself no trouble to win his esteem.

France was now in a volcanic condition. The storm of revolution was about to burst. Madame de Fontenay, when not too much absorbed by worldly frivolities, discussed politics with eager glibness. Her sympathies were in favor of liberty, and in this she differed from her husband and his family, who were all staunch conservatives — a fact which may have helped to widen the breach between them. Her political opinions were formed on those of Messieurs Félix Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau and Charles de Lameth, with both of whom she was on terms of the closest intimacy. These men were ardent Revolutionists, and in their society Madame de Fontenay consoled herself for the absence of her husband.

When the Revolution burst in full fury, the Commune was triumphant, and the lives of aristocrats in peril, M. de Fontenay followed the example of too many others, and emigrated, leaving his spouse to look out for herself. One of the last acts passed by the Legislative Assembly decreed that "if one of a married couple, living apart at the time, emigrated, the other could claim a divorce." Madame de Fontenay at once availed herself of this act, to obtain hers.

She remained in Paris for some months; but, as time went on, a misunderstanking arose between her and her friend Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, who was a member of the Convention. To forfeit his goodwill, just then, was dangerous. The moment was one of general mistrust. All things considered, she judged it prudent to quit Paris, and pay a visit to her father at Madrid. She proceeded in safety as far as Bordeaux, where she rested a few days. She found the inhabitants of that town in the utmost consternation. Two deputies from Paris had been sent there, instructed by the Convention to institute a reign of terror similar to that existing at Lyons or Nantes. These deputies were Tallien and Ysabeau.

Jean Lambert Tallien was a man of low origin, but had received a fair education. While still a boy, he was employed as copying clerk, first by an attorney, then by a notary; and later on, the deputy Broustaret made him his secretary. It was while acting subsequently as compositor at a printing-office that he undertook the editorship of a single-sheet journal entitled the *Ami des Citoyens*, wherein ultra-Republican principles were advocated. In 1791, when the attempted flight of the royal family from France had failed, his journal, till then obscure, made itself conspicuous by the heat with which it clamored for the deposition of Louis XVI. He took an active part in promoting the outbreak on the 10th of August in the following year; and when, on that day, the self-instituted Commune assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, he was appointed its registrar. In this capacity he displayed a ferocious zeal. He is accused, with good cause, of having planned the massacres perpetrated between the 2nd and 5th September, for, in most cases, the orders of arrest which had previously filled the prisons bore his signature. To him too, it is said, was delivered the property found on the victims — property which (according to Sénart) he kept for a time under lock and key, and afterwards appropriated. In the new Convention, he represented the department of Seine-et-Oise. Here he urgently demanded that the king should be brought to trial, and opposed his being allowed to see his family. Finally, at the trial, he voted for the king's death, and against an appeal to the people. His influence contributed to the downfall of the Girondists. When the surviving members of that party escaped from Paris, and sought refuge at Bordeaux, he was chosen to proceed there and hunt them down, as well as to extirpate royalism generally, and extort money from the wealthy natives. He, and his colleague Ysabeau, carried out their instructions with sanguinary vigor. Establishing themselves first at La Réole, some miles off, they issued their edicts thence; but as soon as the inhabitants of Bordeaux had been sufficiently cowed, they entered the town with much parade. The guillotine was erected in the Place de Justice. Here stood the house occupied by Tallien, who used to watch the executions from his window, and evince a fiendish satisfaction at what he saw.

Such was the state of affairs when Madame de Fontenay arrived in the place. She had no wish to remain any longer than was necessary. It was required, however, that travellers about to cross the frontier should produce a passport duly signed by one of the deputies, also a certificate of *non-émigration*, and a *carte de sûreté*. It is probable that she had neglected to provide herself with these different papers, for, when about to leave, she was arrested as *suspecte*, and thrown into prison, with a fair prospect of only leaving it for the scaffold. She was not personally acquainted with Tallien, though she knew him well enough by name. She now wrote to him to protest against her imprisonment, describing herself as the worthiest of citizenesses, and beseeching him to grant her a hearing. It is not unlikely that the man she addressed had often heard of the beautiful Madame de Fontenay. His curiosity was certainly aroused. He went to the prison wherein she was detained, and had an interview with her. Madame de Fontenay was skilled in all the arts of seduction. Many years afterwards she wrote, alluding to this period of her life, "Quand on traverse la tempête, on ne choisit pas toujours sa planche de salut." She doubtless beheld in the formidable young proconsul a *planche de salut*, to which she must cling, or else drown. On his presenting himself before her, she knelt at his feet, with tears and entreaties; but against such weapons experience had made him proof. It was only when she laid siege to his vanity that he began to relent. Finally, she captivated him completely. He left the prison desperately in love, and, a few hours later, the prisoner was granted her freedom. Accordingly, though it is said very reluctantly, her project of going to Madrid was abandoned, and very soon she was living openly with him as his mistress.

Life was a drama in which Theresia de Fontenay had always aspired to play a leading part: in fact, she is known to have said that her ambition was to be mistress of a king, like Madame de Pompadour, with ample power to control public affairs. Her ambition may be said to have been more than half realized now. Tallien ruled Bordeaux, and she ruled Tallien. She drove through the streets with him in an open carriage, preceded and followed by outriders. She appeared with him at the theatre, attired as the Goddess of Liberty: on her head was the *bonnet rouge;* one hand held a pike, the other rested on the shoulder of the lion she had subdued. For this extravagant behavior some allowance may be made, when one considers the peculiar position in which she was placed. It is universally admitted that her disposition was humane, and that she made a generous use of her influence with her "red-gloomy Dis," as Carlyle calls him. Detesting violence and bloodshed, she refused to occupy his house in sight of the guillotine, and insisted on his removing to another. She induced him to relax the severity of his rule, and all the persecuted inhabitants who sought her, she saw. To some she granted an asylum beneath her roof; for others she obtained passports to enable them to flee the country. Daily she begged off numbers of people actually condemned to death. Among those thus befriended, she had, ere long, earned the title of *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*.

Tallien and Ysabeau were rivals, and between rivals much love is never lost. They were assisted in the government of Bordeaux by a monster named Lacombe, who held the post of public accuser, and by a *Comité de Surveillance*, consisting of a dozen ruffians prepared to carry out any crime. All these men, from Lacombe downwards, hated Tallien. As long as he preserved a system of terror, they worked with him readily. When, however (thanks to Madame de Fontenay), he went over to the side of clemency, they were much incensed. Their wrath was principally directed against his mistress. She was the cause of this change of front in Tallien — a change which would surely end in their losing all further chance of plunder. They put their heads together, to decide how they might most effectually crush her; and there occurred to them the bright idea of making her and Tallien quarrel. In this they did not perfectly succeed, though their scheme (as will be shown) was not without effect.

Just at this time (February, 1794) there was a lady at Bordeaux (Madame de Lâge), whose life was in imminent peril. She belonged to the condemned order of "aristocrats," and had held a post in the household of the murdered Princesse de Lamballe. Her name had been down for some time on the list of emigrants, her property in France being seized in consequence, and she herself declared *hors la loi*. She had, it is true, quitted the country some three years previously; but the dangerous illness of her mother, who was living at Bordeaux, induced her to return. Her mother having now recovered, she would have departed if she could. But that was impossible. The police were aware of her presence, and a busy search for her commenced. She was obliged to assume various disguises, and to change her quarters continually. Her last hiding-place was with a worthy couple named Contanceau, who kept her concealed in their house for several weeks. Madame Contanceau, by a lucky chance, became acquainted with Madame de Fontenay's maid, and begged her to obtain from her mistress a passport signed by Tallien, enabling Madame de Lâge to leave Bordeaux by one of the merchant-ships sailing thence from time to time. Madame de Fontenay, with her usual kindness, promised to obtain the passport, and expressed a wish to see the person she was assisting. Accordingly, Madame de Lâge, disguised as a market-woman, crept forth from her retreat, and was conducted to the other's house.

Madame de Fontenay, though it was eleven o'clock in the day, was still in bed. She received her timid visitor most graciously, and addressed her as familiarly as though they were old friends.

Vous me voyez malade [she began]: the fact is, something occurred yesterday which upset me. I will tell you what it was. You are aware, or perhaps indeed you are not, that I used to be on very intimate terms with Saint-Fargeau, who latterly has been spreading all kinds of malicious reports about me. For all that, I am still fond of him. Well, I had my portrait taken here expressly for Tallien; and when it was finished, it struck me as so good that I determined to send it to Saint-Fargeau. Now, you know how the members of the *Comité de Surveillance* detest me. They managed to get hold of my parcel, and examine its contents before sending it on; and when Saint-Fargeau's reply — which, I must tell you, was *assez claire* — arrived, they intercepted it, and took it to Tallien. The consequence was that he came here yesterday, about midday, in such a fury that he began spitting

blood. He threatened to have me guillotined on the spot. In short, nothing that I can say can give you any idea of his violence. I listened to him with perfect calmness, allowed his anger time to cool, and then exerted all the wit I possess to prove to him that his *Comité de Surveillance* was bereft of common sense. I assured him that the letter had no such meaning as he attached to it; and finally I prevailed on him to give it me, and forget all about it. All this that I am telling you happened between midday and one o'clock, and at six o'clock the members of the Committee had, at my instance, been placed under arrest. I am resolved that they shall pay dearly, and for long, the spiteful trick they have played me.*

Madame de Fontenay spoke in a different tone a few days later. The authorities in Paris had for some time been dissatisfied with the increasing mildness of Tallien's rule at Bordeaux. On hearing of the wholesale arrest of the *Comité de Surveillance*, they decided on recalling him. He was summoned to the bar of the Convention to explain his conduct. On the day that he set out for Paris, Madame de Lâge paid a final visit to Madame de Fontenay, whom this time she found in tears, and expressing regret that her hasty retaliation on the Committee should have got her protector into trouble. She was not a little alarmed, too, on her own account. The Committee had been freed from arrest on Tallien's departure, and she was now exposed to their ill-will. Altogether, her position was not agreeable. Nevertheless, she quickly recovered her spirits, and conversed with her guest on a variety of topics. Among other observations, she made the following: —

You women with exaggerated sentiments and high principles, have, I know, a very bad opinion of me; but I maintain, and am ready to prove, that I have done far more good than any of you. For several months now, I have not lain down at night without having saved somebody's life; while the rest of you, with your royalism, and your romantic notions — be kind enough to tell me of what use you all are?

She went on to remark that she felt but faint attachment for Tallien personally; but that since she was, in a great measure, the cause of his present difficulties, she considered herself as bound in honor to stick by him. She therefore intended rejoining him as soon as possible. From this resolution Madame de Lâge strove to dissuade her, pointing out how fatal any further connection with him might prove; but all in vain. A day or two later, she herself (under a feigned name, and armed with a passport bearing Tallien's signature) succeeded in escaping from Bordeaux in a vessel bound for New York.

On reaching the capital, Tallien beheld a changed scene. During his absence, the power of Robespierre had increased amazingly. Danton, Desmoulins, Hérault — the chiefs, in fact, of the party to which he himself belonged — had been guillotined: it was manifest that all who obstructed the tyrant's path would be dealt with as they had been. He managed to clear himself of the charge of *modérantisme* brought against him; but still, he perceived that the green eyes of Robespierre were bent on him with dislike. Such prejudice he proceeded to disarm by being submissive, and biding his time.

Madame de Fontenay, informed by Tallien of Robespierre's hostile attitude, remained for a while at Bordeaux, in doubt as to what to do. She knew that to attempt to quit France, circumstanced as she was, would be hazardous; she likewise knew that going to Paris would be walking straight into the lion's jaws. Yet anything was better than staying where she was. She cherished a hope, too, that Tallien might play a distinguished part in coming events, and possibly attain supreme power. To Paris, therefore, she went back, and settled somewhere in the suburbs. She found things going well with her lover, who had regained public confidence, and was filling the post of secretary to the Convention, of which body he was soon after named president. As it seemed to her a fit moment for bringing herself into favorable notice with the government, she drew up and presented to the Convention an address embodying her ideas on women, and their duties in a regenerated society. Her standard is a lofty one — far loftier indeed than she had herself chosen to adopt. She gives it as her opinion that the noblest task her sex can undertake is nursing the sick, and administering to the wants of the unfortunate. She calls therefore upon the *citoyens représentants* to decree that all young women, before marrying, should "pass some time in the abodes of poverty and grief, and practise there all the virtues which society has a right to expect from them."

She continues in the following strain: —

You will surely allow women to hope that they may bear their part in public instruction, for they naturally suppose that, in the special care you propose devoting to the education of

* *Souvenirs d'émigration*, by the Marquise de Lâge de Volude.

children, their influence will not be overlooked. But above all, they feel confident that you will entrust to them the guidance of those little ones whom misfortune has deprived of maternal care. Let not the charge of having undervalued modesty, and its virtuous effects, be brought against such men as you : for how can modesty be taught except by a woman's voice, how enforced except by her example ?*

Her address was approved by the Convention, and forwarded with honorable mention to the Committees of Instruction and Public Safety.

The growing influence of Robespierre at last began to excite the jealousy of his colleagues, and of the Convention generally. He perceived that an adverse current was setting in against him, and he prepared to stem it. His suspicions were more than ever directed against Tallien, whose movements he caused to be watched by spies. The intelligence thus gained convinced him that mischief was on foot. He was well aware of Tallien's relations with Madame de Fontenay, and he felt that by caging one bird, he might be inflicting a stunning blow on the other. The power he wielded in the Committee of Public Safety enabled him to imprison whom he pleased. He ordered the instant arrest of Madame de Fontenay, who was seized at Versailles, where she happened to be staying, and conducted to La Force. Even had other pretext been wanting, the fact of her bearing an aristocratic name would have justified this measure in the eyes of the committee; but besides this, her merciful doings at Bordeaux were thrown into the scale against her.

Tallien, deeply incensed, appealed to the committee, declaring that the citizeness Fontenay was his wife, that he could answer for her, and that, considering the proofs he had given of devotion to the Revolution, she ought to be restored to him. His appeal was rejected; but it is said (on authority rather doubtful) that Robespierre offered the prisoner her liberty, if she would state her belief that Tallien was an "unworthy citizen" — her reply being that she would "sooner suffer a thousand deaths."

Though inwardly tormented by the keenest anxiety on Theresia's account, Tallien assumed an air of unconcern. He hired a lodging near La Force, and, by securing the good-will of the turnkeys, managed to correspond with her. This seems to have been discovered, for she was suddenly removed to another prison, the Carmes, and more rigorously watched. Among her prison companions here were Joséphine de Beauharnais (afterwards empress), Madame d'Aiguillon, and an Englishwoman, Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott, whose connection with the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) had subjected her to persecution.*

Reports of the momentous events passing outside reached Madame de Fontenay at the Carmes. She heard of the theatrical ceremony in honor of a Supreme Being, at which Robespierre had arrogated to himself all the importance. She heard too of that which more nearly concerned herself and her fellow-captives — the reconstruction of the Revolutionary Tribunal. After this had been decreed, the Terror set in with an intensity before unknown. On the flimsiest pretences, or no pretence at all, the "suspected" were flung into prison, summoned thence before the Tribunal, and dismissed untried to the guillotine. According to Thiers, twelve hundred and eighty-five people were condemned to death in the six weeks that followed on the passing of Robespierre's murderous law. During this period, the life of the prisoners was a prolonged agony. To resign themselves to their fate, and await their turn, was all they could do. Madame de Fontenay, however, was not given to despondency. Life was precious to her, and she was not going to lose it without an effort. She still found means of communicating with Tallien, and she now wrote to him, adjuring him to compass Robespierre's destruction, by whatever means — even by assassination.

Tallien, indeed, did not need the entreaties of her he loved to goad him to action. He, and several others in the Convention, were trembling for their own heads. Even in the club of the Jacobins, where a grim harmony had till now existed, there was a serious split. Collot, Billaud, and Barère, knowing that Robespierre intended prescribing them, had joined the combination forming against him. It was evident that a desperate struggle for the mastery was at hand.

Meantime, even the high-spirited Theresia had begun to lose hope. One morning a turnkey entered the room she occupied, and proceeded to carry off a mattress on which she lay at night. On asking

* Notre Dame de Thermidor, by Arsène Houssaye.

* Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott has left an interesting account of her experiences at this time; but unfortunately her narrative breaks off with tantalizing abruptness some time before her meeting with Madame de Fontenay.

why this was done, she was told that a newly arrived prisoner wanted it, and that she would probably have no more need of it. This was significant enough; but further proof that her last hour was approaching came presently, as the following stinging lines, addressed by her to Tallien, show: —

I have just learnt that to-morrow I am to appear at the Tribunal — that is to say, that I am to mount the scaffold. This is hardly a fulfilment of a dream I had last night. My dream was that Robespierre was no more, and that the doors of all the prisons were opened; but, thanks to your signal cowardice, there will soon be nobody left in France capable of realizing it.*

Having shot this arrow, she submitted with calmness to having her long, black, silky hair cut short at the neck, in preparation for the descent of the fatal blade. Her companions, Mesdames de Beauharnais and d'Aiguillon, and Mrs. Elliott, did the same. They then, all of them, derived what comfort they could from Tallien's reply, which ran thus: "Be as prudent as I shall be brave, and put aside your fears."

It was the evening of the 26th July, or 8th Thermidor, according to the Revolutionary calendar. Robespierre had on that day reappeared at the Convention after a protracted absence, and delivered a speech in which he dwelt on his own virtues and public services, and complained of the misrepresentation his incorruptible conduct had undergone. He threw out dark hints about the existence of a "criminal coalition" in the the very heart of the Convention, and pointed to the exposure of traitors, and the silencing of faction's voice, as the only means of saving the country. He abstained from naming anybody in particular, though called on to do so by many among his hearers; that duty he left to his colleague Saint-Just, who was to read a report, explaining everything, next day. His harangue was listened to from first to last almost in silence — a silence that boded ill for him.

Surprised and offended, he hastened, as soon as the sitting was over, to the club of the Jacobins, and poured out his griefs to his friends there.

During the night, few members of the Convention can have slept. Mountain and Plain had combined to resist the tyrant's advance. Tallien, feverishly impatient, undertook to lead the attack, and asked but that his adherents should back him up manfully. In the morning, deputies crowded to the Convention earlier than usual. Tallien was standing at one of the doors of the hall, and conferring with some of his supporters, when he saw Saint-Just pass in, report in hand, and ascend the tribune. Robespierre and Couthon followed.

"Now is our time!" exclaimed Tallien. "Let us go in." And in they went, just as the speaker was beginning to read his report, which was no less than a vehement denunciation of forty deputies, of whose presence Robespierre was resolved to be rid. Saint-Just had hardly uttered three pompous introductory sentences, when the fiery Tallien interrupted him on a point of order, and shouted out, "*Je demande que le voile soit entièrement déchiré!*" These words were greeted by a tempest of applause from all corners of the hall. As it subsided, Billaud-Varennes began an indignant philippic against Robespierre, who, on its conclusion, dashed forward to obtain possession of the tribune. But Tallien would not allow this. Springing up the steps, he continued the attack in spirited sort.

A moment since [cried he] I demanded that the curtain should be torn aside; and that it has been so, is now evident. The conspirators are unmasked. Though well aware that my life was threatened, I have till to-day kept silence. But last evening I was present at a meeting of the Jacobins, and I beheld the new Cromwell assembling his forces. Trembling for my country, I armed myself with a dagger; and I am prepared to plunge it in the miscreant's heart, if the Convention has not the courage to decree his impeachment.*

As he spoke, he drew a real dagger from his bosom, and brandished it before the eyes of the assembly. The temper of the house was shown by the deafening cheers which saluted this action — cheers which were repeated at intervals as Tallien poured forth a long-pent-up torrent of invective.

Robespierre turned livid. He again strove to ascend the tribune, but it was already occupied by a fresh enemy. He ran backwards and forwards demanding a hearing; but the president's bell, and cries of *à bas le tyran*, drowned his voice. "*Président des assassins!*" he screamed; "for the last time, I call on you to allow me to be heard." He looked despairingly around the hall, and met nothing but menacing gestures, or averted

* Biographie Universelle.

* Thiers' Histoire de la Révolution, vol. vi., p. 449.

glances, while the tumult went on increasing. At length, foaming at the mouth and out of breath, he sank on his seat, conscious perhaps that all was lost.

The question of impeachment was put to the vote, and passed unanimously. Before the house rose, Robespierre, and his foremost adherents, had been arrested and led off to prison. The following day, they were dragged through the streets of Paris to the guillotine.

The news of Robespierre's defeat and execution quickly reached the prisons, where hundreds of wretched people were awaiting that death which had now overtaken him. Of course, Madame de Fontenay was among the first to be set at liberty. It soon became known that the close of the Reign of Terror was in a manner attributable to her, and the released prisoners, and their friends, named her, in gratitude, *Notre Dame de Thermidor*.

Tallien had, during their residence at Bordeaux, often pressed Madame de Fontenay to marry him; but she had refused, on the ground that her father would not consent. He had now saved her life a second time, and she could not well remain obdurate any longer. They went through the form of a civil marriage towards the end of the year.

To the Terror there succeeded an inevitable reaction. While the tyranny of Robespierre lasted, society had lain, as it were, oppressed by a nightmare. Female influence seemed extinct; the voice of youth was stifled; a people before gay and frivolous had caught something of the gloomy enthusiasm of its rulers. But now that the restraint imposed by fear was removed, poor human nature asserted herself. Nothing but a surfeit of those pleasures from which they had been long cut off, would satisfy the young men and women who followed the lead of the brilliant Madame Tallien. She indeed was the ruling spirit of the scene. She had rivals, it is true. Madame Récamier, the banker's wife, was prettier; Madame de Staël far cleverer; Joséphine de Beauharnais more winning; but the sceptre of authority was hers. Her house became the rallying-point of the Thermidorians.

Her desire was [says Thiers] that her husband should play the part of peacemaker, of repairer of the evils of the Revolution. She drew around her all those who had contributed with him to the events of the 9th Thermidor, and tried to win them by flattering them, by assuring them that they had a right to hope for the public gratitude, for oblivion of the past — which many of them needed — and, above all, for that power which was now promised to the adversaries, rather than to the partisans, of Terror.*

Thorough-going Revolutionists refused to be won over by Madame Tallien's seductions. Such of them as were persuaded to be present at her concerts and assemblies, accused her of seeking to inaugurate an era of luxury and self-indulgence. This charge was quite justifiable. In the matter of morals, a period of unbounded license had set in. The example set by Madame Tallien herself was by no means in accordance with the fine sentiments contained in her address to the Convention. It was certainly just as well that the orphans of the republic, in whose instruction she had claimed a share, were not obliged to derive their notions of modesty from her.

Extravagant costumes were adopted by both sexes. Women attired themselves after a pseudo-classical fashion. Their hair was cut short, and bound by a fillet; their necks and arms were bare; their short-waisted gowns fell in clinging folds, that showed very plainly the shape of the limbs they covered. On their feet were sandals instead of shoes. Madame Tallien, it is well known, wore jewelled rings on her toes in as glittering profusion as on her fingers. As for the young men who shone in her train — the *jeunesse dorée*, as Fréron taught the republicans to call them — nothing could well have been more ludicrous than their foppishness. The coats they wore had enormous collars, devised as though in scorn of the guillotine, and tails which, beginning somewhere between the shoulder-blades, descended almost to the heels. Their chins — nay, the very points of their noses — were buried in voluminous cravats of white lawn. Except a couple of tresses a foot long, dangling by either cheek, their hair was combed to the back of the head, and fell in a tightly plaited tail. They spoke lispingly, and without rolling the letter *r*. They carried huge eye-glasses, and stout clubs loaded with lead. Notwithstanding their tails and cravats, they were courageous when their blood was up; and in many a pitched battle with the Jacobins, they broke skulls in abundance with their clubs, besides getting grievously mauled themselves.

There was a perfect rage for dancing among these *merveilleux* and *merveilleuses*. To entertainments called *bals des victimes*, none but those who had lost a

* Histoire de la Révolution, vol. vii., p. 120.

relation by the guillotine were admitted; and they, wearing a band of crape around the left arm, hopped and whirled to the memory of the dead!

Madame Tallien's exertions in favor of moderation — political, that is — were, on the whole, successful. The complete control she exercised over Tallien enabled her to perform as many acts of benevolence now, as previously at Bordeaux. She had numbers of unhappy beings, still lingering in prison, released. For others, who had been ruined by the Revolution, she obtained restitution, in part, of their property. She had a hand also in most of the reactionary measures passed, such as the suppression of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the closing of the Jacobin Club, and the condemnation of the monsters Fouquier-Tinville, Carrier, and Lebon. In the street in which she lived, the Rue Saint-Georges, there were still to be seen such ferocious inscriptions as "*L'égalité, la fraternité, la république, ou la mort!*" She sallied out one fine day, escorted by some of her "gilded youth," and had them all removed. At a dinner which she gave to commemorate the 9th Thermidor, the guests consisted mainly of members of the Convention of widely different opinions. As the evening advanced, words ran so high on politics that the hostess, to use her own phrase, "feared it would end by their flinging the plates at each others' heads." To calm the storm, she rose and proposed the following toast: "*A l'oubli des erreurs, au pardon des injures, à la réconciliation de tous les Français!*" These words had the desired effect on those present, and in return, the health of *Notre Dame de Thermidor* was drunk with enthusiasm.

Madame Tallien had made up her mind that her husband was to play a distinguished *rôle* in public affairs; but in this she was disappointed. Tallien's day, politically speaking, was nearly over. At the beginning of the turmoil now subsiding, he had struggled, as had other upstarts, to the surface. The assistance he lent in overthrowing Robespierre gained him power and prominence for a period. But the time had now come for him to sink again. During the trials of Carrier and Lebon, attention was naturally drawn to the atrocities by which his own proconsulship at Bordeaux had at first been marked. Afterwards, while sitting in the Council of Five Hundred, under the Directory, he was railed at by Royalists for his share in the massacres of September, 1792. His subsequent conduct in the affair at Quiberon exposed him to fresh censure. Newspapers, both royalist and republican, attacked him, the former as a regicide, the latter as a traitor to the true cause.

In the cloud of merited discredit which overtook him, Madame Tallien found herself involved. There was much in her own past life for which she had reason to feel shame; but in the crimes committed by him she had no share. Society frowned on her, partly on account of the laxity of her moral conduct; but just as much because she bore the hateful name of Tallien. Her title of *Notre Dame de Thermidor*, of which she was not a little proud, was taken from her, and she heard herself styled *Notre Dame de Septembre* — a cruel and unjust thrust which wounded her deeply. Of the affronts offered her, we find an instance in a letter from Mr. Henry Swinburne, who was in Paris in November, 1796. He went, one evening, to a ball given by Madame de Valence. Presently, Madame Tallien was announced. Upon this, all the other ladies hastily took their departure.

> Can you imagine such folly in their circumstances and misfortunes? [exclaims he]. I will venture to say that there was scarcely one but had directly or indirectly asked, or will soon ask, a favor of that woman, whose greatest crimes perhaps are her beauty and her riches.*

He saw her again, soon afterwards, at a subscription-ball at the Hôtel de Richelieu, when her presence did not cause such a flutter. She wore, it seems, "a wig *en tête de mouton* sticking up behind, interwoven with pearls and diamonds." Her dress was a combination of gold and poppy-color. "She looks sometimes dejected," writes Mr. Swinburne. "The women of character, though belonging to the republic, do not associate with her." At last this state of things became unendurable. Madame Tallien had always despised her husband, whose character was really as mean as his origin. He could be of no further use to her now: indeed, her social disgrace she attributed solely to her connection with him. She therefore spurned him from her presence. It wanted but this to complete his extinction.

In 1798, when Napoleon was about to set out for the conquest of Egypt, Tallien was permitted to make one of a number of *savants* accompanying the expedition. In Egypt he remained three years.

* Swinburne's Courts of Europe.

Whether he was really competent to study the pyramids, or elucidate inscriptions, it is impossible to say. He probably found a more congenial occupation in editing a journal — the *Décade Egyptienne.* Some disagreement with General Menou, who was appointed commander-in-chief in succession to Kléber, led to his dismissal, towards the close of 1801. The vessel in which he sailed for France, was taken by an English privateer in mid-ocean, and brought to England. He came to London, where, to the disgrace of the Whig party, the Whigs made much of him, and invited him to routs and banquets. His return to Paris was nothing short of a shock to Madame Tallien. The year after their marriage (1795) she had presented him with a daughter; but during his absence in Egypt, she had given birth to three other children, of paternity unacknowledged. To the returned *savant* she would have nothing to say; and to prove herself in earnest, she applied for, and obtained, a divorce from him, possibly on the ground of the incompatibility of their tempers. This done, she treated him with distant civility. To the sort of terms they were on in 1802, we find a reference in the "Life" of Lord Campbell, who writes from Paris in September of that year: —

Our visit to Tallien was a very curious one. We talked very coolly with him concerning the massacres of September; but nothing astonished me so much as the conversation that took place about his wife. You know she divorced him, and has since lived with a variety of other men. Yet he talked of her beauty, of her wit, of her amiable manners, of having been calling upon her, and of doing her the pleasure to introduce me to her acquaintance.

Even this semblance of friendship ceased after a time, and the humiliated Tallien retired into utter obscurity.*

Later in the same year, Charles James Fox visited Paris, and Madame Tallien (or Madame Cabarrus, as she preferred calling herself, since divorcing Tallien) gave a grand dinner in his honor, the expatriated Irish rebel, Arthur O'Connor, being one of the guests. French horns played during dinner; afterwards a clever ventriloquist entertained the company by his "imitation of a Revolutionary Committee in the corner of the room." Fox's secretary, Mr. Trotter, from whom we learn these particulars, writes of the hostess: "She is a most lovely woman, something upon a large scale, and of the most fascinating manners." He adds, "She is rather in disgrace at court, where decorum and morals are beginning to be severely attended to." It is plain that Mr. Trotter was of opinion that the court had made a mistake in renouncing so bright an ornament as *la Cabarrus*, on any consideration. In 1805, the Comte de Caraman, who for many months had been hovering around Theresia, like a moth around a lamp, made her an offer of marriage. The knowledge that she had divorced two husbands (both of them living) did not alarm him. She indeed, it is to be supposed, thought it high time to turn over a new leaf, and be respectable, for she accepted him, and they were married without delay. Soon after, by the death of his father, M. de Caraman succeeded to the title of Prince de Chimay, and the possession of extensive landed property in Belgium. On settling down at her new home — a splendid ancestral château — the one desire of the Princesse de Chimay was that, as far as she was concerned, the past should be buried forever. But this was not so easy to effect. The past refused to be buried. She was reminded, with distressing frequency, of her existence since the outbreak of the Revolution. Her husband, by right of birth, held a high post at the court of the Netherlands; but she was not received there, nor would the queen hear of her being presented. So was it at Paris, where she and the prince went every winter. The doors of the Tuileries were closed against her; and when her old friend, the empress Joséphine, saw her, she turned her head the other way — by order of Napoleon.

Of course a woman, such as she was, could muster a court of her own, wherever she might be. At the Château de Chimay, she reined supreme. There guests succeeded guests. She found most pleasure in literary and artistic society. The author Chateaubriand, the singer Malibran, the composers Cherubini and Auber, were among those who enjoyed her hospitality. Cherubini, finding his invention flagging, had abandoned music and taken to the study of botany. He was however persuaded by the princess to resume his

* The principal remaining events of his life are well known. Fouché in 1809 obtained for him the consulship of Alicante. On his way thither he was seen by the Duchesse d'Abrantès, who describes him as a person of lowering aspect, and atrabilious complexion. He had not been long at his new post when he caught the yellow fever, and in the course of a dangerous illness lost the sight of an eye. The restoration of the Bourbons deprived him of his place, and in 1814 he was once more in Paris. Here he sank into extreme poverty, subsisting mostly on charity till his death in 1820.

pen; and before quitting her roof, he had produced one of the best of his compositions, a mass for Saint Cecilia's Day.

In 1829, when time had transformed her into the sedatest of matrons, Madame de Chimay heard that a book, professing to contain the memoirs of her life, was about to be published in Paris. As the contents were expected to be of a scandalous and altogether piquant sort, the folks interested in such publications were anxiously awaiting its appearance. Her son, Edouard Cabarrus, who had entered the medical profession, and resided at Paris, exerted himself to have the forthcoming volume suppressed, a service which his mother wrote to acknowledge.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart [said she] for trying to prevent the publication of the *Mémoires* with which I am menaced. When people are so cowardly and mean as to speculate on scandal, and to attack a woman, a mother of a family, no honorable feeling, no scruples, can be expected to influence them. Their victim must only be resigned. I fear it will be no easy matter, my friend, to induce such creatures to forego what they call a speculation. I despise people who seek a living by slandering others; and I pity those who find amusement in works which cause misery, and often estrangement, in families before united. As for the revelations with which I am now threatened, nobody will suppose that, esteemed and beloved as I am in this country, where I occupy an honorable position, I am going to disturb the peace of my home by noticing them. I owe it to M de Chimay to submit to calumny without complaining, and whatever attacks may be made on me, they will receive from myself and all right-minded people the contempt they deserve.*

It would seem that the dreaded volume never saw the light after all, some arrangement having been made with author and publisher for its suppression.

During the closing years of her life, the Princesse de Chimay was a constant invalid. She tried system after system, waters after waters, but without finding health. Her home existence was peaceful and retired. She devoted much time and attention, it is said, to the serious education of her children by M. de Chimay. At the time of her death in 1835, her name was almost forgotten in French society. Yet, before long, it was again dragged into the full light of day. Her three children, born during the years 1800, 1801, and 1802, while Tallien was absent in Egypt, were described in their *actes de naissance* as the offspring of Mademoiselle Cabarrus, unmarried. This stamped them as bastards. They took no steps in the matter while their mother lived; but, on her death, they applied to the Tribunal de la Seine, to have the said *actes de naissance* rectified, and themselves acknowledged as legitimate Talliens. Their appeal was at once opposed by the sons of the Prince de Chimay, on the ground, seemingly, that the applicants might, if their legitimacy were established, lay claim to a share in certain property left by the princess. At the close of the trial, which lasted several days, judgment was given in favor of the applicants, seeing that they came into the world after the marriage, but before the divorce, of the Tallien couple. At the same time, the *procureur du roi*, who presided, rebuked the Chimay princes for conspiring to *flétrir la mémoire de leur mère*.

It was doubtless the wish of Madame de Chimay to wipe out all recollection of her having ever borne the name of Tallien. Nevertheless, it is as Madame Tallien that she will always be remembered. In extenuation of her moral backslidings, little, if anything, can be said. It is a pleasanter task to acknowledge that she performed numberless acts of generosity, at the risk often of her own life, and that she was instrumental in saving France from the thraldom of Robespierre.

* Notre Dame de Thermidor, by Arsène Houssaye.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO COLIGNY.

THIS is an age of reparations and rehabilitations in the historical domain. It has been argued that Nero was a model of filial piety and Henry VIII. of conjugal fidelity; Richard III., we have been assured, was deformed neither in body nor in character and was a most affectionate uncle; and Frederick the Great — one of the most accomplished tyrants and hypocrites the world has ever seen — was selected by a writer, who by many is still looked up to, as little, if at all, short of "a prophet new inspired," as the ideal of heroism and "reality." And as it is also an age of artistic revival, our historical palinodes or repairs of past neglect are apt to be translated into bronze or marble. Within recent years, to take but a few examples, we have erected a Scott memorial at Edinburgh, and the Germans a Luther monument at Worms; and we are now preparing to do honor to the immor-

tal Samuel Pepys. Only last year the first steps were taken, certainly not at all too soon, for the erection of a monument to Grotius at Delft, and it has just been proposed — with far more questionable reason or fitness — to put up a monument at Frankfort to Schopenhauer, the chief modern apostle of pessimism, who conspicuously illustrated the worst features of his philosophy in his life. No such objection can be raised against the very natural proposal advocated the other day by two leading members of the French Protestant Church, at a meeting held in the Westminster College Hall, under the presidency of the dean, to erect a monument in honor of Admiral Coligny at Paris. But we fail to understand why Englishmen should be asked to take part in what is mainly, if not exclusively, a matter of national interest for Frenchmen; neither indeed can we quite accept, even on the authority of Voltaire, the dean's somewhat enthusiastic estimate of Coligny as, "if not the greatest of Frenchmen, one of the most illustrious of the sons of France," or M. Bessier's commendation of him as a martyr for "liberty of conscience" and bright example of "perfect self-devotion to the service of God." Dean Bradley was careful to disclaim any sectarian bias, yet it is difficult to see how, except as a demonstration of Protestant sympathy, any but his own countrymen can be asked to join in commemorating one whose only title to distinction beyond that of a national hero is that he was a leading Huguenot. And the names — neither very numerous nor very illustrious — of English attendants at the meeting seem to point in the same direction. Of course the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was an event of European interest, and those whose knowledge of history, ancient and modern, does not go much further than a schoolboy recollection of Lord Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and his hardly less popular Puritan and Huguenot ballads, must have, cursorily at least,

> thought of Seine's empurpled flood
> And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood.

The musical echoes will still linger on their ear of the lament of the vanquished after "the Battle of Moncontour," who had to leave their "dear, desolate home"

> To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
> To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine,

which serpentine and other pleasing qualities were very remarkably exemplified in the St. Bartholomew. But still it is not obvious why Englishmen of any creed should particularly concern themselves, except in the way of abstract sympathy, with the erection of a monument to Coligny at Paris. However that is a matter which must be left to their own judgment and their own pockets to decide. Such assistance as the scheme may derive from a brief notice here of what is assuredly a memorable epoch, in a century exceptionally rich in eventful memories, we need not grudge it.

Mr. Lecky, who of course disapproves himself of religious persecution, but, like some other writers of his school, is always anxious to insist that it is the only consistent policy for those who have any positive beliefs to maintain, has selected as one of his proof-cases the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. "France," he observes, "is still ostensibly, and was long in truth, the leading champion of Catholicity, but *the essential Catholicity of France was mainly due to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.*" On the contrary, it would be less of a paradox, though no doubt an exaggeration, to say that the widespread scepticism of modern France is mainly due to those causes. For the moment the plot succeeded, though even Catherine found herself obliged, almost immediately afterwards, to disavow her share in it; but, as Ranke, a higher authority than Mr. Lecky, very justly asks, "Can crimes of so bloody a dye be crowned with *lasting* success? Are they not at variance with the deeper mysteries of human events, and with those inviolable laws of nature which, even when not understood, are in constant though silent operation?" It is instructive to remember that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew preceded by little above two centuries the no less horrible *noyades* of Carrier, and the enthronement of Reason, in the person of a naked prostitute, on the higher altar of Notre Dame. But there is a further objection to Mr. Lecky's method of stating the case. The dragonnades of Louis and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes do afford an example of a genuine religious persecution, alike cruel and impolitic, and for the time it went far to extirpate from France the Protestant minority. But it was and always had been a very small minority among the people generally, though at one time including about a third of the aristocracy, and it was certainly

not their expulsion which preserved, to use Mr. Lecky's phrase, "the essential Catholicity of France." The leading motive however was a religious one, Louis being at the time under the influence of his Jesuit directors. It is no excuse for the odious policy of Catherine de Medicis, but rather the reverse, that its inspiring motive was clearly not a religious but a political one; but it places the Huguenot massacre in a somewhat different category from the dragonnades of the next century, and a still less respectable one. Neither party, Catholic or Protestant, in the sixteenth century had the least idea, begging M. Bessier's pardon, of what we understand by "liberty of conscience," or felt the slightest scruple, when they got the upper hand, of inflicting on their rivals the persecution they naturally exclaimed against when their own turn came to suffer it. Mary's Protestant martyrs only "got as good as they gave," to put it bluntly; Cranmer had enforced on the boy king the burning of Anabaptists, and Latimer in the previous reign had preached a brutally jocose sermon while Prior Forest was being roasted to death suspended over a slow fire for denying Henry's spiritual supremacy. Coligny and his Huguenots, to cite Ranke's words, "gave no quarter," because "in the Papal soldiers they beheld the army of Antichrist." But Catherine de Medicis, like her rival Elizabeth of England, was, consciously or unconsciously, a true disciple of Machiavelli, and for religious ends as such she cared nothing. As Mr. Froude puts it — and his testimony may be trusted here, for Catholicism is even more offensive to him than Catherine — "religion, in its good or in its bad sense, was equally a word without meaning to her." She had favored the plan for the marriage of Anjou, and, when that fell through, of her third son, D'Alençon, with the heretic English queen. When the crisis came, and her interests required the sacrifice of Coligny, who had already been wounded but not killed by the shot of a hired assassin of the Duke of Guise, she would apparently have been satisfied with his death only. But the feeble and frightened boy in whose name she misgoverned France dared not go so far without going further. It was he who cried out in a paroxysm of tears, when driven to desperation by the fierce insistence of his infamous mother: "Since you will have the life of the admiral, take it; but, at the same time, you must kill all the Huguenots in France, *so that not one may survive to reproach me.*" Catherine declared that she only desired the death of six men and would charge her conscience — a tolerably elastic one — with no more; fifty thousand actually perished. There is no need to repeat here the too familiar details of the hideous tale. But it must be noted that the whole north of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, including a large portion of the French Catholic nobility, protested against the ruffianly crime. Charles found it prudent on the same day to have letters written by his secretaries of state signed by his own hand, representing the affair as a private quarrel between the partisans of Guise and Coligny, and despatches were sent soon afterwards to warn the Cardinal of Lorraine that he must cease to extol it as a glorious triumph. When the pope sent a legate to congratulate Charles, he was coldly received by the queen mother, and the court of Rome had the discretion to make no parade of the present sent it by some zealots among the assassins of the head of Coligny.

But for the part played in the business by the popes of the day there is unfortunately nothing more to be said. It cannot be proved, as Ranke points out, that Pius V. was privy to the preparations for the massacre, "but he did things which leave no doubt that he, as well as his successor, would have sanctioned them." He had formally approved the butcheries of Alva in the Netherlands, and had privately encouraged plots for the murder of Elizabeth. But Pius had gone to his grave four months before the fatal day. His successor, Gregory XIII., best known to the world as the reformer of the calendar, was an able and cultivated man, and is described in the memoirs of Richelieu, with imperfect accuracy, as "prince doux et benin, meilleur homme que bon pape." He at all events did not leave doubtful his estimate of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. He celebrated the event by a solemn procession of thanksgiving to San Luigi, and by medals struck to commemorate it, where the archangel is depicted presiding over "the slaughter of the Huguenots," and a picture of it was painted, which may still be seen at the Vatican. It is curious that the Venetians, who had no interest of any kind in the matter, should have expressed in official despatches to their minister at Rome their satisfaction at "this mark of God's favor." Cardinal Santorio, who was the Spanish favorite some years later, in the Conclave of 1592, and narrowly missed his election

to the papacy, has designated the event in his autobiography, still extant in MS., "the celebrated day of St. Bartholomew, most joyful to the Catholics." He tells us by the by, in this same autobiography, that the night after learning his failure of the election, which he had reckoned upon as certain, "was more painful than any moment I ever endured. The heavy grief of my soul and my inward anguish forced from me — incredible to say — a sweat of blood."

On the whole it is impossible to exculpate the court of Rome from full complicity at least after the fact. In the chief perpetrators the crime must be attributed rather to political Machiavellism of the worst kind than to religious bigotry. In the subordinate agents there was probably a mixture of political and religious fanaticism, as the Huguenots were always looked on as the unpatriotic, and therefore naturally became the unpopular, party in the country. And this of course helps to account for the acquiescence, if not approval, accorded by public opinion to the persecuting policy of Louis XIV. But some further explanation is needed for the peculiar atrocity of the transaction we are immediately concerned with, and it must be imputed partly to "the fool fury of the Seine," which has again and again since then deluged Paris with blood shed by her own citizens, partly to its Medicean authorship. That family concentrated in itself, as in a microcosm, the darkest corruptions of the moral side of the Renaissance, and it rejoiced them to revel in a carnival of lust and blood. Such little "grain of conscience" as they retained — and we have seen that Catherine could talk about her conscience — only served to "make them sour" towards heretics, whose Puritanism was offensive, and whose destruction might possibly prove acceptable to heaven as a makeweight against many pleasant sins. Charles IX. indeed is said to have suffered agonies of remorse on his deathbed, though he was really far less guilty than his wretched mother, but he had in his veins French as well as Italian blood. And to "the serpent of Florence" must be chiefly traced the original sin of the terrible tragedy of St. Bartholomew.

ANATOMY OF PANIC. — The phrase "the anatomy of melancholy" amply justifies "the anatomy of panic." The mental state designated panic is, psychologically, a paralyzing perception of peril. The power of self-control is suspended. The judgment cannot inhibit impulsive or emotional acts. The processes of reason — in its higher manifestation — are in abeyance. Panic spreads from one individual to another, as well as affects many in common. The same impression which is produced on one sensorium may be produced on any number simultaneously by the primary cause of fear; but there is nothing else so calculated to produce panic as the evidence of panic in the mind of another person, especially one or many with whom the mind impressed — in this secondary way — may chance to be in habitual or occasional sympathetic relation. It matters little to the general result whether the impression be produced or extended through the sense of sight or hearing, or even general sensation. It is sufficient that it can be produced and propagated in either of several ways. The true remedy for panic must be, in great part, preventive. It is a capital suggestion that a permanent notice which all can read should be displayed across curtain and act drop "writ large," and plainly stating the time in which the auditorium of a theatre can be emptied if only the audience will individually determine to keep their wits about them, and stating the number and location of the places of exit. Again, the manager and chief performers at a theatre should make it a point of honor to keep *their* self-possession, and preserve smiling faces above the footlights if any hitch occurs. It is useless to speak or shout; nothing can so rapidly reassure a theatrical audience in panic as the sight of a self-possessed and smiling face instantly presented on the *stage*. One man may do more in this way than can be done by half a dozen in any other. Another point of moment is to impress the mind through the ear. Let the orchestra instantly strike up a cheerful tune. We heard the other day how an organist saved hundreds from panic in a church by playing a tune which instinctively brought the audience on their knees. On the same principle the orchestra in a theatre should call the panic-stricken spectators back to their seats by a bright burst of music. Surely managers and conductors might contrive these "effects" and train a few faithful followers to support them. Another matter of the highest practical moment is to make the ways of exit ways of common ingress. It is impossible to lay too great stress on this obvious precaution. It is worth while to study panics at leisure, and devise means for their prevention or prompt arrest.

Lancet.

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"MIRAGE."

THE Spring is round us with its budding green
And brightening sun-shafts under English skies;
But 'tis not April shifts of shade and sheen
That draw all English eyes.
Our thoughts are in the Desert, where there stands
Alone, o'erlooking the unpeopled waste,
The scattered sun-bleached rocks and barren sands,
One at whose cry a people's feet would haste.
That cry comes not, — so calm official lips
With comfortable certainty protest;
Yet fail to still the tumult of unrest
In many hearts; word-clouds will not eclipse
The vision of that lonely watcher, lone
'Midst alien hordes, on England's business gone;
Followed by England's eyes, and followed not
By England's arms! A wolfhound on the slot
Held tight in leash, less eagerly looks out
After the unseen quarry, than we gaze,
Phrase-checked, through Policy's confusing haze
Toward that watcher stout!
What are his thoughts? His glance,
Clear as the glitter of an Arab lance,
Cleaves the dim desert-haze. What does he see?
The vanguard of his country's chivalry?
She was not wont to leave her bravest sons
With cool deliberate forecast to their doom;
Her rescuing onset not the dread simoom,
Spear jungles, huge array of hostile guns,
Or mountain gorge, or black miasma-breath,
Would check; nay, nor the bodily menace of Pale Death
With all his horsemen!
True, no hot appeal
Flashed through the wires for her avenging steel.
But since she knows him — and her honor, well,
What need of that? *He* has no wish to point
All marring Faction's calculated yell
Of simulated horror, or unjoint
State-armor for his safety. Make *his* name
A stalking-horse for the sham patriot troop
Of mean place-hunters, who with howl and whoop
Pursue their quarry? 'Twere too great a shame!
His life is but a light-held gift, to yield
With cheery ease upon the stricken field,
Or at the gate of danger, where to stand
Like that Pompeian sentinel, and die,
Not called upon to strike, scorning to fly,
Is duty simple, unexciting, grand
With a calm grandeur that's beyond the reach
Of furious strugglers in the perilous breach.
Yet — yet — one man, much hampered, here as there,
By Party shifts, by philanthropic prayer
Purblind in narrow zeal, 'midst ceaseless change
Of circumstance and policy whose range
None can forecast, one man, and he not free,
May need ——
"*What* is it that I seem to see
Across the sand waste? Is it the quick gleam
Of English steel, or but a desert-dream?
Help — or, that last illusion of distress,
The mocking *Mirage* of the Wilderness?"

Punch.

BIRTH OF SUMMER.

"Out of weakness made strong."

COMES she gently from the earth,
Summer fair and strong;
But a baby at her birth,
Sighing in her song.

Tiny flush of forest green,
Not a banner brave;
Timid blades in fields are seen,
Rising from their grave.

Shining, too, like peeping child,
Coming by-and-by.
Smiling little sunbeams, mild,
Peep through curtained sky.

Gently wakes victorious strength,
Feeble at her birth,
Reigning as a queen, at length,
Over all the earth.

So new life in souls is born,
Hopes and wants are given,
Babes, which doubt may see with scorn
Growing unto heaven.

Sunday Magazine. MARY HARRISON.

A WAKING DREAM.

WALKING, I met upon this winter road,
In light malign, obscurity of stars,
My very self: his brows were seamed with scars,
His shoulders bent beneath sin's weighty load.
A lolling imp that weary pack bestrode,
Who glared and grinned behind close visor-bars;
He in his crooked hand held splintered spars,
Waifs of wrecked hope, and plied them like a goad.
Tottering, bloodstained, over the slippery snow,
That double of my self in anguish crept,
Crawling I know not to what dreadful goal:
While the shrill puck-eared fiend kept gibbering low,
"Mine was the care to rouse you when you slept!
Dark loom the ways before us, slothful soul!"

Academy. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

From The Nineteenth Century.

LUTHER AND RECENT CRITICISM.

THERE have been many voices about Luther during the last few months — voices of various meaning; some critical and denunciatory, others applausive and indiscriminate. It may be well to gather up the result; not, indeed, to pitch voice against voice — which would be of no use — but to sift as clearly as we can the strain of truth from them, and to set the real work of Luther in as broad a light of fact and reason as we can.

It would be of no use to go over again the well-known incidents of Luther's life. These have been related, briefly or copiously, in many forms. They are well known, and can hardly fail to be so, lending themselves so readily as they do to graphic treatment. This at least is true of all his earlier history, which stands out in bold relief from his later and more dubious career. It is important, both for his work and character, to discriminate between the two.

One can hardly imagine a more picturesque group of incidents, touched with a more heroic lustre, than the successive phases of Luther's life up to the year 1525. Apart from all religious interest, they impress the historical imagination and kindle feelings of elevated passion. We are carried away in the sweep of their large and imposing movement, even if our sympathies are not enlisted in his cause. This is seen in his Catholic biographer Audin, who would fain be critical, but is often found admiring. His pen glows against his will as he touches in succession the glowing scenes which bring before us the youthful monk struggling with his own dark thoughts at Erfurt, or daring Tetzel in his flagitious traffic, or nailing his ninety-five theses on the doors of the Castle Church at Wittenberg, or entering Worms, or standing alone before the emperor there, or working in lonely faith at the translation of the New Testament in the Wartburg, or quelling the iconoclasm of Carlstadt on his return to Wittenberg. Up to this point Luther's conflict is on a grand scale. It is inspired by simple and noble motives. It is the impersonation of a spirit of self-sacrifice, of duty — "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise, so help me God." Whether in point of fact he ever uttered these often quoted words, the spirit of them animated all his earlier career. They fitly symbolize it throughout, and not merely at Worms. Even the cold pen of Gibbon grows warm in describing the great figure of Athanasius *contra mundum;* and it must be a small as well as a hostile pen which refuses to be moved by the figure of the brave, untended monk as he stood facing both pope and emperor in the fresh outburst of his reforming faith.

The second portion of the Reformer's career is by no means so heroic. It does not rise to the same level, even if it present here and there richer points of interest. He is no longer the simple hero, but the husband and father, the theologian and head of a great party. A marvellous power his life still is, and it touches us at many points. In some respects it touches us more than the earlier and simple story. It is more full of human feeling. It is the time of Luther's many friendships, of his delights in nature and home and children; of his charming letters, with all their love and prattle to his Kate and his Hans; of his tears by the deathbed of Lena, his "darling, all-beautiful, all-obedient daughter" — of all the free and wise and graphic converse of the "Tischreden." Yet it is no longer a life of the same elevation. It no longer moves on the same lofty plane, or exhibits the same sheer simplicity, directness, and self-sacrifice. His motives have became more mixed, his aims more involved. He is no longer merely the Reformer, but the Churchman: no longer merely the leader with his own magnanimous impulses to guide him, but the defender of a cause, the general of an army, who has to think of many things but what to himself is simply true and right. With all its more tender and varied aspects, therefore, his later life is by no means so heroic. It does not challenge admiration or kindle enthusiasm in the same degree. It does not rise before us with the same stately, impressive, and irresistible grandeur.

It is always to be remembered, therefore, that we have a sort of two Luthers

before us — the Luther of Erfurt, the opponent of Tetzel and Eck, the hero of Worms and the Wartburg, the "solitary monk that shook the world;" and, again, the Luther of the Peasant War, the opponent of Erasmus and Zwingli, the perplexed adviser of the landgrave of Hesse determined to take a second wife while the first was still living, the vindicator not only of grace in his own experience against the frightful abuses of penance and indulgence, but of the doctrine of justification by faith in relation to life and works. The one Luther is great above the measure of most men. There may be figures of more heroic mould; but we do not know them. But to Luther the politician, the polemic, the theologian there may be much exception taken. His greatness in these respects is open to question, and we do not feel ourselves called upon to be his defenders.

The conduct and works of Luther which have been most impugned are, however, more capable of defence than many of his critics allow. A generous appreciation of the man and of his training knows how to make allowances, can see the patriot in the alarmist and the love of holiness in the antinomian polemic. To draw sharp lines, and separate the harsh sayings from the tender prayer and the wild paradox from the wise and broad line of thought, is not criticism of the highest order. We shall afterwards advert to his doctrine of grace, and the extremes to which at times he seems to push it. His harsh and hasty words during the Peasants' War have been brought against him perhaps with more reason. Yet a little consideration will serve to show how few of his critics have realized his true position in that case, and consequently how much they have misunderstood him. Words, however harsh and indefensible in themselves, can only be rightly measured when weighed along with their context and the whole antecedent attitude of the speaker.

In his lifetime it is worthy of remark that Luther was blamed for a spirit in this matter the very opposite to that with which he is now charged. Then, he was supposed, by men like Sir Thomas More and others, to be identified with the cause of the peasants, to have actively stirred up the disorders into which it ran, and to have been largely responsible for them. He was accused as a man of the people, towards whom he is now alleged to have been cruel and pitiless. In reality, he is not fairly liable to either charge, although it may be true, on one side, that his movement initiated the peasants' movement, and on the other that he used words at last, when he found his remonstrances of no avail, which were unjustifiable in their harshness.

The peasants' movement began late in the summer of 1524, in the Black Forest. It gained strength in the beginning of the following year, and spread rapidly. Carlstadt gave direct incitement to it by calling upon the people to destroy all images. Yet the demands of the peasantry were in the first instance not only reasonable but singularly moderate. They claimed above all the right of each parish to choose its own minister. They were determined no longer to be "the property of others," for Christ had redeemed all alike with his blood. They demanded for every one the right to hunt and fish, because God had given to all men equally power over the animal creation. They based their demands upon the Word of God. "If we are wrong," they said, "let Luther set us right by the Scriptures."* There were as yet none of the wild imaginations of Münzer and his prophets, no schemes of a kingdom of saints founded on spoliation and murder. They burned down convents, it is true, and spoiled and burned cities; but they did not announce this as their mission, nor set themselves for the overthrow of the existing order of civilization.

When the articles of the insurgents reached Wittenberg in the spring of 1525, Luther was moved by many things they contained. He felt that the peasantry had many grievances. He was himself the son of a peasant, as he was fond of proclaiming. He sympathized, therefore, with their wrongs; and when he wrote his "Exhortation to Peace" the same

* Köstlin's Life, p. 315.

spring, he dwelt strongly on these wrongs and the necessity of the nobles and princes of Germany ceasing "to tax and fleece their subjects for the enhancement of their pomp and pride, until the common people could endure it no longer." He took the side of the people in all their lawful aspirations. But he saw at the same time that there was a spirit moving many of them hostile to order and religion. And in his most violent moods Luther was an apostle of order. If he had one conviction more profound than another, beyond the sphere of religion, it was respect for the empire and its institutions — and desire for peace. He hated the idea of social disorder, and of war in any form, above all in the form of civil insurrection. He warned the peasantry, therefore, of the disgrace and disaster that would attend the armed assertion of their rights. He told them plainly that if they persisted in rebellion they were worse enemies to the gospel than the pope. But all his words were thrown away; and Luther, of all men, did not like his words to be impotent. He counselled moderation and reform so long as he could; but when he saw that it was not redress but destruction that the fanatical leaders of the popular insurrection aimed at, he denounced them with his accustomed plainness, and called for their extirpation. They were to him "like mad dogs," and to be dealt with as "mad dogs." But it was not the people but their leaders that he thus denounced: men like Münzer, who were insane with a bloody fanaticism — if ever men were — who had preached to their followers, "To work! while the fire is hot; let not the blood cool upon your swords. They will beg, wish, and entreat you for mercy; but show them no mercy, as God commanded Moses! God is with you; follow him!" These pretended prophets were to Luther at once blasphemers and murderers. We do not say that he should not have judged them more leniently, more intelligently. It was suffering and oppression that had made them mad, and he ought to have recognized this; but there they were — a wild force of destruction extending itself through the empire; and Luther saw no safety at last but in their extirpation. To the end, however, he was faithful to the peasantry, and implored mercy for them. "Dear lords," he said, in the very same sentence in which he called for the extirpation of their leaders as "mad dogs," "Dear lords, help them, save them, take pity upon these poor men."

Luther was no doubt always a man of powerful and unguarded impulse. His words were like living things, and went straight to their mark. He did not weigh them like a more cautious nature, and think of all their effect. But this is only to say that he was Luther, and not another. In order to judge him rightly we have to take him not merely in one mood, but in many moods. It is not a subtle criticism, however it may seem to be so, to look at his large nature now on this side and now on that — to contrast his tenderness with his coarseness, or his (alleged) antinomianism with the deep breathings of his piety — his materialism with his holiness. No doubt there were these contrasts in him. But are they not more or less in all men, and especially men of the massive build of Luther? What is remarkable in him is not the presence of such contrasts, but the frankness with which he gave expression to them. He was real and simple to the core. He had a marvellous power of utterance, and like many men who have this irrepressible fluency by word or pen, his utterance for the moment not only came from his heart, but seemed to himself the whole utterance of his heart — all truth for the time. But his heart was larger than he thought, and his mind had other depths than he poured forth at separate moments. And we only rightly understand him not in this mood or that, but when we take him as a whole, and recognize that it is one living being who is thus moved so diversely, and that we have to read into the one Luther all these chords of feeling. The schisms, in short, that we recognize in him are in his words more than in himself. He is not now on the side of nature and now on the side of grace, and then of law; but nature and grace and law all meet in his massive humanity, as he speaks now with the tongue of the one and then of the other — so perfectly honest in each mood of thought

that he is unconscious, like a child, of inconsistencies of language. He is, in fact, from first to last something of a child in unconscious impulse, in freedom of talk, and in the quick, resentful hastiness with which he deals his blows and emphasizes them without reflecting, as in the controversy with Erasmus; how they may fall and injure one truth while defending another.

We have, in short, not only two Luthers at the different epochs of his life, but more or less all through his life; and we are not called upon equally to admire both. Yet it is not the highest view of him that separates and holds them apart. The separation is the separation of accident and circumstance, of argument and emphasis. The man in his full greatness is the unity of all, however difficult it may be to find this unity. The coarseness, the violence, the wrongheadedness are not to be strained away; but they are not seen in their true light when placed by themselves, and looked at as distinct phases of the man. They are so far rather the integral base of a humanity which could not have been so powerful if it had been made of finer stuff; and so far the result of a time of violence and of controversial torture, the temptations of which we have difficulty in estimating. The age itself was lacking in harmonious proportion. It was violent of action and coarse of speech, yet with a profound depth of spiritual life stirring it. And Luther was pre-eminently the man of such an age. He would not have been greater, but less great in some respects, if he had been more refined and cautious and well-proportioned in intellect and character. We have to take him, therefore, as he is — a great but rugged power, tenderness mingling with strength, coarseness with insight, depth with violence, humor with rage, gentleness with audacity. "History presents many more complete or symmetrical characters, few greater; none more rich in diverse elements of human feeling and moral aspiration. No selfishness, nor vanity, nor mere vulgar ambition meet us amid all his proud consciousness of power or most high-handed dogmatism; but everywhere, even when we can least sympathize with him, we see an honest and magnanimous nature swayed by a living faith and glowing earnestness — a great soul moved by passionate conviction, and sublimed by divine thought."*

* Luther and other Leaders of the Reformation, p. 161.

It is this breadth and largeness of nature which have made Luther's name so enduring, and given such a charm to it. We know no other name concerned in a great controversy, which at the end of four centuries could have evoked so spontaneous and widespread an enthusiasm — Anglican archbishops, and Old Catholic prelates like the venerable Dr. Döllinger, vying with Scotch presbyters and English presbyters, Lutheran doctors of divinity and literary laymen to do him honor. This is quite different from any sectarian popularity, and is due, we may be sure, to great qualities which come home to the common heart of Christendom. Least of all is it due to any supposed faultlessness in Luther himself. For the very tribute to his memory has tended to provoke a revived sense of his faults. It has been made abundantly evident that he was no apostle of sweetness, that he could be obdurate in prejudice as well as magnanimous in thought, and that there are few men whose words in controversy can be less trusted as a measure of truth. Yet withal — not because he was faultless, or always wise and right, but because he was with all his faults a great and beneficent character, who, when the world was sick and in dire trouble brought a new life to it, and moved it forward in paths of righteousness — his name has called forth an unexampled ovation. It is easy to make light of such an ovation; there are always aspects of popular enthusiasm that lend themselves readily to ridicule. But it will be more to the point to endeavor to estimate Luther's work, what he really did for the world, at its true value. We shall rapidly glance therefore at the main aspects in which his work presents itself to us. It will not be difficult to recognize in each the note of advance, and the explanation of the enthusiasm with which his name is still regarded.

1. What is known as Protestantism, or the theory of religious liberty, owes its birth to him. He certainly did not announce the theory; he even failed to practise it; but he made it possible. Is the theory after all a blessing? — it may be asked. It became the fashion for a time to speak in a depreciatory tone of the great movement of the sixteenth century. To those of this way of speech, who, after patient inquiry, satisfied themselves that Protestantism was a mistake, and that their true home was the unreformed Church that condemned Luther, and would have burned him, as it did Hus and Je-

rome, there is nothing to say. They went their way, and time will judge them. But the so-called Oxford school of fifty years ago, while it produced many remarkable men — men of genius, as writers, and preachers, and poets — never pretended to be a school of advance. It not only had no love for freedom, but it reprobated it. Newman himself said that he hated Liberalism and all its brood. When in France in 1832, he refused to look at the tricolor, as the emblem of modern liberty.

The school will remain memorable because it has deepened and awakened Christian and Church life; it has spread a spirit of devotion beautiful as it is earnest through many an English parish. But it was in no sense a scientific movement. It threw no light on theological or scriptural difficulties. It travestied rather than studied Church history, and instead of seeking to explain its great epochs, it made a mere polemical quarry of them for the support of foregone conclusions. It scouted the idea of new light; its pride was to reproduce old traditions and "Catholic" dogmas. It not only held no key to the great movements of Christian thought in the past, but it blundered over the simplest of them, as Cardinal Newman did so notably in the history of the Arians of the fourth century. What may be said to be now a commonplace in all historical inquiry, that every great epoch in the formation of opinion is the product of all the forces operating in the preceding time, and therefore so far justified in the very fact of its existence — that it is a living growth, in short, and not a mechanical manipulation of parties — was never realized by them. They took their stand on an imaginary platform of their own, which they identified with Christian antiquity, just as the Evangelical party had also its platform, by which they squared all Christian truth. Theology as a science — as the product of great currents of thought constantly moving the Church — has never been recognized by the one or the other.

It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that the Anglo-Catholic party came to undervalue or despise the Reformation. They saw in Luther mainly an apostle of violence, one who had disturbed the fair order of mediæval Christendom. Protestantism became to them a mere party movement, instead of the natural and inevitable outburst of new forces of religious thought and life moving Europe — an insurrection and not an advance — a rebellion, not an inevitable revolution. All the moral forces of righteousness, of truth-speaking, of freedom which Luther represented, and the Reformation embodied, were of no avail in comparison with a disowned Church authority. And the fashion followed of disparaging Luther and Protestantism. Protestantism — the word and the thing — became and remains with members of the school a name of opprobrium. It is said to be a pure negation, to represent an unhallowed attitude of the individual and popular will against "Catholicity." We wonder how many who speak thus know what "Protestantism" really did mean in its original use.

The word, as is well known, was not an original note of the Reformation. It did not originate with Luther, nor with Melanchthon, although the latter was present, as Luther was not, at the Diet of Augsburg, when it came into vogue. It did not come specially from the religious side of the Reformation, and bore no reference to the truth or falsehood of any religious doctrines. But it nevertheless had a noble origin, and it bears, and must ever bear to every freeman, a noble meaning. It was the word with which the reforming Christian States of Germany met the attempt of the emperor Charles and those opposed to them, to deprive them of the toleration which for some time they had enjoyed. Nothing could be more reasonable or patriotic than the standpoint of these States. The religious commotions in the Empire had begun without their special incitement. They did not profess to be able to settle what was true or false in the movement. The emperor himself had admitted that the matters in dispute were beyond his jurisdiction. He had specially said — at the Diet of Spires in 1526 — that he was neither willing nor able to conclude anything touching them, but that he would endeavor to obtain the sanction of the Roman bishops to the assembly of a general council; "every State in the mean time to live, rule, and bear itself as it shall be ready to answer for to God and his Imperial Majesty."

This was the basis of settlement universally agreed on between the emperor and the reforming States in 1526. It was considered binding till a general council was called. Honor, freedom, every patriotic motive was enlisted on behalf of this fair compromise between the contending parties. The cause at stake was therefore the cause of national as well as religious independence. And it was only when it was proposed, at the second Diet of Spires in 1529, and still more definitely at

Augsburg in 1530, to interfere with the Act of Toleration, that the famous protest was taken. "The Diet has overstepped its authority," said the States who adhered to the settlement. "Our acquired right is that the Decree of 1526 unanimously adopted remain in force until a council can be convened. Up to this time the Decree has maintained the peace, and we *protest* against its abrogation." This was what they said at Spires in 1529, and in the following year, at Augsburg, the same ground was taken up, and the same protest renewed.

Protestantism in its origin, therefore, was the uprising of the Christian and patriotic feeling of Germany against a proposed act of gross oppression, both civil and religious. It had no special connection with doctrine, and implied no negation of any Christian truths. It was the voice of the Christian conscience of Germany exclaiming against imperial and papal self-will. It was the assertion of Christian liberty — of the fact that right and honor and covenant were not to be trampled upon at the mere dictation of power, and that "in matters relating to the honor of God and the salvation of souls every man must stand alone before God and give account of himself."

This is the true meaning of Protestantism, and all modern Christian liberty — the very liberty in the exercise of which certain members of the Church of England have abused the name — may be said to be the outcome of the protest taken at Spires and Augsburg by the Evangelical members of the German Empire. The attitude of these Christian princes and others was again only possible in the light of the great struggle which had been maintained during the twelve previous years by one man. The Diet of Worms and Luther's memorable words there — whatever may have been their exact form — alone explain the subsequent diets at Spires and Augsburg. The courage of a single man as he faced on that great occasion "the mailed chivalry of Germany" — a pale and slight figure as yet without any of the brave rotundity of his later years — gave the courage which inspired the famous protest, and laid the foundation of all Christian and ecclesiastical liberties. It is not to the point to say that, Luther or not, some change for the better must have come to the Church at the time, which was ripe for such change. Ripe enough no doubt the time was, as the evils within the Church were intolerable; but the Councils of Pisa and Constance, and the writings of Erasmus, remain as witnesses of how hopeless all reformation of the Church was from within. There are times when God is in "the still small voice," rather than in the storm and the earthquake, but there are other times when abuses can only be shaken by "a great and strong wind" and the upheaval of the common ground on which men stand — and the Reformation was a period of this kind. The voice of God uttered itself in Luther, that the mass of lies which had become identified with mediæval Christendom should no longer continue. The voice was heard in many lands, and there were many who arose to help the German monk, and carry forward the great work; but that a reformation became possible in England and Scotland as well as Germany, and that Protestantism after many struggles was able to secure a footing in Europe, was owing in large part, as it has been said, "to the intense personal conviction and contagious faith of one man — Martin Luther."

2. But Luther not only initiated our modern Christian liberty — he revived the primitive Pauline Gospel. This revival is even more directly and primarily his work. For while Luther was an apostle of Christian liberty, and gave the impulse to it, without which it might not have prevailed, he was not always himself a good example of his own principle. He only partially caught its meaning, as was the case more or less with all the Reformers. But he was the apostle of the grace of God in all its fulness.

Luther was naturally of deep and serious feeling. He was brought up in a religious home. Hans Luther, his father, was a God-fearing man, who was wont to pray at the bedside of his son, and whose words remained stamped on his son's memory. He wished young Martin to be a lawyer, and he went to the University of Erfurt for this purpose; but the seeds of religion which had been sown in his young heart proved stronger than his father's wishes. He could not rest in the idea of a secular calling. His inward cravings turned him towards a religious life. The story of his finding a Latin Bible in the university library and poring over it, and finding to his astonishment that it contained more Gospels and Epistles than the Lectionaries — the only medium through which he had hitherto known Scripture — and the other stories of his illness and the sudden death of his friend Alexis, which made so profound an impression upon him — all point to his deep

religiousness. He became a monk of his own will. It was spiritual distress drove him to the convent, and it was spiritual distress during his novitiate that impelled him to the course of meditation and thought, of prayer and fasting, which ultimately ended for him in peace and light. The consciousness of his sins lay on him as a continual burden. There was no penance and no work of mortification by which he did not try to lighten the burden. "If ever monk could have got to heaven by fasting," he afterwards said, "I might have done so." But it was all of no avail. The terrors of guilt haunted him as a bodily presence, clung to him as a pursuing shadow, so that one day he cried out, as some dire aspect of wrath rose before him, "It is not I! it is not I!" At length, however, light came to him by the mouth of Staupitz, the new vicar-general of the Augustines, who came to Erfurt on a visit of inspection. "Through him," said Luther, "the light of the gospel first dawned out of the darkness on my heart." It is well that we should remember this. The mediæval Church, corrupt as it was, still cherished the light, if hidden away in obscure corners or a few hearts. To this intelligent and pious man — touched by the grave and melancholy look of the young monk — Luther unbosomed himself. He explained how vainly he had sought for spiritual peace, that sin was always too strong for him. "I have, myself," Staupitz replied, "vowed more than a thousand times to lead a holy life, and as often broken my vows." Strength is not to be found in efforts of self-will, however great. "I now trust only in the mercy and grace of God in Christ."

This was the key-note by which Luther moved the world. It could hardly be more simply or spiritually stated. Divested of all scholastic definition, it was nothing else than the reassertion of the old spiritual fact set forth by Christ himself and by St. Paul, that the only real help for the soul is in God. Every soul stands in immediate responsible relation to God, and all spiritual strength and peace come straight out of him. Church and priest, sacrament and penance, are useful ministers in the divine life, but nothing more. Moral efforts point to a righteousness which they fail to secure. They indicate a capacity — an upward aspiration — but they cannot lay hold of the reality. All deeper religious experience proved to the apostle that it is not by works of righteousness which we have done, or may do, that we are saved, but by the mercy of God — the free touch of the divine grace forgiving us, releasing us from the bonds of sin, lifting us out of the deep pit and miry clay, from which no efforts of our own can ever lift us, and setting us in the light of a love which is ours just because we are sinners and in ourselves helpless. "It is just your sins that make you an object of salvation," Staupitz said to Luther.

Luther had tried scholasticism, or the theological teaching of his time, and he had tried monkery, and found both wanting. So far from bringing God near to him, they had hidden God from him, and left him miserable in his weakness and sinfulness. A sinner thirsting for righteousness, he found himself fed on "sentences." Craving for peace, he found only mortification. But the assurance that God loved him, that he was forgiven — that righteousness was not of himself but of God, given to him in Christ — brought him relief and peace. "Straightway he felt as if he were born again, and as if the door of paradise were thrown wide open."

It is always to be remembered how much Luther, like St. Paul, apprehended his new creed in a polemical form as opposed to the "Aristotelic" or Church principle — "that a man becomes just by doing just acts." No, his experience said — and he himself taught in one of the earliest vindications of his favorite doctrine — "We must first be just, and then we shall do just actions. Righteousness is truly from within and not from without. It springs out of God in the soul, reconciling the soul to himself, and not out of any outward fact whatever." Peace only came to him when he realized in this absolute manner the fulness of divine forgiveness in Christ.

This is the essential meaning of what is called the doctrine of justification by faith — a doctrine which had not been utterly lost in the Church, else Luther could never have heard of it from Staupitz nor any others, but which had sunk out of the general Church consciousness, and which therefore needed once more to be revivified, and placed in the forefront of Christian thought. For if it is a truth at all, this is its place. No other truth can compare with it. In answer to the old cry, "What must I do to be saved?" the voice of Luther was heard as no voice had been heard for many a generation. "No priest can save you, no masses or indulgences can help you. But God has

saved you. He himself, and no mediatory saints, no holy mother of God even, but God himself, the divine Son, has redeemed you." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." This was the living force which seized the great heart of the German people, and spread mightily through Europe. Brushing by the faltering and unsteady steps of Humanism, this faith in a divine righteousness near to every soul made itself once more a joyful way among the nations, and spread with it a new life of righteousness.

But the truth was not new. No. Neither was it new in the time of St. Paul, who tells us that "Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness." But how far the truth had become obscured, we have evidence not only in Luther's difficulties in finding it, but in all the best and most devout books of the period — the "Imitatio Christi," for example, and the "Theologia Germanica," which was so great a favorite with Luther. Beautiful as both these books are, the former having, next to the Bible probably, touched more souls than any other book in the world, we have only to look into them to see that, with all their sweetness and strength, the old Pauline truth of "justification by faith alone" is not among their chief notes. One side of the truth they sufficiently apprehend — the soul's immediacy to the Divine. But the other side — that the sum of righteousness is in Christ and in Christ alone, that nothing can be added to his perfect work, lies comparatively out of sight. It is the faith of the mystic and the cloister that both books set before us, rather than the faith of St. Paul and the primitive Church — the faith that overcame the world. Now it was the specially divine side of the same truth that Luther realized in his own experience, and of which he made himself the new apostle. The absoluteness of divine righteousness in Christ for every soul — this was his theme, even as it was St. Paul's; and to place anything whatever alongside of this righteousness was to preach another gospel. He had taken the whole substance and spirit of the Epistle to the Galatians into his very heart, and just as St. Paul's spiritual life flashed into indignation at the idea of circumcision, or any element of the Jewish system, being made a condition of salvation along with Christ, so the mind of Luther kindled into a divine rage at the same thought; and sometimes, in his rage against the law in the matter of justification, he speaks wildly, as the wisest man is apt to speak wildly in a tempest of thought.

This is the secret — and there is no other secret — in the often quoted exaggerations of Luther in reference to the doctrine of justification by faith — the "Esto peccator, et pecca fortiter" sentence, and other unguarded expressions, of which men who know little else about him have made so much. Because Luther felt deeply the power of human sin — the weakness and coarseness of man in his ordinary life — he has been supposed to have made little of sanctification and the consecrating influence of the Church. But the inference is unwarranted. For who, save St. Paul, has ever felt more "the body of this death," and craved to be delivered from it? It was his very craving for sanctification that drove him onwards to the doctrine of grace. But abundance of grace was never for a moment in his own life an excuse for sin. It is impossible to read his prayers and his letters without recognizing how he felt, from the very assurance of faith, the necessity of an always fuller self-consecration. The ideal of holiness springs always more brightly from the root of grace in his heart. This is the true interpretation of his teaching, however unadvisedly he may sometimes speak or write of "good works" when put in the place of Christ. He could say that "in the matter of justification" he would hold no terms with the law, yet in itself the law was to him, as to St. Paul, "holy and just and good." I do not defend many of his expressions. Minds that do not read them in the light of true devotional experience will find in them a suggestion of license, even of immorality. But his harsh and occasionally coarse logic was in the main the bad vesture of scholasticism in which he had been trained. His faults of argument, his over-defining, his drawing too many distinctions, and placing things against one another which in reality are merely different sides of the same thing; all this was the product of the mediæval system which he inherited, and which, unhappily, Protestantism was once more destined to resuscitate, to its own detriment and moral injury. It was not as a Protestant that he yielded to such extravagances; they are no genuine outcome of Protestantism, but rather the rags and tatters of mediæval logic, from which the mind even of our modern

Churches is by no means yet thoroughly cleansed.*

3. But Luther not only restored life to the Church by his doctrine of grace, he restored the true idea of the Church itself. Mediævalism had inverted the nature of the Church. It had converted it into a vast hierarchy of power emanating from Rome, an ecclesiastical system of bishops and priests and monks that kept the keys of heaven and hell, and in and through whom alone all spiritual blessing was conveyed. The sale of indulgences, flagrant as it was, was merely the outcome of this perverted idea of the Church as a corporation having the disposal of human souls at his command. Once materialize spiritual privilege, and make the forgiveness of sins depend upon anything but the free grace of God, and there is no degradation of divine truth that may not be reached. If the divine can be communicated by any mere external form, and the hierarchy be the sole judge of this form, then why not by indulgences as well as anything else? The material accident once substituted for the spiritual reality becomes rapidly degraded till it finds its last and summary expression in money; money being always the brief and representative expression of all mere external work.

Luther soon perceived that his opposition to the Papacy did not arise merely from its abuses. These, no doubt, had kindled his indignation, but the more he looked at the system itself the more he disliked it, the more opposed he felt it to be to the conception of the Church that he found in the New Testament; and even before he had yet formally seceded from the Roman communion he had recovered the true Scriptural idea of the Church, and boldly announced it in his famous address to the "Christian nobility of Germany." He dismissed as false the central part of the whole mediæval system — the sacrifice of the mass — and with this sacrifice, any peculiar order of priesthood. The essence of the Church, he said, was in the intercommunion of the faithful with one another and their Heavenly Head, and no externals were absolutely necessary to it, beyond the preaching of God's Word, and the administration of the sacraments as ordained by Christ — no Romish popedoms nor any other hierarchical arrangements. The key to this higher conception lay in the great New Testament principle of the priestly character of all Christians. All Christians are alike in spiritual rank. The only thing peculiar to the ecclesiastic or priest is office, or public appointment to administer the Word of God and the sacraments. Ordination implies this and nothing more — that out of the collective body of Christians, essentially of the same spiritual order ("priests to God"), one is selected and authorized to exercise spiritual offices for the rest. It may be well to quote his own words on this subject: —

> All Christians [he says] are truly of the spiritual estate, and there is among them no difference, save of office alone; as Paul says (1 Cor. xii. 12) that we are all one body, yet has each member its own office, that it may serve the others. This is the all-important thing, that we have one baptism, one Gospel, one faith, and are all alike Christians. For baptism, Gospel, faith, these alone make men spiritual and Christian folk.*

Again: —

> A bishop's consecration is no more than this, that in place of the entire congregation one is taken out of the whole body of those who possess equal power, to whom is committed the exercise of this same power for the rest. . . . Or, that I may put it still more clearly, if a little body of pious Christian laymen were taken and placed on a desert, who had not among them an episcopally ordained priest, and, being there agreed, were to choose one among their own number, married or not, and were to commit to him the office of baptism, saying mass, absolving, preaching; he would be as truly a priest as if all the bishops and Popes had ordained him.†

Already, therefore, on the eve of his rupture with Rome, the sacerdotal idea had entirely left Luther. A priest is nobody but a Christian layman, called and appointed to a special work. He emphasizes the idea of order as well as of equality. No one may take to himself the office of the ministry without the will and command of the congregation. But the priestly status is nothing but the status of a public officer, who so long as he holds his office has precedence, but when he is deposed and lays it aside, is a peasant or a citizen, like another. "Some have invented," he says "*characteres indelebiles*, and prate that a deposed priest is nevertheless something other than a bad lay-

* See "Luther Vindicated," by Charles Hastings Collette. Quaritch, London, 1884.

* *An den christlichen Adel deutscher Nation.* Die Reformatorischen Schriften Dr. Martin Luthers, von Dr. Karl Zimmermann, 1846, Erster Band, 480.

† Ibid. 480–1. An interesting translation of this and other "Primary Works" of Luther, edited by Dr. Wace and Dr. Buchheim, of King's College, has just appeared (Murray, London).

man, all of which are laws and talk invented of men."

It is this essential idea of the Reformation, quite as much if not more than the doctrine of justification by faith, which constitutes its real offence in the eyes of the extreme Anglo-Catholic school. This it is which barbs the insults they have levelled at Luther and Protestantism. Nothing touches men so keenly as the invasion of official pride. The love of power is the dearest instinct of the human heart — the love of being distinct and more than others — having something to give which others have not. And all natural human feelings reinforce the false ideas which have come to us from the Middle Ages — nay, from the fourth century — and which give the sacerdotal principle what would seem an ever-recurring power over the human mind. This only makes it the more necessary to reiterate the true character of this principle as moral and spiritual, and never merely official. The idea of priesthood lies deep in human nature. It is in itself a true idea. But genuine priesthood is nothing but the divine help that lies in the assurance of divine sympathy communicated by one Christian heart to another. And he is the true priest everywhere, whether the hand of presbyter or bishop may have been laid upon him or not, who is the true helper and minister of good from God to man; who out of the treasures of his own faith, and hope, and love, can feed the hungry and give rest to the weary. If the doctrine of justification by faith be, as Luther said, the article of a standing or falling Church, this equally important truth of the universal priesthood of believers and the essential equality of clergy and laity is the special note of a really Reformed or Protestant Church.

4. But Luther's labors are not yet summed up. There remains his vast work of translating the Scriptures, and, immediately connected with this, his general services to Christian literature, his hymns and sermons and catechisms. Luther is so great as a reformer that we are apt to forget how great he is as a man of genius. Yet in literary genius alone he stands conspicuous in his age. His translation of the Scriptures into German is unrivalled. As a task-work it exceeds anything of the kind ever done. He translated the whole of the New Testament at the Wartburg in a few months. Contrast with this the years which our revisers took, assisted by all the lights of modern scholarship. The New Testament translation was already published in 1522, that is to say, a year after he stood before the emperor at Worms; and ten years later, or in 1532, the whole of the Bible was finished, to which he afterwards added the Apocryphal books in 1542. Matthesius tells us also that "when the whole Bible had been published in German, Dr. Luther took it up again from the beginning with much earnestness, diligence, and prayer, and convoked, as it were, a Sanhedrim of the best men that could be found, who came together every week to his house, viz., Dr. Bugenhagen, Dr. Jonas, Dr. Kreuziger, Master Melanchthon, and others. And when the doctor had looked through the Bible already published, and inquired among Jews and foreign, linguists, and picked up good words by asking old Germans, he came into the assembly with the old Latin and new German Bible, and always brought a Hebrew text also." And so they worked till edition after edition was published. Considering the age and the state of Biblical scholarship, the result is marvellous, not merely as a feat, but as a work of art. Luther's Bible came forth from his brain instinct with genius — a formative power in the development of the German language, and an imperishable landmark in German literature. Like our own Jacobean version — and more than it — it is not merely an excellent transcript of the divine original, but a creative work with the stamp of originality, destined to exercise an enduring influence on the national tongue, and to be a model of its best popular speech for many generations.

But Luther not only translated the Scriptures; he did much by his judgments on the sacred books — rash as some of these may be pronounced to be — to initiate the historical criticism of Scripture as a great literature rather than a code or collection of infallible dicta. He asked, for example, "what it mattered even if Moses was not the author of Genesis?" He saw the essential superiority of the Books of Kings over those of Chronicles as historical records, and did not hesitate to pronounce the former the more credible. He discerned the dramatic character of the Book of Job, the late origin of the Book of Ecclesiastes, the fact that the prophecies of Jeremiah have not been preserved in chronological order, and were probably due, therefore, to a compiler rather than to the prophet himself. "The story of Jonah," he said, "is more lying and more absurd than any fable of the poets. . . . If it did not stand

in the Bible I should laugh at it as a lie." * He pronounced against the Pauline origin of the Epistle to the Hebrews. He had grave doubt about the Epistles of St. James and St. Jude, and said of the former, in comparison with the Pauline Epistles, that "it was an epistle of straw, because it has nothing evangelical about it." †

We do not quote these opinions on account of their value. That is not the point. In reference to the Epistle of St. James, Luther was certainly wrong, from lack of that very historical judgment which so far guided him in other cases. His own feelings perhaps influenced him in all his judgments as much as any genuine critical or historical judgment. For criticism was certainly not his *forte*. In these respects Erasmus was greatly his superior. But his insight into the diversity of the Scriptures in meaning and authority, whether in all cases directed by sound principle or not, was a great advance of Biblical thought for the time — an advance which, unhappily, Protestantism did not maintain, and which the Churches are only now beginning to realize as a condition of intelligent Biblical interpretation. Here, as in other things, Luther's genius did for him what no mere learning could do, and what Protestant learning failed for long to understand.

If we add to all this Luther's work as a Christian poet and musician, we sum up a catalogue of services to the Christian Church which few or none can rival. It may be true, as said by his detractors here also, that many of Luther's *geistliche Lieder* are not original. Abundant traces of them may be found in the mediæval hymnology. But he never said they were original in the sense these critics mean, and he would have been not merely a man of genius but a miracle-worker if he had absolutely coined from his own brain all the hymns attributed to him. Like all true poets he worked on old materials; and just as Burns fashioned by his exquisite touch old and coarse materials into pearls of song, so Luther refitted old words and music to the trumpet tones of the Reformation. In nothing is a poet often greater than in this re-creation of the old and bad, till it lives with a new life of beauty and goodness and power.

This brief review may serve to explain and justify the Luther commemoration. Some extravagances of talk may even be excused in reference to such a man, who in nothing sought to serve himself, but only God and the Church. There is a wholesomeness in his large-heartedness, his constant frankness, his real self-sacrifice, even in the midst of seeming self-indulgence. It is well to point out his faults; but even his faults "lean to virtue's side." They come in a great degree of the large simplicity of his nature, and he wears them on his sleeve. He invites us to contemplate them. In his moments of depression, and he had many, they overwhelm himself. Like most men of big thoughts, he bore, under all his outward show of brave and sometimes audacious words, "a saddened and shadowed heart, that felt unutterably the mystery of life and death." "What a brilliant night!" he said one night, as he and Catherine were walking in their garden: "but it burns not for us." "And why are we to be shut out from the kingdom of heaven?" asked Catherine. "Perhaps," said he, with a sigh, "because we left our convents." There was a strange depth of humility, of self-distrust in the thought. Least of all, surely, was such a man what he appears to some — an incarnation of self-will and the mere rights of nature.

JOHN TULLOCH.

* Tischreden, iv. 418.
† Preface to New Testament, xiv. 105.

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BOURGONEF.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SECOND VICTIM.

BOURGONEF'S story has been narrated with some fulness, though in less detail than he told it, in order that the reader may understand its real bearings on *my* story. Without it, the motives which impelled the strange pertinacity of my pursuit would have been unintelligible. I have said that a very disagreeable impression remained on my mind respecting certain aspects of his character, and I felt somewhat ashamed of my imperfect sagacity in having up to this period been entirely blind to those aspects. The truth is, every human being is a mystery, and remains so to the last. We fancy we know a character; we form a distinct conception of it; for years that conception remains unmodified, and suddenly the strain of some emergency or the incidental stimulus of new circumstance reveals qualities not simply unexpected, but flatly

contradictory of our previous conception. We judge of a man by the angle he subtends to our eye — only thus *can* we judge of him; and this angle depends on the relation his qualities and circumstances bear to our interests and sympathies. Bourgonef had charmed me intellectually; morally I had never come closer to him than in the sympathies of public questions and abstract theories. His story had disclosed hidden depths.

My old suspicions reappeared, and a conversation we had two days afterwards helped to strengthen them.

We had gone on a visit to Schwanthaler the sculptor, at his tiny little castle of Schwaneck, a few miles from Munich. The artist was out for a walk, but we were invited to come in and await his return, which would be shortly; and meanwhile Bourgonef undertook to show me over the castle, interesting as a bit of modern Gothic, realizing on a diminutive scale a youthful dream of the sculptor's. When our survey was completed — and it did not take long — we sat at one of the windows and enjoyed a magnificent prospect. "It is curious," said Bourgonef, "to be shut up here in this imitation of mediæval masonry, where every detail speaks of the dead past, and to think of the events now going on in Paris which must find imitators all over Europe, and which open to the mind such vistas of the future. What a grotesque amachronism is this Gothic castle, built in the same age as that which sees a reforming pope!"

"Yes; but is not the reforming pope himself an anachronism?"

"As a Catholic," here he smiled, intimating that his orthodoxy was not very stringent, "I cannot admit that; as a Protestant, you must admit that if there must be a pope, he must in these days be a reformer, or — give up his temporal power. Not that I look on Pio Nono as more than a precursor: he may break ground, and point the way, but he is not the man to lead Europe out of its present Slough of Despond, and under the headship of the Church found a new and lasting republic. We want a Hildebrand, one who will be to the nineteenth century what Gregory was to the eleventh."

"Do you believe in such a possibility? Do you think the Roman pontiff can ever again sway the destinies of Europe?"

"I can hardly say I believe it; yet I see the possibility of such an opening if the right man were to arise. But I fear he will not arise; or if he should, the Conclave will stifle him. Yet there is but one alternative: either Europe must once more join in a crusade with a pope at the head; or it must hoist the red flag. There is no other issue."

"Heaven preserve us from both! And I think we shall be preserved from the pope by the rottenness of the Church; from the *drapeau rouge* by the indignation and horror of all honest men. You see how the Provisional Government has resisted the insane attempt of the fanatics to make the red flag accepted as the national banner?"

"Yes; and it is the one thing which dashes my pleasure in the new revolution. It is the one act of weakness which the government has exhibited; a concession which will be fatal unless it be happily set aside by the energetic party of action."

"An act of weakness? say rather an act of strength. A concession? say rather the repudiation of anarchy, the assertion of law and justice."

"Not a bit. It was a concession to the fears of the timid and to the vanity of the French people. The tricolor is a French flag — not the banner of humanity. It is because the tricolor has been identified with the victories of France that it appeals to the vanity of the vainest of people. They forget that it is the flag of a revolution which failed, and of an empire which was one perpetual outrage to humanity. Whereas the red is new; it is the symbol of an energetic, thoroughgoing creed. If it carries terror with it, so much the better. The tyrants and the timid should be made to tremble."

"I had no idea you were so bloodthirsty," said I, laughing at his vehemence.

"I am not bloodthirsty at all; I am only logical and consistent. There is a mass of sophistry current in the world which sickens me. People talk of Robespierre and St. Just, two of the most virtuous men that ever lived — and of Dominic and Torquemada, two of the most single-minded — as if they were cruel and bloodthirsty, whereas they were only convinced."

"Is it from love of paradox that you defend these tigers?"

"Tigers, again — how those beasts are calumniated!"

He said this with a seriousness which was irresistibly comic. I shouted with laughter; but he continued gravely, —

"You think I am joking. But let me ask you why you consider the tiger more bloodthirsty than yourself? He springs upon his food — you buy yours from the

butcher. He cannot live without animal food: it is a primal necessity, and he obeys the ordained instinct. You can live on vegetables; yet you slaughter beasts of the field and birds of the air (or buy them when slaughtered), and consider yourself a model of virtue. The tiger only kills his food or his enemies; you not only kill both, but you kill one animal to make a gravy for another! The tiger is less bloodthirsty than the Christian!"

"I don't know how much of that tirade is meant to be serious; but to waive the question of the tiger's morality, do you really — I will not say sympathize, but — justify Robespierre, Dominic, St. Just, and the rest of the fanatics who have waded to their ends through blood?"

"He who wills the *end*, wills the *means*."

"A devil's maxim."

"But a truth. What the foolish world shrinks at as bloodthirstiness and cruelty is very often mere force and constancy of intellect. It is not that fanatics thirst for blood — far from it, — but they thirst for the triumph of their cause. Whatever obstacle lies on their path must be removed; if a torrent of blood is the only thing that will sweep it away — the torrent must sweep."

"And sweep with it all the sentiments of pity, mercy, charity, love?"

"No: these sentiments may give a sadness to the necessity; they make the deed a sacrifice, but they cannot prevent the soul from seeing the aim to which it tends."

"This is detestable doctrine! It is the sophism which has destroyed families, devastated cities, and retarded the moral progress of the world more than anything else. No single act of injustice is ever done on this earth but it tends to perpetuate the reign of iniquity. By the feelings it calls forth it keeps up the native savagery of the heart. It breeds injustice, partly by hardening the minds of those who assent, and partly by exciting the passion of revenge in those who resist."

"You are wrong. The great drag-chain on the car of progress is the faltering inconsistency of man. Weakness is more cruel than sternness. Sentiment is more destructive than logic."

The arrival of Schwanthaler was timely, for my indignation was rising. The sculptor received us with great cordiality, and in the pleasure of the subsequent hour, I got over to some extent the irritation Bourgonef's talk had excited.

The next day I left Munich for the Tyrol. My parting with Bourgonef was many degress less friendly than it would have been a week before. I had no wish to see him again, and therefore gave him no address or invitation in case he should come to England. As I rolled away in the *Malleposte*, my busy thoughts reviewed all the details of our acquaintance; and the farther I was carried from his presence, the more obtrusive became the suspicions which connected him with the murder of Lieschen Lehfeldt. How, or upon what motive, was indeed an utter mystery. He had not mentioned the name of Lehfeldt. He had not mentioned having before been at Nuremberg. At Heidelberg the tragedy occurred — or was Heidelberg only a mask? It occurred to me that he had first ascertained that I had never been at Heidelberg before he placed the scene of his story there.

Thoughts such as these tormented me. Imagine, then, the horror with which I heard, soon after my arrival at Salzburg, that a murder had been committed at Grosshesslohe — one of the pretty environs of Munich much resorted to by holiday folk — corresponding in all essential features with the murder at Nuremberg! In both cases the victim was young and pretty. In both cases she was found quietly lying on the ground, stabbed to the heart, without any other traces of violence. In both cases she was a betrothed bride, and the motive of the unknown assassin a mystery.

Such a correspondence in the essential features inevitably suggested an appalling mystery of unity in these crimes, — either as the crimes of one man, committed under some impulse of motiveless malignity and thirst for innocent blood, or as the equally appalling effect of *imitation* acting contagiously upon a criminal imagination; of which contagion there have been, unfortunately, too many examples — horrible crimes prompting certain weak and feverish imaginations, by the very horror they inspire, first to dwell on, and finally to realize their imitations.

It was this latter hypothesis which found general acceptance. Indeed it was the only one which rested upon any ground of experience. The disastrous influence of imitation, especially under the fascination of horror, was well known. The idea of any diabolical malice moving one man to pass from city to city, and there quietly single out his victims — both of them, by the very hypothesis, unrelated to him, both of them at the epoch of their lives, when

The bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne,

when the peace of the heart is assured, and the future is radiantly beckoning to them, — that any man should choose such victims for such crimes, was too preposterous an idea long to be entertained. Unless the man were mad, the idea was inconceivable; and even a monomaniac must betray himself in such a course, because he would necessarily conceive himself to be accomplishing some supreme act of justice.

It was thus I argued; and indeed I should much have preferred to believe that one maniac were involved, rather than the contagion of crime, — since one maniac must inevitably be soon detected; whereas there were no assignable limits to the contagion of imitation. And this it was which so profoundly agitated German society. In every family in which there happened to be a bride, vague tremors could not be allayed; and the absolute powerlessness which resulted from the utter uncertainty as to the quarter in which this dreaded phantom might next appear, justified and intensified those tremors. Against such an apparition there was no conceivable safeguard. From a city stricken with the plague, from a district so stricken, flight is possible, and there are the resources of medical aid. But from a moral plague like this, what escape was possible?

So passionate and profound became the terror, that I began to share the opinion which I heard expressed, regretting the widespread publicity of the modern press, since, with many undeniable benefits, it carried also the fatal curse of distributing through households, and keeping constantly under the excitement of discussion, images of crime and horror which would tend to perpetuate and extend the excesses of individual passion. The mere dwelling long on such a topic as this was fraught with evil.

This and more I heard discussed as I hurried back to Munich. To Munich? Yes; thither I was posting with all speed. Not a shadow of doubt now remained in my mind. I knew the assassin, and was resolved to track and convict him. Do not suppose that *this* time I was led away by the vagrant activity of my constructive imagination. I had something like positive proof. No sooner had I learned that the murder had been committed at Grosshesslohe, than my thoughts at once carried me to a now memorable visit I had made there in company with Bourgonef and two young Bavarians. At the hotel where we dined, we were waited on by the niece of the landlord, a girl of remarkable beauty, who naturally excited the attention of four young men, and furnished them with a topic of conversation. One of the Bavarians had told us that she would one day be perhaps one of the wealthiest women in the country, for she was engaged to be married to a young farmer who had recently found himself, by a rapid succession of deaths, sole heir to a great brewer, whose wealth was known to be enormous.

At this moment Sophie entered bringing wine, and I saw Bourgonef slowly turn his eyes upon her with a look which then was mysterious to me, but which now spoke too plainly its dreadful meaning.

What is there in a look, you will say? Perhaps nothing; or it may be everything. To my unsuspecting, unenlightened perception, Bourgonef's gaze was simply the melancholy and half-curious gaze which such a man might be supposed to cast upon a young woman who had been made the topic of an interesting discourse. But to my mind, enlightened as to his character, and instructed as to his peculiar feelings arising from his own story, the gaze was charged with horror. It marked a victim. The whole succession of events rose before me in vivid distinctness; the separate details of suspicion gathered into unity.

Great as was Bourgonef's command over his features, he could not conceal uneasiness as well as surprise at my appearance at the *table d'hôte* in Munich. I shook hands with him, putting on as friendly a mask as I could, and replied to his question about my sudden return by attributing it to unexpected intelligence received at Salzburg.

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Well, I'm afraid it will prove very serious," I said. "But we shall see. Meanwhile my visit to the Tyrol must be given up or postponed."

"Do you remain here, then?

"I don't know what my movements will be."

Thus I had prepared him for any reserve or strangeness in my manner; and I had concealed from him the course of my movements; for at whatever cost, I was resolved to follow him and bring him to justice.

But how? Evidence I had none that could satisfy any one else, however convincing it might be to my own mind. Nor did there seem any evidence forth-

coming from Grosshesslohe. Sophie's body had been found in the afternoon lying as if asleep in one of the bypaths of the wood. No marks of a struggle; no traces of the murderer. Her affianced lover, who was at Augsburg, on hearing of her fate, hurried to Grosshesslohe, but could throw no light on the murder, could give no hint as to a possible motive for the deed. But this entire absence of evidence, or even ground of suspicion, only made *my* case the stronger. It was the motiveless malignity of the deed which fastened it on Bourgonef; or rather, it was the absence of any known motive elsewhere which assured me that I had detected the motive in him.

Should I communicate my conviction to the police? It was possible that I might impress them with at least sufficient suspicion to warrant his examination — and in that case the truth might be elicited; for among the many barbarities and iniquities of the criminal procedure in Continental States which often press heavily on the innocent, there is this compensating advantage, that the pressure on the guilty is tenfold heavier. If the innocent are often unjustly punished — imprisoned and maltreated before their innocence can be established — the guilty seldom escape. In England we give the criminal not only every chance of escape, but many advantages. The love of fair play is carried to excess. It seems at times as if the whole arrangements of our procedure were established with a view to giving a criminal not only the benefit of every doubt, but of every loophole through which he can slip. Instead of this, the Continental procedure goes on the principle of closing up every loophole, and of inventing endless traps into which the accused may fall. We warn the accused not to say anything that may be prejudicial to him. They entangle him in contradictions and confessions which disclose his guilt.

Knowing this, I thought it very likely that, however artful Bourgonef might be, a severe examination might extort from him sufficient confirmation of my suspicions to warrant further procedure. But knowing also that *this* resort was open to me when all others had failed, I resolved to wait and watch.

CHAPTER IX.

FINALE.

Two days passed, and nothing occurred. My watching seemed hopeless, and I resolved to try the effect of a disguised interrogatory. It might help to confirm my already settled conviction, if it did not elicit any new evidence.

Seated in Bourgonef's room, in the old place, each with a cigar, and chatting as of old on public affairs, I gradually approached the subject of the recent murder.

"Is it not strange," I said, "that both these crimes should have happened while we were casually staying in both places?"

"Perhaps we are the criminals," he replied laughing. I shivered slightly at this audacity. He laughed as he spoke, but there was a hard, metallic, and almost defiant tone in his voice which exasperated me.

"Perhaps we are," I said quietly. He looked full at me; but I was prepared, and my face told nothing. I added, as in explanation, "The crime being apparently contagious, we may have brought the infection from Nuremberg."

"Do you believe in that hypothesis of imitation?"

"I don't know what to believe. Do you believe in there being only one murderer? It seems such a preposterous idea. We must suppose him, at any rate, to be a maniac."

"Not necessarily. Indeed, there seems to have been too much artful contrivance in both affairs, not only in the selection of the victims, but in the execution of the schemes. Cunning as maniacs often are, they are still maniacs, and betray themselves."

"If not a maniac," said I, hoping to pique him, "he must be a man of stupendous and pitiable vanity, — perhaps one of your constant-minded friends, whom you refuse to call bloodthirsty."

"Constant-minded perhaps; but why pitiably vain?"

"Why? Because only a diseased atrocity of imagination, stimulating a nature essentially base and weak in its desire to make itself conspicuous, would or could suggest such things. The silly youth who 'fired the Ephesian dome,' the vain idiot who set fire to York Minster, the miserable Frenchmen who have committed murder and suicide with a view of making their exit striking from a world in which their appearance had been contemptible, would all sink into insignificance beside the towering infamy of baseness which — for the mere love of producing an effect on the minds of men, and thus drawing their attention upon him, which otherwise would never have marked him at all — could scheme and execute crimes so horrible and inexcusable. In common char-

ity to human nature, let us suppose the wretch is mad; because otherwise his miserable vanity would be too loathsome." I spoke with warmth and bitterness, which increased as I perceived him wincing under the degradation of my contempt.

"If his motive *were* vanity," he said, "no doubt it would be horrible; but may it not have been revenge?"

"Revenge!" I exclaimed; "what! on innocent women?"

"You assume their innocence."

"Good God! do you know anything to the contrary?"

"Not I. But as we are conjecturing, I may as well conjecture the motive to have been revenge, as you may conjecture it to have been the desire to produce a startling effect."

"How do you justify your conjecture?"

"Simply enough. We have to suppose a motive; let us say it was revenge, and see whether that will furnish a clue."

"But it can't. The two victims were wholly unconnected with each other by any intermediate acquaintances, consequently there can have been no common wrong or common enmity in existence to furnish food for vengeance."

"That may be so; it may also be that the avenger made them vicarious victims."

"How so?"

"It is human nature. Did you ever observe a thwarted child striking in its anger the unoffending nurse, destroying its toys to discharge its wrath? Did you ever see a schoolboy, unable to wreak his anger on the bigger boy who has just struck him, turn against the nearest smaller boy and beat him? Did you ever know a schoolmaster, angered by one of the boy's parents, vent his pent-up spleen upon the unoffending class? Did you ever see a subaltern punished because an officer had been reprimanded? These are familiar examples of vicarious vengeance. When the soul is stung to fury, it must solace itself by the discharge of that fury — it must relieve its pain by the sight of pain in others. We are so constituted. We need sympathy above all things. In joy we cannot bear to see others in distress; in distress we see the joy of others with dismal envy which sharpens our pain. That is human nature."

"And," I exclaimed, carried away by my indignation, "you suppose that the sight of these two happy girls, beaming with the quiet joy of brides, was torture to some miserable wretch who had lost his bride."

I had gone too far. His eyes looked into mine. I read in his that he divined the whole drift of my suspicion — the allusion made to himself. There often passes into a look more than words can venture to express. In that look he read that he was discovered, and I read that he had recognized it. With perfect calmness, but with a metallic ring in his voice which was like the clash of swords, he said, —

"I did not say that I supposed this; but as we were on the wide field of conjecture, — utterly without evidence one way or the other, having no clue either to the man or his motives, — I drew from the general principles of human nature a conclusion which was just as plausible — or absurd if you like — as the conclusion that the motive must have been vanity."

"As you say, we are utterly without evidence, and conjecture drifts aimlessly from one thing to another. After all, the most plausible explanation is that of a contagion of imitation."

I said this in order to cover my previous imprudence. He was not deceived — though for a few moments I fancied he was — but replied, —

"I am not persuaded of that either. The whole thing is a mystery, and I shall stay here some time in the hope of seeing it cleared up. Meanwhile, for a subject of conjecture, let me show you something on which your ingenuity may profitably be employed."

He rose and passed into his bedroom. I heard him unlocking and rummaging the drawers, and was silently reproaching myself for my want of caution in having spoken as I had done, though it was now beyond all doubt that he was the murderer, and that his motive had been rightly guessed; but with this self-reproach there was mingled a self-gratulation at the way I had got out of the difficulty, as I fancied.

He returned, and as he sat down I noticed that the lower part of his surtout was open. He always wore a long frogged and braided coat reaching to the knees — as I now know, for the purpose of concealing the arm which hung (as he said, withered) at his side. The two last fastenings were now undone.

He held in his hand a tiny chain made of very delicate wire. This he gave me, saying, —

"Now what should you conjecture that to be?"

"Had it come into my hands without any remark, I should have said it was simply a very exquisite bit of iron-work;

but your question points to something more out of the way."

"It *is* iron-work," he said.

Could I be deceived? A third fastening of his surtout was undone! I had seen but two a moment ago.

"And what am I to conjecture?" I asked.

"Where that iron came from? It was *not* from a mine."

I looked at it again, and examined it attentively. On raising my eyes in inquiry — fortunately with an expression of surprise, since what met my eyes would have startléd a cooler man — I saw the fourth fastening undone!

"You look surprised," he continued, "and will be more surprised when I tell you that the iron in your hands once floated in the circulation of a man. It is made from human blood."

"Human blood!" I murmured.

He went on expounding the physiological wonders of the blood, — how it carried, dissolved in its currents, a proportion of iron and earths; how this iron was extracted by chemists and exhibited as a curiosity; and how this chain had been manufactured from such extracts. I heard every word, but my thoughts were hurrying to and fro in the agitation of a supreme moment. That there was a dagger underneath that coat — that in a few moments it would flash forth — that a death-struggle was at hand, — I knew well. My safety depended on presence of mind. That incalculable rapidity with which, in critical moments, the mind surveys all the openings and resources of an emergency, had assured me that there was no weapon within reach — that before I could give an alarm the tiger would be at my throat, and that my only chance was to keep my eyes fixed upon him ready to spring on him the moment the next fastening was undone, and before he could use his arm.

At last the idea occurred to me, that as, with a wild beast, safety lies in attacking him just before he attacks you, so with this beast my best chance was audacity. Looking steadily into his face, I said slowly, —

"And you would like to have such a chain made from my blood." I rose as I spoke. He remained sitting, but was evidently taken aback.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean," said I sternly, "that your coat is unfastened, and that if another fastening is loosened in my presence, I fell you to the earth."

"You're a fool!" he exclaimed.

I moved towards the door, keeping my eye fixed upon him as he sat pale and glaring at me.

"*You* are a fool," I said — "and worse, if you stir."

At this moment, I know not by what sense, as if I had eyes at the back of my head, I was aware of some one moving behind me, yet I dared not look aside. Suddenly two mighty folds of darkness seemed to envelop me like arms. A powerful scent ascended my nostrils. There was a ringing in my ears, a beating at my heart. Darkness came on, deeper and deeper, like huge waves. I seemed growing to gigantic stature. The waves rolled on faster and faster. The ringing became a roaring. The beating became a throbbing. Lights flashed across the darkness. Forms moved before me. On came the waves hurrying like a tide, and I sank deeper and deeper into this mighty sea of darkness. Then all was silent. Consciousness was still.

. . . . . .

How long I remained unconscious, I cannot tell. But it must have been some considerable time. When consciousness once more began to dawn within me, I found myself lying on a bed surrounded by a group of eager, watching faces, and became aware of a confused murmur of whispering going on around me. "Er lebt" (he lives) were the words which greeted my opening eyes — words which I recognized as coming from my landlord.

I had had a very narrow escape. Another moment and I should not have lived to tell the tale. The dagger that had already immolated two of Bourgonef's objects of vengeance would have been in my breast. As it was, at the very moment when the terrible Ivan had thrown his arms round me and was stifling me with chloroform, one of the servants of the hotel, alarmed or attracted by curiosity at the sound of high words within the room, had ventured to open the door to see what was going on. The alarm had been given, and Bourgonef had been arrested and handed over to the police. Ivan, however, had disappeared; nor were the police ever able to find him. This mattered comparatively little. Ivan without his master was no more redoubtable than any other noxious animal. As an accomplice, as an instrument to execute the will of a man like Bourgonef, he was a danger to society. The directing intelligence with-

drawn, he sank to the level of the brute. I was not uneasy, therefore, at his having escaped. Sufficient for me that the real criminal, the mind that had conceived and directed those fearful murders, was at last in the hands of justice. I felt that my task had been fully accomplished when Bourgonef's head fell on the scaffold.

From The National Review.

SALVINI.

It was in Edinburgh, some seven or eight years since, that I first saw Salvini. The parts he played were Shakespeare all three, and Shakespeare at his highest — were Macbeth, indeed, and Othello, and the Prince of Denmark; and if I differed from his readings, and regretted that his points of view were not identical with my own, I found, I confess, the power and completeness of his execution irresistible. In truth, his acting was a revelation to me. I had read greedily of Betterton, and Rachel, and Kean; I had delighted in Fechter's gallantry and romance, and applauded the commentaries in action of Mr. Irving. But it was at once brought home to me that till then I had never imagined nor perceived the potentialities of acting — had not in fact realized what acting is, nor how much an actor may do. The Italian master's magnificent natural endowment was responsible, I knew, for a part in this impression. But beyond that I saw much more; and if I recognized to the full the potency and charm of his expressive face, his kingly aspect, his incomparable voice, I was yet more deeply moved by the discovery that, admirable as were the player's means, his method and genius were more admirable still. The voice, unique in *timbre* and tone, now thunderous and now flute-like, was indeed an estate in itself; but how much less than the system of elocution which gave its utterance law, than the revealed capacity of expression in its every intonation! The face, the eyes, the presence, constituted indeed an instrument of singular beauty and capacity; but how much rarer the accomplishment which governed it, how much more remarkable the inspiration in those illuminative gestures, those eloquent looks, those impassioned silences! It is small wonder if I esteemed Salvini's acting for the greatest and completest manifestation of art which it had been my fortune to encounter, and if I reckon the emotions it bred in me among the strongest and most fruitful of my life as an artist.

It was with happiness not untouched with apprehension that I heard of the reappearance of the master artist whose work had moved me so deeply eight years before. I feared (I own it) to find my old impressions false, my old enthusiasm mistaken, the standard by which I had judged so much and so long a survival of my salad days, an effect of the heady ignorance of youth. I had met unbelievers in the path: men of experience, and who talked confidently; and though I had put a brave face on it, and disputed my position stubbornly, I was fully prepared to recognize my error, if error there had been, and own myself vanquished. But I had reckoned without my host. It was as Othello that Salvini had first taken hold upon me; it was as Othello that he took hold upon me once more.

Salvini is now a man of five or six and fifty; he has practised the stage since he was thirteen — for three or four and forty years, that is; it is said that his repertory includes some two hundred heroic parts, none of which have been composed and played without a certain effort, intellectual and physical and emotional, while some — the Conrad of "*La Morte Civile*," for example — are only to be rendered even now with a great deal of what the actor himself calls "moral fatigue," and one at least, the Lear, only attempted after five years' study, is distressing in the extreme. But neither triumph nor hard work has told upon him. As Othello moved and spoke, I saw that the instrument had remained sonorous and superb as always. There was the old majesty of port and aspect and gait; the victorious energy, the capacity of self-concentration and irresistible self-projection, were unimpaired; the eyes were as luminous and inspired, and the features as mobile and eloquent, as of yore; the voice, "a lyre of widest range," was rich and vibrant as ever, and as ever potent to convey to ear and heart every tone and semi-tone in the register of emotion. And the technical accomplishment was, if that be possible, still more majestically complete than before. As I followed the matchless impersonation step by step, point by point, shade by shade, I found the mechanism faultless. Granting the thing to do, there was no doubt that the thing was done. The elocution was still a marvel and a delight; the gestures were still so much illumination in action; the effects were still perfect, and the means by which they

were produced, the art by which art is concealed, were still consummate and unique. Some things I missed, as, for instance, the tremendous culmination of emotion, the true climax of the drama, which had followed on the Moor's discovery of Iago's guile, and which, at all events as Salvini elects to play the part to an English audience, had been replaced — at any rate for that night — by a burst of quieter feeling which seemed to me neither so noble in quality nor so moving in effect.* But if something was lost, something also was gained. I had never known, at least I had never remembered, the ghastly intonation — an indescribable combination of physical horror and mental torture and would-be patient and complaisant laughter — of the "Oh, monstrous, monstrous!" I felt for the first time the shocking significance of the actor's interpretation — as in a frenzy of rage and shame and disgust — of the metaphor which rounds off that most beautiful and affecting apostrophe, "But there where I had garnered up my heart!" I am sure that Salvini had greatly enriched and strengthened his expression of that madness of misery and irony and cruelty which he projects into Othello's valediction to Emilia: —

> And you who know your office,
> And do it honestly, there's money for your pains.
> I pray you keep our counsel.

For the rest, I remembered most of it well enough. The address to the Senate seemed over-elaborated, scholastic, rhetorical, as before. Old gestures — picturesque and ornamental, as at the "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" or imaginative and dreadful, as at the "slow unmoving finger," where the actor becomes at once the derider and the thing derided — came back to me with the added charm of memory. Old intonations, too complex and terrific for analysis, as at "Not a jot! Not a jot!" full-charged with murder, as at "Blood, Iago, blood!" all joy and love, as in "Oh! my fair warrior;" fraught with sick anger and hate, as in "Out of my sight!" touched with gallant laughter, as in "Or the dew will rust them," — woke their very echoes in my heart. And these are but details in the entire and perfect work which Salvini has achieved. As a whole, the Othello remained unchanged; and I found, what in my admiration for certain parts I had not clearly discerned before, that I had to deal with a masterpiece not merely of execution, but, from the actor's point of view — the only one I feel justified in considering in such cases — of conception also. I discovered that Salvini is very much more than a master of style; that in his work the handmaid invention is always subordinate to the mistress imagination; that if his achievements impress us with something of the fulness of life itself, it is that each is the expression of a unique idea in whose development nothing is admitted to take part save what is absolutely essential; that, in a word, he is a great creative artist, and that, if the effects he produces are often so charged with meanings as to make decomposition impossible, the master quality of his art, as of all art which is essentially great, is simplicity.

It is, I think, as rich and complex as nature; and also as organic and simple as nature. That, perhaps, is why, on the occasion of the player's present visit, it has been taken less seriously and respectfully than was to be desired. Simplicity is not a latter-day virtue. The world is weary of it, and in its place has taken up with what is eccentric and abnormal. It is said that, in France, they vastly prefer Wagner to Gluck, and Manet to Millet; that they make light of Raphael and Poussin in comparison with MM. Sisley and Pissaro; that they are even so far gone in Philistinism as to care much less for Molière and Sevigné than for MM. Flaubert and Zola and De Goncourt. And our own case is not extraordinarily better than our neighbors. Mr. Arnold, indeed, has so far practised and preached more or less in vain. We, too, are a little in love with affectation; we, too, incline to the violent delights of peculiarity and mannerism; our regard for what is called individuality is as much a national institution as the Habeas Corpus Act and the Union Jack. We are subject, moreover, to epidemics of enthusiasm, to personal crazes, to the public worship of antic dispositions for their own sake. Have we not prostrated ourselves collectively before the shah? before Mlle. Bernhardt? before the late king Cetewayo? before dozens of eccentrics of the same absorbing type? If Salvini had but elected to feed publicly upon raw beef-steaks and absinthe, to black himself all over for Othello, to emphasize the madness of Lear by swallowing a sword or two, or killing a

* Salvini varies from night to night. I saw him afterwards; and this was the most impressive passage of the play.

few supers nightly, it is conceivable, after what has occurred, that the people might have crowded to do him honor. It is conceivable, too, that had he played to us in our own tongue — had he appealed to us in the very words of that text which has become a part of the national experience — and so fully possessed us of his meaning, we might have sympathized more largely with his intentions, and shown ourselves a thought less ready to carp at his conclusions and refuse his effects. But, as we know, Salvini is an Italian; and as we went to see him Shakespeare in hand, and our pockets bursting with our own concepts, we had ample reason for setting him down as one whose ideas are naturally impertinent, and who knows his trade not nearly so well as we do. This, however, is by the way. What is more to the purpose is that Salvini is only an artist, and that the qualities of his art are precisely those in which, with vulgarity on the one hand and ingenuity on the other, with formlessness everywhere, and the cult of the ugly almost a religion, we are just now unable to be interested. Of course it is touched with modernism, and here and there brought within range of criticism by its lapses into prose. Artist as Salvini is, he is a modern and an Italian, and as such he is one in time and blood with the most prosaic people in the world. But these touches, these lapses, are brief and far between. In the composition of his art, beauty and dignity are principal elements; and in addition to these it has, in singular fulness, the very quality which is rarest in modern work — the quality of form. It is distinguished by richness of matter, and the most masterly reticence and sobriety of style. Much as you feel the actor's power, and colossal as are the effects he contrives, in repose as in action, to compass, you can never be sure that he has done his utmost; you can never be positive that he has not something greater in reserve. You imagine that, as in the onslaught upon Iago, he has said his last word, and five minutes afterwards he confounds you by his tremendous interpretation of Othello's oath of vengeance, which has in it something of the fury and thunder of the Pontic and Hellespont at war. You conceive of the epical irony which inspires his delivery of Macbeth's last utterences concerning life and time as the high-water mark of acting; and in a flash, with the royal gesture and the magnificent desperation of "Blow, wind! come, wrack!" he has completed his previous effect by surpassing it. After the passion of denunciation and supplication, the tempest of wrath and resentment, with which he informs the malediction of Lear, it seems as though all to come must necessarily be anti-climax; but in truth the play has but begun, and the true culmination, as Shakespeare wished, is achieved in the large and lofty pathos of the stricken monarch's reconciliation with Cordelia, and the misery, at once pitiful and Titanic, of his bereavement and acceptance of the benediction of death. As it seems to me, in fact, Salvini's achievement exemplifies that perfect balance of sentiment and style, of matter and manner, of invention and imagination, of organic completeness of execution and organic simplicity of conception, without which heroic art cannot exist. To find its parallel I have to revert to the practice of Raphael, and to passages of Shakespeare and the Greeks — to the murder scene in "Macbeth," for instance, and the agony of the Sophoclean Ajax.

I do not advance this position unadvisedly, nor without due experience. Up to the time of writing, I have seen Salvini in all he has done for us; and in everything — the torture of Othello as the passion of Lear, Conrad's heart-broken melancholy and the sensuous, sumptuous wickedness of Macbeth — I have remarked the presence of the self-same essentials. In each the material is amazingly rich and full; but in each the material is inspired and dominated by a commanding unity of conception, so that, once you accept the actor's point of view, its appropriateness and reality seem complete. That the matter is not what we might have created for ourselves, and the conception is remote from our own, is, I conceive, little or nothing to the purpose. A great part is like a great sonata: you may consider it under a hundred different aspects, and play it a hundred different ways. Actor after actor attempts it; and for each it is only a vehicle for the expression under certain restrictions imposed by the poet of his proper and peculiar individuality. There have been ten thousand Hamlets —

> Geese, villain?
> Actors, Sir! —

and who shall say that the authentic Prince of Denmark has yet been seen? Salvini, like all great artists, has his own personality, his own ideals, and his own method. His personality is large, and simple, and sincere; his ideals are its natural outcome; and his method is in perfect consonance

with it. He sees his parts broadly, and the illumination he casts upon them is essentially equal and serene. His conceptions are marked invariably by a severe simplicity of design and a massive unity of sentiment: his Lear, for instance, is, he tells us, "a study of ingratitude;" his Macbeth, of ambition; his Conrad, of remorse, and baffled, ineffectual fatherhood; so that in each there is an individual soul of inspiration, vitalizing and coloring the whole organism; in each there is a central fire of emotion, by whose radiating heat the whole microcosm is animated and kept at pitch of life. The dominant principle thus defined and centralized, it is, as it appears to me, Salvini's practice to make everything invented tend to the completion of its development and the perfecting of its expression. He is too great an artist to invent for inventing's sake, or decorate with an eye only to decoration. His orchestration, rich and full of color as it is, is never in excess of his theme. His details, as I have noted, are all essentials — are all inherent to his main idea: they proceed directly from it, and their only ground of existence is that they assist in its presentment and elucidation. This innate, imperturbable harmony of spirit and substance — this structural simplicity and completeness — is, to my thinking, the primary and peculiar quality of Salvini's art. It helps you to understand the magnificence of his "successes;" and it explains, or partly explains, the enormity of what are called his "failures." All technical considerations apart, when he hits he hits the white; when he misses, he is miles wide (they say) of the mark. He is completely mistaken or completely right, through every atom of his achievement.

Not that I believe in his blunders, or accept without questioning and debate the fact of his defeats. Of the four or five parts in which I have seen him of late (eight years ago I thought his Hamlet the most beautiful of his works), I cannot, after reflection and examination, conscientiously declare that I thought any one touched with failure, or anything like failure. On the contrary, in each he approved himself a great actor; and if in any he produced an impression less profound and abiding than in others, a part of the blame, I think, may be fairly set down to his author, even though that author be Shakespeare himself. Some critics consider, for instance, that his Macbeth is a complete mistake; but to my mind it is only inferior to the Othello as Shakespeare is inferior to Shakespeare. The poet's "Macbeth" is, as we know, a far worse acting play than the poet's "Othello." In the first, the hero is a bloody-handed and black-hearted villain; the cardinal scene occurs in the second act, and what follows is in some sort anti-climax; the incidents are inspirited by a superstition which has no sort of hold on a modern audience and appeals but faintly to a modern actor; the subordinate personages, sympathetic as they are meant to be, are subordinate enough to be completely uninteresting, at any rate as compared with the principals. On the other hand, "Othello" remains Shakespeare's finest and completest achievement in mere stage-craft; emotion in action is the vital principle of drama, and the last three acts are one tremendous crescendo of emotion in action; the Moor is the noblest of men, and Desdemona the sweetest of women; from first to last, in Iago as in his victim, in Desdemona as in Roderigo and Cassio and Brabantio, we are face to face with humanity caught in the act. If Salvini has "failed" in the one, and "succeeded" in the other, it is manifestly unjust, I think, to dissociate him from his author.

It is precisely the same with the Gladiator. The play is melodrama touched with romance and tragedy; and the character, if it is coherent, and even imposing, is very far indeed from possessing the heroic interest of Othello and Macbeth. But in Salvini's hands the thing becomes a focus of natural and simple inspiration. Niger the gladiator is a real prize-fighter: loud and burly, heavy-handed and stout-hearted, with all the callousness, the brutality, the swaggering lustihood of his calling. But he is also a father and a man; he is the centre of a situation which, if it is certainly melodramatic, is also human and affecting; and like Macbeth and Othello he is made the vehicle of some incomparable art. Salvini realizes his Gladiator by a succession of touches which are largely and vigorously essential — which are not more subtle than Soumet demands, but which are distinguished by the same breadth and sincerity of conception and the same command of style apparent in his treatment of Shakespeare. The result is coarse, if you will, but it is also masterly and complete. It has not the imaginative quality of the Macbeth and the Othello; but that is no fault of the actor's. He is dealing, not with Shakespeare but with Soumet; and while the call upon his creative faculty is infi-

nitely less, his method and capacity prove themselves the same. Salvini, in fine, is a great actor, the essentials of whose art, whatever he may do, remain, unvaried and invariable.

The parts in which I have studied Salvini fall naturally into three classes. In the first, which I shall call legendary and superhuman, I place the Lear. In the second, which is tragic and romantic, I range the Othello, the Macbeth, and, in its degree, the Gladiator. To the third, which is naturalistic and contemporary, I assign the Conrad of "*La Morte Civile.*" From the second of these I may eliminate the Gladiator and Macbeth. In their several degrees, they are on the same plane with the Othello; in their several ways, as I have noted, they serve to point the same moral. This leaves us with the Conrad, the Othello, and the Lear. These represent three several aspects of Salvini's genius, and from their consideration, however brief, we may approximate to estimating how universal that genius is. That in each there are vestiges of Salvini himself is certain. Is not Shakespeare's verse always obviously Shakespeare's? Who ever mistook a melody of Beethoven for a melody of Wagner? But it is not less certain that each is organically individual and complete; that Salvini's Lear is utterly distinct from Salvini's Othello, and that both are worlds and ages apart from Salvini's Conrad. Shakespeare is always Shakespeare, and Beethoven always Beethoven. But who has ever fathered upon Prospero a passage of emotion belonging to Hamlet, or quoted as a part of the Choral Symphony a melody from the Fifth?

I have no space in which to analyze these three impersonations, other than generally. The utmost I can do is to sketch each one as a whole, and note the differences between them, of style and composition, ideal and effect. Of the Othello, which remains the most popular, as it is in some sort the most moving, I have already spoken incidentally at some length. Here I shall only consider it from the point of view of form, and with reference to its peculiar inspiration. Othello, as Salvini plays him, is an Arab of the Italian Renaissance. In repose, his bearing is proud and serene, his gait is stately and dignified, his gestures are large and tranquil. He has the energy and daring of the man of action and the soldier; but his emotional nature is altogether direct and simple. He loves Desdemona, and he trusts Iago, with all his heart and mind and strength. These two affections are the rocks on which his soul is shipwrecked. Take him away from his battles, and they are all his life; and when, by means of the one, he is made, his adversary's immense intellectual superiority aiding, to doubt of the other, his fall is complete and irreparable. Being an Oriental, he is in some sort a savage; but being an Oriental, he is also a perfect gentleman. He has the composure, the self-respect, the lofty good-breeding of his race; he speaks to the Senate as one who "fetches his birth" from "men of royal siege;" to Desdemona he is full of passionate courtesy and high-bred regard; to Ludovico he comports himself, at the crisis of his torture, with a superb urbanity. But when he is wrought, the latent savage appears; he becomes, as he puts it, "perplexed in the extreme." To the brawlers at Cyprus he speaks, for all his dignity, with eyes that are lurid and a voice that is husky with wrath; his onslaught on Iago is as a lion's; while with Desdemona, his doubt once kindled, he starts with a passion of pain and anger and shame, and descends, through outrage and contumely, to very murder. A modern Othello would no doubt slay his Desdemona with the "fatal calm" of one of Hugo's heroes; having done the deed, he would light a cigarette, ring for a brandy-and-soda, and tell Emilia, with a little gesture of the hand, a nod or two at the bed, and eyebrows arched with significance, to go for the police. Salvini's Othello is unconscious of Pall Mall, and thinks and does otherwise; and the murder, as he plays it, is the true climax of the atrocious tragedy in which Iago has engaged him. From his point of view it is, of course, judicial; but he does it after the manner of his race, and, withal, as a man uniting in himself the functions of victim and executioner — with the violence of one not only mad with jealousy and anger, but tortured to the quick by the monstrous exigencies of his work. The effect produced by this prodigious expression of natural feeling is, as most people who have seen it will agree, quite overwhelming. From first to last you are face to face with a living, breathing, sentient human creature; you feel the depth of Othello's love, the completeness of his trust, the horror of his abuse, the complex and dreadful poignancy of his agony. It is heroic and romantic, but it is profoundly and terribly natural and true. It is life taken in the act of ruin; and you feel, at the end, as though

you had witnessed some ghastly crisis in the affairs of actual mortality.

Of the Lear, on the other hand, the effect, as to my thinking the play requires, is altogether Titanic and as it were superhuman. To me "King Lear" is as purely legendary as the Æschylean "Prometheus." It has been recovered for us — story, characters, incidents, emotion, all of it — from the dark backward and abysm of time by the mightiest artist of the world; and if, like all his work, it is saturated with humanity, the scale on which it is projected, the mould in which it is cast, the transcendental imaginings with which its substance is inwrought and transfused, are surely, for all that, such as are appropriate to its enormous origin. The figure of the old mad king looms out on us, not like Othello's from the clear and luminous atmosphere and the brilliant surroundings of the Venice of the Renaissance, but from the lurid and dubious air of the borderland between legend and fact, from the primeval world of romance, the mysterious chaos where only Æschylus and Shakespeare had moved and lived. Such a play and such a part are, perhaps, as Lamb has argued, impracticable; but Salvini, with the audacity of genius, has chosen to attempt them, and, to my mind, the result is the greatest and the best inspired of his works. He has recognized (his reasons are naïve enough, but his instinct has served him perfectly) that the tragedy is legendary both in substance and in essence; and he has framed and elaborated his achievement accordingly. His Lear, white-bearded and white-haired and touched with the palsy of fourscore and upwards, has the stature and appearance of a failing Titan. He is old and broken; he walks heavily, and the hand that wields his sceptre is tremulous and stricken. But his heart and eyes are ablaze with life even yet, and his passions are even yet vehement and commanding. In his anger, his gesture is as imperious and fiery, and his expression as arrogant and tempestuous, as in the days of his mighty manhood; and when he warns Kent not to come between the dragon and his wrath, or falls upon him sword in hand, it is plain that his ashes yet glow with their wonted fires, and that truly it must have been, not the feeble old dotterel of sentimental tradition, but just such a hectoring and superb old tyrant as this, that Shakespeare had in his mind's eye when he conceived those scenes on the heath, and wrote down as appropriate to the age and temper and condition of his hero the most tremendous, and even excessive, inspirations to be found in his work. What is almost as much to the purpose is that Lear has never been thwarted, nor known other commands than his own; flattery, absolute obedience, adulation have been breath of life to him. What he desires, he desires with all the violence of his will. Now he has done with achievement and empire, and he wishes to be relieved of his kingdom, and to make the circumstances of his relief the test of his triumph as a sire and a man. Regan and Goneril know him like the clock: they fool his humor of augustness to the top, and he halves his realm between them; while, in a fury of disappointed royalty and fatherhood, he flings Cordelia from him, as a minute before, for reasons not less arrogant and egotistic, he has flung the faithfullest of his counsellors. But his temper is always kingly and generous. In his despotic way, he loves his two evil daughters madly; it is by himself and his own heart that he judges them and theirs; the faith he reposes in them is colossal; and to him, with years on years of high-handed magnificence and an act of supreme self-sacrifice to reflect upon, their betrayal of his trust is a manifestation of hell. The fact that he has daughters, and that these daughters are ungrateful, possesses him like a devil. He resents it, rages at it, wrestles with it, like the forlorn old Titan he is. But the perplexity unsettles his wits; he communes with hurricane and thunder and storm, as with his peers — as he were an elemental presence like themselves; he goes miserably distraught, and it is only by fits and starts — as in the "Kill, kill, kill!" and the "Every inch a king" — that he recalls his vanished majesty and his imperishable pain. Then comes the change, the "sudden music of pure peace" of his recovered mind and his reconciliation with Cordelia. His violence and fury have fallen from him; he is calm, very loving, and very feeble; and he leans on his new-found daughter, for pardon first, and protection, and then for love and companionship, with the confiding simplicity of an old, world-worn, trouble-wearied child. Then Cordelia is taken from him; and though in the time of triumph enough of his old self is left alive to enable him to kill the slave that was hanging her, and to exult in it as might a wild beast avenging his cubs, though he is still strong enough to totter forth with the body of his lost joy in his arms, the end comes quickly. Grief and the world and

years have been too much for him; and with one last royal word and gesture of thanks, he fades out of life like a spent wind, unresisting and in silence.

> Vex not his ghost. Oh, let him pass! He hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.

That is Salvini's King Lear. To tell of particulars, to speak of any one of the innumerable essential beauties of which it is compacted — the inspired fury of the curse, the heroic dignity and suggestiveness of the passages of madness, the majestic sorrowfulness of the closing scenes — is merely impossible. Throughout, with all its wonderful wealth of detail, it is, as I have said, Titanic, superhuman, legendary; and this is possibly why, while its power has been in some sort recognized, its pitifulness has not. There is pathos and pathos — the pathos of a ruined star and the pathos of a broken lantern. Salvini's is the pathos of the ruined star. For myself, I prefer it to the other; but I fully understand and sympathize with the feelings of those who looked for the broken lantern, and were disappointed.

In the Conrad everything is changed. Lear and Othello are worlds and ages away; and we are in talk with a modern Sicilian. He is a man in the prime of life; but his manner is strange, his figure lumpish, and his aspect awkward and doubtful. He has a certain dignity, but he is constrained and timid withal. He has passion, but he has neither strength of will nor vehemence of purpose. He is restless, fitful, shamefaced, easily awed, more easily persuaded. He has suffered terribly; but his sufferings, if they have impaired neither his reason nor his body, have told terribly on his *morale* and nerve. The fact is that he is an escaped convict. Fourteen years ago he killed his wife's brother; and he has lived in penal servitude ever since, brooding passionately on his crime, on the fact that his wife is young and good-looking and alone, and on the memory of the baby-girl he left at Catania. Now, having got clear of the hulks, he has come to look after his wife and daughter. His wife, he finds, is still faithful to him after a fashion; but his daughter has been reared as another man's, and in ignorance not only of his crime but even of his existence. He begins by wanting to assert his rights; but he is too broken in spirit and heart to be victoriously selfish. He listens to reason, acknowledges his position to be untenable, and takes poison. Such are the part and the play. In Salvini's hands the play, for all its gloom and prosiness, becomes human and interesting, while the part, for all its unity of hopeless misery, is made the vehicle of an expression of character and emotion so complete as to be fairly beyond criticism. In nothing I know is the illusion of life and actuality so perfectly produced and so steadily maintained. It is not Salvini at all; in gait and bearing, in manner and gesture, in speech and emotion and fact, it is Conrad himself. Salvini has cared to be merely ordinary and commonplace; and his work, as Mr. Henry James has noted, is a masterpiece of natural acting. He has condescended to appear as the embodiment of a broken heart; and he gives us, with unshrinking veracity but no loss of *prestance*, even Conrad's habit of tears. He has deigned to portray in action the circumstances of a death by poison; and he plays us a death-scene which is a whole act long, and which, while a triumph of realism, is composed with such a command of means and executed with such dignity and breadth of style as lift it into the very highest regions of art.

Romantic and tragic in Othello, legendary and superhuman in Lear, natural and realistic in Conrad, the art of which these three achievements constitute but an incomplete expression, appears to me — and to thousands of others, I am glad to believe — of heroic quality throughout, and in such essentials as form, and inspiration, and accomplishment, the most valuable artistic possession of these times. It has moved crowded theatres to tears and delight. To many, among whom I may be allowed to class myself, it has been a revelation and an education. If I should never see acting again, I should yet have seen acting enough. *Virgilium vidi tantum.* I am the richer by a priceless experience and an imperishable memory.

W. E. HENLEY.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

HAY-MAKING AT WHITEHILLS.

IRIS awoke next morning from an unsatisfying sleep, in which she was haunted

by a vague sense of something wrong, some impending family strife and convulsion. She did not feel the slightest necessity for being gradually lowered into a wholesomely sober and tranquil mood. She was as low as she could be without the tranquillity, amidst the sense of vanity of vanities, among the stale and flat relics which are apt to belong to the ball of last night, though at twenty-one the languor of fatigue is not added to the debt which has to be paid.

There was no use thinking of not going to Whitehills, however awkward and terrible the hay-making might present itself to her in anticipation. She could not feign bodily illness which she did not feel, and though she had felt it, she had a vivid perception that Lady Fermor, who was out of humor already, would have scouted any ailment short of the disfiguring eruption of small-pox or the dangerous revelations of delirious fever. She would have dragged Iris in her train to Whitehills a half-dead offering to its master, should he condescend to accept it.

Iris could not beg off from the expedition like the Mildmays — Mrs. Mildmay on the score of a severe headache, and Mr. Mildmay because he had business letters to answer, and some other things to attend to, before he left with his wife next day.

"More prying to do," Lady Fermor commented behind his back. "Well, they are no loss, a couple of kill-joys, he with his stupid pomposity, and she with her die-away airs."

Tom Mildmay's excuse to himself was: "That match is not made up yet, from what I saw last night, and surely I am not called upon to put myself out of my way to push the girl's interests or hatch the old woman's chickens."

There was only one small comfort of which Iris could avail herself. She arrived at a clear understanding with Lucy Acton, as she had come to an explanation with Lady Thwaite.

"There is not one word of truth in the story that I am to marry Sir William Thwaite," she impressed on Lucy with solemn earnestness; "only I fear grandmamma wishes it," she added with a fall in her voice and an involuntary tight interlacing of her fingers. "But I could not do it even for grandmamma; my duty to her and to poor grandpapa does not absolve me from my duty to myself, to Sir William, and to God, Lucy. He ordained marriage as the nearest, most sacred tie, a relationship we might not enter into lightly, with divided minds. Think how unlike Sir William and I are, with not a taste, very likely not an opinion or principle in common."

Lucy listened startled, while Iris continued to speak in the same unnaturally grave, almost portentous, tones.

"I don't mean that he is a bad man; very likely he is far better than I am, since he has stood so great a change in his fortunes, without breaking out into any extravagant or outrageous conduct. But have you forgotten how we used to talk of him, and laugh and wonder whether he would put his hat under his chair, and what he would do with his gloves and handkerchief?" asked Iris, with a reproachful, wavering smile. "A worse than half-educated, under-bred man, a man rustic and dull as one might fairly expect, and very possibly arrogant and vulgar-minded, though he has had no great opportunity of showing it, and I never suspected it till last night," said Iris in her truthfulness. "Oh! Lucy, how could I marry such a man? How could you ever think it?"

"I beg your pardon, dear, if I have hurt you," Lucy apologized in a convicted voice. She was sorry not only because she had brought herself the length of making up her mind to the match — hardly for the sake of her subscription lists, since, to do her justice, Lucy was a good deal more of a woman than a secretary — but because she happened to be a practical, sensible girl, largely trusted by her elders. Young though she was, she knew something of the sad reasons, with which Iris was very partially acquainted, why it would be by far the happiest prospect for Lucy's friend if she could find herself early and safely settled in life. Supposing Iris could have brought herself to entertain a suitable regard for Sir William, and he were the worthy, plain fellow that Lucy had been persuading herself for the last twelve hours he undoubtedly was, here would have been a grave difficulty joyfully solved at once.

But, of course, it was for Iris to judge, and if she could not of her free will look on Sir William in the light of her future husband — which was not surprising, after all, poor child! — it would never be her friend Lucy who would use pressure on Iris's inclinations. Lucy would leave that to Lady Fermor. Lucy would even aid and abet Iris against her formidable grandmother, so far as the welfare of the rector and the parish would let so good a Churchwoman endanger it for any private

and mundane matter. However, the affair was unfortunate altogether, and Lucy feared with some reason there were hard times in store for Iris.

As for Iris she was still capable of thankfulness for small mercies. It was a relief to think Lucy would not come to her again and speak of Sir William with the forced, sanguine praise, adopted last night. Iris had a sense of support in the conviction that Lucy would help her when she could, in keeping out of his reach at the hay-making — were it but to atone for the pain which her friend's credulity had given Iris. Such an atonement would be a hundred times better than any amount of apologies.

The girls had fixed to wear nearly similar gowns — white, with blue ribands for Iris, and pink for Lucy. But when Iris appeared before her grandmother she was summarily dismissed to change her dress.

"You look too washed out this morning for that childish white frock, girl. What a wretched constitution you must have to be tired out by one ball! Put on anything rather than that white rag to make an exhibition of your sickliness; which is only a bad trick, after all, for you can walk to Knotley or Mistley Down and back again, and feel no worse of it, when you choose."

Though Iris was prepared to be miserable, though she despaired of pleasing her grandmother this morning, she had not attained the age when vexation and worry merge into personal hopelessness, and there is a certain listless, half-bitter satisfaction in being utterly indifferent to externals. Iris had still the feelings of her kind, in seeking, however unhappy she might be, to comply with her obligation to the world in making the most of her personal advantages, and looking her best under difficulties — whether in public or in private. It seems perverse of Iris, for, apart from her grandmother's wishes, it ought to have served the girl better to wear sackcloth and ashes, and look in harmony with her attire. Instead she put on a garment of mixed dark and light blue, which set off her fair complexion, even in its dimness and waxenness, this morning. She tried on a straw hat with maize ribands, which warmed her present lack of color, and removed from the pale pink in her cheeks the slightest strain of sallowness. If she were no longer like the red, red rose, she was like the maiden's blush, whose very faintness of tint is exquisite, and competes successfully with the hue, "angry and bright," of its brilliant sister.

Lady Fermor made no comment on the change, though she spoke a few words apart to Iris. "You will mind what you are about, Iris. There is neither to be mock modesty nor barefaced flirtation. I think either of them in shockingly bad taste. I was sorry to receive a hint that you had been guilty of the one or the other last night. What! you do not understand me, Miss Compton? I give you credit for more brains. What do you call mock modesty but an assumption of ignorance of a gentleman's intentions, which have been patent to any one who chose to use his or her eyes for the last three months? If the ignorance had been real it must have been idiotic. And what is your idea of a hoydenish flirtation but to turn your shoulder and run away from a man who has my leave to pursue you, and will stop you before many days are done? I could give you a good shaking for your pains."

"Grandmamma, will you let me speak to you?" begged Iris, shaking already in every limb before the crisis, but nerving herself, like a brave-hearted girl with a clear conscience, for the encounter.

"No, I will not," answered Lady Fermor with hardly restrained violence of absolute denial, so that the sound reached Lucy in the other window. "I have no time to listen to your flighty, maundering nonsense; besides, there is nothing further to be said. I have already told you that you are not everybody's bargain — that I am doing my best for you, while you are behaving like an ungrateful baby. Come, Miss Acton, I hear the carriage drawing up."

Such was the seasoning which Iris had beforehand to the various courses of a Dresden *fête*.

Lady Fermor's party and Lady Thwaite's party constituted the principal people at Sir William's hay-making. The Hollises had been otherwise engaged, and the contribution from the rectory, from Knotley, even from Birkett barracks was of inferior importance. If Lady Fermor's ball had become Miss Compton's, Sir William Thwaite's hay-making was more than half Lady Fermor's. Though Lady Thwaite had engaged to give the guests tea in her old drawing-room, the mistress of Lambford put in her oar again and unceremoniously robbed the former mistress of Whitehills of all save her bare perquisites, while Lady Thwaite was too

much of a woman of the world to do more than shrug her shoulders imperceptibly and smile, and gracefully waive her superior claims.

Lady Fermor took the initiative. She knew, or held that she knew, exactly what to do. She had the programme cut and dry. She drove straight to the hay-field, where Sir William was restlessly awaiting his guests, while his reception of them there could be made a more informal and easy matter than could have been managed in the house. The old lady at once occupied the armchair which she had directed to be brought out for her, and asked for a glass of wine to drink the haymakers' healths and prosperity to the crop and its master, which she did in a spirited little speech composed for the occasion. Then she ordered all the select company to find rakes and toss the grass with the best, while she sat and presided over the work and boasted of the hay-making machine which had superseded hay-makers at Lambford. Thus the hay-field was as it were declared open to the better classes, and the *fête* set a-going sheerly by the energy of Lady Fermor.

The scene was pleasant to see. The great hay-field consisted of acre upon acre of billowy meadow land just adjoining the park of Whitehills. The field commanded clumps of fine old trees and vistas of green. At the end of one vista stood the long, low, white manor-house, which had survived the vicissitudes of centuries, of kings, and of people, and had still been handed down from Thwaite to Thwaite, till it fell into the hands of a sergeant in a marching regiment.

Not infrequently the moist climate of Eastwich had a mist — silver or golden, or dank-white — like a shroud, to hang its light, loose, wavy veil, or to wind its hazy, tight, straight folds about the landscape. To-day, after long, dry, warm weather, there was no more of this mist than the softest amber haze of heat, which tempered the droughty blue of the sky even more than one or two fleecy white clouds, flecking the expanse and making chequers of shade, afforded a sense of refreshment. The weather-wise pointed to these clouds, and coupling with them the well-known sign of the low darts here and there of the maize, said Sir William was drying his hay in time, for the fine weather would not last much longer.

The swathes of grass passing from green to russet filled the air with dusty sweetness, as they were whirled and swirled about, not with the precision and monotony of the hay-making machine, but with the more picturesque irregularity of human arms and human wills. Here and there a precocious cluster of haycocks showed where the early sun had shone most strongly and the early workers toiled most diligently.

The true workers, tanned and freckled, with an ancient green-stained smock-frock or two lingering in the ranks of jackets, and a snow-white, deep pink, or fresh lilac sun-bonnet asserting itself at different points among the brown straw hats, were in keeping with the occupation. It was pursued with a sort of dogged industry and slow humorous pretence of the primitive hay-makers at not so much as seeing their esoteric fitful assistants.

Lady Fermor, in her chair, with her nodding plumes, and her stiff fingers covered with rings, looked the mediæval châtelaine to perfection. The artificial workers lent greater animation and gaiety to the heavier, more sombre groups among which they mingled for a few hours. The ladies and gentlemen brought delicate play and airy flutter, like the accompaniment of fairy music to the deeper tones of the human choir. There were the lighter swish of soft dresses, and the daintier effect of wonderful shades of color in primrose and daffodil, peacock blue, cardinal red, and sea coral. There were graceful gambols with badly poised new rakes and pitchforks, freedom to rest every other moment, the continual refrain of merry jesting and laughter, accompanying a labor of love and fancy, and not of strict necessity, and workaday use and wont.

Doubtless there were some gloomy and saturnine souls that resisted the intrusion of fairies among the battered warriors and amazons, the beaten victims of the sweat of the brow and the bondage to poverty and toil. Sir William himself was not without a tendency to look, from time to time, in this light at the party he had permitted if not originated. But the apathetic, much enduring Eastwich laboring men and women for the most part treated the liberty taken with their class in a more genial and wholesome, if more superficial spirit. The appearance of the gentlefolks in the field formed a fine sight, their antics proved a famous diversion to their humbler neighbors. And for that matter the grandees had their troubles as well as their gay doings, and were but dust like the rest of the world, which was a comforting reflection.

There was the squire, looking none so hearty and heedless that anybody need eat out his heart with envying him. Mayhap he wished himself back among his early friends, doing a day's work, trudging on the march, talking and smoking their clay pipes over their mugs of beer, when the sun went down. Mayhap working at being a gentleman, to which he had not been bred, turned out the hardest work of all. The women among the real hay-makers thought surely they would have a taste of cowslip wine — still extant in Eastwich — or elderberry wine and diet cake to sweeten their mouths after the usual field fare, when the gentlefolks were holding their feast.

In the mean time Sir William, though he wore an expression of inflexible gravity as one on the eve of a grand epoch in his life, was not a blot on his company. He showed best in his morning dress, in which he was most at home — any rusticity or obliviousness of what another squire would have done, without a thought, did not come into prominence, or merely peeped out with a species of propriety in the relaxation of the hay-making. The sort of fettered air which haunted him at other times, with a depressing effect, had largely disappeared on this occasion. In his tweed suit and straw hat he looked the comely, stalwart young fellow he was; he moved about almost freely, almost lightly.

Iris's vexation and nervous oppression — when they were not at once confirmed by Sir William's conduct, did not remain proof against the fresh, open-air attractiveness of the scene, with its touches of sentiment and fantasticalness. She had visions of Madame de Sévigné at Les Rochers; and Madame Delany at some of the innumerable country houses of her innumerable friends, from the "dear duchess" downwards; of Lady Sarah Lennox on the lawn before Holland House, when Kensington was a village and a king rode by; of a picture which hung up yonder in the drawing-room at Whitehills. It represented a Lady Thwaite whom Sir Joshua had painted as a shepherdess, and neither her husband nor anybody else had resented the masquerade, though the very next generation had punished, with lifelong expulsion from the family, a son of the house who took a gamekeeper's daughter for his bride.

The light returned to Iris's eyes and the color to her cheek. Sir William had not so much as spoken to her, except in a general welcome to Lady Fermor's party. He did not come near her. Was a great deliverance granted to her? Had he got his lesson so that he would not affront her again by confounding common charity with full sympathy and warm regard? In that case her grandmother could do nothing and he would soon forget his baulked expectations. She, Iris, did not think she could ever again slumber in such sweet security and lightness of heart, as she had allowed herself to feel, but at least she might be happy to-day in the sunshine, in the meadow, among friendly young people, her contemporaries.

Iris and Lucy and Ludovic Acton, with Lady Thwaite's niece Janie, flung about the future hay for a quarter of an hour, in an orderly, professional manner. Then Lucy, backed with half-shy glee by Janie, turned upon the naval lieutenant. They showered the contents of their rakes upon him till he was stuck all over, from the crown of his hat to the soles of his boots, with seeded grass. Iris looked on and laughed with maidenly coyness. Five or six years ago she would have been forward in the game, for which she still felt a secret inclination, but she was too grown up and decorous to engage in sisterly or schoolgirl romping. He did not mind it, though there were stray specimens of the seeds in his sandy beard and moustache for the next hour. His sister was constantly imploring him, in vain, to let her pick them out. He said they did not bother him and would not at all interfere with his flute-playing. He had brought his second-best flute in his pocket, as he felt certain Lady Thwaite and Sir William must have made some provision for drawing-room music. For anything farther the seeds ought to stay where they were, as a punishment to Lucy for her unsisterly behavior. He did not mean any reflection on Miss Janie, who could do as she pleased, and was not to be considered accountable for his acquiring the look of having slept last night in a hayfield, like any tramp or vagabond. It was a member of his own family, his sister Lucy, the prop of the Sunday-school, who had set herself to draw down on him the slanderous inference. It was too dreadful, almost more than could be borne with manly fortitude.

The wit was of the mildest description, but the girls laughed at it as if it had been Attic salt. They laughed too when Ludovic was the first to complain of an ache in his strong back, and to propose a saunter round the meadows, where the saunterers gathered all that was left of

the queen of the meadow and ragged robin.

Iris suggested that they should sit down, when Mr. Acton might convert himself into a Corydon or an Orpheus on the spot, by piping to them on his reed — toot-tootling on his flute she meant, if he had not broken it, when he had disobeyed Lucy and everybody else, and got his boots in a mess of clay, in spite of the dry weather, by burrowing in the side of the ditch after a harmless hedgehog. But Lucy forbade him, insisting that the haymakers would consider the piping an invitation to leave off working and take to dancing — not such dances as came naturally to Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses.

Among the bona-fide workers was a woman who raked and spread the grass slightly apart from her neighbors. She had come on Sir William's express invitation, but she was not well received by the other field-workers. They had little to say against her. It was nothing to them that old Abe Smith had a doubtful reputation as an under-keeper; and only retained his post till he should cross the seas to his son, by a cross whim of old Sir John's which he seemed to have left as a legacy to the present baronet. It was even little to the lasses and wives and mothers that Honor was not like other young women. She was masculine and wild in her ways. Instead of staying in the cottage at Hawley Scrub, and attending to her housewifery, as they stayed at home and scoured and washed and plied their needles when they were not at field-work, she lived in the woods, summer and winter, like her father. She was said to aid and abet him in his nefarious doings, if so be he had nefarious doings. She was not a relation of the common country people's, old Abe being come of a nearly extinct race of settlers, while Honor's mother had belonged to the Quarry-folk who dwelt hard upon Mistley Downs and were, next to the ancient squatters, the most unsettled and unruly natives of the district. But the great offence was that Honor was not and never had been a field-worker, and the ordinary Eastwich field-worker looked as dubiously and disapprovingly on an interloper, as any exclusive set, high or low, objects to an intruder into their charmed circle. The squire might bring as many ladies and gentlemen into the field as he liked, but a strange field-worker was another matter. That was not to be thought of. That was not Eastwich manners.

The solitary figure was conspicuous in the black gown, with the red handkerchief not worn round her throat, but drawn over her abundant brown hair and knotted under her chin, as her sole protection against the beating down rays of the afternoon sun. The head-gear lent an outlandish, half-gipsy air to Honor, to which she did not object. It certainly suited with her being held at arm's length by her fellow-workers, nor did she appear to mind the ostracism. Perhaps she took it as a compliment, for hers was an odd character, with its own peculiar pride, as well as its dash of cynicism. She might put down the distance at which she was kept to the fact, that, as a keeper's daughter, if he had been a flourishing keeper of unblemished fame, she would have moved in a grade of life considerably higher than that of the day-laborers, her present companions. This reflection doubtless helped her philosophy, for she looked contented enough whenever she paused to contemplate the amount and the thoroughness of the work to which she was unused.

Sir William did not fail Honor Smith. Like Lady Fermor, he did not lose sight of a friend. He came down to her corner of the field several times, and spoke with her, asking how her father was, when he proposed to take out their berths in the Liverpool ship; how she was getting on with her work, and how long she thought it would take for the grass to dry. But Sir William spoke also, though with greater effort, to other men and women in his pay, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance. There was nothing at all striking in his notice of Honor Smith till Major Pollock strolled towards her, and began to talk to her in a way that interfered with her work, and annoyed her, to judge by the manner in which she rested on her rake, and flung back her head.

It was then Sir William crossed the field swiftly to Honor Smith's aid. "You know, Honor, I am looking for half the field being in haycock to-night." He addressed her as if she were his friend as well as his servant, while he ignored the unwelcome, compulsory guest brought upon him by Lady Fermor. "I count upon you doing your best. Look here, you must not permit any interference with your work."

"All right, Sir William," she said, very much as a free-spoken man would have answered him, while her white teeth flashed out in a broad smile, against the warm brown of her cheeks and the red of her handkerchief; "will you be so good

as to repeat your orders to this here gentleman?"

In spite of her smile and her masculine tone, there was very much of the woman in the mingled impatience, anger, and disgust of the last sentence.

"Oh! I'm off. Excuse me. I had no idea I was guilty of an intrusion," the major mumbled superciliously and impertinently, as he lounged away, giving more freedom to the expression of his thoughts the farther he got out of Sir William's hearing. "So my gentleman has two strings to his bow, low hypocrite and temperance dog that he is! It would not be a bad idea to give the old beldame a hint."

But Major Pollock did not feel equal to fulfilling his intention, though a fine opening presented itself to him the very next moment. Lady Fermor, who had been fully alive to the little episode, made an imperious signal for him to come to her side, and told him roundly, "Pollock, if you cannot behave yourself at this time of the day, you shan't enter decent society under my auspices again."

"What does she mean by decent society?" muttered her follower, as disloyal as he was abject. "Her own, or that of the stuck-up swashbuckler whom she means to call her grandson, or the red-capped woman who is Miss Compton's rival? A fine collection!"

But though Major Pollock refrained from using his foul tongue when he was called to account, and was cowed by Lady Fermor's rough reprimands, he registered both the offence to his pride, and the choice communication he desired to convey, for a future occasion.

Lady Fermor's seat was not far from a gate into the park where a side path led to the house. Sir William had done his best to make everything easy for his patroness. He gave her his arm and conducted her carefully to the gate, a movement which was a sign for the company to follow their leaders. Within the gate a sedan-chair which had been used by the late Sir John was drawn up. Sir William placed the old lady in it. Then he took his stand by the open gate and in a dumb show, which was not without its clumsy grace of honest hospitality, did not so much receive as show in his company. He was making himself their servant according to his sense of a host's part. As Iris Compton came up he found voice to address her. "I hope you are enjoying yourself, Miss Compton."

She had no choice except to answer, "Thanks, I am enjoying myself very much, Sir William." She felt aggrieved as well as troubled, by the hot flush of pleasure, the momentary broad smile which her matter-of-course words brought into his face, and by the emphatic nod of acquiescence and approval volunteered by her grandmother.

Sir William would suffer no one but himself to wheel the chair along the by-path which turned into the main sweep and terminated at the entrance to the house.

The rest of the party, preceding the two, entered the fine hall which had failed to impress its owner on the March day when Mr. Miles brought the heir home, and passing the library went into Lady Thwaite's old drawing-room.

The former lady of Whitehills was in her element as she again presided in the well-known domain, welcoming everybody, entertaining everybody, seeing that Mrs. Cray and Cumberbatch supplied the company with tea, or wine, or ices as they preferred. Mrs. Cray did not relish the deputy mistress. The housekeeper might stomach an "own lady," if Sir William chose to bring her on the scene, but not the late madam who came to remark on changes, and call for this or that to which she had been accustomed, but which was not cleaned and put out for the occasion. But as for Cumberbatch he was as much in his element as Lady Thwaite was in hers. He considered this was something like a return, on a small scale, to the dignified hospitality of the dean.

Lady Thwaite was supported by the rector in a flush of benignity, divided between the advisability of lending his countenance to a lady who was in the position of hostess — a trying position under the circumstances — or of hurrying off to relieve Sir William of the charge of Mr. Acton's old prodigal, the most unmistakable and unmitigated prodigal in his flock.

Lady Thwaite had an elevating sense of magnanimity in doing her duty, under such altered conditions, in the Whitehills drawing-room; she had also a considerable feeling of enjoyment in displaying the magnanimity, knowing that almost everybody to whom she sent a cup of tea and a shaving of bread and butter, or a pile of grapes, or a peach in lieu of the strawberries which had not waited for the second hay-cutting, was remembering to say, "Poor dear Lady Thwaite! how unselfish and amiable she is, and how much

Sir William and the rest of us are obliged to her, for she must feel all this dreadfully. She must be overpowered by a throng of old associations."

Lady Thwaite was not overpowered in the line sketched out for her; but she had some pensive perceptions which gave her the agreeable conviction that there was no sham in her magnanimity. How well her old drawing-room looked, bare as it was! what a poor little place her drawing-room at Netherton would always be in comparison! Of course she could not carry off the carved cornice, the caryatides of the chimneypiece, the space, those odd, available nooks with their charming air of retreat, and delightful lights and shades. That relic of the musicians' gallery, the only one left in the county — she used to be so proud of it and show it off to all strangers. In like manner she had exhibited the two Sir Joshuas. They were heirlooms, but she might have asked for the fragment of old tapestry hanging over the railing of the gallery. She had been too modest, particularly as Sir William doubtless imagined it a bit of old carpet, and wondered what it was doing there.

Iris could not escape from certain new sensations when she entered Whitehills again. She had the taste to value it, and she could not avoid reminding herself that if Lady Fermor and Lady Thwaite were right, as her awakened instincts told her they were, all might be hers. This might become her stately, beautiful home — her home, with a man on whom its mellowed dignity, refinement, and comfort would be thrown away, might like to pull down the old pile and replace it by a hideous staring modern mansion, which had not borrowed one idea from Ruskin or Morris, Kensington or Turnham Green. If Sir William did not meditate such wholesale desecration, he was probably only waiting for his marriage to refurnish Whitehills "right off," like a new pin, as she had once heard him express himself, with wagon-loads of gorgeous chairs and couches, and curtains brought down from some advertising warehouse, and only the modern antiques rejected along with the veritable antiques. Certainly taste was not everything, was not very much in a man's moral and spiritual composition, still it stood for a good deal in the girl's mind — for that culture, which, however laughed at in its extravagance, still marks the difference between knowledge and ignorance, polish and roughness, and represents to a gentlewoman easy sympathy, natural companionship, familiar interests, and almost involuntary respect and regard. She was right in what she had said last night. Whitehills, even though it had been Warwick Castle or Windsor, was not worth a girl's selling herself that she might be its temporary owner and dwell there in loveless state and bounty, in heavy dulness and loneliness, in constant petty affront and perturbation, for what its untutored, sometimes uncouth, master might or might not say and do. Iris felt calm again. She could go and look at the Sir Joshuas with Lucy, and speculate whether the Lady Thwaite of a hundred years ago had ever tried making hay, or had been at the pains to look at the process, save in some French print of *un amusement pastorale*, though she had been an Eastwich bride and had dwelt at Whitehills for the most of her life. If it had been otherwise, could she have dressed herself in what looked like a pink gauze sacque, and worn a mob-cap with a hat suspended by the ribbons half-way down her shoulders, and employed such a toy rake as would not have gathered more than half-a-dozen blades of grass at a time.

King Lud had his will. There was a little music extracted with difficulty from the old piano, for Lady Thwaite had carried away her Broadwood, and this was an instrument "as old as the hills," the most musical man present felt bound to protest with a groan, an out-of-tune thing, without the additional octaves, which had been used by Sir John's last unmarried sister. Lady Thwaite played first, but Iris, though she played among the other girls, declined to follow immediately after her hostess.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.*

At No. 24 Old Bond Street is the habitation of a society which for a period of nearly thirty-five years has had for its object to make generally known the purest and worthiest remains of the arts of former times, more especially the works of the most eminent early painters — Italian, Flemish and German — and the most remarkable monuments of Italian sculpture, both of the Middle Ages and Renaissance. The chief aim of the society, however, has

* The writer is alone responsible for the statements and opinions in this article. The Council of the Arundel Society is not responsible in any way.

been to obtain and reproduce in a popular form correct drawings of those frescoes which are little known, and in danger of ruin either from neglect or miscalled "restoration." It has during that period been doing this work quietly and unostentatiously, but if any one wishes to form some idea of what that work has been, and the wide area over which it has been extended, let him pay a visit to the society's rooms and see its collection of water-color copies from Italian fresco paintings, illustrating the principal periods of the art, chronologically arranged on the walls, and ready for publication whenever opportunity and means allow. In two apartments — now over a perfumer's shop, but formerly comprising the studio of Sir Thomas Lawrence — may be found an exhibition which is but little frequented by the public, apparently because it is open gratuitously instead of at the charge of a shilling. This exhibition consists of a series of small but carefully executed colored drawings from various Italian frescoes, from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries, of which we can enumerate only the most important. First come the solemn and impressive, though rude productions of Cimabue in the Upper Church at Assisi. Then two series by Giotto: one from the same place, illustrating the life of St. Francis of Assisi; the other from the Arena Chapel, Padua, exhibiting the cardinal virtues and vices, painted in chiaroscuro. Then the works of Fra Angelico in a chapel of the Vatican, illustrating the mission and martyrdom of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence. Then several of Benozzo Gozzoli: firstly in the Riccardi Chapel, Florence, representing the journey of the three kings; secondly, at Montefalco, giving scenes from the life of St. Francis; thirdly, at San Gimignano, illustrating the life of St. Augustine. Next follow specimens of Botticelli, from Florence; of Filippo and Filippino Lippi from Prato and Rome, and some scenes from the history of St. Helena's discovery of the Cross, by Piero della Francesca, in S. Francesco at Arezzo. Then the series of frescoes by the Florentine and Umbrian *quattro-centisti* on the walls of the Sistine Chapel. Next the works of Mantegna in the Eremitani Church at Padua, the originals of which are wofully dilapidated, and in parts have even quite disappeared. Then the beautiful series by Ghirlandajo, illustrating the lives of the Virgin and John the Baptist, which adorns the choir walls of S. M. Novella at Florence. Then comes the "Paradiso," from the celebrated "Last Judgment" by Luca Signorelli in the Cathedral of Orvieto. Lastly, examples from various localities of frescoes by Perugino, Pinturicchio, Razzi (Sodoma), Andrea del Sarto, Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, Raffaelle in the Vatican Stanze, Peruzzi, Titian, Paolo Veronese, Tiepolo. At the same time, if the visitor desires it, he can be shown a large collection of the original drawings which have already been reproduced by chromo-lithography, and which are at present put aside or locked up from want of space; drawings which we would venture to suggest might not unprofitably be exhibited to the public, either at the South Kensington Museum or in some of the unused basement rooms of the National Gallery, when its enlargement is completed.

In addition to these drawings the visitor would find exhibited a sertes of facsimiles, in so-called "fictile ivory," of ancient ivory carvings extending over a period from the second to the fifteenth century; and these facsimiles can be procured at a very moderate price by any one, whether a member of the society or a stranger. Nor is this all. Shortly after the formation of the society, in conformity with the catholic principles on which it was founded for assisting the study of all the best remains of art in whatever age or country, an attempt was made to illustrate ancient classical sculpture by bringing out for sale reduced casts from some of the Elgin marbles, superior in workmanship to any previously known. By the ingenious process of the late Mr. Cheverton, reductions were made of the Ilissus, Theseus, the horse's head from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon, and a slab from the Parthenon frieze. Specimens of these admirable reductions, exhibiting not merely the form of the originals reproduced on a smaller scale with mathematical exactness, but even the abrasions and dilapidations of surface which the marble had sustained by time are still to be seen at the society's office; though, unfortunately, casts are no longer to be obtained, the original moulds being worn out, and the smallness of the demand for such works not justifying the making of new ones.

In the year 1858 Sir Henry Layard wrote a very full and admirable article in the *Quarterly Review* on the aims and progress of this society; but as a quarter of a century has passed over our heads from the publication of that article, it is not unfair to presume that many persons

have grown up since then who, taking a deep interest in art, would gladly have much of the information contained in it re-conveyed to them, together with an account of the society's doings from that period. It is impossible to avoid a certain amount of plagiarism, but the writer has beforehand asked for and received plenary absolution from Sir H. Layard, and he also does not scruple to borrow verbatim from the "Account of Twenty-five Years of the Arundel Society," published by Mr. Maynard, the late secretary.

Thirty or forty years ago the facilities offered for the study of art were far inferior to what they now are. At that time few were the persons who cared to investigate it scientifically, but there were a certain few who loved it very dearly, and who were brought together on that account. The National Gallery was then a comparatively small collection of pictures, the South Kensington Museum did not exist. Of art schools, except the Royal Academy, there were none. Independently of all higher reasons for such teaching, it was not yet perceived that to hold our own with the foreign manufacturer we must be prepared to enter the lists on even terms with him. Constant intercourse with beautiful objects in galleries, museums, schools, corrected the foreign taste, but it was a hard struggle for Englishmen, whose eyes rarely rested on anything beautiful, to contend against these advantages. One man, however, the prince consort, stood forth at that time, and by his great influence laid the foundation of the art movement which has since attained such proportions in English society, and which, instead of falling off, is increasing daily and establishing in most of our larger towns museums, galleries, art lectures, and art schools. Long, however, before this general movement, a certain number of those persons to whom we have alluded, being deeply interested in and conversant with art, felt that it would be a noble object to introduce among their countrymen a knowledge of the great principles of historical and monumental painting as displayed especially in Italian fresco. Except to a few travellers in Italy, fresco was unknown; indeed, except from an occasional visit to a private gallery, and to the Exhibition of the Old Masters at the British Institution, little was known of Italian painting by the mass of even the highest classes in society. It was the fashion, it is true, during the last century, for young men of high position to make the "grand tour," and many of them returned from Italy with noble pictures which still adorn the houses of their descendants; but the untrained taste of those days was directed to the works of masters of the later schools, rather than to the simplicity, earnestness, and reverence of the earlier masters. The purse-strings of the English traveller opened widely for the works of the Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, and fortunately also to Titian and to Raffaelle, while Bellinis and Cimas and Mantegnas, and even Fra Angelicos were but in slight request. They were not understood until a later period. At the time referred to, however, a purer taste was beginning to make itself felt. There were young men springing up of strong artistic feelings, to whom it was apparent that the history of fresco was the history of art, in its highest and most spirited development from the fourteenth to nearly the middle of the sixteenth century. They visited with eagerness and delight the various shrines throughout Italy in which these treasures were to be found. When once the Gothic spirit fully exercised its influence on Italian architecture in the thirteenth century, there arose soon after that long line of illustrious fresco-painters which may be said to have ended with Raffaelle and his contemporaries, and which raised the art to the highest eminence it ever attained. Architecture in all ages and countries is the forerunner of painting and sculpture. For two centuries and a half these painters labored, following the architect over the broad face of the peninsula. There is scarcely a church during that period built, from the Alps to the shores of Calabria, the walls of which they did not adorn with their pencils. In the stately cathedrals of the city, in the humble chapel by the wayside, in the silent cloister of the convent, in the busy town-hall of the republic, so many illustrated books were outspread before the multitude in which one might by pictorial representation learn the truths and traditions of his faith, or his duties as a citizen of the State. The amount of work accomplished by the painter during the fourteenth and fifteenth century is truly wonderful. Age and neglect, the inevitable havoc of time and the wanton mischief of men, combined and exerted with extraordinary energy, have failed to obliterate the traces of his art, though they have destroyed forever some of its most glorious results. But what is even more remarkable than the extent of the work is

its almost exclusive object — devotional teaching. There is scarcely an important fresco of this period which is not of a religious or moral tendency, either representing a Scriptural story, a sacred legend, or an allegory inculcating the excellence of virtue and faith as the blessings of good government. Even when subjects from pagan mythology or classical history are introduced, as by Taddeo di Bartolo in the chapel of the Palazzo Pubblico at Siena, or by Pietro Perugino in the Exchange at Perugia, it is with a view to illustrate and enforce the truth and authority of divine revelation and the doctrines of Christian theology. "'Ye of gentle spirit,' exclaims old Cennini in his quaint treatise on painting, 'who are lovers of this art and devoted to its pursuit, adorn yourselves with the garments of love, of modesty, of obedience, and of perseverance.' He who had to teach virtue and holiness to others was in the first place to lead a virtuous and holy life himself." *

To make these works known and appreciated in England through some adequate mode of publication would be, it was felt, a noble enterprise. The materials were abundant but scattered, little accessible, and in some instances passing away. When beauty lies in conception rather than execution, the most exact reproductions would present but little of popular attractiveness, and there was but small hope of their being undertaken by the ordinary modes of publication.

Combination, which had proved so effective in the cultivation of literature, science, and archæology, had, previously to the foundation of the Arundel Society, been employed only to a very limited extent in promoting the knowledge of art. The productions, indeed, of ancient Greece and her colonies, their edifices and their sculptures, had been illustrated by the labors of the Dilettanti Society, and much light was thrown upon mediæval architecture through means of several institutions devoted exclusively to its elucidation. But no such body had attempted the systematic study of the monuments of painting or of the kindred arts in which the Middle Ages were so eminently successful.

In the year 1848 several distinguished amateurs met together, and determined to found a society to supply these deficiencies. The originator of the movement was the late Mr. Bellenden Ker, a well-known lawyer of that time, who had, in connection with Lord Brougham, taken an active part in the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and was anxious to introduce some similar agency into the region of art. He at first looked to literary rather than graphic publications, and proposed to bring together all who were most capable of writing on special branches of art hitherto little known to Englishmen, and chiefly to illustrate the history and remains of early Italian painting. The first meeting took place at Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Eastlake's house, and included Mr. Ker, Mr. Oldfield, who is still an active member of the society, and the late Signor Aubrey Bezzi, who held for some years the post of honorary secretary, till he returned to his native land as a member of the Sardinian Parliament. Mr. Ruskin was then invited, and cordially joined the movement with Mr. Newton, of the British Museum. The Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Lindsay, Lord Herbert of Lea, and Mr. Samuel Rogers, lent their names to the new council, and Sir John Hippisley, a well-known connoisseur of old engravings, became an active member. The council at once put themselves in communication with the late Ludwig Grüner, who had great knowledge of all the schools and productions of painting in Italy, of the literary and other materials which existed for illustrating them, and of the means of getting copies and executing engravings of such as it might be resolved to publish. The governing body of the society was soon after strengthened by important accessions: by Mr. Charteris (now Lord Wemyss), who has remained its steadfast supporter, and who generally does the duties of chairman at the annual meeting with his well-known skill; by the late Tom Taylor; G. F. Watts, R.A.; G. Richmond, R.A.; the late H. W. Phillips, the portrait-painter; the late Henry Danby Seymour; and Sir Francis Scott, an enthusiastic devotee of art, also now deceased. Thus was the society launched. With little public demonstration, but after considerable private exertion, about five hundred persons were induced to join it and to give each a guinea a year without conditions, leaving the council to issue any publications they thought proper in return, or even no publications at all if the funds did not permit. The chief difficulties at first were not as regards the class of subjects to be illustrated, but as to the medium by which adequate illustration was to be effected. Chromo-lithography was then in its infancy; line engraving, as practised in

* Sir H. Layard.

England, was never well adapted to early Italian paintings, and was now less and less cultivated; mezzotint, in which English art a hundred years ago was admirably represented, was virtually extinct; wood-cutting alone seemed able to hold its ground against the formidable rivalry of photography. Both engraving and wood-cutting were resorted to during the early operations of the society; the first for the illustration of Fra Angelico's frescoes in the Vatican, the second in those of Giotto in the Arena chapel at Padua. It must, however, be confessed that these early works, particularly the second, were by no means generally attractive, and that the success of the society seemed for some time after very doubtful. But succor, effective succor, was at hand. About the year 1852, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Layard, having returned from the exploration of Nineveh, and having no longer any public employment, turned his energies to Italian art. Traversing central and north Italy, he made tracings in outline with his own hand from the most interesting groups and figures in the frescoes of the masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. On coming to England he was elected to the council, and at once proposed that all the society's efforts should be thrown into chromo-lithography. Nor was this all; he determined to make a strong impression by the splendor of the publications, believing that new members would thereby be attracted, additional funds raised, and the society placed in an influential and secure position for the future. Accordingly he volunteered, at his own expense, to add to the one chromo-lithograph which the council had agreed on as the annual publication for 1856 a second and no less interesting subject, by obtaining from Signor Marianecci, of Rome, a water-color copy of Perugino's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" at Panicale, having this printed in color by chromo-lithography, with five heads in the fresco engraved in outline from his own tracings, and accompanying it with the memoir of Perugino and of the fresco, which will be more fully referred to hereafter when the literary work of the society is described. Mr. Layard carried his colleagues with him; his public-spirited offer was accepted and was attended with such success that the council were enabled to act with almost a profuseness of liberality henceforward to their subscribers; all apprehension of collapse being at an end when the society's popularity was thus re-established.

Chromo-lithography was adopted, but unfortunately there was no school of that art in England adequate to the representation of Italian fresco. With much regret, therefore, after more than one failure at home, the council were constrained to give their commissions to Messrs. Storck and Kramer, of Berlin, and under the guidance of Herr Grüner, to whom the supervision of the work was now entrusted, their productions have given the highest satisfaction. The Arundel Society may justly claim to be the principal promoter of chromo-lithography in its highest form, by showing through their publications what it is capable of effecting. It is true that a certain want of atmosphere, of a harmonious gradation of tints, and of luminous shadows is almost inseparable from the mechanical process employed. Still, on the whole, it represents very fairly the simple and comparatively flat tones of fresco. It has been also applied by the society, though sparingly, to the reproduction of oil paintings; but the result has not always been successful. It has thus been described by a most competent judge: "The effect of many pictures on the mind is in chief part owing to the power and play of their light and darker colors given with all the force that oil color can produce. The vigor of the oil material and the *impasto* inseparably connected with it become lost, and the result verges on the tea-tray style, and is even minus the sort of transparency which that style after a fashion retains. Life and glow depart altogether, and instead of the infinite mystery which is conveyed by the subtle change of tone and tint in the dark and darker shade of the oil colors, you have only a comparatively dull, heavy, and woolly surface." This very true criticism shows the objections which exist to the recommendations made from time to time to the society that some fine examples of oil painting, not generally known, should be selected for reproduction.

It was on the suggestion of Sir Charles Eastlake that the name of the Arundel Society was given to it, after Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, the acquirer of the Arundel marbles, "the father of virtue in England and the Mæcenas of all polite arts." Its expressed object was "the preservation of the records and the diffusion of the knowledge of the most important monuments of painting and sculpture remaining from past time, especially of such as were either from their locality difficult of general access or from

any peculiar causes threatened by violence and decay." The primary subject selected for illustration was to be Italian fresco painting; a minor though not unimportant attention was to be given to the reproduction of paintings in oils; whilst sculpture, both classical and mediæval, whether in monumental marbles or more portable ivory, was to be treated under a separate system of publication.

It is now high time to turn to the work executed by the society. It has already been mentioned that during the first three years its labors were mainly directed to the frescoes of Fra Angelico in the chapel of Nicholas the Fifth in the Vatican, and to the illustrated edition of the painter's life. The four following years were occupied with the works of Giotto in the Arena Chapel, Padua. Then came the adoption of chromo-lithography, the representation by this medium of the interior of the Arena Chapel, as the complement of the wood engravings illustrating its frescoes, and the publication, by the generous assistance of Sir Henry Layard, of Perugino's fresco at Panicale, illustrated at once by chromo-lithography, engraving, and biographical memoir. From the year 1856, which witnessed this extraordinary return for the subscription of a guinea, the new life of the society may be dated. Without enumerating separately the production of each successive year, the magnitude of the contribution made by their means to the illustration of early Italian art may be sufficiently gathered from the names of the painters whose works have formed the subjects of the annual publications. Before entering on this list, however, it is right to quote from the *Quarterly Review* the description given by Sir Henry Layard himself of the state in which the frescoes of the golden age of Italian art then generally were. He writes thus: —

Covering as they did in rich profusion the sides within and without of town halls, cathedrals, chapels, and convents, they were exposed to every kind of destruction. The suppression of religious orders and of ancient municipal corporations during periods of revolution and conquest led to the destruction, the abandonment, and frequently to the pulling down of these buildings. Such has been the fate of many of those public palaces, the palaces of the people, glorious monuments of Italian liberty, throwing heavenwards their machicolated towers amid the vine-tangled valleys or from the olive-clad hills, their massive architecture casting its cool dark shade over the narrow streets beneath. Stately and stern without, yet within all glowing with the fairest treasures of art, fit emblems of those who had raised them when Italy was still their own and the Italian mind was as yet free!

Sir Henry then proceeds to describe the various stages of their degradation: —

When the deep religious feeling of the Middle Ages, that union of childlike faith with an earnest impatience of the vices and power of the priesthood, the Dantesque spirit of Catholicism, gave way to an uninquiring pietism and a cowardly resignation to priestly authority, the nimble brush of the Academies swept over the solemn, heartfelt outpourings of the early masters, leaving in their stead theatrical groups of muscular apostles and anatomic saints, happily for the most part invisible in whitewash and chiaroscuro. Next succeeded the age of whitewash, when a large portion of mankind seem suddenly to have been seized with the idea that all that is not white is dirt. Then the "operaio" of the South, like his fellow the churchwarden of the North, with the lime-pail in one hand and the broom in the other, restored the walls disfigured by old pictures and "roba di Giotto," in which popes, monks, and kings were not always treated with the greatest respect, to a virgin purity more befitting the taste of the time. Lastly, the foreign invader and occupier of Italy still quarters his soldiers and stables his horses in the desecrated church and convent [this was written in 1858, during Austrian occupation] wantoning in the destruction of what little may remain of their priceless monuments. A few noble old frescoes that by their almost divine beauty may have stayed the hand of even the Italian destroyer, gradually yielded to the ladder and nails of the sacristan and carpenter. Who that has wandered in the highways and byways of Italy has not watched the preparation for a "festa"? Garlands of flowers and green boughs stretching across the street, and the perfume of bay leaves trampled under the feet of a listless crowd, invite you through the curtained door of a neighboring church. The solemn chanting of vespers rising from the dark choir behind the high altar is well nigh lost in the clatter of the hammer. The rays of the falling sun stream through the jewelled windows upon the gorgeous hangings of crimson silk embroidered with gold trailing upon the filthy pavement. Ponderous ladders are reared against the painted aisles, and large nails are driven in with remorseless hands. Flakes of yielding plaster fall in showers to the ground, and things that have cost years of earnest thought and loving labor are gone forever. On the following days the fumes of incense and the smoke of a thousand tapers roll up from the altars, and, uniting with the fetid exhalations of an Italian crowd, curdle over the walls. Talk of London smoke, why, Italian neglect, indifference, and ignorance have done more to deprive the world of some of its noblest and most precious monuments of art than could be accomplished by the atmosphere of ten Londons.*

* *Quarterly Review*, October, 1858.

We may now enumerate the masters whose frescoes have been published in color by the society: Giotto, two frescoes from the Upper Church at Assisi, and the head of Dante from the Bargello at Florence, happily recovered from its covering of whitewash by the exertions of Mr. Kirkup and Signor Bezzi; Fra Angelico's frescoes in the Vatican, already mentioned, and several of those painted by him in the cells of the Convent of St. Mark, Florence; Ottaviano Nelli's fresco at S. Maria Nuova, Gubbio; two of Andrea Mantegna's at the Eremitani Church, Padua; another by Jacopo d'Avanzo, in S. Antonio, in the same city; Fra Bartolommeo's at the Convent of San Marco, and at the villa of the Frati di San Marco, Florence — the latter greatly injured by the dampness of the walls; Bazzi at S. Domenico, and at Sta. Anna at Siena, and also at Monte Oliveto; Pacchiarotto's at the Oratory of S. Catherine of Siena; Pietro Lorenzetti's at Assisi; Cavallini's also at Assisi; Piero della Francesca's at Borgo S. Sepolcro; Bartolommeo Montagna's at the Church of SS. Nazzaro and Celso, Verona; Perugino's at Panicale, at the Convent of S. M. Maddalena de' Pazzi, Florence; at S. Francesco del Monte, Perugia; at S. Maria de' Bianchi at Città della Pieve, and in the Sistine Chapel at Rome; Pinturicchio's at Spello, which from neglect are rapidly disappearing; also by the same painter, scenes in the life of Pope Enea Silvio Piccolomini in the Library of Siena, and a fresco at Monte Oliveto, near S. Gimignano; of Luini, the beautiful burial of S. Catherine, now at the Brera, Milan, and all his frescoes at Saronno; of Giovanni Sanzio, a fresco at S. Domenico, Cagli; and of his more illustrious son Raffaelle, five in the Vatican Stanze and one in the Church of S. Maria della Pace, Rome; of Signorelli, one, and of Michel Angelo three from the Sistine Chapel; of Melozzo da Forlì, the famous fresco of Pope Sixtus IV. giving audience, and another fresco of the heads of two angels in the Sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; of Titian, one at the Scuola del Santo, Padua; of Leonardo da Vinci, one at San Onofrio, Rome; of Domenico Ghirlandajo, four frescoes at S. Trinità, S. Maria Novella, and the Ognissanti, Florence; of Masolino and Masaccio, several in the Brancacci Chapel, Florence; of Filippino Lippi, some in the same chapel, and another in the Badia at Florence; of Francesco Francia, two at S. Cecilia, Bologna; of Andrea del Sarto, four frescoes in the Convent of the Annunziata at Florence; of Benozzo Gozzoli, one at S. Gimignano, one at Montefalco, and two of his beautiful frescoes in the Riccardi Chapel, Florence, now being reproduced from drawings by Herr Kaiser.

But while directing their resources mainly to the publication of frescoes, the council have not thought it right to exclude altogether important examples of panel painting, whether in tempera or oil. Thus they have brought out chromo-lithographs from pictures by Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Albertinelli, Giorgione, Girolamo dei Libri; and are now preparing for publication subjects from pictures by Simone Memmi and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. They have even included, to make the field of illustration as comprehensive as possible, a few of the earliest and finest examples of the Flemish and German schools, such as the great altar-piece of the Adoration of the Lamb at Ghent, by the brothers Van Eyck; a triptych at Bruges, and an altar-piece in the Cathedral at Lübeck by Memling, a small picture by Meister Wilhelm, and the Dombild, or great altar-piece of the Cathedral, by Meister Stephan, both at Cologne; the two pictures of the Four Apostles at Munich, and the Adoration of the Trinity at Vienna, by Albert Dürer; the family group at Darmstadt by Holbein of the Burgomaster Mayer in presence of the Madonna; and a portrait of Queen Mary of England at Madrid, by Antonio More.

Nor have the remains of ancient classic fresco been thought inadmissible. When the excavations in the grounds of the Farnesina Palace were made four years ago, some wall decorations of the best period of Roman art were disclosed. The writer well remembers his amazement at their brilliancy, and gaiety, and grace, on the second day after their discovery, when the water of the Tiber was still trickling from them. Alas! most of these speedily faded; but the society has been able to secure the reproduction of one, supposed to represent the Nursing of the Infant Bacchus, which it is hoped will shortly be brought out in chromo-lithography. As a contribution, also, to historical no less than artistic lore, the very remarkable diptych of Richard the Second before the Madonna and attendant saints, preserved at Wilton House, has, by permission of Lord Pembroke, been copied and published. This somewhat mysterious picture has had the advantage of being illustrated with much learning and research by the director of the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. Scharf; and his treatise can

be obtained by purchasers together with the chromo.

The mention of this valuable essay introduces us naturally to another department of the society's publications which, though it has never attained the importance contemplated for it in early days by Mr. Bellenden Ker, has nevertheless contributed much to the primary object of promoting the knowledge of art; we mean the literary contributions, both of members of the council and strangers, accompanying and illustrating the various graphic publications. The first production of this class was the work of Signor Bezzi, a translation of Vasari's "Life of Fra Angelico," illustrated with notes and twenty-one outlines by Mr. Scharf, from some of the painter's works. The next was "Giotto and his Works in Padua," by Mr. Ruskin, containing an interesting and valuable life of that great artist, and a comment on his frescoes in the Arena Chapel. Then followed a series of biographical and critical memoirs by Sir H. Layard, describing the lives and works of the various Italian masters whose frescoes were being successively published by the society — Perugino, as illustrated by the "Martyrdom of S. Sebastian," at Pinicale; Nelli, by his "Madonna and Saints," at Gubbio; Pinturicchio, by his three frescoes at Spello; Giovanni Sanzio, by his fresco at Cagli; Domenico Ghirlandajo, by his "Death of S. Francis," in SS. Trinità, Florence; and Masolino, Masaccio, and Filippino Lippi, by their combined series of frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel of the Carmine Church in the same city. Next, Mr. James Weale gave the society the benefit of his profound knowledge of Flemish art by a notice of Memling, founded on the Bruges triptych, published at the same time. The late Mr. Wornum likewise wrote for the society a notice of Holbein on the occasion of the production of the Darmstadt picture; and Mr. Kitchen, now Dean of Winchester, a life of Enea Silvio Piccolomini (Pope Pius II.), to illustrate the scenes painted by Pinturicchio in the Piccolomini Library at Siena.

Such is the series of literary publications devoted to the illustration of painting, accompanied throughout by engravings and chromo-lithographs from the works of the masters who in Italy, Flanders, and Germany, had chiefly adorned the art. But in a society whose principles were so catholic, sculpture could not be overlooked in the literary any more than in the reproductive department. As, therefore, it had been resolved to illustrate the sepulchral monuments of Italy both by chromo-lithography and photography, as will presently be more fully shown, the occasion was thought suitable for publishing an historical and critical notice of this department of sculpture. Accordingly the late eminent architect, Mr. Street, who was a member of the council, volunteered to write an introductory essay to the illustrated work on the subject proposed for the society by Mr. Stephen Thompson. Various notes and studies were made for this essay by Mr. Street, but his incessant occupation, and at length his untimely death, prevented the fulfilment of his intention. Most fortunately, however, for the society, which had promised the works to its subscribers with the introductory essay included, the well-known American writer on Italian sculpture, Mr. Perkins, came to its assistance, and in the most generous manner devoted much time and trouble to the preparation of an essay in which the principal part of Mr. Street's notes are incorporated, and which deserves the attention of every one interested in Italian sepulchral monuments. Lastly, and as a further illustration of the sculptural art, though on a smaller scale, the late Sir Digby Wyatt and Mr. Oldfield have dealt, in one of the early publications of the society, with the subject of ivory carvings, reproductions of which in a fictile material are one of the branches of publication. Unfortunately, though of the greatest interest both to the artist and the antiquarian, these ivories are but little known, and therefore it is well to give a short account of them derived from the published catalogue and documents of the society.

In the year 1855 it was determined to give a series of facsimiles of the carvings. The materials were originally collected by Mr. A. Nesbitt, assisted by Mr. Westwood, author of "*Palæographia Sacra*," and Mr. Franks, of the British Museum. These gentlemen made impressions in gutta-percha of the most remarkable specimens of ivory carvings preserved in the principal museums and private collections of Europe. From those impressions types or models for moulding were made by Mr. Franchi, the formatore, and from these types again, by means of elastic moulds, casts were produced in "fictile ivory." Desirous of promoting the objects of the Arundel Society, these gentlemen transferred to it all their materials, and the entire collection was then distributed into fourteen classes,

each of which represented either the workmanship of some particular school, or the application of the art to some special purpose, while within each class the carvings were as far as possible chronologically arranged. The classification was made by Mr. E. Oldfield, who was then on the archæological staff of the British Museum, and who also drew up a descriptive catalogue of the whole. A more general view of the subject, comprehending a short historical sketch of the introduction and application of ivory to purposes of decoration, was supplied by Sir Digby Wyatt, in a lecture delivered by him at the rooms of the society. This lecture, together with Mr. Oldfield's catalogue of the carvings, formed part of the annual issue for the year 1855.

The peculiar value of this collection consists in the completeness and continuity with which it illustrates all the vicissitudes of the sculptural art, exhibiting its first decline from the exuberance of Roman luxury to the laborious littleness of Byzantine formalism, its collapse in western Europe after the overthrow of imperial civilization, its reviving struggles in the rude hand of Norman vigor, and its eventual emergence in all the grace and spirituality of the best Gothic period. It would take up too much space to give a list of these carvings, one hundred and ninety-five in number; but of those of the imperial period may be mentioned one of Æsculapius and Hygeia, probably of the time of the Antonines, another supposed to represent the emperor Philip presiding at the secular games, and another having full-length portraits, probably of Valentinian III. and his mother, Galla Placidia. Then there are Christian diptychs, specially one preserved at Monza, and according to tradition presented by St. Gregory to Queen Theodolinda; carvings of the Greek, Italian, French, English, and German schools up to the sixteenth century, two of which, of the fourteenth, may be specified — one representing with a charming *naïveté* and delicacy the elopement of Ginevra with Sir Launcelot; and the other, with no less playfulness and grace, a favorite allegory, "The Siege of the Castle of Love."

There remains one more branch of the work of the Arundel Society, to which a brief reference has already been made. It was thought by the council that advantage might arise both to architects and sculptors, no less than pleasure to the general public, from the publication of some of the beautiful and characteristic monuments of the dead which are so rife in Italy. That country still possesses in her churches and burial-grounds a series of sepulchral memorials second only, if indeed second, in beauty and interest to the masterpieces of painting.

As examples of the successful combination of architecture, sculpture, and pictorial or other surface enrichment, these monuments are unrivalled. During the summer of 1867 and 1868 Professor Gnauth, of Stuttgart, was engaged by the society to make drawings from a few which seemed suitable for illustration. These consist of colored perspective views and elevations, with outline portions and details done to scale. The following were the monuments selected: of the doge Morosini and the doge Vendramini in the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice; the monument of Can Grande della Scala at Verona; the Turriani monument from the Church of S. Anastasia, also at Verona. Of all these interesting monuments, chromo-lithographic views have been executed, and are sold as separate publications. Besides these representations in color, a series of forty-nine illustrations by photography has been brought out, taken from some of the finest examples of the mediæval and early Renaissance periods in Italy. This series, which is sold both separately in seven parts, and collectively in a folio volume, entitled "Sepulchral Monuments in Italy," is accompanied by a descriptive text by Mr. Stephen Thompson, the artist by whom the photographs were taken. The monuments have been arranged in the work chronologically, and their localities and, when possible, their dates and their artists' names are given with them. The list of places from which these examples of monumental decoration have been derived will show how widely the society's researches have been extended — viz., Arezzo, Assisi, Perugia, Pisa, Florence, Verona, Padua, Bologna, Lucca, Forli, Ferrara, Rome. It was with a view to give greater completeness to this publication that Mr. Street undertook to draw up the essay to which allusion has already been made, which has since devolved on Mr. Perkins, and which is now sold either separately or as an introduction to the entire volume on sepulchral monuments.

Having described at perhaps somewhat undue length the objects of the Arundel Society, and how far it has been carrying out those objects, a very material point remains to be adverted to, namely, its present constitution. One of the first

questions usually asked is, What is its government? The administration is in the hands of a council composed as follows: the Marchese d'Azeglio; Mr. Oscar Browning; Mr. F. W. Burton (director National Gallery); Mr. P. H. Hardwick; Mr. C. Harrison; Mr. G. Howard, M.P.; Sir William Gregory; Sir Henry Layard; Mr. T. Norton, hon. sec.; Mr. Oldfield, treasurer; Mr. E. Poynter, R.A.; Mr. G. Richmond, R.A.; Mr. J. Ruskin; Earl of Warwick; Earl of Wemyss.

These names are a guarantee as to the aggregate technical knowledge, experience, and taste possessed by the body which, meeting monthly, has to decide on the works to be copied in water-color by the various artists employed, on the selection to be made for chromo-lithography or other forms of reproduction, and to superintend the preparation and issue of the several publications in their respective classes. The subscription is but one guinea annually, or a composition of fifteen guineas for life, in return for which a set of publications is given each year. An additional guinea entitles the subscriber to a second set of publications in the same year, different in subject, but equal in value to the first. Another question that has been asked is, What is the usual annual dividend of the society? It seems absurd to reply to such a question; still, considering how often and by what class of persons the question has been put, it is right to answer it. The society, though it endeavors to make money, declares no dividend, and works for no personal gain. It is anxious to obtain funds, but only with the view to maintain and to extend its operations. It is obliged, in its publications, to regard profit and avoid loss, in order to maintain its own solvency, but it willingly undertakes the copying of important and perishable works in some cases without much expectation of repayment of its expenses. Up to the last few years its career has been uniformly prosperous and progressing, or the result detailed could not have been attained. But recently the total receipts have somewhat declined. The falling off is no doubt in great measure due to the general financial depression, which affects, immediately, all institutions whose funds are derived from the sale of what are regarded as luxuries. But in part, also, it may be feared that since chromo-lithography has lost its novelty, it has lost some of its popular charm, and since the public has been so amply supplied with high-class artistic publications, the demand for them is beginning to slacken. It cannot be said that the society's work is inferior in merit to what it was, or that the subjects published are less acceptable. Its work was never better done, and recent publications have been deservedly popular and commended.

The object of the present article is to call attention to this work and to these aims of the society, to make it better known, to invite visitors to inspect the show-rooms, and to endeavor to procure additional members, in order to have the means to procure copies without loss of time of those frescoes which are reported to be perishing, or of others in distant localities which would be of the highest value to students of art, though they might not be remunerative as publications. At the present moment there are some remarkable pictures in Spain and Portugal of the greatest merit, but virtually unknown, and in the most imminent danger of being destroyed, not merely by neglect, but by ruthless and appalling restoration. At Vizeu, in Portugal, there is still intact a picture of St. Peter by the mysterious painter Gran Vasco, upon whom are fathered all paintings in that country of the first half of the sixteenth century. It would be one of the chief ornaments of any gallery in the world from its grandeur and simplicity, but it is on the verge of being treated like its fellows in the same sacristy by the same artist, and utterly repainted. Again, at Oporto, in the Misericordia Hospital, there is another splendid work erroneously attributed to the same painter, representing King Manuel and his family in devotion before Christ. These and other works in the Peninsula the Arundel Society might be induced to take in hand. They fully recognize how desirable it would be to have them copied and made known, but the road is long, and the expense heavy, and the artist (not yet found) must be paid not only for his handiwork, but for his discomfort.

There cannot be the least doubt that all the society requires is to be better known, and it will not fail to obtain the requisite support.

In the present scientific mode of study of pictorial art the reproductions of the fresco paintings of the early great masters must be of the greatest value to those who have not the time or means to wander in search of them throughout Italy. Easel pictures can be studied and compared in galleries with comfort, but to obtain a thorough knowledge of Italian

fresco, many a long mile has to be travelled, and many a rough night to be endured. The greater part of these frescoes cannot from their position be photographed successfully, but the Arundel copies give not only the outline and the color of the originals, but also, as far as possible, the technical peculiarities of the painter. All art schools and all our public schools should be furnished with the best examples of these publications; they are singularly reasonable in price, and better teachers could not be found. The simplicity, the reverence, and the grace, so irreconcilable with all that is forced and vulgar, cannot fail to instil good and lasting impressions, and to chasten and purify the taste of many a young man full of enthusiasm for art, and only too glad to be brought into the presence of it in its highest form. The late Mr. Ryman, of Oxford, who did more in his time than any man to purify undergraduate taste by the exhibition and sale of line engravings of the old Italian masters, said one day to the writer of this article, who had just bought from him the print by Richommé of Raffaelle's "Triumph of Galatea" in the Farnesina Palace, "Put that up, sir, in your sitting-room, and I'll engage that at the end of the week there will be neither racehorses nor ballet dancers in its company." And he was right; the ballet dancers went out, and other line engravings came in, and with them a love of painting and art which has never waned, but has ever been increasing. The time of course may come when the labors of the Arundel Society will cease for want of subjects, but that time is still a long way off, and many mural paintings of great merit have, so far as copying can do it, to be rescued from oblivion. W. H. GREGORY.

From Temple Bar.

A SILESIAN LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GARDEN OF EDEN."

NOT far from Breslau lies a wild plain. Wild, because the broken, rocky soil throws up fir-trees, bushes, and myriads of wild flowers that cling lovingly to and clamber caressingly among the stones — as faint, tender things do cleave to the rough and hard, — while mere patches of vegetation stud the land. Still, each few miles, clusters of huts, a church and a few big houses, testify to a population. Nothing daunted, villages exist in this sterile Silesian plain, which terminates in the dense pine forest that glooms darkly at the foot of the giant mountains. One village boasts of a large castle, whose white towers — rising from among shrubberies of cultivated trees — are a feature in the landscape. Within the massive walls there are vast halls, rich in carving, and full of old armor and trophies of ancient weapons. There are gorgeous apartments linked as the jewels of a necklace. One wing of the castle is occupied by the countess. The vista, when you stand at one end and look through the open doorways, is like a series of brilliant frames containing a rich green picture, whose centre is a white figure.

This is the countess, a tall, stately lady of some fifty years. She was once — in the palmy days of Weimar when Goethe ruled society — one of the court beauties of this little German Athens. Her delicate face is of a creamy pallor in the pale-colored, semi-darkness of her green velvet-hung boudoir, though in open daylight networks of fine wrinkles would show upon it like a web-like mask. Her still golden masses of wavy hair are carefully arranged, drawn back from her high forehead. She moves her blue eyes slowly, her lips unclose carefully; for the countess is fighting a daily duel with time, and has acquired many a little knack of parrying his thrusts. She has so far succeeded, that as she reclines in her muslin draperies in an armchair — her profile cameo-like against the velvet, her white arms carelessly poised — she is undoubtedly a handsome woman.

The room is all green. Sycamore boughs wave outside the window, stands of evergreens are in the corners. A green carpet half covers the polished floor, the dark wood tables and cabinets are furnished with malachite. In this light the fresh face of a young girl loses its rosy brightness — a tall, well-made girl, with long plaits of dark brown hair falling upon the blue and white dress which seems somehow to match the blue eyes that look out of her clear skin. She is standing before the countess, her hands crossed. On one of her fingers is a plain gold ring.

This is Lise, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer — a distant connection of the noble family — who after his wife's death, when Lise was a child, came to take charge of the estate, sending his little daughter to be brought up by a married sister in Dresden. By degrees Herr Barmann came to be "everybody" with the

count and countess. Under his management, their sterile acres cost them half of their former expenditure, and their intendant, or bailiff, even held out hopes that some day the estate would be self-supporting, which few estates in that part of Silesia could be said to be.

At first Lise used to stay with her father during the summer; and she and the young Count Alexis, the only son, (who was a few months her junior), were great playmates. But when they were both fourteen, some little incident that occurred, caused the countess serious thought. From that time, it so happened that Alexis and Lise never came home simultaneously. When Count Alexis, who was now a lieutenant in the Prussian army, happened to get leave — which was not too often, for he was frequently in trouble with his colonel — Lise, if staying with her father, would be suddenly summoned by her aunt on some pretext. Just now, the countess remembered with satisfaction that Alexis's last furlough was only a month ago. It was better so, even though Lise was now engaged to a serious-minded, most satisfactory young solicitor in Dresden. A betrothal in Germany endows a young girl with almost a wife-like sanctity; still, she would prefer that these young people should not meet. She blamed herself for having sanctioned so familiar a friendship between members of different strata of society, and she would leave nothing undone to prevent its renewal.

Just now, she was talking to Lise of her betrothed, Franz Ulrich, whose square, sensible face was pictured in the photograph Lise had brought to show the countess, which the lady held in her hand, glancing at it as she concluded a long speech containing much moral advice with, "and I hope the engagement will not be too long, for ——"

She stopped abruptly, rose to her feet, and turned fiery red. Quick footsteps with the sound of clanking sword and spurs were followed by the entrance of a tall young officer. There was a cry of "mother" in a manly voice, and a helmet and gloves clattered to Lise's feet as the countess was boisterously embraced by the last human being she expected to see at that moment — her son.

"How — why, what is this, Alexis?" There was more annoyance than surprise in her tone, and she glanced at Lise with a look that meant, "Go — as quickly as you please." But Lise stood, amazed, with parted lips, wide-open eyes, and heaving breast. Taken aback by the strangeness of the tall figure — that one word "mother" by its familiar tone took her back years in her life; she felt a little forlorn child again, weeping more bitterly for her lost playmate, Alexis, whom she had called "brother" and addressed with the tender "thou," than she had wept even when standing at her mother's open grave casting flowers upon the coffin.

The tall young soldier with the bright boyish face and fair close-shaven head, turned, gave a short, staid bow as he saw that a young lady was present, then exclaimed, sprang forward, and clasping both her hands, cried, "Lise! Is it possible? Can it be you?"

He would in his ardent forgetfulness have kissed the sister friend of childhood on both cheeks, but in spite of her confusion Lise's ready tact made her retreat, with a ceremonious obeisance.

"To-morrow, my child," and the countess nodded significantly.

Lise vanished, but Alexis sprang after her. "Lise, don't go so soon. I have so much to say to you."

Lise paused halfway down the great staircase, her eyes cast down, her hand resting on the broad balustrade. She murmured something about "another time," and, as the countess's voice called "Alexis" in a peremptory tone, started and ran out of the house.

"Why, mother, you never told me how beautiful Lise had grown," said the young soldier, as he unbuckled his sword. His mother compressed her lips, and stooping, picked up the photograph and handed it to him. He looked puzzled. "What has this ugly fellow to do with me?"

"He is to be Lise's husband."

"Lise — married? Why, she is a child. What are you all about?"

The countess, leaning back in her chair and taking observations as she proceeded, detailed Lise's engagement. "But this is waste of time," she continued, "talking over the affairs of the intendant's daughter, when we have so much to say to each other. How was it you got leave?"

While Alexis replied somewhat sulkily, his mother was thinking how to get Lise away. Lise had only been home a few days. What subterfuge was available to send her back to Dresden? Ah! a sudden idea flashed across her.

"I am glad it happened that you came to-day," she began. "Had you arrived a day later, you would not have found us.

To-morrow we start for Warmbrunn. I am anxious about your father's health, and shall persuade him to take the baths."

To her discomfiture in walked the count himself, a fine old man, with piercing dark eyes and white hair, who received his son with a courtly satisfaction, which would have been cold but for the customary embrace.

"I am sorry you are not well," said Alexis, bending from his altitude to kiss his father's hand.

The old man stared. "I never felt better. Who said I was ill?" he said irascibly, turning to his wife.

The countess was equal to the occasion. She held the reins, and though husband and son might kick and rear she never loosed her hold, but waited patiently, till rebellion subsided, to gain her point. She gave a lengthy, roundabout explanation of her opinion of his "waning health" to the count, and then, without pausing, smilingly suggested to Alexis that he required rest before rejoining them at dinner. Puzzled, annoyed at his mother's mysterious behavior, the punctilious obedience of manner to his parents demanded of a young German nobleman led Alexis to take the hint, and to leave his father and mother alone.

As soon as the door closed, the countess's manner changed. She always carried her will with her husband — who was opinionated and somewhat obstinate — by storm. So she burst into a tirade — how cruel, how annoying it was, that after keeping Alexis and that girl apart all these years, they should have met like this. She had always had a presentiment some mischief would come of that companionship. If it were not that Barmann was simply indispensable to them, she would get rid of him at once — then there would be no fear.

"Of what?" said the count crossly. The countess's tirades always ended in his having to adopt some measure he particularly disliked. Now this sudden journey to Warmbrunn was gradually unfolded to him. He sat back in a chair, his hands in the pockets of his white linen coat, paling with annoyance in the green light of the boudoir. But when he adjourned to his dressing-room, he had admitted that perhaps it might avert unpleasant complications were they to carry off Alexis from the possible fascination of the siren of his childhood. "Although I consider it is a ridiculous fuss about nothing," he said. "When you were younger, Thekla, you were not so timid."

But the countess bore even this faint taunt in so good a cause.

However, the adjournment to the baths of Warmbrunn was not to be! The unpleasant excitement produced an "attack of heart," to which the countess was subject, and in the middle of dinner she fainted, and had to be carried to her room, which the rustic doctor, who was hastily fetched from a neighboring townlet, declared she would not be able to leave for some days.

So Alexis was free to roam, unspied upon by maternal eyes. As a rule, he had found it dull at the Schloss, except when there were hunting and shooting parties, or when he brought home brother officers, and there were extra balls and picturesque garden-parties besides the ordinary weekly receptions. In this part of Silesia there was a Schloss, or "great house," to each little village. Except the pastors, and a few poorer members of noble families, there were few people who could be "received." The farmers, doctors, and petty lawyers ranked as did Herr Barmann — as nondescripts outside the pale of society. The Frau von N—— or the Gräfinn von M—— would have been speechless with horror had it been suggested to them that Lise Barmann could join their weekly meetings, held alternately at each other's mansions, when the young people walked about the grounds, the young men smoking, the girls drinking coffee and eating little fruit-cakes served on tiny plates; later on, dancing on the polished floor of the castle ballroom, while their elders passed the time before the lengthy hot supper, chatting, knitting, and card-playing in adjoining saloons. But since the child Lise's eyes had looked so tearfully and wistfully into his when they parted years ago, Alexis had seen no young lady in his exclusive circle to compare with her. He was thinking of her, as he strolled out next morning, after sitting a few minutes by the bed where his mother was lying, weak, white, and anxious.

Standing on the white, shingle-covered drive, gazing at the walls that towered above him — their massive turrets flushed in the morning sunshine that was reddened by the faint mist that precedes a hot day — he felt strangely content. His eyes wandered over the groups of shrubs that, parting, showed pictures of unmowed grassy lawns with flower-beds and gravelled walks. The shadows at his feet were pale; the flag hung limply on its pole above the castle tower. It would be a fit

day to lounge in the shade at Lise's feet, as he last did five long years ago, before he went to the military school. He had never known such hours of content since then. He had tasted the frivolous dissipations of garrison life; had been flattered and petted by women, amused and introduced to worldly life by men; but he thought the power to be happy had gone with boyhood. By his sensations now he knew this was not the case. Happiness would return with Lise. He paused, mentally contemplating the idea, even as a boy might pause after climbing a tree to take a last look at a long-coveted apple that had hitherto evaded him before plucking it from the stem.

Then he walked through the open gates, left the castle behind him, and walked up the broad road leading to the village. First under the trees, then in the open, then under the high brick wall of Herr Barmann's garden. He rang a bell, and the green gate opened as if by itself. He stepped down into the square garden. There was the patch of turf, there were the bushy, flowering plants, the high walls thick with climbing fruit-trees; there, to his left, was the old yew-tree forming an arbor, there was the rustic seat where Lise and he used to sit, reading the same book; to his right was the low stone house with a trellised verandah, where Lise's birds were hopping about and chirping in their wooden cages. He had not been here since Lise went to live in Dresden, and he was met on his return home by the news that Lise had just gone, — or that she was prevented coming, — and in his disappointment he had shunned the empty house.

"Good-morning." A thin, sharp-eyed man of middle age, in a Schlafrock or dressing-gown, a cap on his grey hair, and a long pipe between his lips, came down the steps from the house door. "It is long since you have been here, Count Alexis. You want Lise. The gnädige Frau sent the Jungfer Marie" (her maid) "to ask for Lise to go and sit with her."

How was it then that Alexis had not met her? Oh! that was easily explained. Lise went to the castle through the fields by the path that led from their garden gate to the shrubberies. "I always go that way," added the intendant, with a sharp, scrutinizing glance aside at the young man. "But now you are here, come in and tell me some news of Breslau." But Alexis refused. The suspicion he had felt that "they were trying to prevent his seeing Lise" was strengthening. In his annoyance at being treated like a boy, he determined to keep his own counsel and to see as much of Lise as he pleased.

In the last field between the shrubberies around the Schloss and Herr Barmann's house was a piece of water, bordered by a narrow copse. Here there was a boat-house, where he and Lise used to play at being shipwrecked mariners on a desert island, going to and fro to the tiny islet in the middle of the lake in the curious three-cornered punt with the swan's head. Lise must pass here, and here Alexis went and waited for her.

After the first shock of surprise yesterday, the girl had been seized with a strange joy — a feeling of rest and sweet satisfaction rather than a pleasurable excitement; it was as if some treasure she had been seeking and longing to find for years past, had suddenly come to light, or as if an answer, full and satisfying, had ended a weary questioning. At first she only felt; when she began to think, sensations of dread, or shy fear, arose. She blushed and started guiltily at sounds. An anxious glance came from her serene eyes when her father spoke. She hesitated when the countess's message came, and herself proposed to go to the castle by way of the fields. She thought Alexis would seek her, and instinctively wished to avoid him, and Herr Barmann read her thoughts, with sharp misgivings.

While he was seriously pondering whether to send Lise back to Dresden out of harm's way, at once — Lise was coming home through the shrubberies, accompanied by the old white St. Bernard, Chance, who used to make the third young playfellow in those dear old days. Then he was a fluffy young pup with big, awkward paws and a silly, inquisitive face, now he was a sage old dog, whose long hair flapped as he marched sedately along, his dim eyes impervious to attractions that to his worn sensibilities were attractions no longer. Young with Alexis and Lise, his life had bounded on while their lives had crawled, and now that theirs were unfolding into the first passionate freshness of full noon, his was melting into the shades of fast-coming night. Yet even old Chance could be roused from his steady torpor. As Lise and he neared the open field of the lake, he suddenly paused, sniffed, and with a short bark rushed away from his mistress. Lise heard a voice say, "Chance, dear old Chance," then back he came, leaping and fawning upon — Alexis!

She shrank back, her heart seemed to stop — then her life seemed smothered by an embrace. Alexis kissed her on both cheeks, as he had kissed his mother yesterday. Anger, ruffled dignity, restored her equilibrium. "How dare you," she said, retreating and brushing her cheeks with her handkerchief.

"Then you are not my sister, my darling Lise? Because you are grown up and betrothed, you are going to cast me off? You forget your promise to love your adopted brother Alexis best in the world as long as you lived! Oh, Lise, you cannot mean it! Do not try to be silly, like the fashionable young ladies in town!"

His words were like a stream of sunshine. Lise forgot doubts, conventionalities, and looked up into the honest blue eyes with their fringe of black lashes, that she knew so well. "We are no longer children," she said.

"Are only children to love and to be happy? Oh, Lise, be yourself, my sister, my star; all these years that they have kept us apart, home has not been home, it has been like a bad dream. You know those dreams — every one has them — where you have lost home and friends, and cannot find them; my life has been a long dream like those since we said good-bye, Lise. There was no one whom my heart could speak to, so it got numb and stopped speaking till yesterday. Then, when I saw you again, it suddenly sprang up and seemed to warm me and bring me to consciousness again, and to-day it burns with joy as if it could fly from me and flutter to your feet, so dearly do I love my dear, long-lost sister."

Their hands clasped. They felt children again, basking in the warmth of an innocent sympathy in which ceremony and false shame died a sudden death. This sweet, blushing, serene woman was to Alexis the child Lise glorified; and Lise saw in the tall young man the little brother, — the thin, weakly lad whose aching head had so often been pillowed on her shoulder — "her boy," as she used to call him in a quaint, motherly way — grown tall and strong.

Drawing her hand through his arm, Alexis led her along the path towards the boathouse. "Now that we are together again, at last," he said joyously, "we must go over the old ground; you will come to all the places where we were so happy, once more, before we part forever, won't you, Lise?"

"Part forever!" The words were as a cold hand laid upon Lise's heart, yet she knew them true. Her life would weary itself out with dark, staid Franz Ulrich in the refined, museum-like Dresden, while Alexis — would fight, or enjoy a glittering peace, in the heart of a brilliant army.

"Don't let us talk of parting, just for to day."

Emotion had scattered the cautious edifice of "young-ladyism" careful hands had built upon the warm, country-bred nature. Lise was her old self. She did not care whether it was *comme il faut* or not to visit their old haunts. Her whole being had rallied around a primitive instinct, her love for Alexis.

"They are trying to keep us apart, though, Lise," said he, bending his tall head as they passed under a tree. "These old people can't enjoy anything, so they grudge enjoyment to us. The fire of life has burnt them to cinders, instead of consoling them, therefore they think it an evil. I have thought life a weariness, a bore, but so long as you and the memories of our happy days were in the world, I could not believe it a curse!"

They stood in the boathouse. The wavelets lapped the keel of the punt. Lise peered into the corners. "Our chairs and our tables are gone," she said. "Last time I came here they were all black and rotten, so I suppose they have been given to the poor for fuel."

"How I can remember you sitting there in the corner!" said Alexis. "You were knitting and pretending to be the Hausfrau, with your little round serious face, and the golden curls peeping from under your funny little cap."

"While you went out shooting with a toy gun, and brought home a sour apple or two," laughed Lise. "What a day in our lives it was when we had a real picnic on the little island! Do you remember, Alexis? It was my birthday, and my dear mother packed us a little basket, we took it over in the boat, and made a fire, and had Abendessen all by ourselves, under the willow, with Chance."

"We will go there, and to the forest, and everywhere!" cried Alexis. "Lise, I am determined we will be happy by ourselves these next few days. If we are to lead the dull, hard lives other people lead for the rest of our lives, we will have something to look back upon to comfort us. When I think back," he said, hushing his tones, "I believe we shall be like children again, in Heaven, Lise. We were happy, but we never did any harm

to any one. To be together was all we asked. Oh, Lise! it is a shame that we should be separated. Why?"

This impetuous cry reached other ears. As Lise shrank into the shadow, recalled to the recollection that she was Fräulein Barmann of Dresden, the promised wife of Franz Ulrich, a figure came along the path leading to the boathouse. It was the count. Seeing them, he stopped short, then gave Lise a satirical little bow, and without glancing at his son, passed on.

They looked at each other in dismay.

"Who cares?" said Alexis, so defiantly that Lise smiled. After all, what a boy he was! But her heart sank as he told her about the planned expedition to Warmbrunn. She had been somewhat puzzled by the countess's colder manner that morning, and by her choice of books for Lise to read aloud, which had been of a moral and warning character. Now she understood; the knowledge brought the blood to her cheek, reserve to her manner. She left Alexis abruptly. She would promise nothing in answer to his entreaties, not even that she would meet him again, and he went back to the castle dejected, and secretly hardened himself against all but Lise herself, whom he regarded as an innocent victim to the machinations of her elders.

Meanwhile the count had gone straight to his wife, greatly irritated by what he had seen and heard, confessing that she was right. "The question is, what is to be done?" he said, pacing the room, dark and wrathful.

"Leave that to me," said the countess, in her weakened voice. Though her body was enfeebled, her mind was clear and determined. Presently she rang her bell, and sent her bright little maid Marie on a secret errand to Herr Barmann.

Then she rose, dressed, and staggered into the antechamber — called the red chamber from its crimson hangings and decorations, — and awaiting the intendant, thought out her plans. Herr Barmann was about the premises, so she had not to wait long. He entered, quiet and self-contained as usual, and expressed his regret at the sudden illness of the gnädige Frau.

"Yes, my good Barmann, I am not strong. It is for this reason I have sent for you. Be seated, and let us speak low, for it is of my most private affairs I would speak."

Herr Barmann took the proffered chair. What was coming? The countess to unbend like this!

"You are aware, my dear Barmann, that the count would never have sunk his capital on the estate as he has done, had it not been that he wished to keep up the property that our son might inherit and perpetuate the family name." (The intendant bowed his head.) "Until now, he has grudged no expenditure, as you know. But, I grieve to say, Alexis has angered his father, we are anxious about him."

"Indeed?" Herr Barmann gazed consciously at the polished floor. What was coming of this preamble?

"Yes," continued the countess, shaking her head. "The boy is headstrong. His father will make no allowances. I dread an open rupture. Were Alexis to offend his father — were he, for instance, to suggest a marriage which we should not approve — the count is just in the humor to sell the property, and to will everything to his sister's children. I have no power with my husband, when he is once stirred into action, Barmann; and this is why I have sent for you. I have been urging the count to make his will. His excuse is, there is no notary at hand. Your future son-in-law is, I believe, a lawyer. Lise is here. What more natural than that he should wish to pay you a visit? If you could privately suggest the matter to Herr, Herr — Ulrich, and invite him openly, we should make his acquaintance, and I might lead the count to make a will in Alexis's favor. Do you understand?" she concluded meaningly.

"I believe I do," said her factotum, somewhat drily. He understood that she was afraid of Lise, and was strategizing for the presence of Franz Ulrich to annul the embryo flirtation. He knew it was a wise idea. The two were deeply attached to each other, and harm might come of it, for Lise was no fitting wife for Alexis. Yet the countess's dread annoyed him, and he went home frowning as blackly as the count himself.

In the evening he wrote to Ulrich, but he did not tell Lise. He was silent at supper-time, until she filled his pipe and brought it to him; then he seized her fair little hand, and said, very gently — he had always spoken gently to his daughter since her mother died, —

"Lise, you would oblige me by not going out to-morrow — at least, by keeping in the garden. And do not receive any one, my child. Believe me, I have a good reason, a serious reason, for asking you this."

The blood rushed to Lise's face. Innocent though she was, she felt guilty.

"But I had promised to go to the Frau Pastorin's coffee the day after to-morrow," she faltered. "I promised Lennchen to teach her a new embroidery stitch."

"You may go where you please the day after to-morrow. I spoke only of to-morrow."

"What could it mean?" thought Lise; but as she asked herself she fancied she knew. The countess did not think her good enough for the companionship of her son! First came a rush of angry pride, then a burst of tears. She was leaning out of window that the evening air might cool her burning eyes, when the scent of a cigar mingled with the perfume of the jasmine on the verandah floated upward; she heard a footstep on the path outside the garden wall. Some one went along whistling a Prussian quick march. It was Alexis. The thought comforted her. Her adopted brother did not despise her; she was good enough for *him*. He would find a way of seeing her, too, in spite of them! and with incipient rebellion in her heart she fell asleep that night.

"Remember your promise, Lise," said her father, as he went out next morning, adding to himself, "To-morrow, Ulrich will be here, and she will have plenty to occupy her."

Alexis, who guessed that his father's moody air — which the countess tried to atone for by additional sweetness — was the result of "some nonsense his mother had put into his father's head about Lise," pretended to lounge about the house and to have no desire to be out and about. But as soon as he felt himself unwatched, he stole off.

Lise's heart beat as the bell rang. She dropped her work and crouched upon the sofa as she heard the old servant repeat the sentence her master had taught her before leaving the house: —

"The Fräulein had a headache, and could see no one."

"Very well." Lise heard the words distinctly. They sounded careless or angry. She interrogated old Kätchen, without any satisfactory result. What would Alexis think of her? Franz, her staid, black-bearded betrothed, was forgotten in her annoyance and anxiety. Why should they have forced her to be rude to Alexis, against her wish and will? It was tyranny. When her father came in, she had so far controlled herself as to maintain that outward unruffled serenity which was her principal charm. But she could not steady her voice, and her blue eyes shone and scintillated.

"She loves that boy — better than Franz!" was her father's dismayed conclusion. "What a mischance that they should have met!" and he shook his head, and thought sadly of Lise's motherless condition. "If anything happens, what can *I* say or do?" he asked himself. "Truly the good God is severe upon the she-lambs when he takes away the ewe."

The next morning Lise was herself. Her brief imprisonment was over. She went singing about the house, and after the midday meal was over, dressed herself carefully in a fresh white dress trimmed with ribbons whose color matched her blue eyes, and, taking her work-bag, went to the pastor's.

At the end of the village, the simple little church, with the tall, sharp spire, stood in the graveyard. Close by was the pastor's house, a white cottage, half hidden by foliage. As Lise approached, some little girls who were playing in the garden ran to the low fence and welcomed her, clapping their hands.

"Here's Lischen!" they cried, and their mother, a thin, little woman with kind eyes, dressed as simply as any peasant in a colored cotton gown, came out of the house, not pausing for a moment in her busy knitting.

"That is right," she said, and mother, children, and Lise went and sat on the benches under the slender, waving trees at the end of the garden.

After yesterday's mental turmoil, it soothed the girl to be in that quiet spot, where the simple goodness of the pastor seemed to have created an atmosphere where no unholy influence could penetrate. Sitting there on the bench, the flickering shadows playing quietly upon the turf at her feet, the quiet, round-eyed children gravely watching her as she showed them the new stitch, the clattering of cups in the house, and the cooing of the pastor's doves the only sounds — Lise felt ashamed, softened, inclined to justify the elders for separating her from Alexis.

"Perhaps it is as well," she thought; then she blushed. She had recognized in that instant that they loved each other — that she was false to Franz!

"Why are you so red, Lise?" asked little Elisabeth quaintly. "Mother" (here the pastor's wife came towards them with a coffee-pot, followed by a maidservant with a tray), "why is Lise so red?"

"The sun, I suppose," said the Frau Pastorin. Till the coffee was poured out, and the cake handed round, she had no leisure to think of such trivialities. Then, it did occur to her that Lise was quieter than usual, and she asked after Herr Ulrich.

Lise turned pale. "I have not heard from him for some days," was her reply.

"There is nothing wrong, I hope, my child?"

The Frau Pastorin was so interested and half dismayed that she actually stopped knitting.

Lise shook her head. "Not with *him*," she said significantly.

"With you, then, Lise?"

Lise glanced upwards. This discovery of her own feelings, coming suddenly, as a shock, had unhinged her. She felt almost delirious. Should she tell her kind friend, or not? What was there really to tell? She spoke, and hardly knew what she said, but her last words were an appeal for advice. She found herself begging the Frau Pastorin to tell her whether a girl would be justified in breaking an engagement should she find out she could not love the man to whom she was betrothed, as a woman should love her husband.

The Frau Pastorin was aghast. In her experience, girls were generally only too glad to be betrothed to a good, kind man.

"I am sorry to hear this," she began, and then to her relief, she heard the click of the garden gate, and her husband walked in. "You had better ask the pastor," she said, and hurried away into the house to get his coffee.

"Ah, Lise!" said the pastor, coming towards them. He was a small, spare man, prematurely grey, with a patient, hopeful face. "It is hot," he said, as he took off his hat, and sank into a garden chair.

Before this good man — who had such a hard struggle to provide for a family and his much-loved poor and sick out of a mere pittance — youthful troubles retreated, abashed. Again Lise felt ashamed, and talked of anything, everything except herself.

But the Frau Pastorin felt the confidence a responsibility; and presently, when the pastor settled to smoke after drinking his coffee, she sent the children away and told her husband Lise had something to ask him. But Lise could not speak, so the good woman, with delicate tact, proposed the question Lise had asked. The pastor smoked in silence, and Lise bent low over her work. Then he said, —

"You ask me whether a woman's whim should be allowed to break a good man's heart? A curious question, Lise."

She looked up, startled.

"I am not using extravagant expressions. A betrothal is a solemn contract. A man does not ask a woman to be his wife unless he feels that he loves her as his wife; and no true German girl places her hand in his and vows herself to him without a reciprocal feeling. With others, volatile and frivolous, who do not recognize the sanctity of marriage, I have nothing to do. They should apply to citizens of the world for advice."

"You are severe, Herr Pastor," said Lise. She could hardly speak, and presently she pleaded home work, said goodbye, and left them. But she could not go home, then. She felt suffocated; she turned out of the highroad, and took the path to the fields — to the barren plain that was spread out at the foot of the mountains, below their belt of black pine forest.

Little Elisabeth ran to the garden fence, and peeped wistfully after her young godmother, Lise Barmann, watching the white figure growing smaller and smaller as the girl walked quickly across the fields, till it quivered against the dark forest shades like a nodding daisy, and disappeared. Then the child started back.

"Hulloa, little one," said a man's voice, and a tall figure seemed to tower above her like a giant. "Fräulein Lise is here, is she not?"

"No, Count Alexis," quavered the shy, childish voice. "Lise went away in a hurry, and she is in the forest."

"Thank you, little one."

And before little Elisabeth had recovered her fright and confusion, Alexis seemed growing smaller and smaller as he strode rapidly after Lise.

"He does go quick," thought the pastor's daughter, bobbing her white-capped little head over the fence, and watching the tall, military figure till it too disappeared. Then she had a fresh surprise. She saw a grave young man with a black beard coming along the road. He walked briskly, using a thick walking-stick; a knapsack was strapped to his shoulders, his black clothes were grey with dust. He stopped opposite Elisabeth, and fixing his serious black eyes upon her, lifted his cap, and asked her "which was Herr Barmann's house?"

The child stared, fascinated. Her

thoughts travelling those mysterious and misunderstood mental paths of childhood, she said, "Do you want Lise, too, like Count Alexis?"

A strange expression crossed the man's face. He adjusted a strap that pressed his shoulder too tightly, then he said with a sad smile, "Then you know Fräulein Lise?"

"She is my godmother."

"She is here?"

"No; there — there," and Elisabeth pointed gravely to the forest. The dark young man hesitated, looked round, shifted his knapsack, then absently raising his cap, took the same road as the others. Little Elisabeth watched him, sucking her finger, and wondering.

The pastor's words had been as powerful words often are to the mentally lethargic — they had suddenly and sharply awakened Lise from a moral stupor. As she walked towards the forest, clasping and wringing her fingers, she was in despair. Her truthful, tranquil nature was brought face to face with her position. She honored and respected the man who had loved and chosen her, the man she had accepted as her husband in innocent ignorance of the fact that the old brother-and-sister tie between herself and the boy-count had been a real, actual, tie; now, she knew, she felt, that the childish tenderness and mutual dependence was the mere sign of a fact — a deep, unutterable, and passionate love.

"What am I to do?" How many times have young hearts, in the bitterness of ignorance and helplessness, asked that question of themselves? "What am I to do?" asked poor Lise — as each step reminded her of Alexis, as the sight of each familiar tree and rock gave her a sharp pang. "I am a traitor to Franz, and I cannot help it. If the merciful God would only let me die!"

She was in the forest. Tall, bare trunks seemed marshalled upon the mossy ground. The tufted heads of the pines rustled in the breeze with a faint, mournful sound. The waning sunlight glanced regretfully across their dark trunks. Here, in the forest, there was an awful, significant silence, that scared the very birds, whose haunts were the bright breaks of green glade that broke the sombre monotony of the assorted rows of trees. Along the narrow path lay a felled pine, and here Lise seated herself and wept.

Until she was roused to self-possession by the sound of a footstep. She dried her eyes, and rallied herself.

The tall, slender figure of Alexis came through the shades. She saw him before he saw her. He was whistling softly to himself, and his face shone with a look of exultation till he looked to Lise like a young god.

As he came near, she shrank back; but he saw her white dress, and with one spring was close to her, seated at her side.

"Now, Fräulein Barmann, what does this mean?" His happy blue eyes sparkled under his long lashes. "You see it is of no use to avoid me — I know where you are."

His bantering, his actual, loved presence, was too much for poor Lise. She turned aside her head, to hide the big tears that welled from her eyes.

Alexis was in dismay. He saw that Lise trembled. He waited a minute, then he heard a sob. He threw himself on his knees at her feet, in anguish.

"What have I done? what have I said?" he cried — "oh Lise, for pity's sake tell me. I would rather die than hurt you."

Quick as thought, she had struggled with effervescent emotion, and the face she turned towards him was serene. "You have not hurt me," she said with a faint smile — "except by coming to me when I thought I should be alone."

"Then you cry when you are alone, Lise?"

"I did not cry before you came." Lise was rallying her forces to defend herself — but they were scattered — and she blundered.

"People who cry are not happy, Lise."

"I am quite happy." That rebellious lip of hers would quiver, and her hands would tremble, though her eyes were fixed upon Alexis with a steady gaze.

"You are not my darling sister?" The tender, manly voice was a torture, for she would have liked to fall into his arms, and cry till her trouble was over; but the trouble could not be over, and what right had she to his intimate sympathy? With a violent effort she brought herself to say, in an unnatural voice, "Count Alexis — I am not well — I am troubled — please go, please leave me."

"If you are in trouble, my darling Lise, who but I should help you?"

He was by her side, sitting on the felled trunk, his supporting arm round her. "My sister, whom I have always

loved best in the world, will you not let me help you?"

"You cannot." Lise rallied herself, slid from his embrace, and roused her drooping energies to help her to be true to herself, to Franz, and to Alexis.

The movement, her repudiation of his sympathy, touched him to the quick. He felt the gulf that lay between them, he dreaded that she was lost to him, for what could Lise, the wife of another man, be to him but a comparative stranger? "If I thought it would make you happier," he cried passionately, "I would leave you here, now, this moment, Lise! But I know you better than you do yourself, I know that no one can ever be to you what I have been."

"You must not say that," she said, alarmed — alarmed more at the echo of his speech in her own heart than at the words themselves — "I can assure you," she would have said, "I am happy, and I love Franz Ulrich," but it died upon her lips. Her eyelids drooped, and Alexis gained courage.

"Tell me all about this engagement," he said, with the tender authority of an elder brother. "I have heard but the mere fact. Perhaps, when you have described this Herr Ulrich to me and have told me the circumstances — how the betrothal came about — I may believe that he will make you a better husband than — any one else could."

"I met him in Dresden," began Lise, after a pause, then she sighed.

"Well, I did not imagine that you met him here. They seem to have imprisoned you in Dresden, pretty well." He spoke bitterly.

"It was — at church."

"Quite romantic, in fact — like Gretchen, in 'Faust.'" (She looked reproachfully at him.) "You must not mind me, Lise. It makes me so angry to see you unhappy that I cannot help saying sharp things."

"We sat just opposite. I did not notice him, but my aunt used to laugh about his looking at me. One day I dropped my hymn-book, and he picked it up — then some months afterwards we went to a party, and he was introduced to me, he did not say much, and did not ask me to dance — but he stayed in the corner ——" She paused.

"Hints for courtship. It is more efficacious to stay in the corner than to dance with the young lady you admire. Don't look miserable, Lise, go on — I won't interrupt you again, I promise I won't."

"Then — then — soon after that, his father came to my uncle, and said that — Franz wished to be betrothed to me." She blushed, and sighed.

"So when he did come out of his corner, it was to some purpose! Well, I can continue your story for you. There was the betrothal, and the cards were sent out" (you took good care not to send one to me, by the way), "and this ring" (he took her hand, then flung it from him) "was put on your finger by him. Bah! I could tear it off and throw it into the stream — the badge of your being bound to that ugly, black-bearded, solemn idiot — oh yes! Lise — you needn't start — I know his face."

"How?" Her blue eyes were round with astonishment.

"How? — Now do you know how?" he cried furiously, tearing a photograph from his pocket. "Ah! you look guilty, don't you? You never missed it — you never thought of looking at the portrait of your beloved since you left it in my mother's room. And you call that love? I am ashamed of you, Lise! And as for the man who can inspire such a poor, sham sentiment, that is what he deserves!" and he tore the portrait across and across, and flung the fragments contemptuously from him.

Her breast heaved — it was true she had not noticed the loss of the photograph.

"The fact is, I am not worthy of him!" she cried. "He is so clever, and oh! so good. From the first moment he spoke to me I felt how far above me he was; how different to the people I usually met. I trusted him with my whole soul. Ah! I could go to him now and tell him all — everything, sure and safe that he would forgive me and help ——"

In her agitation she had betrayed herself. Alexis suddenly changed — paled. "All?" he said with assumed calm. "What is there, Lise, that he would have to forgive?"

She glanced round, startled, like a hunted creature. "Nothing, nothing. I don't know what I am saying. Oh! let me go," and she sprang up, and would have fled.

He stood in her path, and waved her back. "Not yet," he said. "I have something to say to you, Lise. Sit down. Leave your hands in mine. Now look into my eyes and listen. You and I are before God, Lise, together — apart from the world — and here, if only for once, we should be true. Let us put aside subterfuge and pretence, and speak heart to

heart as we always did when we were innocent children. Your happiness is my dearest wish, and your happiness is at stake. Lise, I have only two things to ask you: the first is that you will look straight into my eyes, and tell me what you read there."

She struggled faintly. "You are hard — too hard upon me, Alexis."

Then she knew. "Look at me, Lise," he said determinedly. She raised her eyes to his, and stayed, as if fascinated. Fate had met her on the very threshold of her life, stern, unrelenting — and she had succumbed. Alexis knew she was in his hands, at his mercy. Her eyes filled with tears, the corners of her mouth drooped piteously.

"Do not make me say it," she sobbed; then her head fell upon his breast, her arms stole round his neck, where they were held by his, strong in triumph.

As the two, conqueror and conquered, sat still, the emotional waves of love, fear, regret, and relief, beating upon their young souls, steadied by unity — a man who had been leaning motionless against the trunk of a tree in the background, staggered away into the shades as one drunk or demented, following the footpath as if by instinct till he came to an open glade, where the lengthening sunbeams quivered on the green moss, where a quiet pool mirrored the sky, and fair lilies lay peacefully on its surface as kind thoughts on a pure, God-loving soul.

A white face was lifted to the calm, blue sky; an agonized soul faced eternity as its last resource. All souls must be left alone in eternity at last. From some the waves of passionate life retreat slowly one by one; others face reality first in death; others are lifted rudely and abruptly out of the ocean of life upon the rock where they await eternity alone with heaven. Among these was the man whose drawn features bore the stamp of utter loss, the grand, sad patience of the martyr — Franz Ulrich.

Presently the agony passed, and a look of infantine peace gleamed upon his face like soft moonlight. Self, that had been dying a sharp, quick death, was gone. Henceforth his life was relative, secondary, belonging to others.

"Ulrich is very remiss. At least, he might have written," thought Herr Barmann, disappointed when he returned home to find no sign of his expected guest. "He cannot come now; had he travelled by the last train he would have been here an hour ago." Then he soothed his vexation by his usual resource — his pipe. He was pondering Lise's affairs in his mind as he smoked, leaning back in his chair on the grass-plat, when the door-bell sounded, and Ulrich appeared.

After Herr Barmann's joyous welcome was over, he said to his future son-in-law, "I cannot congratulate you on your looks. But perhaps you are anxious about Lise? She is only spending the afternoon at the pastor's. I will send for her."

"Pray do not," was on Ulrich's lips — arrested by a peal of the bell. He well knew who it was. "Prepare Lise to meet me," he said abruptly to her father, and disappeared into the house. The white dress fluttered in the sunlight, and in a moment Lise's arms were round her father's neck, her warm kisses were on his cheek. She was exalted in the first ecstasy of happy love. Alexis had her promise that she would tell Ulrich the truth, and would strive with him against the natural obstacles that must occur before the child brother and sister could be grown-up man and wife; and she was happy with a bright happiness she had not known for years.

"My little dove has enjoyed her afternoon at the pastor's," said Herr Barmann, his face broadening with satisfaction. "And she little knows the happiness in store for her. I might tease you, Lischen, but God forbid! I will not keep you in suspense. Ulrich is here!"

It was well that it was dark. As he said those three pregnant words, Lise seemed to shrink and collapse. She stood an instant as if paralyzed, then some one came out, a voice that was Franz's sounded cheerily, her hand was clasped in the kind, close grasp she knew so well.

"We must tell Lise why I am here. We owe her an explanation." Franz had seated himself on a garden chair, and was striking a match to light his cigar. Lise's fingers clenched upon the back of her father's chair, to save herself from falling. She was giddy with emotion. Then Franz, in his usual straight, stern fashion, told Lise the circumstances of his visit. He was there, by invitation, to draw up the count's will; after which, Herr Barmann expatiated upon the family affairs of the noble family, and related how the whole hopes of both the count and countess were centred in their only son.

"The money they have spent to make the estate a splendid inheritance!" he admiringly exclaimed. "It is true parental devotion!"

"Which, it is to be hoped, the young man will repay in the future," said Franz drily.

"The count is far too shrewd to leave the door open for possible thieves," was Herr Barmann's remark. "From what I heard from the gnädige Frau, all will be arranged that should Count Alexis take any serious step against their wish, he will be a beggar. This is only right. Alexis is young and impetuous. He has a good heart, but with his expectations is naturally flattered, and is a target for unscrupulous people. If he knows that the first filial disobedience will be followed by disinheritance, he will think twice before he acts."

"True," assented Franz. Then he started up. A white figure glided out of sight and disappeared. "Lise has gone," he remarked.

"Only to see about supper, my friend," said the intendant.

But although a neatly arrayed supper waited them in the Speisestube, or little dining-room of the cottage, Lise did not appear, sending a message by old Kätchen that the sudden surprise had given her a headache.

"Indeed, the Fräulein looks very ill," said the good woman sympathetically, as she removed the covers.

Herr Barmann frowned, but Franz was calm, and his remark, "It was hardly fair to have taken Lise by surprise," restored her father's content.

Meanwhile poor Lise was going through her first great agony. She was too intrinsically good to deceive herself. She realized the position. She knew that her duty was plain: to give up Alexis, at once, for always, and afterwards to tell Franz what had passed between them, and the true state of her feelings, leaving the issue in his hands.

"I must write to Alexis to-night." Her paper was before her, her pen was dipped in the ink, then between her and the blank page came the recollection of the bright, boyish face as she had seen it last, glowing with love and triumph. The pen was dashed down. "I cannot; it is too cruel!" she sobbed. But with the relief of tears came tender thoughts that cooled her passion as if it were fanned by angels' wings; thoughts of her dead mother, whose pain had been lessened, whose death had been consoled, by the countess. Should she repay her mother's best friend by a cruel injury — for such Lise's marriage would be to the proud lady whose greatest boast it was that her pedigree was without a flaw? Should she rob her beloved brother-friend of his birthright, for this she would most surely do were she to second him in what was most likely a mere boyish folly? "Never! never!" she cried; and before another half an hour had passed, old Kätchen had delivered a note at the Schloss directed to Count Alexis, containing a few words clearly and boldly written: —

"DEAR BROTHER AND FRIEND, —

"I think we were both mad to-day. Forget all that I said; I bitterly repent, and recall every word. And never again recollect your old companion Lise except as the faithful wife of the good, much-to-be-honored man, Franz Ulrich."

Next morning, the countess — feeling strong in her belief that Franz Ulrich had arrived, and that, after an interview with him, all would be well — was breakfasting in the verandah with her husband, when Alexis came clattering along the corridors within, and emerged, in full uniform, his cheeks flushed, his eyes glittering. He greeted them with a military salute.

"Why — what — how — Alexis!" A sudden fear chilled her, she knew not what.

"I'm off, father and mother — that is all. I see you have not read your papers."

The papers were lying unopened on the breakfast table. Alexis took one, unfolded it, and pointed to an ominous sentence in huge, black letters — "Declaration of War."

"I heard from Von Mansfeldt. Here is his letter," and he handed a thin sheet to his pale mother, who recoiled at the ominous sight of his thick, military glove. The letter was from his friend, Captain Mansfeldt, written in great excitement. After a long term of peace, "rumors of war," when they occasionally arise, were scarcely credited, especially by a body of soldiers, fresh, young, eager to "practise" their acquirements, wild to spring at the enemy's throat. Thus the declaration of war, though expected in diplomatic circles, had burst upon the army as a gigantic surprise, as indeed something "too good to be true," and the news had kindled a passionate enthusiasm which would presently subside into a still, dogged intensity which boded ill to the enemy. To-day, with Lise's dismissal in his pocket, Alexis shared the general spirit, whatever he might have done had the news arrived yesterday; and he spoke glowingly of

what was in store — of the coming campaign.

"But Von Mansfeldt speaks of volunteering, of transferring into another regiment, does that not mean that yours will not be called out as yet?" stammered the countess, with a gleam of hope.

"I shall see when I reach Breslau." Alexis strode away, to expedite the servants, who were hurrying to get their young master's luggage ready. It seemed but a few, short, cruel instants before the count and countess stood and watched the cloud of dust and the waving helmet as Alexis was whirled away to be hidden by the smoke of the battle-field — perhaps forever.

The pair could not look at each other. The count stood grimly watching the clouds of dust clear from the corner round which the carriage disappeared. The countess silently staggered into the house, pressing her hands to her weak heart; she sat in the silent hall where tiger skins lay spread on the marble floor; the lurid eyes of the stuffed heads seemed to gleam at her, the empty visors of the helmets crowning the armor glowered darkly as if indeed Death's empty sockets confronted her for the first time; then Marie, her maid, came in, pale, with red eyes, and in a subdued voice announced, "Herr Ulrich."

"I cannot see him!" said the unhappy mother passionately. Then, as Marie bowed her head, and would have retired, she said, "Never mind, bring him in."

She bowed coldly to the square, somewhat awkward young man with the serious eyes and the bushy black beard. With a woman's swift changefulness, she merely saw in Franz her son's rival. She forgot her horror of love between Alexis and Lise, and felt angry with Lise that she could tolerate this common, ordinary person after knowing her bright, glorious Alexis!

"I regret to hear this unexpected news, madam."

The countess drew herself up. It seemed a liberty in this "lawyer fellow" to commence an ordinary conversation as if he were an equal, instead of confining himself to his business. "Is Lise with you?" she asked haughtily.

He replied, "No."

"I think it would have been the least she could do to come to me at once and offer her sympathy," said the countess. It was a relief to feel angry with some one.

Ulrich, still standing hat in hand, explained that the news of the declaration of war had but just arrived at the cottage as he left, and that he had begged Herr Barmann to break it to Lise. The countess looked up sharply. Did she not detect a hidden meaning in his words? She would have spoken, then checked herself. Ulrich offered to retire, and to come another time to go through the papers with the gnädige Frau. But the little fit of anger had braced the gracious lady, and she rose and swept before Franz into the count's library, where the count was sitting before his table, staring miserably into the corners, seeing miniature battle-fields as patterns before his eyes, dazzled as they were by the terrible word, war.

"Is this necessary, to-day?" he asked, looking at them with dazed eyes. "Is it necessary that I should be tortured by making provisions that — that may never be required?"

He hardly knew what he was saying. But the countess heard, and understood, and was as angry with her husband for assuming the possibility that Alexis would be killed, as with herself for her own inward fears; she smiled derisively, and, seating herself, motioned Ulrich to a chair, and began to talk on the subject of Alexis's future as if he were destined to spend his days there, in safety, instead of tempting fate among bullets and cannon-balls.

In an hour or two the count's will was executed, signed, and witnessed. Alexis was heir to a fine property, provided he married with the consent of his parents. Otherwise, he could not claim one farthing.

Ulrich returned to the cottage deep in thought, indeed every few minutes he paused, and seemed to turn over something in his mind. "She is a determined woman," he thought, alluding to the countess. "But, if I am not greatly mistaken, it is more bravado than firmness. There is too much show of confidence. She is just the one to break down utterly at a moment's notice. Now for my poor, poor little Lise." His heart ached so much for the one he loved too dearly for her to anger him, that his own trouble — his own cruel struggle with himself — was almost forgotten.

Lise was making preserves in the kitchen. She met him with a forced smile, and talked about the great news with a show of unconcern. But she was deadly pale. And as the calm hours throbbed by, the sun shining, the doves cooing — happy voices of children echoing in the sweet

summer air as if there were no such existence as national anger and the savage duels of countries one with another — she grew paler and paler, and at each moment it seemed to her that her life would refuse to go on.

As the days passed and Alexis's regiment was not among those despatched to the seat of war, the countess breathed more freely. She invited Franz and Lise to supper, showed them her treasures, talked continually of their marriage — with frequent hints as to the probable extent of her own gifts — and was collected and gracious. After all, now that she had been privately reassured by friends in high quarters that Alexis's regiment would be one of the last called upon, and that it was quite possible that before this the war would be over, she persuaded herself that all had happened for the best. Alexis had been called away in the nick of time, before he had made a fool of himself, and it should not be her fault if Lise did not return to Dresden Ulrich's wife. She had already suggested a wedding at the castle — quiet, of course, because it happened in such serious times — to Franz, and he had replied as he was in the habit of replying to suggestions, that the matter should receive his best consideration.

"I cannot quite make that man out," thought the countess, afterwards. "Does he love the girl? He does not look in the least like a happy lover. Is he jealous? He does not treat her as if he were. I never saw greater reverence in a man's manner; he might really be of good family, to judge by his behavior to Lise." She occupied herself with the marriage, and had succeeded in talking over Herr Barmann to mention the subject to Franz.

"Still at Breslau, thank God!" was the countess's exclamation, when Alexis's letters arrived. About a week after the declaration of war, the postman and Herr Barmann arrived simultaneously as the count and his wife were at breakfast, and after glancing at the postmark and the beloved handwriting, the fond mother put aside the letter till she had finished her talk with the intendant. Then the count and Barmann began a discussion; and with a tender caressing touch the countess broke the seal. A moment later, there was a faint cry, a fall — the gnädige Frau had fainted.

A glance at his son's letter, which had fallen from her hand, and the count knew why. Alexis announced that he was transferred into the Black Dragoons — a regiment that had obtained the sobriquet of the Black Deaths, because they neither gave quarter nor obtained any, a regiment that was supplied and reinforced by volunteers, because through its savage daring and cool desperation it was chosen to lead forlorn hopes and all the most dangerous attacks, therefore after a long campaign it was but the skeleton of a company that was crowned with the laurels whose roots were planted in many graves.

After Barmann had assisted to carry the countess to her room, Ulrich came to him, and said, "Come to Lise — I fear she is dead." In a few curt lines Alexis had informed Lise that in a day or two he would be at the seat of war, and as it was not at all likely that he should return, he took this last opportunity to wish her joy of her marriage. Lise had not fainted, like the countess, but she had seemed to fall into a stupor. Ulrich had fetched the Frau Pastorin, and when the two men reached the cottage, the doctor had arrived. He shook his head gravely, and declared it was the effect of a shock upon an enfeebled system. She must have been ill for some time past.

While at the cottage Lise lay white and still on her little bed, the count and Marie were restoring the fainting mother at the castle. As the countess rallied and her opening eyes fell upon the sorrow-stricken face of her husband, she realized what had come to pass. The truth roused and braced her failing strength, and seizing the count's arm, she cried — "The Black Deaths! Alexis! Merciful God! Let us go — now, at once, to save him!"

They tried to soothe her. But she pushed them aside, and rang her bell. "My cloak — Marie, do you hear? Am I to be obeyed, or not?" and her voice was shrill with anger. "The carriage — at once, with all haste," was her order to the servant. Then she turned to her husband and said bitterly, "If it had not been for that wretched, miserable girl, Lise — Alexis would never have done this."

"Thekla!" cried the count. "Take care what you say — at this moment, perhaps, Lise is dead."

The countess was fastening her cloak — her fingers stopped — she stared at her husband — Lise — dead? In an instant she knew what this would mean. To go to Alexis with such news would be to fix this resolution of his. She knew her son well. Although she would not acknowledge it even to herself, she believed in the depth and sincerity of this his first love. Lise's death would be the worst thing

that could happen to them all. She must be saved.

"Come," she said calmly to the count, tying her cloak, her resolution taken. "Before anything can be done, we must go to Lise."

Ulrich was tenderly bathing Lise's forehead, the good little anxious pastor's wife fanning her the while, when old Kätchen came to him and whispered that the countess begged him to go to her, at once. She was in the garden.

She was standing in the flood of sunshine which poured upon the grass-plat — looking at the peaceful, homelike flowerbeds, at the rustic seat under the tree — knowing that till she died this place would live in her memory with these cruel hours of her first great grief.

When Ulrich, cool, collected, came up to her, she felt a sudden rush of hope and confidence, she burst into tears, and holding out her hands to him, said almost deliriously — "You are good — you are strong — be merciful, and save him."

Ulrich half supported her to the seat. Then he kindly said a few soothing words, and asked what he could do. He supposed she knew that Lise was dangerously ill?

"She is not dead?"

"No — but she may die." The countess stared at Ulrich through her tears. She had felt from the first that there was something strange about this man, she could not understand him. She vaguely wondered at his self-possession. "It was the bad news about Count Alexis which gave her the shock," continued Franz.

"Then you know all?" said the countess.

He gave a half-smile, and said he believed he knew — all.

Then the countess poured forth a passionate appeal, mingled incoherent praises of himself, of Alexis, even of Lise, urging him to save them both, to sacrifice himself, to prove himself a true hero.

"Enough," he said, staying the tirade with a gesture that was so suggestive of disgust that the half-frantic mother blushed and shrank back; "these matters require but few words, madam. Whatever has to be done, must be done at once."

"Will you go to Alexis — tell him that Lise is dying, and bring him to her?"

From the moment the countess summoned him he had guessed what she wanted of him. "I will go," he said. "And at once," he added, glancing at his watch.

"But," he continued with suppressed fierceness, "I wish you, madam, to understand that it is not for your sake I do this — nor for your son's, although he has behaved well — nor for Lise's" (he spoke the name with a tender reverence, raising his cap); "it is for simple justice. *I* do not dare to take young lives out of God's hands, and sport with them to please my pride or my selfishness. I have known that which you have known, that your son and Lise love each other with the true, pure affection which is God-given. I saw them together, and recognizing the Almighty will, would have interfered but to bring them to the happy union which is the eternal intention in their regard. It is for this alone I act as I do," and with a low bow he was gone.

The astonishment of the countess was so intense that it did her good. There was another feeling mingled with this, which shamed her and made her think of others rather than of her own selfish anxieties — she saw in Franz her superior, a being so far above herself that in his presence even rank and unspotted pedigree stood aloof and would not lift up their heads.

By Lise's couch she passed the hours till a calm sunset gave place to starry twilight. When the moon rose, there was little change in Lise. She lay still and white; her half-open eyes were glazed. The breath came imperceptibly from between her parted lips. To the watchers — the doctor, who sat by the shaded lamp on one side of the bed, and the countess and the Frau Pastorin, who were together on the other — she looked more and more like a corpse. The window was open; a broad stream of red light streamed upon the lawn below, occasionally broken by a flitting shadow; and subdued murmurs of voices were heard in the silence of the sick-chamber. In the sitting-room below, the pastor was helping the miserable hours to pass, was trying to distract the attention of the count and Barmann, one absorbed in thoughts of his only son, the other enduring agonies of suspense because of his one dear daughter.

None slept, or attempted to sleep in the cottage that night. Messages went backwards and forwards to the castle at intervals. The doctor invented requirements if only to give the watchers something to do. He knew the castle storerooms, and every now and then he would suggest some item which would be required "when the patient recovered consciousness."

All the time he said to himself, "She

is dying — slowly — but dying," and he dreaded the scene in store for him with the unhappy parents, when he should have to tell the truth.

The grey dawn was fighting with the night shadows, all lights began to have a sickly hue, the count had fallen asleep on the sitting-room sofa, and the pastor's heavy eyelids would close in spite of him as he leant back in an armchair talking to Barmann, who incessantly paced the room, — when a footstep was heard on the stair, and the countess rushed in, saying in a hoarse voice, "All is lost — she is dying."

In an instant the men were up, and out of the room, and she was alone in the grey dawn, weeping and wringing her hands; calling upon the Almighty to pity her for her interference; it was well meant; blaming herself for this catastrophe, bewailing the awful moment when Alexis should come to find Lise — dead.

There was a cruel silence everywhere; and with the suddenness of a shot fired in the dead of night came a sound in the far distance. She started to her feet and listened, stilling her very breath — what was it? At first it was indistinct, like the rattle of a dog's chain; then it grew louder and plainer — it was the rattle of hoofs upon the hard road.

"My boy," she said with an awful calmness, and sat down to await events as if she were turned to stone.

She heard the bell, Kätchen hurry out — quick footsteps, the sound of Alexis's voice, then all was still again.

For a few minutes she felt as if she were alone with death, cut off from life, love, hope — suspended in the darkness of eternal doom. Some one came to her, and she felt a hand on her shoulder; but she only shook her head faintly. But Ulrich, for it was he, spoke firmly and cheerfully, "I bring good news."

"Good news?" she repeated the words vacantly. They conveyed no sense to the dazed, suffering mind. But as he told her in simple, plain words that Lise had come out of her stupor, had recognized them all, and that the doctor had said she would live, she began to understand, and when the count came in and embraced her, and Barmann sobbed incoherent thanks, she awoke to the fact that she had not only been spared lifelong remorse, but had been spared perhaps to joys as yet undreamt of. But she turned from the count, who would have supported her to the sick-room, and appealed to Franz, clinging to him in her weakness as she would have clung to a far loftier, holier presence.

He took her carefully and kindly to the door of the room, then the pastor, grave but smiling, drew her in, and she saw Lise supported by the Frau Pastorin, and Alexis on his knees by the side of the bed — then, somehow, she was there too, and a faint, weak voice said "Mother."

. . . . . .

When the excitement had subsided, they all inquired for Ulrich. But he had gone, leaving a note directed to Alexis. This contained the ring Lise had given him at their betrothal, wrapped in a paper on which he had written, "Those whom God has joined together, let not man attempt to put asunder." And this was the last they heard of him for some time.

Lise speedily got well, and Alexis did not join the Black Deaths. But his own regiment was ordered to the seat of war, and he went through the campaign, Lise remaining at the castle, the comfort of his parents. As soon as peace was proclaimed, they were married, and Lise accompanied her young husband to Breslau.

Franz Ulrich remains a bachelor, in spite of his father's constant suggestions to him that he should marry; suggestions to which he replies that there are other matters here below even of greater and more vital interest than "marriage, and giving in marriage," as indeed there are to souls like his — which are as it were eyes steadfastly fixed upon eternity.

From The Saturday Review.

CITY CHURCHES.

THE very influential deputation, headed by Lord Devon, which waited on the lord mayor a few days back to secure his influence for the preservation of three of the most recently threatened of the City churches, had a more powerful argument to urge against the contemplated vandalism than some of those who in former years have pleaded the same cause. The former defenders of the City churches have usually been met by the argument that the buildings where they stood were practically useless, while the endowments, set free from the grasp of "the dead hand," and augmented by the sale of the consecrated site for an exorbitant figure, would do much to relieve the spiritual destitution of the suburbs. There was no use blinking the fact that the churches were, practically speaking, empty on the Sundays. The bells, still as when Arthur Clennam listened to their dreary chiming

from the window of the coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, exchanged their "deadly-lively importunity of 'Come to church, come to church,' for the low-spirited complaint, 'They *won't* come; they *won't* come,'" and at last, abandoning hope, gave a dismal swing per second "as a groan of despair" at the obstinate refusal of the parishioners. That the City churches were not doing their work, at least on Sundays, was an undeniable fact. Hard-headed, keen-eyed, utilitarian Philistines were ready to prove it by their statistics. They had been round to the churches with their notebooks on their unholy errand of *espionage* when they ought to have been saying their prayers in their own parish churches, and had reckoned up every worshipper, down to the youngest of the "charitable grinders," with his leather breeches and muffin cap, and the most crouching old charwoman, waiting her turn for the charity loaf. Not one escaped this inquisitive inspection. And the sum total, it must be confessed, was disheartening to those who felt the many and great dangers of playing into the hands of those who desired not more useful churches, but no churches at all.

What ground then, it will be asked, have the recent protesters for renewing the conflict? What fresh arguments could Lord Devon and his colleagues at the Mansion House add to those which had been urged so often already? Certainly in this case they could not plead the architectural beauty, or, except in one case, their historical associations. The three churches now doomed — St. Olave's, Jewry, St. Katherine Coleman, and St. Thomas in the Liberty of the Rolls — are among the least interesting of City churches. The last-named is a modern building, dating some forty years back, in the revived Norman of the day, neither better nor worse than a hundred other churches of its date. St. Katherine's, happily lurking behind the houses in Fenchurch Street, is a dowdy, burnt-brick conventicle, with a stumpy little tower at one end, and a semicircular sideboard recess for the altar at the other; internally a mere neat-ceiled room, without the slightest attempt at architectural design, an index of the utter deadness of all ecclesiastical feeling in the early years of the second George. Nor in either case do the historical associations compensate for the absence of beauty. St. Katherine Coleman — which one of our contemporaries strangely confuses with its neighbor the historic St. Katherine Cree Church, rebuilt and consecrated when Laud was Bishop of London, the ceremonies introduced by him on that occasion being among the counts of his indictment, and which others no less perversely place in Coleman Street — is utterly barren of historic reference. Stowe tells us it takes its name "of a great haw-yard or garden of old time called Coleman-Haw." Spared by the great fire, and so not rebuilt by Wren, it was unhappily rebuilt in the mean guise we have described in 1734. With St. Thomas's the case is slightly different. The name of "the Liberty of the Rolls" calls up many associations, from the time when Henry III. erected his "*Domus Conversorum*," or home of shelter and maintenance for converted Jews, in the "foul and noisy thoroughfare betwixt the Old and New Temple," known as Chancellus or Chancery Lane, which, when the Jews had been banished the realm and converts waxed few, his great-grandson Edward III. annexed to his newly created office of *custos rotulorum*, or master of the rolls, which, such is the irony of history, we have seen filled by a Jew, still unconverted. The memories of Butler, and still more recently of Brewer and Brookfield, it is almost needless to say, do not belong to the threatened church, which is a modern foundation as well as a modern building, but to the adjacent Rolls Chapel, from the pulpit of which the famous "fifteen sermons" on human nature and morals were delivered by the author of the "Analogy." Greater historic interest is associated with the third of the churches in the doomed list, St. Olave's, Jewry. One-half of the name reminds us of the strange popularity of the martyred king of the Northmen, Olaf, who is commemorated in four London churches, including that in Tooley (St. Olave's) Street at the Surrey end of London Bridge, one of the predecessors of which the Norwegian monarch is accredited with having burnt. The other half takes us back to the time when the unbelievers, to aid whose more speedy conversion the Rolls House was originally founded, were a recognized contingent of the population of London as of all our ancient cities, living in a quarter by themselves "in *Veteri Judaismo*," "a source," as Mr. Loftie remarks in his "History of London," "of regular revenue as well as an always ready scene for irregular exactions" as well as of popular violence, bloodshed, and judicial murder. The church itself is a work of Wren's. It may not be one of that great architect's happi-

est conceptions. But, like all Wren's designs, it is characterized by much dignity of design and harmony of proportion which raise it above the commonplace. The exterior, though plain, is well designed. The western tower is low, but of pleasing proportions, obelisks at the angles taking the place of pinnacles. The east front towards the Old Jewry has more architectural pretensions. There is a stateliness about its pediments and the large, carefully designed Venetian window, which the eminently prosaic street, no long time back the residence of the wealthy merchants of the city, could ill spare. When we add that it contains the monument of Alderman Boydell, the creator of the English school of engraving, who was buried within its walls, and that it was the place of interment of Robert Large, the famous mercer of Cheap, once Caxton's master before he exchanged silks and velvets for metal types, of Thomas Morshead, surgeon to the three sovereigns of the house of Lancaster, and of Giles Dewes, clerk of the library to Henry VII., and schoolmaster for the French tongue to Prince Arthur and his sister, the Lady Mary; and that among its rectors is counted the brilliant "Scott of Hoxton," it must be acknowledged that none but reasons much stronger than any yet urged could justify the demolition of another of the few remaining churches of England's greatest architect, and the removal of another source of wholesome religious influence from the very busiest centre of City life.

That St. Olave's, in common with the other doomed churches, is capable of becoming such a source of influence, was the argument so powerfully employed by last week's deputation at the Mansion House. The attacks of the destructives were not easy to meet so long as the old idea of a church being only intended for use for an hour or two on Sunday ruled men's minds. Even this argument was based on a misconception. Active incumbents living among their own people have not been slow to discover that the City is not so absolutely deserted on Sundays as has been popularly believed, but that the materials of large congregations exist close to the church doors. As Canon Ingram has proved at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, and Mr. Benham more recently by his bright telling services at St. Edmund's, and, as we do not entertain any doubt, Canon Mason will soon show in his missionary work among the dock laborers and wharfingers of Thames Street and Tower Hill and the adjacent East End districts, in his revived collegiate church of All Hallows Barking, and Mr. Shuttleworth is already exhibiting in his crowded congregation at the other end of Thames Street among the warehouse men and clerks of Queen Victoria Street and the great business thoroughfares which surround his church — absorbing, so far has demolition gone, no fewer than six parish churches into itself — there is no longer any question that even on Sundays a man who knows how to adapt himself to his position, and suits his services and his sermons to the actual wants and feelings of the people, careless of his own ease or leisure, as well as of the supposed "dignity of the Church" of which she has been so nearly dying, will have, if not a full church — a rarity, we fear, anywhere, especially in morning, except in special cases — yet a congregation large enough to tax his energies to the utmost, and entirely to remove the disheartening sense of labor in vain. At one church — we purposely abstain from particularizing it — where the average morning congregation was four persons, since the change of incumbent the morning congregation fills the church, while in the evening the crowd is so great that there is no standing-room. At another, where the services, we are told, are of the ordinary kind, with no special musical or oratorical attraction, the church is always full on Sundays. At a third the congregation, which was of the scantiest at the beginning of the present rector's incumbency two years ago, has gradually worked up, little by little, until it now as a rule fills the church, the people being almost entirely parishioners. At a fourth a lecturer, whose predecessor's congregation was usually limited to the clerk and sexton, has succeeded in getting together, and, what is more, keeping together, a good congregation.

Such facts as these are sufficient to prove the truth of the words of the Mansion House deputation, that if only the right men are appointed, men of energy, of zeal, and real devotion to their work, men who will live among the people and be their pastor all the week through, instead of driving down from the West End for their "Sunday duty," the City churches would once more attract regular congregations. The right man in the right place has proved the remedy for many apparently hopeless evils.

But the main argument for the maintenance of the remaining City churches lies in the self-evident though tardily rec-

ognized truth that the parish church is the parishioner's house of worship every day in the week, and not on Sundays only. If the Sunday population of the City is comparatively small, for six days in the week it is immense. These clerks and warehousemen and porters have each of them an immortal soul, for which the pastor in whose parish they pass the greater part of their lives must surely, if any one, be accountable. Slowly have our City incumbents awoke to the responsibility thus attaching to them. Many, indeed, are far from being awake to it yet. But wherever this self-evident truth has been realized, and the consequent duties faced, the results have been most encouraging. To take only one example, though happily they are many, and constantly growing. At St. Edmund's, in Lombard Street, the 1.15 services on week-days are generally attended by at least a hundred, nearly all men, mostly clerks and young men of the age when the purifying and strengthening influences of religion are most needed. On special days, such as the Rogation Days and Holy Thursday, the church was crowded to the street door. The church is left open from ten to four, and whenever any one goes in he will notice some men kneeling in prayer, others sitting quietly reading the Holy Scriptures, copies of the Bible being wisely provided for every sitting in the church. Weekly Bible classes are well attended; while, as the surest test of the reality of the work, the communicants sometimes amount to seventy. Surely in such facts as these, which we repeat represent the experience of one City church only, there is a sufficient answer to those who so persistently assert the absolute uselessness of the City churches, and a convincing proof that, as has been well said, "every church in the City might be used for the advancement of God's glory if only the clergy would bestir themselves." Where they do the result is always the same. As Mr. Shuttleworth, the vicar of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, has said in his address of "A City Rector to his Friends," "Out of nearly three-quarters of a million of people there must be a large proportion to whom a short, bright service on a week-day in a City church, or a daily Te Deum or anthem, or a meditation with organ music for its only voice, or a few minutes' address or opportunity for private prayer or undisturbed thought would be welcome." "Many a busy, heart-weary City man would be thankful beyond measure if the doors of the City churches, like the gates of the city of rest, were ever open continually that he might freely enter and spend his few spare moments in quiet or in prayer."

Before our great national Church, with her illustrious history, makes the humiliating confession that she can turn to no good service her noble heritage in the City churches, and begs the legislature for power to demolish the houses of God, and transfer elsewhere their endowments, at least let an experiment of using them be fully tried. If it fails — and where wisely and patiently tried it never has failed — it will then be time enough to make the heritage over to other husbandmen in another place, who will know better its value and its capabilities.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE BALLAD OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN, 1883.

PART I.

THE still white coast at midsummer,
Beside the still white sea,
Lay low and smooth and shining
In this year eighty-three;
The sun was in the very north,
Strange to see.

The walrus ivory lay in heaps
Half buried in the shore,
The slow stream slid o'er unknown beds
Of golden ore,
Washings of amber to the beach
Light waves bore.

Sprays of white, like foam-flowers,
Betwixt the skies and seas,
Swayed and poised the sea-gulls
In twos and threes,
Clustered like the stars men call
Pleiades.

The white marsh-flowers, the white marsh-grass,
Shimmered amid the grey
Of the marsh-water — mirrored
Over and under, they
Stood stiff and tall and slender,
All one way.

The upper spake to the lower,
"Are ye, or do ye seem?"
Out of the dim marsh-water
Glided as in a dream
The still swans down a distance
Of moonbeam.

The willow-warbler dropped from the spray
Sweet notes like a soft spring shower,
There was a twitter of building birds
In the blackthorn bower,
All broken from bare to gossamer
In an hour.

A garden white lay all the land
In wreaths of summer snow,
The heart of the year upspringing
Swift and aglow,
In pale flame and slender stalk,
Smooth and low.

The white heath and white harebell
Let their chimes rise and fall,
The delicate sheets of wood-sorrel
Unfolded all,
For a bed of bridal —
Or a pall?

Powdered with pearl, auriculas,
And beds of snowdrop sheen,
Frostwork of saxifrage, and fair balls
Of winter-green:
There was no room for foot to pass
In between.

One only pink, the fragrant bloom
Of all blooms boreal,*
Every face of every flower
With looks funereal
Bent to earth, and faintly
Flowering all.

Down in the closely crowded camp
Of the fresh snowdrops lay,
Fever and famine stricken,
None his name to say,
Sick to death, a traveller
Cast away.

Brother might be of Balder
The beautiful, the bold,
By northern stature and by limbs'
Heroic mould,
And the uncurled faint hair
Of pale gold.

Faintly the words were uttered,
Low, betwixt moan and moan:
"Here in the wilderness,
Lost and alone,
I die, and far away,
Hast thou known?

Fame, and story of wonder,
Wind of rumor had blown
My name to thine, my feet
Up to thy throne:
What has the world been since? —
Thee alone.

I passed and bowed before thy face,
And once thy eyes met mine;
Once I have kissed thy hand —
Hast thou no sign?
Here with my last sad breath,
I am thine."

The white hares nibbled fearlessly
Among the tender green;
The silver foxes stayed and watched,
Quick-eyed and keen;
The little ermine soft of foot
Stole between.

* Linnea borealis.

But the white world changed and quickened
To a red world, the same;
For with splendor as of sunset
And sunrise flame,
From the highest heaven to the lowest,
Midnight came.

The pulsing colors of the sky
Deepened and purified,
All glorious chords of gold and red
Struck out and died,
Stilled in one heavenly harmony
Spread out wide;

In one ethereal crimson glow,
As if the Rose of Heaven
Had blossomed for one perfect hour,
Midsummer Even,
As ever in the mystic sphere
Of stars seven.

An opening blush of purest pink,
That swiftly streams and grows,
As shoreward all the liquid waste
Enkindled flows,
Every ripple of all the sea,
Rose on rose.

Through the heavens of midnight
Came a bitter cry,
Flesh and spirit breaking,
Mortal agony;
Died away unanswered
Through the sky.

But all the dim blue south was filled
With the auroral flame,
Far out into the southward land
Without a name,
That dreamed away into the dark, —
When one came,

Suddenly came stepping,
Where the roseate rift
Of the boreal blossoms
Crossed the snowy drift
In a trailing pathway,
Straight and swift.

Her robes were full and silken,
Her feet were silken-shod,
In sweeping stately silence,
Serene she trod
The starry carpets strewing
The soft sod.

The eyes of the veronica
Looked out and far away,
A golden wreath around her head
Of light curls lay,
And rippled back a shining shower,
In bright array.

About her neck the diamonds flashed
In rivers of blue fire;
But whiter her soft shoulders than
Her white attire,
And tenderer her tender arms
Than heart's desire.

She fronted full the crimson flood
Of all the northern space,
And all the hue of all the sky
Was in her face;
The Rose of all the World has come
To this place.

A vision of white that glowed to red
With the fire at heaven, at heart, —
Nor paused nor turned, — but straight to him
Who lay apart,
On she came, and knelt by him, —
Here thou art!

At the first hour after midnight,
As in the eider's nest,
The weary head sank soft into
A heavenly rest;
Is it a bed of roses, —
Or her breast?

At the second hour the cold limbs
Felt comfort unaware;
Flickering, a golden glow
Warmed all the air:
Is it the hearth-flame lighted, —
Or her hair?

At the third hour, round the faint heart
Failing in chill alarms,
Is it some silken coverlet
Still wraps and warms
In close and closer clasping? —
Or her arms?

At the fourth hour, to the wan lips
There came a draught divine:
Some last reviving cup poured out
Of hallowed wine, —
Or is it breath of hers
Mixed with thine?

At the fifth hour all was dimness
Alike to him and her;
One low and passionate murmur
Still moved the air;
Is it the voice of angels, —
Or her prayer?

At the sixth hour there stirred only
The soft wave on the beach;
Two were lying stilly,
Past sound or speech,
Fair and carven faces,
Each by each.

PART II.

The Summer Palace stood by night
Lit up in dazzling sheen;
The doors unfolded, and the pomp
Stirred in between;
To a burst of royal music
Came the queen.

Her eyes like stars of speedwell
Shone down the great saloon;
She came, and all before her
Knew it was June;
The passing of her presence
Was too soon.

The little curls around her head
Were all her crown of gold,
Her delicate arms drooped downward
In slender mould,
As white-veined leaves of lilies
Curve and fold.

All in white, — not ivory
For young bloom past away, —
Blossom-white, rose-white,
White of the May;
'Twixt white dress and white neck,
Who could say?

She moved to measure of music,
As a swan sails the stream;
Where her looks fell was summer,
When she smiled was a dream;
All faces bowing towards her
Sunflowers seem.

O the rose upon her silent mouth,
The perfect rose that lies!
O the roses red, the roses deep,
Within her cheeks that rise!
O the rose of rapture of her face
To our eyes!

The tall fair princes smile and sigh
For grace of one sweet glance,
The glittering dancers fill the floor,
The queen leads the dance;
The dial-hands to midnight
Still advance.

Dance down to the melting music!
Hark to the viols' strain!
Their notes are piercing, piercing,
Again, again;
The pulse of the air is beating
Throbs of pain.

Does the dancing languish slower?
O the soft flutes wail and sigh;
In silver falling and calling,
They seek reply;
And the heart is sinking, sinking,
Why, ah why?

O the high harp-strings resounding!
So long, so clear they are:
A cry is ringing in heaven
From star to star,
Rising sharper and fainter
From afar.

The queen has danced from end to end;
O the candles burn so bright!
But her blue eyes look far away
Into the night;
And the roses on her cheeks and lips
Have grown white.

O why is the queen so pale to-night?
And why does silence fall,
As one by one they turn to her,
Upon them all?
Whence comes that cold wind shivering
Down the hall?

The hour draws close to midnight,
The banquet board is spread;
The lamps are lit, the guests are set,
The queen at the head:
For the feasting at kings' tables
Grace be said!

The shaded light of rubies
Streams from every part
Down the golden supper;
Who is sick at heart?
O hush! for the queen is listening,
Lips apart.

She sits with wide and open eyes,
The winecup in her hand;
And all the guests are ill at ease,
Nor understand;
Is it not some enchanted
Strange far land?

The twelve long strokes of midnight
With clash and clang affright;
The rose-glow seems to darken
Before their sight;
But the queen has swooned back heavily,
Cold and white.

They lifted her, a burden
Like broken lily-flowers;
They laid her on her own bed,
Within her bowers;
They mourned and they tended her,
For six hours.

At the first hour after midnight,
The queen nor spoke nor stirred;
At the second by her bedside,
No breath they heard;
They said, "Is she living?"
At the third.

At the fourth hour they watched sadly
At her feet and her head;
At the fifth, standing idle,
No word they said;
At the sixth, "Bring candles
For one dead."

Swept low down across the east,
Through the morning grey,
A flock of white clouds swiftly,
Dim, far away;
Like a flight of white wings, —
What were they?

Through the palace suddenly,
Through every floor,
Wailed a wind and whistled,
Shook every door,
Rattled through the windows,
Then passed o'er.

And as they stood with tapers tall
Around the queen, there came
A soft and far-off fluttering
Over her frame,
And from between her sleeping lips,
One faint flame.

They take her hand, they call on her,
She answers them likewise;
She sits upright, she looks around,
With her blue eyes,
And a smile as of thy secrets,
Paradise!

. . . . . .

Winter is here, and has not brought
The traveller of renown;
Why has he not come back again
To court and town?
Rumors and questionings pass
Up and down.

Is it only the wolves of the Northland
Know where his bones lie white?
Only the swans could tell us,
In southward flight?
Is it only the wind could whisper
To the night?

The queen sits still and smiling,
She hears the talk prevail,
She speaks no word, she gives no glance,
She tells no tale;
In the golden shadow always
She is pale.

HARRIET ELEANOR HAMILTON KING.

WOOD AND TILE PAVEMENTS. — It is well known that wood pavements have been and are gradually taking the place of asphalte in London. This example has been followed to some extent by Paris, where many streets have been recently paved with wood. Some time ago pavements of tiles were experimentally tried in London. This tile pavement has now also been introduced at Berlin, where cubes 20 centimetres (7·8 inches) square and 10 centimetres (3·9 inches) thick, and impregnated with bituminous products up to 20 per cent. of their volume, are employed. The cubes are laid on concrete 15 centimetres (6 inches) thick, and the joints filled up with hot tar. It is affirmed that this description of pavement is superior to wood pavement. Whilst the latter is liable to absorb organic products of decomposition like a sponge, and thus form a hotbed of disease, a tile pavement is completely free from those drawbacks. It permits the water to flow off freely, and lasts much longer than wood pavement, which, moreover, may become extremely dangerous in case of fire. Iron.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE CATACOMBS.

"Miles after miles of graves and not one word or sign of the gloominess of death." — *Extract from Prof. Jules De Launay's Lecture.*

MILES after miles of graves,
League after league of tombs,
And not one sign of spectre Death,
Waving his shadowy plumes;
Hope, beautiful and bright,
Spanning the arch above —
Faith, gentle overcoming faith,
And love, God's best gift, love.

For early Christians left
Their darlings to their rest,
As mothers leave their little ones
When the sun gilds the west;
No mourning robes of black,
No crape upon the doors,
For the victorious palm-bearers,
Who tread the golden floors.

Arrayed in garments white,
No mournful dirges pealing,
Bearing green branches in their hands,
Around the tomb they're kneeling;
This was their marching song,
"By death we are not holden,"
And this their glorious funeral hymn,
"Jerusalem the golden."

Beautiful girls sleep there,
Waiting the Bridegroom's call,
Each lamp is burning brilliantly,
While the bright shadows fall;
And baby martyrs passed
Straight to the great I AM,
While sturdier soldiers carved o'er each,
"Victor, God's little lamb."

Miles after miles of graves,
League after league of tombs,
The Cross upon each conqueror's brow,
Lights up the Catacombs;
"'Tis in this sign we conquer,"
Sounds on the blood-stained track,
"'Tis in this sign we conquer,"
We gladly answer back.

Golden Hours.

THE FASHIONABLE FLOWER.

A DAFFODIL IDYL.

LET it be as Fashion wills —
In the Park, or in the Row —
Nothing wear but Daffodils!

In the valley, on the hills,
In the street, where'er you go —
Let it be as Fashion wills.

Though the east wind blights and clills,
Though we think of frost and snow,
Nothing wear but Daffodils!

Little girls in frocks and frills,
As they scamper to and fro,
Let it be as Fashion wills.

Maids in ginghams, silks and twills —
Mary, Nina, Nellie, Flo —
Nothing wear but Daffodils!

Heedless of the Florist's bills,
Thoughtless of the sum you owe —
Let it be as Fashion wills,
Nothing wear but Daffodils!

Punch.

SONNETS OF PRAISE.

THE VALES.

THE nestling vales lie sheltered from rough winds,
As little babes in tender keeping grow,
Some narrow gorge each flowery limit binds;
Thus we from childish eyes hide elder woe.
The vales are thick with corn, with plenty shine;
Thus should the children smile in sunny glee,
For One hath blessed them with a love divine,
The untried pilgrims of life's stormy sea.
Though rough winds cannot enter, gentle rain
Refreshes the green vale, till springs arise,
Their source the snow-clad hills; so age should gain,
By gentle teaching, childhood's eager eyes.
Rain fills the pools, the thirsty vale is blest;
Thus should the children thrive, by love caressed.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The lofty mountains with their snowy crests,
God's ensigns, praise their Lord throughout the land;
Their heights, which few can reach, in human breasts
Inspiring awe, yet quake beneath his hand
Oft 'twixt their summits and the lower earth,
The wreathing cloud-mists roll, alone they dwell
As sight-dimmed age. Our cries of pain or mirth
Molest them not; thus age with deadening spell
Benumbs our ears, yet near each lonely peak
Sing mountain birds, sunbeams each summit crown.
From highest heaven thus God's saints may seek
Refuge in thoughts divine, though long years drown
Earth's sounds; on mountain crest reposed the Ark,
Our home above shines clear, as earth grows dark.

Chambers' Journal. M. P.

From The Scottish Review.

SCOTLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: 1707.

SECOND PAPER.

[In a recent issue of this review, at the close of the article on "Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," the writer held out a hope that "a companion picture" to the one given might be attempted on some future occasion. The attempt is made in the following pages. The previous paper described the general physical condition of Scotland at the opening of last century; the present one describes the general intellectual condition.]*

I.

SCOTTISH society at the Union was marked by one peculiarity which demands our particular notice: it had no middle class. This is the key to the general situation. "There are only two ranks of men among us," says Hume of his own time, "gentlemen who have some fortune and education, and the meanest slaving poor."† There was neither wealth nor trade of any consequence in the country, as we have seen, and the usual result of these in free countries, a true middle class. The gentry, the clergy, and the peasantry, — this latter including the farmers and traders — were the three classes into which the nation was divided. The feudal division of society, therefore, still existed, and, as we shall see, much of the feudal spirit.

The gentry were mostly old families, and as such kept their hold on the hearts of the dwellers on their lands and in their neighborhood — unless when they had dyed their hands in the blood of their countrymen — and found that "the claims of long descent" were instinctively honored by them. It came naturally, and as an habit of blood, to the Lowland peasant to acknowledge these as his social superiors. The stubborn self-assertion which he had shown was as yet strictly confined to questions of dogma and Church discipline — and would be until a greater shaking of crowns and kingdoms than he had been a witness of had taken place, and had irresistibly turned his attention to questions of personal and political rights; and if these were neither assailed nor derided, he was not more deferential than loyal.

The "gentlemen" spoken of by Hume, and of whom he was himself one, had, at this time, a scorn of mercantile and industrial pursuits equal to that of the gentlemen of France, and the wearers of the black cock's feather, the proud Duinhewassels. Handicrafts they despised, and handicraftsmen they treated with contempt. At that period, the gentleman merchant, manufacturer, or money-dealer, the civil engineer, architect, editor, or artist, were nearly unknown in Scotland; and the only form in which a man poor and well-born could retain the rank of gentleman, if he did not follow one of the learned professions, was by obtaining a commission in the army, or a government civil appointment.* "Our manufactures or trades," says a contemporary, "were carried on by the meanest of the people, who had small stocks and were of no reputation. Our weavers were few in number, and held in the greatest contempt. As manufacture was in no esteem," he continues, "men of fortune thought it beneath them to breed their children to any business of that sort, and therefore the professions of law, physic, etc., have been reckoned the only suitable employments for persons of birth and fortune.†

But as only a few of these "persons of birth" could find a good settlement in their own country, by following out any of the professions, numbers of them went abroad to swell the list, already large, of the scholars and soldiers of fortune who had passed across the seas during the two previous centuries to lands where they hoped — the scholar, to find an honored, undisturbed home; the soldier, some favors, perhaps fame.‡ More, however, preferred the ease and indigence and coarse, semi-barbarous pleasures of the capital, where, without a single worthy object to engage their energies, they lounged about, haughty and fierce, divided

* LIVING AGE, No. 2055; Nov. 10, 1883.

† Essays. The Parties of Great Britain. Note. The Philosophical Works of David Hume, vol. iii. Edinburgh: 1826.

* Burton, Life and Correspondence of David Hume, vol. i., p. 196.

† The Interest of Scotland Considered, pp. 82, 121.

‡ M'Ure, History of Glasgow, pp. 345-7, is amusing on the pride and poverty of Scotsmen.

by faction and addicted to liquor, keeping it in continual brawls and scandals, and freely using their swords, which were still worn by gentlemen, to settle all their differences.*

These were unworthy sons of unworthy fathers. The one portion of our history which all Scotsmen shrink from is the history of the Convention of Estates. It needs but it has never found an apologist. Its leading and most active-minded members have been sketched by our great historical colorist, and, unfortunately for human nature, the unlovely portraits are too well witnessed to by the memoirs and correspondence and legal decisions of the period; and these we cannot even casually consider without being forced to admit that the chief men in the Convention were as dishonest and unblushing seekers of office as either Scotland or England had ever seen. Virtue of the higher order, Roman or Christian, was an extremely rare thing among them. Simplicity and honor, its fairest twin blossoms, had not yet made fragrant and beautiful the unwholesome and forbidding gloom of their castles. No imperishable scene revealing and embalming precious traits of personal and national character, has been recorded of the Convention, and floated down to our time to be in turn proudly handed on to after generations. Sycophancy, self-seeking, dissimulation, and treachery, it must be admitted, were the leading characteristics of its members; and their evident motives in every crisis were mean and paltry. The Dalrymples, the ablest of them, were the just astonishment of their age. Their names are now synonymous with suppleness and sinuosity of political conscience. Never, perhaps, had Scotland two more capable ministers; but never had Scotland two such perfect disciples of Machiavelli. They set the example of saving their house by having no traditionary policy or principle, and of adopting the artifice which subsequently became common among the politicians of Scotland, "of hedging," of dividing their allegiance between the rival governments, the father taking the one side, the son the other.* Earl Crawford, a pharisee of the pharisees, was one of the most craven of souls.† Lockhart, Montgomery, Hume, and Fletcher, poisoned by chagrin, were the willing tools and mouthpieces of treason and slander. Seldom has so large a group of really able men offered itself so unblushingly to the shafts of the satirists, the judgment of the historian, the jibe of the peasant. They live in history only because of the bitterness of their political creed and their maddened selfishness. Only do we touch upon the heroic and the memorable in the last passages of the lives of Argyll and Montrose and Baillie of Jerviswoode; and we feel when we do so an instant sense of relief and an exhilaration of spirit.

These were the men who, as fathers or sons, either countenanced Charles the Second and James the Second in their wicked misgovernment of Scotland, or were utterly indifferent to its wrongfulness and cruelty. These were the men who, on a change of masters, threw consistency to the winds and offered their allegiance to William of Orange, and begged for place from Carstares; and who had hardly sworn allegiance, when, yielding to their vicious constitutional turn, they at once took to plotting on behalf of the exiled family, and to treasonable correspondence with its drunken, unkingly head. Their religion and their politics were the creatures of whim and worldly interest. This, no doubt, was their special temptation; for hardly any of them had one penny to rub upon another, so deep and incurable was their poverty. Whatever, therefore, ministered or was likely to minister to their advantage in wealth or lands, was eagerly clutched at and fearlessly gambled for. Every one had his price, it was believed,

* Scott's Heart of Midlothian, ch. x.; Ferguson's Poems; Domestic Annals, vol. iii.

* Macaulay may be compared with Laing, History of Scotland, vol. ii., pp. 106, 198; Burton, History of Scotland, 1689-1748, chaps. 1 and 2; Court of Session Garland, and will not lose, it will be found, in his historical faithfulness in this case. See also Memoir of Sir James Dalrymple, by O. J. G. Mackay, 1873; Annals and Correspondence of the Viscount, and the First and Second Earls of Stair, by J. M. Graham, vol. i., 1875.

† Burton, History of Scotland, 1689-1748, vol. i., pp. 23-25.

and could be bought.* Hunger is a sure deadener of conscience and weakener of moral eyesight. The poverty of the Scottish gentry was their one overmastering care for centuries. Hence they took sides and showed a compliancy and sacrificed consistency with an ease and frequency which astonish us as showing no less than a real divorce between morality and theology. For long their circumstances bore a close resemblance to the circumstances of the Bedouin and the Borderer — in which most things, human and divine, are always and easily sacrificed to personal ends.

Now, it would be against all experience to find men of this sort the fathers and fosterers of Parliamentary and popular liberty. Nor in this case does history belie our experience, but on the contrary, makes it perfectly plain that the morals and politics of these men had many points of contact and mutual influence. They were not our sires in our love of political liberty. No, assuredly no. Whatever political purity and freedom existed in Scotland, existed, it is only too clear, in spite of them; and those sparks of the divine flame which burned in the souls of the Scottish people did so, unfed and untended by them. A brief glance at Scottish Parliamentary history will put this beyond doubt.

II.

DURING the reigns of the first Stuart kings we often hear of the Parliament; but if we were to conclude from this that it was like our present Parliament, a truly representative assembly, we should make a very great mistake. It never was this, and it never was meant to be this. It never was a power to which the Scottish people looked for redress of grievances or for the defence of their rights. No scenes in its annals illuminate the political history of the Middle Ages: it has no names famous in constitutional debate which haunt and inspire us. From the first there was a fatal flaw in its constitution which was never mended, nor sought to be mended, and which was taken advantage of again and again by the crown, until in the seventeenth century it became a mockery and a sham. The first defect was that the three estates sat in one chamber with the lord chancellor as president. This had an obviously unfavorable effect on the freedom of debate and voting. The second and more serious defect was that all the legislative power was vested in a committee. As far back, says Robertson,* as our records enable us to trace the constitution of our Parliaments, we find a committee distinguished by the name of *lords of articles*. It was their business to prepare and to digest all matters which were to be laid before the Parliament. There was rarely any business introduced into Parliament, but what had passed through this committee; every motion for a new law was first made there, and approved or rejected by it; what they approved was passed into a bill and presented to Parliament; and it seems probable that what they rejected could not be introduced into the house. They not only therefore directed all the proceedings of Parliament, but possessed a negative before debate. These were extraordinary powers to be vested in a committee; but equally extraordinary in the seventeenth century was the mode of its election. It was composed of an equal number out of each of the three estates — of eight peers, eight churchmen, and eight burgesses, to which were added latterly the eight great officers of the crown. But never was there a more impudent pretence of representation. The bishops chose the peers, the peers the bishops; and these chose other sixteen representatives of the shires and burghs! The whole power was therefore in the hands of the bishops, who were the slaves and sycophants of the crown; and as their choice fell on those who were attached to the court, the lords of the articles were the tools and creatures of the king. Hence from the time of David II. till the Great Rebellion in England had roused some parliamentary feeling in Scotland, the Parliament cannot be said to have met at

* Burton, History of Scotland, 1689-1748, vol. i., pp. 89, 90.

* History of Scotland, book i.; see whole passage and note. Cosmo Innes' Sketches of Early Scotch History, ch. vii.

all. It met only on two days. On the first it met to adjourn; on the second it met to receive and adopt the reports of its committee. During all these centuries, from the fourteenth to the middle of the seventeenth, not an article, or as we should say, a bill, was brought in and discussed, opposed, supported, voted upon in open Parliament. And there was no speaker to guard the liberties of the Commons — who were of small account in that assembly — though in no legislative assembly was a speaker ever more needed.*

The Scottish Parliament, in fact, was as to form, the purest piece of feudalism in the world; more so than the States-General, and more so even than the Arragonese Cortes;† and as to practice, was simply a court for the registering of the king's decrees, for giving legal form to every prejudice and purpose of the court. We read of it in 1621 passing one hundred and fourteen acts on the last day of the session! We are at a loss to comprehend how it could do this, until we turn to the Minutes of Estates, where we see with some astonishment how the thing was not only possible but very easy. The whole proceedings, for example, before the house in one of the most memorable enactments in Scottish history, the Act against Conventicles, are thus indicated in the minutes: "Brought in from the Articles, twice read, approven, and touched with the sceptre." No objection is raised, no indignant anger is heard, no pitying entreaty to stay the tyrant's hand thrills the hearers and momentarily paralyzes the brutal minions of Charles.

The same servility and meanness of spirit was shown in burghal affairs. The burghs, whether royal burghs or burghs of barony, must always have been nests and nurseries of obsequiousness. Generally the creation of some neighboring noble who was himself by right the chief magistrate or provost, but who usually either deputed his office to a nominee, or his powers to a substitute called his bailie; and being bound to render him, as feudal superior, various kinds of service, it was impossible there could be independence of opinion, and it was inevitable that there should be a general subjection of mind to the patron. Nothing could prevent this. Our county histories abound with illustrations of this menial stage of our history; of its petty tyrannies; its trivial social aims. The villagers in the neighborhood of the castle or hall could not be summoned as their forefathers, by a whistle or bugle call; but they were not less influenced for the practical purposes of their time by the immediate interests of their position; and so strongly did these affect all that like Caleb Balderstone, in "The Bride of Lammermoor," the pleasing of their feudal lord was apparently the chief end of their existence; the thought of opposing or thwarting him was shrunk from as blasphemy.

The apotheosis of this spirit was the burgh elections. These were not elections at all but nominations, in which the first principles of popular representation were openly subverted. Complete self-government had been conferred at the outset upon the burghs. The municipal franchise was the right of every holder of a rood of land; and by the ancient burgh laws, the aldermen and bailies were to be elected by the whole community, that is, the whole body of regular burgesses. But the very manner in which most of the burghs came into existence and were fostered, checked the play and growth of municipal freedom; although it would appear to have been frequently asserted amid much popular excitement against feudal domination. Unhappily, an act was passed in 1469 which nipped this promise of liberty.* It enacted that the Town Councils in future should be self-elected, that "the auld consail of the town sall chuse the new consail," etc. This act, worthy of the lords of the articles, concurring with the general circumstances of the nation, made every Town Council a set of oligarchs, instead of a body of representatives, responsible to and openly checked by the community whose interests they were pledged to see to. It could have no other issue. Never were such sleepy hollows of vanity and stupid self-satisfaction. Self-elected and beyond public opinion, they did as they pleased for generations with the lands, revenues, and offices of the burghs, until, at the close of the eighteenth century, they became, one and all, "sinks of political and municipal iniquity, steeped in the baseness which they propagated, and types and causes of the corruption that surrounded them."†

* Cosmo Innes, Scotch Legal Antiquities, chap. iii. Hallam's History of England, chap. xvii.

† Quoted from a letter of Professor Stubbs in Mackay's Memoir of Sir James Dalrymple, p. 161.

* Ancient Laws and Customs of the Burghs of Scotland, vol. i. Preface. Scotland in the Middle Ages, ch. v.

† Cockburn's Memorials, p. 98. Burton. vol. viii., p. 188. Report from the Select Committee on the Royal Burghs of Scotland, 12 July, 1819. Edin. — Statistical Account of Scotland.

III.

NOT less, but much more unrighteous and corrupt than the Parliament and the burghs were the courts of law. The highest court in the realm, the Court of Session, had been for generations "an established perversion of justice;" * and continued to be open to suspicion long after the Union. It was foul with favoritism; and, what was worse, justice was bought and sold in it. Open bribery was the recognized custom, the clients' gifts the most important item in each case. Each judge had a depute member of the bar, called a "peat" or "pet," whose special business was to conduct and see to this bribery or "solicitation" as it was called. "Pieces of plate and bags of money were sent to the king's counsel, to influence their conduct, and poured forth," says a contemporary writer, "like billets of wood upon their floors, without even the decency of concealment." † No one seemed to think this practice a monstrous wrong; and the man who did not avail himself of it was sure to lose in law, and get himself laughed at for his scrupulosity. It was also usual for parties who had a case in court to deliver their information direct into the hands of the judges who were to try it, in their own houses; and the decisions of the bench were frequently given *after* the court had risen in private, and as could be arranged. Wickedness was in the place of judgment, and iniquity in the place of righteousness. Never was there in any country, not even excepting France before the Revolution, a set of judges more accustomed to prostitute their sacred office than the fifteen lords of session; and the phrase "Show me the man and I shall show you the law," which has come down from that period, exactly expresses their principles and their motives. It was not without cause, therefore, that the celebrated Forbes of Culloden, their first president of spotless name, used to drink to such of the judges *as did not deserve the gallows*.‡

But worse still were the inferior courts. Courts of law they were not, as they did not exist for the interpretation of common law or jurisprudence by responsible qualified men. They were the courts of the barons as the Parliament was the court of the king; in reality part of the machinery which belonged to the heritable jurisdictions, as the sheriffdoms, bailieries, and royalties, which belonged by inheritance to the great families of each county, were called. The office of hereditary sheriff was usually vested in one of the largest landowners in the county, one whose connections happened to be among the most influential in it, and who was therefore supposed to have most interest in and was most likely to contribute to its welfare. His executive power was generally limited only by the gallows, and these he even sometimes set up and used. He was subject of course to the crown, and his judgments could be appealed against; but which of his tenantry, who among the peasantry or villagers, nay who but his peers would not always feel it to be at least safest to acquiesce in his judgments, and though burning with indignation, be dumb in his presence? In the sheriff's as in the Supreme Court, money answered all things. The sheriff reaped large profits from the fines imposed by him or his deputies, and his deputies, not being, strange to say, salaried officials, paid themselves out of the same convenient fund. Hence the door was opened to endless vexations and iniquities. Hence fines were almost always imposed. Hence crimes and offences were condoned by arrangement with the private or public prosecutor. Nor was this all. The Star Chamber mode of pressing accused parties to purge themselves on oath was common * in cases where guilt was assumed and where evidence was not likely to be forthcoming. Righteousness and pity, in short, had no place in these courts.

Besides the sheriffdom there were the regalities. A regality, like a palatinate, was a separate little kingdom carved out of the realm, whose chief was allowed the free use of legal powers; that is to say, he was absolute in all matters belonging to his estate and people; the dispenser of justice, the fountain of mercy, the maker of law and custom. Sir Walter Scott has described one of these in "The Legend of Montrose;" and Inveraray Castle as there described, with its twin emblems and twin terrors of regality, the pit and gallows, was quite according to the fashion of feudal times. As an institution belonging to a barbarous age, when the chief was overlord and responsible only to the king,

* Carstares' State Papers; Secretary Johnson to Carstares, p. 184.

† Scott's Bride of Lammermoor, ch. i.

‡ The references on this point are unusually abundant. See Court of Session Garland; Memoir of Sir J. Dalrymple; Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh.

* The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway, by Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., 1864, pp. 74-79.

the lord of regality was practically above law, and could punish with death or starvation, without fear of consequences, whoever drew his frown upon them, or were in the way of the gratification of his passions. In the shadow of the capital a show of deference was paid to the Supreme Court, and something more than deference to the crown; but in their own lands the lords of regality cared little or nothing for either court or crown, and ruled as despotically as any Turkish pasha or any French seigneur under Louis XV.* And as if this power was not enough for any one man to possess, the principal nobles held a plurality of offices, and were sheriff, lord of regality, and in two or three instances, justice general, at one and the same time.† Who will ever know the horrors of these tyrannies? Only when the dungeon and the grave give up their dead, and the silence and darkness of oppression find a voice and are lit up so as to make all things plain. It is not needful to have detailed proofs of the uses which the pit and gallows were put to, to form a just opinion of the spirit and manner of administering law in the days preceding their abolition; it is enough to know that the power of life and death belonged as an hereditary, immemorial right to the leading chieftains of the land, and that they always possessed the means of instantly exercising it. Who might impugn or oppose their will in their own burgh or burgh court? Whoever did so was certain to find that it was a ridiculously vain thing to do; as the saying of the Campbells expressed it, "It is a far cry to Lochow."‡

IV.

We are willing to believe that there was another side to this picture; nor have we any doubt that in practice the powers we have referred to had by this time generally fallen into disuse. It was natural they should. To what extent, however, this was so in the great northern jurisdictions we cannot even guess; and we have an instance in the case of Simon Lovat, chief of the Frasers, which should make us cautious in coming to a conclusion on the subject. As to the southern shires we are in no doubt. The Reformation brought about a state of things which struck directly at all exhibitions of feudal power, and therefore at the jurisdiction it conferred; and this was intensified, although by a different means, in the next century during the Covenanting struggle. Then, the presence of a common enemy knit lord and peasant together; superior and vassal were each bound to the other by ties of reciprocal good-will; and so it happened that where the mere creatures of the government would have hunted and shot down the suspected and the offending, the feudal magistrates, the resident owners of the soil, generally exerted their influence to shield and save them from the storm of persecution. It would be untrue, therefore, to speak of the regalities as engines of oppression — the dread of the people; the spirit of feudalism in its noblest form had made this impossible. Like other parts of the legal machinery of the day, they were the creation of, and had been made to suit a ruder time, when might took the place of right, and force the place of law and precedent. But they were still the law of the land — still the private right of certain families. The pit and gallows might still be used as they once had been used. Nay more, they were regarded with the other heritable jurisdictions as essential to the dignity and safety of Scotland; for they were specially reserved at the Union as rights of property. There was no fault seen in them, no complaints made about them. Not better could be put in their place; and it was not till the statesmen both of England and Scotland were frightened and incensed by the mischievous use they were put to, that they were swept away in 1746 in a moment of victorious power and indignation.

What, with all these facts before us regarding the political life of the nation, and the modes of administering law and justice in it, what is the meaning of the boast that Scotland has always been a land of liberty? Whatever it may mean this it cannot, that Scotland was a land like the one described by Tennyson: —

> A land of settled government,
> A land of just and old renown,
> Where Freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent.

For at the time of the Union, there was, properly speaking, neither freedom of opinion nor freedom of election in civil and municipal affairs; there was no constitutional freedom; no generally respected common law; no even-handed justice in the land. And yet in a real, although limited sense, the boast is perfectly true.

* Burton's Life of Simon Lord Lovat, pp. 161–9.

† See a list in Struther's History of Scotland, vol. ii., pp. 520–7.

‡ Scott's Legend of Montrose.

If the body of the people had neither political nor municipal freedom, they had what they esteemed, and rightly esteemed, as the source and foundation of all freedom, namely, a sufficient religious freedom. This they prized as the one chief good of life, and felt as yet no need of other forms of freedom. They have accordingly been pointed out by Macaulay as a remarkable example of a people well-conducted under bad laws. But their example was a very peculiar one. The theocratic idea had early possessed the national mind, and at this time was still an influence and a spell to rouse a portion of the people to the wildest intolerance. What their fathers bled and died to secure had in the main been secured, and laird and peasant alike felt, that in the possession of one faith and one baptism everything which had been desired or was desirable had been obtained. Free from all forebodings, and enjoying serene satisfaction in these his beloved themes, which completed to him the essentials of religion and theology, the Scottish peasant gave cheerful honor both at kirk and market to lord and lady, whatever were their feudal relations to him, and taught his children to do the same as one of the first duties of life. It was more than he could imagine that dissent as to dogma and discipline should naturally arise in his altered, more leisurely times, as it was soon to do; it was more than could have occurred to him that one of the first fruits of the Union should be the discovery that there was a court in the realm superior to the General Assembly. Political life as it existed and for long had existed in England, and the whole range of those practical interests which are common and give such variety to our day, were then unknown: in their place and answering the same intellectual ends were the vaster if vaguer series of theoretical interests set forth and suggested by Calvinism and the Covenants. Taught for generation, that their country was a theocracy, and kings and rulers God's vassals, the Scottish people had become the most theological people in the world. Every interest and relation was subordinated to their theology; all that makes up the round of human life was controlled, or was tried to be controlled by it. Intensely realistic in their conceptions of the unknown, serious and earnest as became strong natures overawed by those conceptions, there was in nearly every cottage in the land an habitual and absorbing exercise of the intellect on the baffling problems of man's nature and man's destiny. The manner in which they did this we see in Boston's "Fourfold State," a book which is the true reflection of the religious beliefs of the Scottish peasantry in the eighteenth century; a book which although almost unknown now, was never absent from the window-sill or the wall press of the cottage, and with the "Scots Worthies" and "Cloud of Witnesses" fed the minds and filled the imaginations of the Scotsmen and Scotswomen of that century.

If their creed thus engaged their minds to the exclusion of all general secular interests, their form of Church government no less certainly bred in them a love of representative assemblies and freedom of debate. What was denied them in the political arena they were freely and frequently allowed in the ecclesiastical one. The Presbyterian form of Church government is based on the two principles, that all men are equal in the sight of God, and that all men are responsible creatures, and as such have certain inalienable rights of conscience. The turn which events took after the Reformation, the deadly contention between the crown and the people, favored the growth and diffusion of these ideas. Preachers like Craig and Black, tribunes in Geneva cassock and gown, exhibited them to the nation in the fullest sweep of their application; and from that April day three hundred years ago, when Presbyterianism was adopted in the Magdalene Chapel as the national form of worship, they have been native to the air of every Lowland parish, and been carried out with republican simplicity: the peasant as a member of the Church being on an equal footing with the peer, sitting side by side at the communion table without distinction of person, and in the Synod and General Assembly equally free to speak and equally influential in vote. From that time the pulpit was the most powerful means of forming public opinion, and the only organ by which it was or could be expressed; and the ecclesiastical courts the only assemblies in the nation which possessed any sort of liberty of speech and popular feeling. It was the clergy who first taught the people to express an opinion on public affairs, and they taught them thoroughly well. They gave the Church a spirit which no fear could tame and no persecution break; an unconquerable hatred of illegal interference; a courage which never quailed in defence of its prescriptive rights. As Mr. Buckle has eloquently said: —

They kept alive the spirit of national liberty. When the light grew dim and flickered on the altar their hands trimmed the lamp and fed the sacred flame. By their sermons, by their conduct, both public and private, by the proceedings of their assemblies, by their bold and frequent attacks upon the persons, without regard to their rank, nay, even by the very insolence with which they treated their superiors, they stirred up the minds of men, woke them from their lethargy, formed them to habits of discussion, and excited that inquisitive and democratic spirit which is the only effectual guarantee the people can ever possess against the tyranny of those who are set over them.*

Thus although the Scottish Parliament failed to foster the first forms of a free commonwealth, and never represented the nation in any of its popular crises, the people found a constitutional mode of making their wishes both known and felt. The mode was ecclesiastical. But that was an accident. Beneath this peculiarity, and the form and phrase natural to it, lay the great principle of individual freedom, the prime Protestant doctrine of liberty of conscience. A parliament elected by the nation Scotland had not, but, thanks to her clergy, every pulpit was a tribune, and the General Assembly a House of Representatives. Unlike the Romish and English clergy the Scottish clergy were not priests separated from the mass of the commons, and the assemblies were not assemblies of an ecclesiastical order. They and only they represented the life, the genius, the best interests of the Scottish people; every hope of national life, every longing after freedom, truth, rest; every upward tendency of human nature.†

This is the peculiarity, the leading feature of Scottish history from the Reformation down almost to our own time. Whereas in England the leaders of public opinion and the originators of new movements have commonly belonged to the laity, in Scotland they have commonly belonged to the clergy. In Knox, Melville, Henderson, Carstares, before the Union; in the Erskines, Boston, Robertson, Chalmers, since, we have a list of Churchmen who represent the movements which have taken place in Scotland since the Scottish people had a political existence and a political influence. These are the names deepest cut in the national remembrance. The feudal leaders from the first had only their own interests in view, and therefore ceased, from the first show of democratic feeling, to be the real leaders of the nation. They are the figures on the page which indicate the direction of the feeling or opinion of the country, but are rarely or never the forces which create it. Whatever might be their policy they had to count on the clergy and the Church as the determining elements as to its success; and it fared well or ill with it in proportion as it had their favor or their frown. There was no powerful middle class as in the wealthier south; no rich tradesmen and many-acred yeomen of lineage older than the Conquest, to represent the people, to plead for, and if need be fight for them against the oppressions of the crown. This, in Scotland, had to be done by the clergy. It was the Church under Knox which overthrew Mary Stuart and her cause, and saved the Reformation. It was the Church under Melville which crossed and thwarted James VI. in his first attempts on popular privilege. It was the Church under Henderson which enabled Hampden and the Parliamentary party in England to make head against Charles I. and the bishops, and whose stubborn patience under persecution hastened the Revolution. It was the Church in its collective form which induced the statesmen of 1688 to give a historical continuity to the faith of the people by setting up a Presbyterian establishment. The policy which was found best in each of these crises was the policy preached and insisted upon by the Church; and which would not have been adopted if her spirit had not been resolved and her voice constant and true.

In this sphere and in this form the Scottish people enjoyed liberty and latterly triumph. And it was in winning this, the single stroke on which all else hung, the one right which included every other individual right, that minor interests were unnoticed and unheeded. Enough that the Church was securely placed in its privileges by the Revolution settlement. Enough that men like Middleton and Lauderdale, Claverhouse and Dalziel, were no longer possible. Enough, finally, that the act for securing the Protestant religion and Presbyterian Church government, and ordaining that the said Presbyterian government should be the only government of the Church in Scotland, was inscribed in the treaty of the Union and formed an essential part of it. The nation was profoundly satisfied. Every man could now worship in peace under his own vine and

* History of Civilization in England, 1867. Vol. iii., p. 113.

† Presbytery Examined: an Essay, critical and historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation. By the Duke of Argyll, 1849. Chapters iv. and v. See especially pp. 90–2.

fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. The saint might now, as before, entertain angels unawares and see the heavens open. The peasant, freed from the fear of the sleuth-hound and the spy, might now meditate, like the patriarch, in the evening stillness and shadows. The boot, the thumbscrew, the gibbet, the dungeon, were gone forever; the lonesome cave and damp and dismal moss-hag were no longer welcomed as places of shelter and as temples of devotion.

V.

In these two distinct and separate spheres all the mental activity of the Scottish people moved: on the one hand, the gentry mostly taken up with coarse, personal pleasures, and selfish, factious politics; on the other, the clergy and the Commons passionately anxious for the adoption of their religious and ecclesiastical principles. But although the two classes were widely separate in their sympathies and beliefs, they were not socially antagonistic. There was never at any time the slightest approach to a war of classes. And after the Revolution this was really impossible. The means of tyranny, as we have seen, lay ready to hand, and the circumstances are easily conceivable in which they could have been used to grind the peasantry into slavery, as they were ground in France. But these happily never occurred. The country was thinly peopled; the soil could not do more than furnish grass for a few cattle, and grains for home consumption; there was neither mineral nor mercantile wealth. The gentry were, therefore, like their tenants and servants, very dependent on kindly skies and favoring seasons for bare sustenance; and as we see in the family papers of the period, were simple in their tastes and gentle and familiar in their ways. The consequence was that in the beginning of the eighteenth century the bulk of the nation, certainly all the rural part, was under the spell of the feudal spirit, and subject in much to feudal use and wont. On one point, and one only, had it completely broken away from this bondage, but so gradually had this been done that no one was sensible of any awkward or serious difference of opinion. As yet all things seemed to be unchanged: as was said at the outset, the time had not come when secular interests for their own sake, and when political and personal rights were counted all-important and claimed as part of a man's inalienable heritage.

Two curious and striking illustrations of this may be given — the existence of slavery or serfdom in collieries and saltworks, and the existence of an extensive kidnapping traffic between the northern counties and America, — illustrations of the dwarfed, one-sided sympathy, and of the moral obliviousness, which are possible and too common to all men who narrow their observations to a single aspect, and their interests to a single set, of human affairs.

1. At a time when the nation was anxious above all things to secure one of the higher forms of liberty, namely, freedom of religious opinion, it takes us by surprise to find that there were two considerable classes of men and women, hundreds of whom were within sight of Edinburgh, living under the doom of slavery. These were the colliers and salters. "They were literally slaves," says Lord Cockburn, the first writer who describes them. "They could not be killed nor directly tortured, but they belonged like the serfs of an older time to their respective works, with which they were sold as a part of the gearing." They were true *adscriptitii glebæ*. We know nothing of their personal condition at this time; we have not a single reference to them in any of the writers of the day. But we know enough from late observers, when their condition was better, to assure us that the social and mental condition of these persons, of whom "there must have been thousands," was an offence to humanity and a disgrace to their country. They were simply beasts of burden. Like other animals they had some rights, but these were lightly esteemed by their masters, even by the best of them. They formed a separate and avoided tribe; their habits were low and brutish; they wore the look of creatures outcast and despised. If not quite forgotten, at least no man cared for them. So complete was their degradation, so blunted, in other words, were the feelings, so blinded were the moral perceptions of their countrymen, that in a statute passed in 1701, which has been extolled as the Scottish Habeas Corpus Act, they were expressly *excluded from its protection: being slaves, they had no personal liberty to protect, and no rights to preserve.*

And the manner in which this form of bondage grew up into established and recognized use, gives it additional point as a proof of the characteristics just mentioned. There is no reason to regard it as a vestige of an old feudal custom, nor

as a relic of ancient villenage. It probably originated in the practice of condemning offenders to perpetual servitude; it was certainly directly encouraged by several acts passed by the Stuarts, which legalized forcible possession of the person of the vagrant and poor, and their compulsory perpetual employment. One of these acts says: "It shall be lawful to all persons or societies, who have or shall set up any manufacture within this kingdom, to seize upon and apprehend the persons of any vagabonds who shall be found begging, and who, being found masterless and out of service have not wherewith to maintain themselves by their own means and work, and to employ them for service as they shall see fit, etc., etc." This legislation defined all servants as either "necessary" or voluntary. "Necessary" servants were those belonging to the classes named above, whom the law compelled to work in places which it was found difficult or impossible to carry on otherwise; and who, like their unhappy brethren who were "apprenticed" to Virginian planters, thereby became chattels. The hardship, the wickedness of this legislation was not in its compelling the vagrant and houseless to work for their living; it was in punishing a misfortune as a crime, and in addition, in depriving men and women of their natural rights. In Scotland there was always the sorest of temptations, namely, hunger, to force persons into such employment; and latterly, the most of the persons engaged in these works preferred being so employed to being starved. All who did so were enslaved for life! And hence wives, daughters, and sons went on from generation to generation under this family doom.*

2. The other illustration of the light regard shown by the authorities for the rights of the individal, was the practice of compromising with thieves, vagabonds, and other offenders, by banishing them to the American and West Indian plantations. Hundreds of unhappy and unfortunate creatures had been so shipped off from time to time to the other side of the Atlantic; sufferers for conscience' sake, persons obnoxious and suspected but not tried and found guilty, and proved offenders. The extremely iniquitous thing about this form of criminal procedure was, that the persons in question, except those summarily dealt with by the Privy Council or lords of session, appeared to consent to their disposal in this way, — to their banishment into slavery. This was a trick of law; for in reality they chose this fate simply because there was no other open to them; it was their one and only alternative. The juggle was characteristic of the jurisprudence of the day. The offenders were not treated openly, their crime first proved and then their punishment proclaimed. They were dealt with. They were not driven out of the country as pests, and forbidden to return; or kept at home and marked as public criminals. They were hustled out of sight, and beyond redress: as the record bore, they elected to be given over to whoever would receive or purchase them, with the certain fate of being sold as slaves in the Barbadoes, Jamaica, or Virginia. Where the forms of law could be altogether dispensed with, as in the western jurisdictions, some lonely islet was used as a penal settlement. The island of Saint Kilda, it may not be generally known, was used as such by the Macleods of Skye and other chiefs for all who grumbled under their yoke.

What a ready and convenient form of punishment was this for a lord of regality, an hereditary sheriff, and the Privy Council! Burt saw this system in operation long after the Union. What he saw was no doubt that which had been use and wont for many generations. He thus describes it in one of his letters: —

> When any ship in these parts is bound for the West Indies, to be sure, a neighboring chief, of whom none dares openly to complain, has several thieves to send prisoners to town.
>
> It has been whispered their crimes were only asking their dues, and such like offences: and I have been well assured they have been threatened with hanging, or at least perpetual imprisonment, to intimidate and force them to sign a contract for their banishment, which they seldom refused to do, as knowing there could be no want of witnesses against them, however innocent they were; and then they were put on board the ship, the master paying so much a head for them. Thus two purposes were secured at once, namely, the getting rid of troublesome fellows, and making money of them at the same time.

It was an old practice, perfectly true to the feudal style. Public opinion was blind and deaf and dumb to its inhumanity and unrighteousness. And so long was it before justice in Scotland took any qualm about this mode of dealing with accused persons, that even in 1732 two men of humble rank who were suspected

* See the story about "Moss-Nook," an old working man, who was "niffered away," for a pony, in Domestic Annals, vol. iii., p. 250. Cockburn's Memorials; Sketches of Early Scotch History.

of being accesssory to a murder, having petitioned for banishment before trial, were sent forthwith to Glasgow, there to wait a vessel for the plantations.

Another form of this same iniquity was the practice of kidnapping young people for the American colonies, which was extensively pursued for several years when the Scottish trade with the plantations began to open up soon after the Union.

Small as then was the commercial enterprise of Scotland [says Burton] it was deeply stained by this criminal traffic for some years before the Rebellion, and a foul combination had sometimes been made between the feudal landlord judges and the corporate authorities in the seaport towns, for the kidnapping of healthy strong young peasants to be sent as slaves to the plantations! And like many another evil which has been done under the sun, we only know of it by chance. There would have remained no traces of its existence save a few fugitive notices in letters and memoirs that might have been explained away, had not one of the victims returned to the country in the days of a stricter administration of justice, and told his story.

His name was Peter Williamson. He had been kidnapped in the streets of Aberdeen when a boy about ten years of age, and sold to an American planter three or four years before the Rebellion. Returning, twenty years after, to England, he printed an account of his very chequered and romantic career, and this being so far an exposure of unknown and incredible malpractices in Aberdeen, very much alarmed and angered the Aberdeen magistrates. The result was a case of prosecution. The history of this case is highly curious, and strikingly illustrates the state of things we have described: namely, the impotence of the law; the indifference to individual rights; the tyranny exercised in many ways by the upper towards the humbler classes, and the general deadness of public feeling to all questions not immediately concerned with the salvation of the soul.*

Probably every one will feel surprised at the existence of these things. And certainly that such a system, as Burton observes of it, should have been tolerated into the middle of the eighteenth century after Somers, Hardwicke, and President Forbes had occupied the bench may seem incredible: but then few countries, as has been naively remarked by Lord Cockburn, can supply better materials than Scotland, for a history of things incredible, yet true and provable. Probably, too, every one will feel that it is after contemplating such a condition of society that we are likely to learn that public virtue is a plant of slow growth and the product of settled times; and that the chief value of history is the power which it confers of making just comparisons between one condition of human life and another.*

* Burton, History of Scotland, 1680–1748, vol. ii., pp. 409–11. Chambers' Miscellany, vol. i.

VI.

We turn now to the intellectual and religious condition of the country. As the political aspect of Scottish society, as we have seen, was profoundly affected by the feudal spirit, which gave it a mode all its own, so this other aspect of it, as we shall presently see, was even more profoundly affected by the spirit born of the prolonged and bitter struggle of the nation in the seventeenth century against the aggression and the oppression of her Stuart kings. The key to a true comprehension of the first, as we said, was the absence of wealth and a great middle class; the key to the latter is the almost constant presence of conflict and controversy.

"It is a memorable fact," says the biographer of Ruddiman, "that there was not a newspaper printed in Scotland at the Revolution. The few had doubtless instructed themselves during several years from the *London Gazette*; and the many," he continues in his biting way, "had been too busy during the late times with the affairs of the other world, to be very anxious about the events of this." Intelligence or news beyond the bounds of the parish or market town there was literally none, and this was easily carried by the cadger or strolling beggar. Broadsheets hawked about or put up at the market cross were used in the capital on extraordinary occasions, and one or two towns issued now and then a print called "A Diurnal;" but it was not till we reach the first and second decades of the eighteenth century that the great engine of modern intelligence, the newspaper — whose ambassadors, as Pendennis truly says, are in every quarter of the world, whose couriers are upon every road, whose daily existence is a perpetual blessing, and whose influence is that of a minister of peace and justice — became an established fact, and there was any chance of the town knowing the country, and the country

* Papers illustrative of the Political Condition of Scotland, 1689–1696. Preface. Maitland Club.

knowing the town, and both knowing something of other countries and people. It was in 1705 that the first newspaper deserving of the name was published, the *Edinburgh Courant*, "a small folio in double columns," containing about as much literary matter as a single column of a modern newspaper of moderate size. It did not live long. Then followed in 1718 the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, which still survives, and two years later the *Caledonian Mercury*. These two sheets supplied the wants of the nation for many years. How few these were, the dingy, meaningless prints remain to tell, and to tell in a very convincing way. The larger and greatly more varied newssheet of the remotest Canadian settlement or New Zealand township shows us, when compared with these, what a mighty change has taken place since then, what a new world has come into existence.

It is an equally "memorable fact," that at this time there was only one general printer in Scotland. Printing as a trade did not exist. "Printing of books," says Gibson,* "was first begun in Glasgow about the year 1638; but," he adds, "there was no good printing until the year 1735: an interval of a hundred years. Yet Glasgow was the seat of a university. It was much the same in Edinburgh. *There was no native, no vernacular literature.* Till the close of the seventeenth century, and indeed later, Latin was the literary language of the Scottish theologian and scholar, the one medium of intellectual intercourse amongst educated persons.

For many generations Holland, dear alike to the Pilgrim Fathers, the English Nonconformists, and the Scottish Presbyterians, was the one sacred retreat of freedom whose printing-presses gave voice age after age to the mind of Europe. Rotterdam, Utrecht, — "the cradle of liberty," — Leyden, and other Dutch towns, always had their distinguished group of exiles for conscience' sake; and the books which bear the imprint of these towns on their earlier editions, testify to their literary activity. In Edinburgh there was only coercion. Andrew Anderson, the king's printer, received his patent from Charles the Second, in 1671, and held it for forty years. He had an exclusive right to print all kinds of lawful books in Edinburgh; and no printer in the kingdom could print anything, from a Bible to a ballad, without Anderson's license or supervision. The "lawful books" referred to were those which made no remark "to the scandal or detriment of the Church or kingdom as now established;" or expressed "disaffection to his Majesty's authority by contravening Acts of Parliament or Council in relation to Church affairs."* As we might expect, Anderson had small need for either license or supervision. Censorship of the press, and monopoly in trade, concurring with the unhappy circumstances of the time, made the literary history of the next fifty years a melancholy blank.

But what cared Charles or James, or their creatures, the traitorous Sharpe, and the bad and brutal Lauderdale? It mattered nothing to them how deadly the hurt, how irreparable the blighting effects of their oppression might be; it mattered nothing to them that no freedom and nimbleness of spirit and gladness of nature could grow and thrive and bear goodly, perhaps immortal fruit, in the prison house of their tyranny. The ends of the High Commission were attained, or seemed to be: the people were silenced, the press was still: and they, blind and deaf to the signs of the time, were satisfied. Two illustrations of this condition of things will come home to us. The one book read and in demand by the people was the Bible, yet most of the Bibles used far into the eighteenth century were printed either in Holland or England; and such were the Bibles which came from the press of the king's printer, that he and his heirs have earned the poor fame of having issued the most illegible and incorrect copies of the Holy Scriptures ever printed; miserable beyond all example as to type, printing, and paper. Next to the Bible in interest to that generation was "The Cloud of Witnesses." It was published in 1714, yet although assured of success from its supreme attractiveness on personal and patriotic grounds, it bore on its title page the name neither of printer, publisher, nor of compilers. And if its typography was as rude as anything in Anderson's Bibles, its woodcuts were certainly not less rude than the rudest of Saxon times.

Where books were so few, libraries of course were almost unknown. We happen to know of two or three — Leighton's and Carstares's — and as we run along the shelves of the one in Dunblane Cathedral, and scan the catalogue of the other, we

* History of Glasgow, p. 244.

* Burton, vol. vii., page 161, for the terms of the High Commission. The whole chapter (chap. 78) should be read.

feel how miserably placed, how scant and stale was the literary fare of the student and the scholar. It is, however, when we see the pastor of Ettrick, Thomas Boston, the foremost figure in the theological literature of the eighteenth century, in raptures over his three or four authors, "Zanchy's works, and Luther on the Galatians, and Beza's 'Confession of Faith,'" that we realize with painful vividness the extreme literary poverty of the period.*

The truth is, Scotland made no progress in civilization during the seventeenth century. It was a century lost to culture and the arts and comforts of life. It was the misfortune of Scotland at the Reformation to enter on a sea of troubles, and to be so driven about by winds and waves, as to be often in peril of shipwreck. That calamity did not happen, and the Revolution found the sorely battered little bark safe with her colors still flying, and her crew stout-hearted and fearless. Life, dear life, and its sweetest charm, liberty, had been saved from the heartless grasp of the Stuarts. But, meanwhile, the hand on the dial had stood still. The eighteenth century succeeded to the state of things which the sixteenth had left. Art was unborn. Song was silent. Imagination, haunted and harassed and conscious of no slumbering strength in her pinions, or of golden sunshine on her head, was fain to fold her wings and lie still. Excepting Burnet, there is not one writer who sheds the least lustre on the literature of the century. And science was a tiny babe, with no pretty promises of coming greatness, dawning in its face. One name, indeed, the name of Gregory, had been distinguished during three generations for varied intellectual accomplishments; but the first Scotsman of purely scientific genius, Colin MacLaurin, was yet in his cradle, and the tongue which was to unfold in the Edinburgh University to astonished hearers the sublime discoveries of Newton, and give a general impulse to the cultivation of science, was prattling its infant prattle in an Argyllshire hut. A few minds among the younger clergy had felt the influence of Descartes, and had dared to lift questioning eyes to the far-off, uncertain heights of the city of God, but only to shrink back appalled at their impiety.†

And it could hardly be other since we are to a great extent the children of circumstances. The Presbyterian forgets this when he compares the masters in theology whose works are still among the glories of English literature, with his countrymen, their contemporaries, and is silent, perhaps sad, at the uncouthness of style, the narrowness of view, the fierce and fiery dogmatism which mark every tract and treatise of the time. He forgets what were the chief causes of the difference. He forgets, too, that it is not to be expected that men, no matter how gifted, sharing in the troubles of one of the fiercest persections which Church history records, shut out from all the seats of learning, finding it hard sometimes to get their daily bread, and absorbed night and day in the pressing anxieties of the moment, should be digging into patristic tomes even had they possessed them, or writing books not likely to be printed, or, if printed, without a public to welcome and read them. Between these and those who dwelt in the bounteous fulness and leisure of the bishoprics and deaneries of the English Church no comparison is for a moment possible.

Episcopalians, and Englishmen generally, forget this when they complain of the hard and barren character of Scottish theology, and of the general poverty of Scottish literature in the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries. Proud of their own greatness — the full flower of many centuries' continuous care — they slide into easy sarcasm towards their neighbors, and are inclined to Charles the Second's opinion that Presbyterianism is not a religion fit for a gentleman. Indeed, can any good thing come out of Presbyterianism? The spirit which dictated that bitterest of party pasquils, "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed," and is so alien to a true historical sense, is still in the air and was a disturbing influence even on the wide sympathies and delicate mental poise of the late Dean Stanley.* Instead of complaint there should rather be regret and can-

* Story's William Carstares, p. 377; Boston's Memoirs, p. 174. See also Lee's Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, vol. ii., pp. 361–5

† The Theology and Theologians of Scotland, Chiefly of the 17th and 18th Centuries: Being the Cunningham Lectures for 1870–73. By Jas. Walker, D.D. Pp. 70–73.

* Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland: Lectures Second and Third. Was the dean an illustration of the truth of Macaulay's very just remarks on this pasquil? "The effect which tracts of this sort produced on the public mind of England could not be fully discerned while England and Scotland were independent of each other, but manifested itself very soon after the Union of the Kingdoms, in a way which we still have reason, and which our posterity will probably long have reason, to lament." (Hist. of England, ch. 16.)

did acknowledgment of wrong and injury done, and a frank delight shown that in spite of all the misery inflicted — one tithe of which England never at any time endured — the spirit of Presbyterianism was not broken. It was made fierce and suspicious. Who was to blame? Who had taunted and tormented the people from the beginning of the century? Was not Archbishop Spottiswoode at the birth of the High Commission, and did not Archbishop Sharpe and even the saintly Leighton know of and sanction the horrible cruelties committed by it? As well expect the weather-beaten, bleak hillside to yield the gorgeous flora of the sunny, highly cultivated plain — as well expect that during the Wars of the Roses Jeremy Taylor or George Herbert should have flourished in England — as expect to find the fair and full-grown fruits of social strength and safety in Scotland in the seventeenth century. It was a century lost alike to charity and culture.

The historical critic forgets this when, like the late Mr. Buckle in his "History of Civilization," he commits the grave error of making the literature of this period — the sermons and theological works just referred to which were passed by the censor as "lawful" — the measure of the intellectual and moral life of the clergy and the commons. What an absence of a fine historical sense — of insight into human affairs, of justness of spirit — was here! What an absence, as we might expect, of proportion, of light and shade, of naturalness, in his crowded and often eloquent pages! Mr. Buckle fell into the snare which lies in wait for all historical critics, the snare of generalization; and despite his twenty years' labors on his history, he is now known not as a brilliant soldier in the war of liberation of humanity,* like Froude and others, but as a closet knight, a very learned Don Quixote, whose extravagancies fill us with wonder and pity.

Literature is not life — and the quality of the one, in the past history of mankind, is usually a poor measure of the character of the other. It is no more than a fair measure in our own day, with its free and cheap press, its telegraphs, its freedom of discussion. It is certain, therefore, that we should form an opinion of the general character of the Scottish clergy of this period nearly the reverse of the truth if we formed it only from their writings. Their circumstances most unfavorably affected their literary tastes — indeed made literary culture almost impossible. Yet as a class, man for man, they were better scholars, better read in the classics and in the Fathers, than the minor clergy of the English Church. But if there was no room for the growth of what would have added the charm of elegance to the duties of their sacred office, there was room enough for, as there was a constant demand on, their intelligence and integrity, and the exhibition of the severer virtues. And it is to the credit of the Scottish clergy that they were never wanting in these. Whatever fault may be found with their literary tastes, no fault can be found with their lives. A rare tribute, surely! They lived as few great bodies of Christian ecclesiastics have lived. The Church laid on them, in Wordsworth's happy phrase,

> the strong hand of her purity;

and from the days of Knox downwards, in the simple, severe, and saintly lives which they led as pastors of their people, they have never been surpassed. They were the types of all excellence — the patterns of devotion and unworldliness to their flocks; and in their pastoral more than in their doctrinal relation, showed and persuaded men to seek the highest ideals. Accordingly, their names and memories have become a national heritage, and are still cherished and influential. This was no mean thing to do. Literature could not do this. England has a fair list of parish priests, but during the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges she had crowds of creatures in cassock and gown, creatures like Fielding's Parson Trulliber and Puzzletext,* which were a disgrace to her and were impossible in Scotland. They were little, if anything, better than the clergy of the Restoration; indeed were members of the same unapostolic succession, the chief end of whose existence was the enjoyment of meats and drinks and coarse sensual pleasures. These were the men who, as chaplains, curates, and even bishops, were the living epistles of Christianity known and read of all Englishmen, during the first half of the eighteenth century, — the men who made Wesley and Whitefield and the movement they originated an imperious moral necessity of the times. The age had many eminent divines, and its literary as-

* Heine's phrase — "Lay on my coffin a *sword*: for I was a brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity."

* The Grub Street Opera; The Adventures of Joseph Andrews.

sociations give it an undying charm; but what availed the literature of the period — the eloquence of Atterbury and Sprat, the arguments of Warburton and Butler, the wit and wisdom of Addison and Steele — to the mass of the nation against the daily life of men who indeed read the prayers of the congregation and of my lord's household, but who had long openly parted with consistency, and in whom reverence and honor were either lost or laughed at — who were the idlest and the most lifeless clergy in the world.* This has never been charged against the Scottish clergy. They erred the other way, in being over-earnest and over-righteous. No one can candidly consider their lives as recorded, and their influence as preserved in fondly remembered traditions, without being satisfied that till the Union at least they were singularly true to their vows and the duties of their vocation, and had hitherto maintained, age after age, with a noble, steady consistency, the highest piety and morality in the realm.

Nor did they fall from this position, at least as individuals, after the Union. They had been the leaders of opinion, and had formed a united front against the common foe. But that foe gone, it was their doom to war and wrangle amongst themselves about points of doctrine and discipline, and to split into sects and sub-sects, whose points of difference for metaphysical fineness have been the astonishment of the world. Not a little of this trouble, it is to be said with sorrow, was made for them. Hardly had the Revolution Settlement become an accomplished fact than it was found that a legacy of controversies of the thorniest kind had come down from the pre-Revolution Church, and that Jacobite intrigue and English legislation were moving to make dispeace and dissension. If only it had been otherwise — if only the Abjuration Oath and the Patronage Act had never seen the light, there would have been some chance that charity and culture would have kept pace in their development with commerce, now, after long hindrance, about to start on a brilliant career. But this, unhappily, was not to be — neither at the beginning nor at the end of this century — the good fortune of Presbyterian Scotland. Through direct, intentional disturbance, and through perverse legislation, ecclesiastical controversy became the inevitable doom of every serious-minded Scot. In the previous century it had been conflict in the field; now it was conflict in the senate-house and Church courts. The conscience, the hopes, the traditions of the nation were once and again wounded, if not insulted, by ill-timed and mischievous measures of English statesmen who could not, who probably did not care to comprehend the peculiar nature and necessities of the situation. The older men, the sixty who had not bowed the knee to any Baal, and their adherents, could not but grieve over and indeed resent these things; they could not but mourn over the evil days on which they had fallen, and at the dimmed lustre of their beloved Church, nor could they fail to regard it as their solemn duty to lift up their "testimony" against the defections of their brethren. Unfortunately there was no leader, no magnetic, moulding mind in the Church. A new era had dawned upon Scotland, yet which of the clergy saw this? They were at the parting of the ways, yet which of them was aware of it? Hence the din of contention and debate resounded in every Presbytery and General Assembly through the first half of the century. The Covenant was still the saving shibboleth to many; its renewal still the one thing needed to restore whatever was out of joint in Church and State. To hillmen, protesters, non-jurors, compromise or conciliation was a strong delusion and toleration the unpardonable sin. And with the Patronage Act mocking the distinguishing feature of their religious system, and making havoc in all the Churches, it seemed to not a few of the very best men in the land as if the blood of their fathers had been shed entirely in vain. If only it had never passed, it is a matter of history that the course of Scottish ecclesiastical life would have run much smoother and very much sweeter; for from the days of Carstares to the days of Chalmers, the long period of a hundred and thirty years, it was the unfailing cause of discord, dissent, and disruption.

From such causes the clergy as a body failed at this crisis to see the signs of the times. Their faces were not set towards the future; on many of them indeed had fallen the shadow of disappointment. Meanwhile new forces were silently rising in society, forces which had the practical and secular for their basis and their bourne, and were destined to change the face of Scotland soon. It was not an accepted principle then that

* Green's History of the English People, vol. iv., p. 120; Mrs. Oliphant's Historical Sketches, vol. ii., pp. 5–8. Thackeray's Four Georges; Lec. II.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways.

These forces the clergy took heed to only to flout and frown upon. Not unnaturally, perhaps. Commerce and industry, as mirth and music, as indeed love and laughter, with their fathers were viewed with some suspicion, as developing the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. Hence arose a new condition of things in Scotland. Diverse interests produced diverse feelings and opinions, and in the next twenty-five years we have the first indications of a real disintegration of public opinion, and of a departure by the laity from the old paths. Men had begun to observe and find out which was matter of opinion and which was matter of fact; to look at reality and lay the ghosts of their own mind. On the one hand, the clergy clung to the mediæval spirit, and slowly came to have a defined position as the professional teachers of religion: on the other, the laity began to think and act apart on secular affairs. Leisure, reflection, and intercourse with other minds were beginning to tell upon thinking men. In other words, from about this time and coeval with the rise of the industrial spirit, the clergy fell from the lofty position they had held for a hundred and fifty years, as the most intelligent, the most practical, the most patriotic men in the nation. They no longer guided its intellectual tendencies. They no longer could. A turn in the road, to use a common metaphor, had been made, and lo! an unexpected change in the familiar scene. Instead of the sombre, narrow glen, with its one solitary, winding way along which many earnest souls had travelled, the broad plain stretched smiling far onward, and various pathways invited the lighter-hearted way-farer. The day of exclusive theocratic ideas was nearly over: the donatism of the Covenant was being quietly ignored. And while commerce and industry slowly but steadily filled the villages and burghs with a stir they had never known (but should have known generations before, had fate been kinder), and silently gave men's thoughts a wholesomer tone, and drew all into a nearer bond of brotherliness — the clergy, divided into two parties, fascinated and frost-bound by the mediæval spirit, were mainly interested in entrenching themselves against the new influences.

The race of great ecclesiastics, of reformers, scholars, and statesmen had died out. Their successors were plain, commonplace men, who were untouched by "the tender grace" of a chequered, pathetic past, and were unable to comprehend fully the pressing need of a wise, broad, and practical policy if the Church they loved was to be restored to its former place as a national Church. One man, and one only, of that number was equal to the times. But he was unique; single in kind and excellence. Four times in eleven years he was moderator of the General Assembly — a certain proof of his acknowledged worth. A clergyman, a citizen of the world, a royal counsellor, above all, a Christian of the rarest type, the type of apostolic charity, William Carstares, was the one man who saw clearly before and after, and has been justly named "the second founder of the Church of Scotland."* He died in 1715. His most remarkable contemporary was Thomas Boston, who may be taken as the representative of the old Calvinistic party. Never were two men more unlike, nor two lives which were ruled by the same motive and spent in the same cause. Weakly and melancholic, yet resolute and keenly intellectual, Boston spent his life in rural seclusion, evolving that system of theology already referred to, which made him in the eighteenth century an influence second to none.† To many "The Fourfold State" solved the riddle of existence and made plain the mystery of death. Next to the Bible it was the one book which the Scottish peasant made his companion, and from which he drew his strength for this life and his hope for the life to come. His "Memoirs" is his own self-portraiture, in which he describes his moods, his self-examinations, his fastings, his vain efforts to reach his own impossible ideal. There is nothing more morbid and painful in all our religious biography. Duty to him was certainly the one thing laid on him to do, and we are bound to believe that nothing was so precious as the comfort which came from doing it — that flowers laughed before him in their beds, and fragrance filled the air he daily breathed; but if we may judge from his own words, it was not so. Life, indeed, was not worth living. "The world" — these are his last words — "hath all along been a stepdame to me; and wheresoever I would have attempted to nestle in it, there was a thorn of uneasiness laid for me. Man is born crying,

* Stanley: Second Lecture. See also Struther's Hist. of Scotland, vol. i., pp. 276–9, for one of the earliest opinions of his career.

† See a good passage on this in Walker's Theology and Theologians, pp. 186–7.

lives complaining, and dies disappointed from that quarter."

VII.

BETWEEN the poles of thought represented by these two names lay all that was properly Scottish in religious opinion and feeling; and these were true to the severest Calvinistic rule. No other was known. No other was possible. Cradled in and brought up under Calvinism as it was drawn out day by day from the Bible in reverent household reading, and from the Shorter Catechism in school and in church, it was the one influence during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries constantly at work moulding and disciplining every young mind. It was the first and the last lesson of the day, the one chief end of education. In the dame-school as they stood at the mistress's knee, in the parish school (where they were fortunate in having one), and in the burgh school, the rudiments of Calvinism, the national faith, were the prime subjects taught every boy and girl. They were taught to read — if taught nothing more — that they might at any rate be able to read the Bible, the Word of God. This was the proud pre-eminence of every Scotsman of those days: he could read his Bible and knew its meaning word for word, equally with the most learned in the land. Alone of all the peasantry in Europe the Scottish peasantry as a body could do this, and often by fireside and wayside

> reasoned high
> Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

And this they owed not, as has been often and most mistakenly said, to their parish schools as schools, but to their Presbyterianism. The parish school system properly belongs to the eighteenth century; Presbyterianism was the one educating power in the country from the Reformation to the Revolution. At the Revolution parish schools became a fixed part of the State machinery, and added much to the previously existing means of education, but it was Presbyterianism which gave them their distinctive character as schools, which gave them a republican and a religious spirit. They spread its leaven by the constant use of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism. What that leaven was we have seen. Knox at the Reformation awoke the Scottish "commonalty" from the lethargy of a long vassalage; kindled in them the first stirrings of intellectual liberty and desire, and taught them the full sweep of the fundamental principle of Presbyterianism. How they answered his call we know; and it is one of the finest things in history. How the spirit of these men continued into the next century we also know; and the wrestlings and wreckage which fill it are among the saddest things in history. Parish schools were few enough in the first half of the seventeenth century,* yet the intelligence of the people astonished their Episcopal well-wishers, Bishops Burnet and Leighton, who were amazed, as the former of them tells us, to see how the very meanest of them, even their cottagers and their servants, could argue on points of government and the power of princes in matters of religion. Upon all these topics they had texts of Scripture at hand, and were ready with their answers to anything which was said to them. This was in 1670. It was not the parish schools, therefore, which equipped these "cottagers" and "servants;" it was Presbyterianism with its ideals, its problems, its aims, its assured faith, above all, its constant appeals to the individual mind, and to the sense of individual responsibility. And, rightly considered, it is Presbyterianism which has made Scotland what it is, and given her a people which for intellectual fire and sustained strength of purpose and endurance, has had no equal. Long distracted and spent in conflict and self-defence, these high qualities shone out in brilliant individual forms when peace and quiet prevailed; and in Hume, Burns, Scott, Livingstone, and Carlyle, has given us types of human nature of universal interest, and the most commanding influence.†

The scoffing spirit is offended at these men. Be it so. Yet the great soul of the world is just. They were pilgrims and

* How few, see Cunningham's Church History of Scotland, vol. ii., pp. 62–63; Lee's Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, vol. ii., pp. 28–9.

† Macaulay's well-known description of the effects of the establishment of parish schools (History of England, ch. 22) is palpably unhistoric — is untrue to facts, and indeed, when carefully considered, is a result which could not possibly have happened. "Before one generation had passed away," he says, certain "wonderful" changes "began" to appear. History is silent as to them — as direct results of the establishment of a general system of parish schools. It is a fine bit of rhetoric, however, and an excellent example of the too common mistake *of confounding different periods and of forming an opinion of a former period according to ideas borrowed from our own.* Not less unhistoric and untrue is this: "To the men by whom that system was established posterity owes no gratitude. *They knew not what they were doing.* They were the unconscious instruments of enlightening the understandings and humanizing the hearts of millions. But their own understandings were as dark and their own hearts as obdurate as those of the founders of the Inquisition of Lisbon."

strangers on the earth. They did not try to make the best of both worlds. The ideal of their daily conduct was the one so magnificently set forth by the apostle to the Philippians: all things they counted loss that they might win Christ and be found in him. Light-hearted they were not; gay and frivolous they could not be: they took their pleasure not sadly but soberly. As men who were soured and unkindly? As men whose hearts could not leap up when they beheld a rainbow in the sky, or on whom the beauty of childhood or the glory of the landscape did not often bring thoughts too deep for tears? No: but as men who were overawed by the Infinite, as seeing him who is invisible; as men who had a profound reverence for the divine powers, and a strong realizing sense of their nearness and exceeding awfulness. And with the vision of the New Jerusalem, that glorious fantasy of the early Church, ever in their eye, what were the passing shows and vanities of time to them? One thing they had to do, and that was to hate sin, to renounce the Devil and all his ways. Who will say they did not, with the intensity of intense, "strongly realizing" natures, strive to do this?

And the scoffing spirit fancies that these men did not enjoy life. Be it so. Still as it was, and seriously regarded as a trust given them by the Most High, life to them was precious. The descriptions which we have of their life — of their common pleasures and their common cares — in the poems of the century, in "The Gentle Shepherd," "The Farmer's Ingle," and "The Cottar's Saturday Night," prove this. If to these we add some songs and ballads "crooned" over by the cradle and the spinning-wheel and the quern, or sung as the brewster's "twopenny" went off in successive hornfuls, we shall have scenes not less human than historically true. Their "humor," so unlike English wit and banter, is biting and grim, is quicker to smite than to smile. They give and take it, however, with most infectious laughter. And in their old-fashioned games of golf and bowls, in their cockfights and penny weddings, in their annual fairs and curling matches, and in the ever-varying play of human love and sorrow, the common lot of all, we may be perfectly sure there was no lack of sound natural feeling, of mirth and merriment, if also of sadness, too, sometimes. "Looked at broadly," says one who sees clearer on these points and is sounder in his judgment than most — "looked at broadly, one would say they (the Scotch) had been an eminently pious people. It is part of the complaint of modern philosophers about them that religion or superstition, or whatever they please to call it, had too much to do with their daily lives. So far as one can look into that commonplace round of things which historians never tell us about, there have rarely been seen in this world a set of people who have thought more about right and wrong, and the judgment about them of the upper powers," etc., etc.*

Such is the estimate, such is the notion, we have formed of the character and of the condition of the people of Scotland at the time of the Union. Do the old times live again? Do they seem "the good old times"? Do our forefathers seem to have been better or wiser or more happily placed than we? It is not, as we said at the outset, a picture which would charm; now that it is drawn, it is surely a confused, inharmonious, unfinished picture, — a picture of partial, imperfect civilization, of arrested national development.

It is pleasant to know that now nearly all the wrongs which bred confusion in those bygone days have been righted, and what was bad changed for the better. But it was slowly done. This was mainly the work of the eighteenth century. To all who love to mark the dawning of better days to the oppressed — the growth of a nation's free development — the rise of original forms of literature and philosophy — the history of the eighteenth century in Scotland is indeed a moving and never-to-be-forgotten chapter in the story of human progress.

* Froude's Short Studies, 1st series; The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character. See also his Calvinism, 2nd series.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOPE AGAIN.

"Hope, without action, is a barren undoer."
FELTHAM.

"And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams."
E. A. POE.

WE left poor Teddy Lessingham disconsolately knocking about the billiard-balls, in full possession of which he had

been left by the desertion of the faithless Challoner; and heartily did he wish, as many another has wished before him, that the damaging strokes and brilliant runs which came so easy when no one was by and when no game was on, would sometimes fall to his lot when they could be of any real value. He never could make head against an enemy — he always could win by himself. Just now, when his mind was full of Challoner and Matilda, and, moreover, of poor sick Juliet Appleby, he played like one possessed by the very genius of the game; he really wondered at himself; and insensibly grew colloquial and profound, as Teddy always did when under a soothing influence.

"Well, now, they will take it very civil of us to go over to the Applebys' this afternoon — they will think it quite the right thing; and if only Matilda and I could have gone alone — but I suppose we could hardly do that. Anyway, I shall take the flower out of my button-hole" — he had put in a Christmas rose — "it would not look at all correct to be calling to inquire after poor Juliet with a flower in my button-hole. Challoner may keep his in — I dare say he will. Let him — the Applebys are nothing to him; it was all very fine his looking so concerned and all that just now; he put it on to please Matilda — and, of course, he is quite right to please Matilda — but he can't take *me* in. Too sharp for that dodge, *I* am. Well, now, I am glad I thought about calling any way; and I must take care that they knew it was I who thought of it. I wish there was something else I could do. I must ask Mrs. Appleby or Marion if there is not anything. Marion will put me up to it if there is. Matilda is no good on an occasion of this sort: she is flighty — that's why. There," having succeeded at last in extracting the rose — "there, Matilda would never have thought of that. I do believe now that if Robert were to die she would go to inquire for him with a whole peacock's tail waving from her hat. Unless I caught her, that is the very thing she would go and do."

At luncheon he was full of the same reflections, and ready to communicate such as he deemed fit. "I hope the Applebys will be in," he said, taking jelly with his venison.

"You are going to the Applebys'?" said Overton. "Oh! it will snow, you know."

"So I have thought all the morning," Challoner agreed with him. "Lady Matilda thinks otherwise; she has made up her mind to have another night on the ice."

"There will be no skating to-night, or I am mistaken," replied Lord Overton, who was a student of weather. "I have had my walk; I went out early, to make sure; but if you are only going as far as the Applebys', a little snow will not matter. Are you going to invite them here, or anything?"

"Invite them here! Good gracious! have you not heard — not heard about poor Juliet?" gasped Teddy.

"Eh? About Juliet? Oh yes, poor Juliet. I am very sorry," said his brother. "Bread, please," to the footman.

"'Pon my word, you take it coolly," rejoined Teddy, now really aggrieved. "How would you like to have small-pox yourself, I wonder? Small-pox! just fancy! It is about the beastliest thing anybody can have, and I don't suppose you are even going to inquire, or — or anything," looking down at his unadorned coat; "neither you nor Challoner care a bit," resentfully.

"Dear Teddy, it will do if we take Overton's card," put in Lady Matilda, a shade of anxiety in her tone and look, for she knew how rapidly the horizon might be overcast were an impending storm not averted at the outset. "We can take Overton's card; he never does call anywhere, you know."

"Take my card, by all means, if you can find one," said Overton; "I wonder where they are? I have not seen any since ——"

"My dear man, I have them; Mr. Challoner will think us dreadful barbarians," cried Matilda, laughing to their guest; "we really have not much manners among us, Mr. Challoner ——"

"What on earth do you mean?" burst forth Teddy in his angriest voice.

"I am afraid he is not going to be good," said Matilda, following Overton apart presently. "I am rather afraid of Teddy to-day. It is the reaction after last night; you know how little he can stand, and anything the least out of his usual way always tells upon him. He did too much last night, and was over-excited and over-heated; to-day he is feeling out of sorts in consequence. Poor dear boy! I do hope, I do trust," apprehensively — "Overton, what *shall* we do if he has one of his bad turns now? It would be so very, so particularly unfortunate."

"I think," replied he quietly, "you had better not take him with you this afternoon."

"Not take him to the Applebys'! My dear Overton, it was he who proposed

going. It is his own especial expedition. Nothing would induce him to stay behind."

"Then you had better leave Challoner."

She was silent.

"I really mean it," said Overton.

"But — I don't understand."

"Yes; I think you do. Now, take my advice; leave behind one or the other. If Teddy will not stay, make Challoner."

"And suppose he won't be made?"

"Then you must stay yourself."

That, however, was not to be borne. The walk was just what she wanted, and just what she knew Challoner wanted; and whatever Overton might hint about Teddy's jealousy — she supposed that was what he meant — well, surely she could manage her own Teddy. She had done so hitherto with consummate success. Only on one occasion during Challoner's first visit had any ill feeling ever broken out in public, though none knew better than herself how often it had had to be charmed away in private, and how many fond words, attentions, and consolations had gone to keeping her poor boy in that mind towards his friend, which made him still think Matilda's lover the best of fellows and good companions. That a mood was now imminent, and that it would require care, tact, and patience on her part to avert it, was plain; but, alas! Teddy was now no longer the first. For his sake she knew she ought to have stayed at home. She ought not, for any pleasure of her own, to have run the risk of rousing further his already disturbed emotions and suspicions; but Challoner wished her to go — and she went.

Overton came to the door to see the party start. He showed no displeasure at having had his advice disregarded; indeed he felt none. In the depths of his heart he was strangely touched and moved by this very disobedience and pertinacity on the part of one who usually was only too ready to fall in with his slightest suggestion directly anything was wrong with their common charge; and there was an almost visible tenderness and wistfulness in his look and voice, as he stepped forward to his sister's side and saw how the other side was claimed. Was there anything he could do for her? — any way in which he could help her?

"Take care of her, Challoner; take care of her," he said again and again, and involuntarily his hand pressed Matilda's arm as he spoke; then, as if afraid of having betrayed his inward thoughts by such earnestness, "I do not like the look of the day. The clouds are banking up in the north. There will be a heavy snowstorm before long, and the snow will lie when it falls."

"Ha!" cried Challoner, exultation in his tone. "Snow, do you say? Three feet of snow round Overton Hall! I, for one, wish for no better luck." He was in spirits so gay, and monopolized the conversation so entirely, that the ill-fated third person, to whom neither query nor response was made, and who would not laugh at jests with which he had nothing to do, found fresh fault with his companions and their society at every step. What an abominable afternoon it had turned out! How infernally dark the sky was! What a devil of a state the roads were in! Well knowing what such language meant, and why expressions were thus made use of, which she had long ago forbidden, and which had in consequence dropped out of Teddy's vocabulary, and were never heard except as birds of evil omen, Matilda could but turn a deaf ear and give herself more and more to Challoner as the walk went on. It was no time to speak to Teddy now; not by the gentlest whisper durst she risk an outbreak, and she would not, even to herself, allow that she had been to blame in bringing about the situation. No, she had *not* been to blame; a brother must sometimes go to the wall; she had but few pleasures, and this — this was more than any mere passing enjoyment; it meant — who could say what it might not mean? Challoner had asked her to go, and at such a time she could not afford to refuse his slightest request, nor seem to disregard anything that was to him a subject for hope or fear. Was he not already enough troubled with misgivings? She read *that* in his eye and voice, which made every trifle of importance; the anxiety he could not hide, the agitation, the tremor, the one thought of his breast, which was at length become too dominant for any effort to conceal it, all wrought in her a kindred emotion, and an indifference to aught beside what passed between them two.

And this indifference was dreadful to poor Teddy, dimly as he might perceive it. He felt that something was wrong; he was, as Matilda had said, out of sorts, the reaction from two days' severe exercise and turbulent jollity; and what he would now have liked to have done more than anything would have been to have taken himself off then and there, and left the all-engrossed pair to themselves for the rest of the way. Nothing but the

difficulty of presenting himself at the Applebys' door all alone — he who never went anywhere alone — prevented this: that staggered him; no, he could not do that.

Yet how he wished he could! To see Challoner walking backwards over every inch of frozen puddle in order to hold both Matilda's hands and guide her steps — to see him taking out his pocket-handkerchief to wipe every stile she had to cross, lest even the skirts of her dress should be touched by the powder of frost which lay crisp on the top bar, it was too ridiculous, — Matilda, who did not care where she went, nor what a state her petticoats were in when she was out alone with him on a wintry scramble like this. He wished Challoner had only beheld her when she came home from Endhill, two days before.

"Pooh! what is all the fuss about?" he protested crossly, being indeed driven to his wits' end, when a slippery ditch being in the way — a ditch that he knew Matilda could have cleared like a deer had she chosen — she must needs be drawn delicately across with many a little cry of alarm and need of encouragement and support at every step. And he had himself her muff given him to hold, and must perforce stand by with his disgusted face, quite unobserved and uncommented upon, while all this went on!

"It's a deuced pity you came," he averred at length, looking the helpless lady straight in the face; and as the color rose in her cheek, he knew he had hurt her at last.

That was something, but unhappily it did not do all that it was intended; it might silence for the moment, it might cast a passing shadow, but Challoner with a lover's sympathy was soon able by a lover's wiles to soften every blow that had not been of his own giving, and all went on as before. Poor Teddy, he was very powerless; he tried to make himself disagreeable, and no one found it out; he would fain have made himself scarce, but that would have been cutting his own throat. As it was, however, he bounced out of sight whenever and wherever he could; now running across a field wherein was a pond whose ice might be superior to their own; now taking a turn round by a farm to have a word with the farmer whom he espied in the background; now hailing a laborer going past with a wagon, — anything and everything to force himself into notice, and be, if only in tormenting, of consequence. What was it to him that Matilda had to wait on the bleakest point of the common while he explored a rat-hole, and why should he care whether she "thought she had lost him" or not, when he disappeared for so long behind Luke Hayfield's farm-buildings? She would be willing enough to "lose" him; and if it were not for the Applebys — and the poor fellow's heart swelled within him.

Once within the Applebys' door, however, there was an improvement: here he was on his own ground, here he was always made much of; and after the privations of the way, it was something to be still some one anywhere.

He had fallen from his high estate with Matilda; was it not only too probable that he had fallen forevermore? If it had only been a temporary thing, a piece of womanish nonsense, Matilda had now and again been ridiculous before, but she had always come quickly and gladly back to her Teddy, laughing at herself, and making merry at her own expense; but now — now, — and he shook his head angrily and miserably. How easy it had been to say, "You must marry again," when no marrying again seemed ever likely to come to pass; but how detestable and ominous sounded his own advice in his own ears now! His heart was sore, and had been sore for exactly four hours, — ever since twelve o'clock, in short, when he and billiards had been thrown over for love and Matilda; that had opened his eyes at last, and the only wonder was, as every one will perceive, that they had not been opened long before.

In Mrs. Appleby's drawing-room, however, the young visitor was urbanity itself. "I can't tell you how sorry we were," he said: "it took us quite by surprise; I assure you it did — quite by surprise. We had no idea of such a thing; and when Marion's note came in, Matilda was so astonished — you can't think how astonished she was. We wondered what it was about, you know; and then we said — *I* said, we must come and inquire at once."

"So kind," replied Mrs. Appleby, a faded prototype of what Juliet would certainly become. "Lady Matilda is always so kind. Directly the sad news came, we sent to let her know, because we felt so sure ——"

"Mr. Challoner has just come from Clinkton," said Lady Matilda sympathetically; "he only came yesterday."

"Indeed! From Clinkton? And did you see my daughter, sir?" turning to

him. "She was often in the town, I believe, though our friends, the Windlasses, with whom she is staying — and where she has been taken ill, poor child — live four or five miles out in the country."

"I saw Miss Appleby once or twice, but she did not see me," replied he. "Clinkton is a large place, and," he drew near to Mrs. Appleby, as Lady Matilda stepped aside with Marion, "we were in different circles. She did not mention me, I suppose?"

"Not that I remember. Marion," but Marion did not hear.

"What a view you have from this window!" cried Challoner, "what an extent of country ——"

"Very pretty; but," said Mrs. Appleby, possessed of but one idea for the time — "but you were speaking of Clinkton. Do you know Clinkton well? Do you know the Windlasses? Had you heard about the fancy ball?"

Had he not? He had heard of little else.

"Well, she had been going to that," proceeded his hostess, reading an affirmative in his face, "and a very smart ball it was, I fancy," with the usual habit of making the most of anything at a distance; "a very smart ball, and my poor Juliet would have much enjoyed it. But only yesterday, — and the ball was last night, you know ——"

"Did she go?" demanded Challoner suddenly.

"Dear me! no, Mr. Challoner; how could she go when she was lying ill of the small-pox? She was taken ill only a few hours before, though I dare say we shall hear presently, when the post comes in, that ——"

"How very unlucky!" He was listening with all ears to Lady Matilda now, and Mrs. Appleby lost him from that moment.

"You will not surely go yourself?" Lady Matilda was saying.

"I shall indeed, — at least I should, if only mamma would allow me. But she will not. Neither she nor papa will hear of it."

"And they are quite right, Marion." And then followed reason and argument, encouragement and consolation.

"And now you will just stay with a quiet mind," concluded Matilda, rising. "Promise that you will, dear."

("With a quiet mind or not," said Challoner sardonically to himself. "I do not insist on that adjunct at all, my dear Miss Appleby. Only be good enough to stay, and I leave it entirely to you to regulate the quietude of your mind.")

He had learned all he wanted to know, and nothing had been said that he did not wish to hear. Now he did not care how soon the visit came to a close. Juliet powerless, her family ignorant, Marion prevented going, the Windlasses prevented telling, — he could scarcely believe his own ears, as one thing after another dropped out, as if to strengthen his temptation, and make him more and more secure on the edge of his precipice; for so entirely had his fears of late centred on the Appleby family, or, at least, on one member of it, that, thus unexpectedly relieved, it almost seemed as if he could be assailed from no other quarter. Oh, something might, could, should yet be dared and done! Hope was again desperately rearing its unabashed front.

"Mr. Challoner, you have been standing in that cold corner for ever so long," said Mrs. Appleby's languid voice from the sofa. "Do come nearer the fire; do, Marion, dear, poke up the fire. Oh, thank you," to Teddy, who seized the poker. "So good of you all to come out in such weather."

"The most glorious weather, my dear Mrs. Appleby. I wish you had been with us last night," cried Matilda, coming forward; and as she did so, and then seated herself at the invalid's feet, for the few civilities preparatory to departure, her brother seized his opportunity.

"Marion — I say, Marion, I wish you would tell me if there is anything I can do," said he, drawing her aside confidentially. "Can't I do *anything?* Are you going to Clinkton? Let me go to Clinkton with you; I'll go any time like a shot. Now, mind, you ask me if you want me. You need not say anything to any of them, just send word to me," and he shook her hand a dozen times. (If Challoner had only heard him!)

But Challoner's attention was concentrated on Matilda, and *her* parting; and having at length got her safely out of the house, he was now only bent on making the most of his fresh reprieve.

"Good-bye; I'm off to Seaburgh. I have a telegram to take for Marion," announced Teddy triumphantly. "She has intrusted it to me, and I have promised to go and send it off myself," — his tone intimating, "Other people think much of me, if you do not."

"Don't be astonished if I am late," he

added, having invariably found that this was what Matilda minded more than anything.

Ah! Matilda hardly noticed it now.

The prophesied snow, though it fell fast and thick after the light went, did not set in soon enough to hinder any one from walking as swiftly as he or she chose before then; nevertheless, when Lord Overton overtook his sister and Challoner within the park, having gone out again himself as the sky kept up, it was not soon after they had parted from their other companion; an hour or more had elapsed. They had not hurried; they had not come quite straight home. There had been time for anything, and yet there was nothing to tell.

"This is rather curious," said Overton to himself.

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. TUFNELL IN TROUBLE.

"Slips of the tongue are sometimes found very inconvenient by those persons who, owing to some unlucky want of correspondence between their wits and their utterance, say one thing when they mean another, or bawl out something which the slightest degree of forethought would have kept unsaid." — SOUTHEY.

EVERYBODY at Clinkton was now thinking about Juliet Appleby. The insignificant Juliet who, a few days before, had been of less than no consequence to the world in general, and who had simply gained a superficial importance in the eyes of one or two people by peculiar circumstances, was now a personage to be thought about and spoken about, and inquired after, — was, in fact, next to the fancy ball, if not actually before it, in point of interest in many houses, whose inmates had not until within the past twenty-four hours known of the young lady's existence. A little goes a long way with the gossips of a country town; and much as the poor girl's unfortunate illness might be to her own people, and much also in a lesser degree to their friends and neighbors at Overton Hall, it was undoubtedly still more the topic of the day to those upon the spot, to the hosts who were to be sympathized with, and to the circle who could condole, and pity, and wonder, and have daily and hourly bulletins. To them, as was natural, the subject was all-engrossing. Showers of cards were left daily. People who had not previously been on visiting terms with the Windlasses seized the opportunity for driving up to the Court, while the more modest contented themselves with gaining intelligence of these bolder spirits, and retailing it to those who were again indebted to them for the same. At every meeting the first question would be, "Do you know how Miss Appleby is to-day? Has she passed a better night?" or, "I trust we shall hear an improved account to-morrow. The Windlasses tell me so-and-so." It was something to get at the Windlasses anyhow.

"I wonder how Miss Juliet Appleby is to-day," observed Mary Tufnell one morning. "I think I shall go round and ask Miss Beadel; she is sure to know."

"It strikes me there is a tremendous to-do made about this Miss Juliet Appleby," struck in her father somewhat gruffly. "It is nothing but Miss Juliet Appleby from morning till night from every one now. Because the girl has got the small-pox ——"

"Sure that is enough, papa."

"Enough? I did not say it wasn't. Enough and to spare I dare say, for her and those about her; but what is that to *us*? What the mischief have we to do with Miss Juliet Appleby, small-pox or no small-pox? She is nothing to us, and we are nothing to her."

"Oh, the poor thing, I am so sorry for her! I am sure I never was so sorry for any one in my life," said Mary, with the easy, healthy sorrow that comes natural to a fine girl, and does not in any wise impair her digestion. "It is so hard upon her, and ——"

"Well, of course; and hard upon the folks she is with too; and of course I am sorry myself for that matter, and wish 'em well through with it, but I don't see how it need concern *us*. *We* are not the Applebys nor the Windlasses; we have nothing to do with them or their set, any more than we have with Jones the butcher, or Japhet the turnpike-keeper, — not so much, for we know those two a deal better than we know the others, — yet I'll be hanged if I should hear all this fuss made if poor Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Japhet was taken sick."

"La! I am sure I should be very vexed to hear anything was the matter with either," said his wife, entering in time to catch the last remark. "What put such a thing into your head, my dear? Now was not that papa all over?" to her daughter. "Papa thinks we have no right to take an interest in our neighbors ——"

"Precious little interest they have ever taken in us!"

"And the poor thing to lose her ball too ——"

"Her ball! what do you mean by *her* ball? The ball was not good enough for her friends, forsooth; the Windlasses turned up their noses at it to my certain knowledge; and yet they tried to edge in this shrimp of a miss, who wanted to turn us all into ridicule ——"

"Well, I never! Now, papa," cried his wife, "now you really must not say any such things; you do not mean them."

"But I do."

"No, no; no, you don't; not a bit of you. We all know papa, Mary; but really," in some alarm, — "really I would not have any one else — Miss Beadel, or the Dobbs, or any one — hear him for the world; for he is so severe," — her gentle tones might have mollified an ogre.

Tufnell, however, was in a bad humor. "They may hear me for half a groat," he said obstinately; "they may hear every word I say, and I mean every word I say. It is more than a man can stand, the folly of these gossips of yours; in and out all day long, with 'Pray have you heard how Miss Juliet Appleby is within the last five minutes?' or, 'How many dozen times have you inquired to-day?' The girl is not dying, or there might be some sense in it. I do not wish her to die ——"

"Papa!"

"Well, 'Papa!' — I *say* I don't wish her to die. But, upon my word, I should not cry my eyes out if she had a few marks left upon her face. It would take some of the conceit out of her, coming down here, and fancying she was going to turn the heads of all the young men at our ball — at *her* ball, as you choose to call it, ma'am," to his wife; "forcing herself in on purpose to cut out our daughters — country bumpkins as I dare say she thinks them; wish she might not be glad to have some of the country bumpkins' skins and color once she comes out of her small-pox, that's all!"

"Oh, now you are vindictive, my dear. You would not surely have the poor girl all over pock-marks? Oh Lor'! I could not have believed it of you, Tufnell. The very idea gives me a turn. Mary, my dear — oh, you are writing."

"What is it, mamma?"

"Just could you step down to the Hales' before you take off your bonnet, — or maybe I'll go myself," — pondering.

"What for?"

"I dare say I'll go myself. It will do in the afternoon. I thought I would just like to hear," speaking aloud her thoughts — "I would just like to hear how Miss Juliet Appleby ——"

"Damn Miss Juliet Appleby!" roared her husband, bouncing to his feet and banging from the room. "There is no cutting out a woman's tongue! I thought I had ——" The rest was lost.

"Dear me! papa is in a way," observed Mrs. Tufnell placidly. "Well, I was a noodle to slip it out, but I had clean forgot — and who would have believed it of papa? Something has disagreed with his stomach this morning, I'll be bound. He has been cross ever since he got up, poor man. Well now, Mary, he won't like me to go, you see; so if you don't mind, just you run down and get the last news. It is all very well for papa to be so hard-hearted, but I know I feel just as if she was one of my own, and ——"

"And I too," said Mary briskly. "I'll go, mamma. I'll go at once. I was only writing to Jem: I forgot to write both yesterday and Monday, and the day before was Sunday, and it was not worth while on Saturday, being so soon after he left, — so he has not heard a word about the ball yet."

"Never!" exclaimed her mother reproachfully. "You never say so! I would not take you away for millions then ——"

"Oh, never mind; *he* won't," said Mary laughing. "We agreed at the first that we were not to be bothered with many letters. I hate writing, and so does Jem; you see he has not sent me a line yet, either."

"Ah, but he has had nothing to write about, poor thing. It is you who have had all the pleasure, and of course he will want to hear about it. I never like any one I care for to feel about me that 'out of sight is out of mind,'" said Mrs. Tufnell, shaking her benevolent head. "Poor Jem! I was kind of afraid from the first that something would happen to take off the edge of that ball. It seemed as if we were all too much taken up about it. I am sure I for one had it a great deal more in my mind than I should have had; I dare say," with compunction — "I dare say even Mrs. Dobb, who had the whole thing on her shoulders, did not think more about it than I did, — but there, even papa was in a fuss over his pantaloons; and as for you girls — but you had your disappointment, poor Mary ——"

"Oh, as to that, as Jem did not care himself, no more did I — much," said Mary. "I think it will do just as well to

send this to-morrow as to-day, mamma, so I will go to the Hales', if you like ——"

"The Hales'? I have just come up from the Hales'," said a new voice in the doorway. "Was Mary going? Well, you needn't, then; they are all out: I caught them just going out. I thought I would go in to ask after Miss Juliet Appleby —"

"And how is she?"

"Oh, much the same. No better, anyway. The Hales are going out to inquire in the afternoon. I went in after cathedral ——"

"Oh, you have been at cathedral?"

"Oh, I have been at cathedral — very much at cathedral. Well, somebody had to go," said Bertha, in her natural voice; "we could not let poor Emmy go always alone, and these Christmas services are such a point with Herbert ——"

"Poor dear, I hope she will not have to go through that always," observed their mother, somewhat anxiously. "I do think poor Emmy has rather a hard time of it in that respect. Herbert, — well, they say a lover may be as exacting as he pleases; but really, morning and afternoon too ——"

"Sh! Take care. I will tell you what I think," said Bertha slily. "Herbert is like the fox with his tail cut off; having to go himself, he would like to let us all in for it too, if he could."

"Well, dear me, let us remember what we are talking about; don't let us be profane, whatever we are," Mrs. Tufnell reminded them; "but the truth is, I was never brought up to church-going except on Sundays, and it does not come natural to me now. I don't say there is any harm in it; I would never go the length of saying that; but I know this, I get no good of Emily at all nowadays; she can never go with me anywhere of an afternoon without being all upon thorns as four o'clock comes on. If I have her for a drive — and she used to be the only one of you that I could ever get to set a foot in the carriage — she is looking at her watch all the time, and I'm kept in a state myself for fear we should be late; and then I have always to come back that way, round by the Close, you know, — and as sure as fate, if Emily is with me, it happens that I would like to come back the other way. Well, between it all, the hurry and the fidget, and the feeling that Emily, poor thing, thinks it not quite kind of me to come on home and let her go in by herself, I must own I do feel more put about than I'd like her to know. Often and often I would rather go alone; and really if it is to be morning, as well as afternoon services ——"

"Oh, but it won't; not after this week and next," said Bertha reassuringly; "and no doubt, once they are married, we shall hear no more of it. Now, do listen to me. I have had quite an adventure this morning; I have had an introduction, and made a new friend. It was at the Hales'. There was such a lovely young man at the Hales'. And Mary, I have the honor to inform you," with a flourish, "that the lovely young man is a friend of your lovely young man. Mind, Mary, one good turn deserves another. I have always aided and abetted you with Jem Challoner, and now I shall claim return in kind from you. I have an idea that Jem's friend and I are kindred spirits. He appeared about as friendly a youth as I have ever had the luck to meet. And he was, oh, a very, very long way better-looking than — no offence, Mary — than either Jem or Herbert. Jem does not set up to be a beauty. He has *l'air distingué*, and that sort of thing — the *je ne sais quoi*, and all the rest of it. Herbert is pretty, I own, but my man ——"

"How you do run on, child!" said her sister, with a shrug of the shoulder — "*your* man!"

"Ay, my dear, my man; surely I may call him mine until he is claimed by somebody else. My man has a nose — oh, such a nose! Grecian to a degree, — that's to say if it's not Roman," in parenthesis. "I'm not altogether clear about the two in my own mind, but at any rate it is a nose of the first water — a nose to put any other nose *I* have ever seen, in Clinkton or elsewhere, out of joint forever and aye; and he has curly locks and a moustache, and — and everything. I made my best bow, and he talked to me the whole time I was there; he did, indeed. I do like making a new acquaintance; I wish I had heard his name ——"

"You did not even hear his name! And you call that making a new acquaintance!"

"He heard mine; that was enough; he heard, and he made good use of his hearing. He called me 'Miss Tufnell' several times, and inquired whether it was I or my sister, — I heard him distinctly ask Louisa Hale whether it was I or my sister who was going to be married to his friend Mr. Challoner? When Louisa said it was you, he spoke to me myself about it."

"What did he say?"

"Say? All sorts of things. Asked when it was to be? And how long you had been engaged? He was most particular to know how long you had been engaged."

"Had he not heard?"

"Apparently not. It was quite laughable. He made me repeat it; and when I said 'Since last September,' he exclaimed after me, 'Since last September!' as if it were something quite surprising. He was immensely interested; he asked all sorts of questions; and when I chaffed him about his being so ignorant himself, he only looked foolish, and had not a word to say. Evidently Jem had not taken him into confidence. Talking dispassionately of Jem, I should not say he takes many people into confidence."

"You did not hear who this man was?"

"Of course they said his name, but I did not catch it. Louisa does sometimes mumble so that no one can hear her, and they all seemed rather stupid and flustered. He was their brother's friend, you see, not theirs; and to tell the truth, I don't fancy they knew much about him. If only that brother of theirs had come in! Tiresome creature; *he* would have been of some good. As it was, I could not get hold of any one of the girls to inquire, and I had to leave before any one else did; however, I shall go down this afternoon, for I have left the library books behind me. A piece of luck, isn't it? Nobody can say I go to find out who my new friend is."

"Nor to meet him again?"

"Oh, there is no hope of that; he is off immediately — off for London by the first train this afternoon: he had only looked in for an hour, as he happened to be passing through Clinkton on his way from somewhere or other. He had slept at the station hotel last night, so he must have come from a distance; then he had walked up to call on the Hales, and his train was to leave about now."

Later on in the day she rushed in with scarce a breath left.

"Mary, Mary! what *do* you think? Oh, Mary! what *will* you say? He is a prince in disguise, an earl's son, and will be the earl himself some day, for his brother is not married, and he is the heir. The Hales' brother has told them all about him since I was there in the morning, and they say he is *such* a friend of Jem's, and that he is sure to be Jem's best man at the wedding. He is the Honorable Edward Lessingham. Think of me and the Honorable Edward Lessingham!"

From The Fortnightly Review.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY.

'Αλλά με σός τε πόθος σά τε μήδεα, φαίδιμ' 'Οδυσσεῦ,
Σή τ' ἀγανοφροσύνη μελιηδέα θυμὸν ἀπηύρα.

THE following paper was originally intended to be a private record of intercourse with H.R.H. the late Duke of Albany, and to be laid before the duchess alone. But since it is understood that its publication will be acceptable in quarters where any inclination in such a matter has paramount authority, the paper, in a modified form, is here given to the public. The fitting tone under circumstances of this sad kind must always be hard to maintain; and in the case of a royal personage the difficulty is so great that the writer (who is, of course, solely responsible for what is said) feels it needful to make an earnest appeal for indulgence, in case the due line should seem to have been in any direction overstepped. It has been thought best not to touch on what is already before the world — the duke's public speeches or appearances of any kind. What is here given is a reminiscence of personal intercourse; and if it be thought that such a mode of treatment involves too much of reference to the writer's own personality, it must be remembered on the other hand that he has no sort of right to come forward in the matter at all, except such right as is thought to have been conferred by the private intimacy with which the late prince was pleased to honor him, and which was repaid by an affection as true, as loyal, as man can feel for man.

To those who love to watch the shaping of character, that subtle intertexture of ancestral and individual warp and woof, there is always something interesting, almost pathetic, in the sight of a young life which springs up amid fixed hereditary surroundings, and has to accommodate its fresh impulses to the strong tradition of bygone men. And from the legend of Buddha downwards, there has been many a royal romance in which the interest has turned on the young spirit's self-liberation from the trammelling conditions, its resolute emergence into a freer and higher life. But there are other cases, not less worth record, where the progress of the inward drama has led, not to the casting off of hereditary usages or duties, but to their voluntary and fruitful acceptance, to the gradual self-identification of the new life with the old — the absorption of per-

sonal ambitions or pleasures in the *mos majorum*, the ancient vocation of the race.

In the case of an English prince there can be no doubt in which of these directions an upward progress must tend. There can be no summons from without which leads to higher serviceableness than that great birthright duly used; a young life needs no better aim than to become such that the English people may account it as truly royal. And it was in this process of widening conceptions, of quickening conscience, that the great interest of Prince Leopold's career consisted for those who watched him with anxiously loving eyes. His inward drama lay in the gradual transformation of his boyish idea of royal descent as a title to enjoyment, hampered by wearisome restraints, to his manlier view of that high birth as a summons to duty, and his willing submission to its accompanying restrictions, as part and parcel of the calling which his whole heart embraced.

It is at Windsor Castle, when he was fifteen years old, that these recollections begin. He was then a most engaging boy; with the physical charm which accompanies the union of high spirit with fragile delicacy, and the moral charm of a nature whose affections, at once vivid and diffident, seemed to beseech the regard and notice which all who knew him were eager to bestow. He had already attracted the earnest good-will, the serious hopes of many of the leading men of the time, and I remember with what pleasure I found in his autograph book that maxim, from Archbishop Trench's hand, which should be written on all tablets and engraved on all hearts of princes —

> O righteous doom, that they who make
> Pleasure their only end,
> Ordering the whole life for its sake,
> Miss that whereto they tend.
>
> But they who bid stern Duty lead,
> Content to follow, they
> Of Duty only taking heed,
> Find Pleasure by the way.

The impetuous boy had not yet risen to any such level as this. He was at an age when the desire for companionship, action, adventure, begins to be strong; and the glimpses which his Etonian visitors gave him of a free world of games and friendships formed a tantalizing contrast to his carefully guarded days. It was one of the times when his health gave most anxiety, and he had many hours of restless indolence, of idle beating against the bars of his fate. And indeed to one who has not yet the force for independent action or pleasure the life of Windsor Castle must sometimes seem as if it were conceived on too vast a scale, and established too immutably, for the needs of a young and ardent spirit. The tramp of the sentinel beneath the windows, the martial music at dawn of day, even the stately symmetry of the avenues which radiate from the central keep — all signs of pomp are signs also of circumscription, and the concrete embodiment of eight hundred years of monarchy weighs heavily on the individual heart. The pacings of a vague unrest have sounded along many a terrace fringed with flowers, in Home Park, and Hollow Garden, and Orangery, and on the steep slopes of the royal hill.

On the other hand, there were the family affections, made more unique by isolation — the maternal solicitude which, from the first to the last day of that son's life, no cares of State could ever distract or slacken; the companionship of the just-elder sister whose romantic girlhood lavished its wealth of love on him. And there was much of the buoyancy as well as of the restlessness of early youth; there were happy wanderings amid the boskages of the park, where the Angora goats which he loved to watch flecked the foreground with their soft whiteness, and the castle's bastions closed the vista with wall of steadfast grey. And indoors, too, were merry mockeries and bursts of boyish sportiveness, racings along the endless passages of the basement, hidings in the niches of turret walls, clamberings to the Round Tower's roof beneath the flag of England, in the rushing sunny air.

I saw him at long intervals, but the first time when he seemed to me to awake to a sense of his own part in historic greatness was when the Garter had just been bestowed on him, in April, 1871. That was a time of deeply stirred emotion. The much-loved sister was going forth, a bride, from the home of her ancestors. It was as though a strain of beauty and tenderness were floating on the wind away. Then it was, as he sat at evensong at the royal oriel in St. George's Chapel, gazing upon the high vault thronged with banners, the walls inlaid with arms and blazonry of many a famous line, that his look was as though his spirit were kindling within him and yearning to take rank with his forefathers and heroes of a bygone day.

It was at any rate in this manner, through the affections, through the imagination, through personal intercourse with

the representatives of knowledge or action, that his education was in great measure gained. The frequent troubles of health which interfered with regular reading never seemed to check his eagerness to see and talk with any noteworthy man. Many visitors to the Castle must remember interviews with the young prince in his rooms, interviews often prolonged far beyond mere complimentary limits, and leaving behind them the memory of a listener best pleased with what was best worth hearing, and whose transparent face expressed that pleasure with a boy's straightforward charm. There might one meet Mr. Gladstone, concentrating, perhaps, on some morsel of Wedgwood china the great and complex engine of his mind; or, on a later day, Mr. Disraeli, fresh from private audience (December 18, 1877) and moved beyond his wont. And from the very first it was observable how quickly the young prince learnt from men, how retentive was his memory for names, for faces, for anything which had been said in his presence; how adroitly he fitted the pieces into that map of the human world which all of us carry in our heads in some fashion or other, but which in his case came to contain so many known points, and each in such true relation to the rest.

His entrance at Oxford — still under the guidance of Mr. Collins, his best and lifelong friend — was a new source of interest and excitement. There was at first something of pathetic wistfulness in the way in which he regarded his joyous contemporaries, able to take their pleasures in a fashion more active than he could share; but as he began to make real intimacies his affectionate nature found full play; and never, perhaps, has undergraduate felt more delightfully that first bloom of friendship which idealizes the young man's world. Lord Brooke, Lord Harris, Sidney Herbert, Walter Campbell, Herbert Gladstone, and a few others, formed the nucleus of a group which constantly widened, and which fused together senior and junior men with a success which, as university hosts well know, is the highest proof of academical tact and *bonhomie*. He was still shy, but his shyness was of that winning kind which irresistibly suggests the pleasure to be derived from overcoming it. And at Oxford he was met on all sides with a manly welcome; the only trace (as it were by reaction) of the tuft-hunting of former days being a slight unwillingness on the part of some independent spirits to countenance one who might be suspected of wishing to approach learning by a royal road. But these men, too, were won; nor, indeed, would they have found it easy to suggest how better to combine dignity with simplicity, or to be patrician without pride.

Among the leaders of the university Prince Leopold had many friends. The Dean of Christchurch, Professors Rolleston, Acland, Jowett, Max Müller, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Coxe* — the list might be extended till most of the well-known names were told. But among all these figures there was one figure which stood alone. There was one heart to which the prince's heart went forth with a loving reverence such as he never felt for any other man. Certain colloquies of Mr. Ruskin's at the bedside of Prince Leopold — as he lay recovering from perilous illness, and still in danger of a relapse — will dwell in the mind of him who heard them as ideal examples of the contact of an elder and a younger soul. How close was that union in a region where earthly rank was swept away! How poor a thing did any life seem then which had not known the hallowing of sorrow! How solemn was that unspoken presence which men have miscalled death!

From teachers, from friends, from suffering, the prince learnt much at Oxford. He returned to Windsor no longer a boy but a man; able to take up in firmer fashion his apportioned thread of fate.

Such, at least, was the impression given when, a few months later, I saw him at Windsor once more. Kept indoors by a sprain, he devoted two whole days to a methodical survey of the castle's treasures. And here it was evident how his historic interest had grown; how in those thousand chambers, the fabric of a score of kings, he had learnt to decipher in brief and summary the great story of the English race; from the rude helm of a Plantagenet, hanging in some deserted gallery, to that treasure-house which holds in rich confusion the visible tokens of Queen Victoria's Indian sway — the golden gifts of rajah and maharajah, and tribute of the imperial East.

But the time came when it was fitting for him to have a home of his own, and to take his place in that class of country gentlemen among whom our English princes are proud to be enrolled. Boy-

* In a pre-nuptial will the duke bequeathed his collection of autographs to the Bodleian, and the duchess has offered to carry out this bequest. Had he died childless, he wished his library to go to the Unattached Students of Oxford.

ton Manor is a typical country gentleman's home. Above it stretch the wild Wiltshire downs; beneath them the old Elizabethan manor-house stands in its terraced nook, and long glades fringed with beeches push deep into the hollowed hill. The prince's establishment was a modest one; for his means, considering the unavoidable demands upon them, were never large, and from the time when an income of his own was accorded to him a great part of it was returned by him to the nation in subscriptions to philanthropic ends. But at Boyton he exercised much quiet hospitality, and himself gained greatly in social initiative and in the power of dealing with men and women. I remember, on the occasion of one dinner-party in particular, when several of his royal kinsfolk were staying with him, and some of his guests came prepared to derive honor rather than pleasure from the entertainment, with what simple and almost boyish grace he set the shyest at ease, and transformed what had seemed formidably like a royal family party into a scene of unaffected enjoyment. Such successes are not wholly trifling; they imply genuine kindliness and alert attention; and those who saw the prince beginning to regard these social gatherings as occasions for bestowing happiness rather than for receiving amusement, felt that in one more direction he was learning to look primarily to the duties rather than the pleasures of his lot. "Boy amongst boys, but amongst men a man," he kept through life his youthful freshness, though he learnt more and more to combine with it the manlier gifts of consideration, counsel, and sympathy.

Boyton, however, was hardly more than a transitional stage between tutelage and independence, and it was with his removal to Claremont in 1879 that his developed manhood may be said to open. It was in that year that his individuality grew more marked and definite, and his talk, without losing its ingenuous boyishness, began to have substance and to show thought of his own. Here, then, it may be well to recall the upshot of many conversations, the drift of much which was habitually working in his mind during these last four active years.

The question of his public duties is best approached, as he in fact approached it, from the side of actual experience, from the consideration of what the nation does practically demand from a royal personage *en disponibilité*, from a young prince whom it believes to be both willing and able to respond to modern needs. And it will be found that, although the new demands made on royalty may be different from the old ones, they are certainly not less onerous; and a prince whom circumstances preclude from war or politics is by no means driven to find his only resort in pleasure. At first sight, indeed, it might seem as though the main interests of civilized peoples gave little scope for the intervention of princes. We note the steady rise of commerce and industry, of science, art, and letters. And we observe that one group of these pursuits is unfitting for royalty, while success in the other demands personal rather than hereditary qualifications. But this increasing complexity of society is in fact developing besides these a new calling of the highest importance, and increasingly in need of active official heads. *Philanthropy* in the widest sense of the word, including all organized and disinterested attempts to better by non-political means the condition of the nation, tends to absorb a larger and larger part of the activity of civilized men. In fact the proportion of national activity which is thus directed may be taken as no bad test of the degree of advance to which any people's civilization has attained. This generous effort, however, tends by no means wholly to good; much of it is wasted on demonstrable impossibilities; much of it is debased by an admixture of selfish objects; much of it, through sheer ignorance, does absolute harm. Philanthropy, in short, is a field where guidance is eminently necessary, and where experience shows that any indication of royal approval carries immediate weight. The multitude of applications for the use of the Duke of Albany's name for public objects of this kind would probably surprise every one except those millionaires who have learnt, by the demands made on their purses, how multifarious are modern efforts for the welfare of mankind.

This widespread eagerness for his approval and advocacy certainly took the prince himself by surprise. Thinking very modestly of his own knowledge and powers, he was at first inclined to respond to few of such appeals, and only where he felt that some special taste or interest of his own gave him a right to a decided opinion. But he gradually recognized that this was not really all which his post in the world demanded of him. He began to enter into the ideal which his wise father had perhaps been the first among

royal personages distinctly to conceive and steadily to apply — the ideal of royalty as a source of disinterested counsel and encouragement, not thrust upon a nation, but always ready when desired, and representing thus some part of the old *paternal* function which, as nations grow to manhood, must needs change its character or disappear. The peculiarity of the prince consort's position prevented his great qualities from being rapidly realized; and the nation lost him before it knew him well enough to feel all the gratitude which he deserved. Prince Leopold, on the other hand, had the inestimable advantage of being his mother's son as well as his father's, and of beginning life with an unlimited draft of credit on England's affection and respect. And he became gradually aware that the nation was demanding of *him*, almost beyond his powers, that which he felt that his father would have have been able to supply so much more fully than was in his time demanded, namely, a kind of headship of philanthropy, a guidance and encouragement of the manifold efforts which our age is making towards a higher and purer life. A selfish or a timid man might shrink from such a responsibility as this; a foolish or a vain man might degrade it by supporting mere favorites and advocating mere crotchets of his own. But from vanity of this kind Prince Leopold was completely free. He had by no means an exaggerated opinion of his own powers; and when he heard his abilities or character ranked with his father's, he was merely pained to think how much of the credit due to the originator of a wise line of thought or conduct is often diverted to a successor whom circumstances enable to carry out the pregnant suggestion in a popular and conspicuous way. Fortunately for England, this very modesty, simplicity, straightforwardness of character were precisely what was most needed in the prince's position. For what the public expects a royal opinion to represent is not simply an individual preference, however refined or ingenious, but rather a kind of *résumé* or outcome of the best opinions held at the time. Just as a great newspaper gains its power by subordinating to "the common sense of most" all personal predilection or whim, so a princely supporter of schemes of public welfare will carry permanent weight only if the public feels that it can count on his position as a real guarantee of impersonality, of detachment not only from unworthy motives, but from every kind of prepossession or crotchet. His business is not to be a special pleader, but an arbitrator; not an explorer, but a map-maker; not to lead revolutions in opinion, but to confer a *de jure* title on opinions which are rapidly acquiring a *de facto* sway.

This was not altogether an attractive programme for a young man of spirit. To say nothing from the impulse of the moment, to write nothing without the gravest deliberation, to enforce accepted truths and sanction winning causes — there may seem little in such work which can be embraced with enthusiasm. Yet here again the voluntary acceptance of limitations is soon seen to render possible the achievement of most important good. Though only those causes be supported which a consensus of careful opinion pronounces to be both deserving of success and likely to attain it, the field of choice is still very large. And sometimes (as was the case, for instance, with the question of parks, open spaces, preservation of the Lake country from railways, etc., in which Mr. Ruskin's influence was discernible), the ultimate success of some philanthropic effort can be safely predicted at a very early stage by those who make it a business to watch all such efforts as they arise, to study their interrelation, and to know something of the character of their supporters. Assuredly there is work here — work earnestly demanded and gratefully welcomed by the nation — for as many public-spirited princes as any reigning family can supply.

Moreover, there is another branch of this work more onerous than any task for tongue or pen. If a great personage wishes to give the full weight of his support to any cause, it is often necessary that he should be actually stamped on the popular retina in visible connection with it, actually looked at hour after hour while the cause is kept before the minds of men. It is obvious that for this function royalty is uniquely fittted, and Prince Leopold recognized to the full that this must form a large element in his life. Some eminent examples have accustomed the public to so high a standard of royal vigor that the fatigue of these duties of ceremony and *representation* is scarcely realized by ordinary observers. To Prince Leopold's delicate constitution those fatigues were most severe, though he met them with readiness, and would only jestingly allude to the inconvenience of holding one's hat three inches above one's head for a couple of hours in an east wind, or to the pains

which he took to catch some one's eye in the crowd each time that he bowed and smiled, till his head grew too dizzy and his cheeks too strained for more than an automatic salute.

The Duke of Albany desired, as is known, a sphere of activity of a more definite kind. It was a bitter disappointment to him that he was not permitted to succeed Lord Lorne in Canada, and it was long before he could heartily acquiesce in the interdiction from this high duty which reasons of State imposed. But here again he did at last acquiesce, and recognized also that the task would have involved too severe a strain on his physical powers. He still hoped some day to fill what seemed a less fatiguing position of the same kind in Australia; and the aspiration indicated his desire for serious and regular work, as well as his deep interest in that great process of expansion which is carrying our England into every quarter of the globe.

On the whole, then, it may be said that in public matters his brief career was a progressive self-adjustment to the conditions of his lot, a growing acceptance of duty, and not caprice or pleasure, as the guide of life. So far as he achieved this, he attained happiness; and so far as sickness and suffering helped him to achieve it, they were the blessings of his life.

For aid in this conversion of pain into education, of restraint into guidance, the late prince devoutly sought the grace and influence of a higher Power. A loyal son of the Church, he retained through life much of the simple piety of his boyish years. But to say this is not enough. The prince had learned at the gates of death a sense of the reality of the unseen which many theologians might envy. "The untravelled traveller" had brought back with him from that bourne, so nearly overpassed, a conviction, into whose intimate basis it would have been over-curious to pry, of the near, the interpenetrating presence of a spiritual world. And like most men for whom these great conceptions have passed from an "article of faith" to what may almost be called a fact of experience, he could scarcely understand the difficulty felt by other minds in attaining to a certainty like his own. He longed that they should see things as he saw them; that they should feel the validity of every class of evidence which points to this world's confusion as transitory, and to death as a liberation and not a close.

This practical manner of viewing speculative topics showed itself in an interesting way when, some two years ago, a society was founded in which he knew that I was interested, and which had for its object the investigation, on strictly scientific principles, and without prepossession of any kind, of all those scattered facts or fancies which point to the existence of an unseen or immaterial principle in man. Although it would obviously have been unfitting for the prince to have lent his name to a study so novel and tentative, his sympathies with the effort thus initiated were very warm. Yet — and this is the point to which attention is invited — even in this speculative region his point of view was philanthropic rather than scientific. Himself intimately convinced of the existence of a soul in man, he readily assumed that a candid and organized inquiry would sooner or later convince other minds also. What he desired, then, was that any scientific evidence which could be gained as to the soul and a future life should be actively brought to bear on the masses who in many parts of the world are losing those beliefs altogether. Russian Nihilism and German Socialism loom large before the eyes of princes; and it is obvious enough how direct in these cases is the relation between disbelief in a future life and reckless rebellion against the laws and limitations which hedge round the only existence for which these poor men hope. Prince Leopold can certainly not be accused of wishing to still the cry of the poor and miserable in this life by presenting them with a blank cheque on an unknown futurity. But, while eager to ameliorate and cheer the lives of the poor in every possible way, he was conscious that "the hope of a better resurrection" was in their case especially needful, both as a background of contentment and as a stimulus to well-doing. And perceiving, as a mere matter of fact, that great masses of men, in Germany especially, are becoming less and less disposed to accept the validity of religious instinct and historical tradition — more and more resolved to trust such teaching only as can base itself on contemporary experience and appeal to tangible experiment — he earnestly desired that the dignitaries of great Churches, the leaders of all sections of religious thought, should welcome any prospect of an alliance with scientific discovery, and convert to the upbuilding of the higher life those modern modes of thought which have sometimes been pursued to its prejudice, or been held to have proved its unreality.

But there is some danger lest one who was more often the companion of the prince's graver than of his gayer hours, and who writes now in the deep sadness of his loss, should give the impression of a more sustained seriousness than his conversation actually showed. The trains of thought above indicated did indeed exist in his mind, but they came out in no set fashion, and only in intimate moments; while no man more thoroughly enjoyed the lighter talk of society, and its lively comment on the personages and events of the day. One thing was specially noticeable in his pleasant, humorous chat, and that was his tendency to think as well as possible of almost every woman of his acquaintance. Cynics of the smoking-room may sometimes have hinted that he gave an antiquated turn to knightly demeanor, and was chivalrous where he was expected to be cavalier. But he who thus cares for the womanhood in women is rewarded by wider and keener interests than are felt by the man whose admirations have a selfish taint. From the society of the old, and of young children, the duke derived especial pleasure. Few brothers have held their sisters so dear; nor did he ever talk intimately on these matters without introducing some affectionate allusion to his nieces at Darmstadt.

This quick susceptibility to feminine charm and virtue, while it makes a man more likely to choose well in marriage, makes it also eminently desirable that he should have the best possible range of choice. Here, too, there were limitations in the prince's lot; here, too, there was a period of discontent and disheartenment; and here, too, the old lesson was repeated on a larger scale; the restriction of choice became its guidance, and the most perfect of love-matches blossomed on royal soil. How eagerly did those who knew the all-importance to the duke of domestic happiness watch for the first glimpse of the bride in St. George's Chapel! with what thankfulness did they read in that sweet face the heaven-made marriage, and the soul to his akin!

Πάραντα δ' ἐλθεῖν ἐς Ἰλίου πόλιν
λέγοιμ' ἂν φρόνημα μὲν νηνέμου γαλάνας.

With her came tranquillity and contentment, the deep satisfaction of the heart, what *seemed* a hold upon the earthly future, what *was* but a flying foretaste of the stability of a serener world. The life of Claremont, till then expectant and provisional, rounded itself into happy wholeness, and its master threw himself with new energy into all that could adorn the home which the queen's gift and his wife's companionship had made his own indeed, so far as transitory man can find his haven in these possessions of a day. The birth of his child was a completing joy, and he loved to picture Claremont to himself as destined to become one of those great English homes which knit together sexes, ages, ranks of life, nay, even animals and men, in a closer and more patriarchal polity than the modern world elsewhere knows; where the same tranquillity of well-being pervades mansion, stables, farm; while the master's central presence is felt as the strength and stay of all, and radiates an ordering beneficence from fence to fence of the domain.

Claremont is a noble setting for such a life. The house itself is large and stately, but it is the park and woodland which make the special character of the place. For through the sorrows and the vicissitudes which have passed over the majestic home — the self-sought death of the founder of an empire, the sad retirement of exiled monarchs, the extinction in mother and infant at once of a great nation's proudest hope — through all these seasons nature has worked unseen; the woods have spread, the shadows deepened; great pines have reared themselves in sombre pyramids, and flowering shrubs have met and tangled in an undergrowth of bloom and green.

Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
Quis deus incertum est, habitat deus;

the domain of Claremont, its solitary solemnity, the gloom of its embosomed glades, recalls some seat of oracle where ancient men adored an unapparent divinity, uncertain between love and fear, nor knew whose whisper rolled in the woodlands, whose form had been guessed amid the shade.

But with the coming of that home's mistress all omens gave their sign for peace. The two together, one in heart, in aspiration, in duty, desired that the happy life which the nation's gift supported should be such in every detail that the whole nation might look on if it would, and recognize royalty only by its graciousness, and elevation by its repose. It was their hope gradually to make Claremont a rallying point, not of rank or fashion merely, but of whatever was best and highest in every direction, invoking the arts and graces of life, — music especially,

for which the prince himself had so true a gift, — to make a society that should be delightful without false excitement, a stately but simple home. The duke would instance his sister's assemblies at Kensington Palace as a type of the gatherings at which he wished to aim. And in certain graver matters of social governance in which the last appeal lies sometimes to royalty alone, he would dwell with admiration on the judgment and firmness which his eldest brother had shown in many cases where the heads of an aristocratic society may, by their potent intervention at critical moments, largely determine the welfare of other lives.

How much of influence might in time have come to him we cannot know; but we may be sure that whatever had come to him would in this temper have been exerted well. For just as learning and wealth and beauty are odious or beneficent, according as their possessors have realized aright that their learning was not given them for pride, nor their wealth for luxury, nor their beauty for adulation; so also may royal rank become an unmixed source of happiness when they who hold it have learned to account themselves not as the depositaries of privilege, but as the channels of honor. For it is not the orator only who "receives from the multitude in a vapor what he returns to them in a flood," but the great house with which our English nation has identified her name and fortunes receives the convergent rays of a world-wide and immemorial affection, which it is the royal task to focus in a steady glow, directing back on what is best and worthiest in all our empire the warmth and light which were derived diffusedly from every heart within that empire's bound. The Duke of Albany felt this to the utmost, — and he felt, too, with almost painful vividness the generous abundance of the recognition which England gave to his efforts for her good. It was his nature to think that any other man in his position would have worked harder and done better than he; and he was often depressed at the thought of his insufficiency to repay the confidence of such a multitude of men.

For, indeed, he hardly recognized the strength of the attachment which his own character and presence inspired. He was always afraid that his friends would grow tired of him; that they would become absorbed in other interests; that they would marry, and come and see him no more. At the height of his popularity his manner kept a certain wistfulness, as if he were asking for an affection on which he had no right to rely. He did not know how dear to others was his soft laugh of sympathy, his steady gaze of affection, the sound of his gentle speech, — the *ἀγανοφροσύνη* — the loving-kindness — which his friends may now seek far and mournfully, and whose remembrance fills their eyes with tears.

And then, too, how high was our hope! What years of usefulness and honor seemed opening before him we loved! The last time that I was at Claremont Mr. Ruskin was there also; and I saw again, in fuller maturity, the contact of the elder and the younger mind. Who could help thinking of Plato's great conception, where the spirit which once has looked on truth in the wake of some divinity in the ideal world seeks out on earth the awakening intelligence most apt to follow, and fashions that young life to greatness, "after the likeness of his tutelary god"? It seemed as though that teacher — who, if any man, has "gazed in clear radiance on visions innocent and fair," — had found a "royal soul" to whom to prophesy, and from whose answering fervor virtue and blessing might be born.

But it was not best that this should be. Not in this world of shows, but in the world of realities, was the next lesson to be taught to that advancing soul. The earthly bliss dissolved in a moment, the earthly promise vanished like a dream. Only in the vistas of that beechen woodland, and in that vale of rhododendrons, and by that still water's edge where the gigantic forest trees "high over-arched imbower," pictures from the past will live imprinted on one woman's heart; pictures enduring beneath their apparent transiency, and indissoluble by any touch of change. It is not the ebb and flow of common hours which traces the limit of our being, but the floodtide on which the soul has once swept forward leaves the wave-mark which she can reach forevermore.

The last talk which I ever had with Prince Leopold has returned since to my mind with strange significance. We were speaking of a singular experience which some say that they have known — as it were a shifting of the centre of consciousness, a sensible transportation of the spirit into some distant scene, whose features flash in what seems reality before the waking eye. "Once," said the prince, "I myself had that experience." It was at Cannes, he said, in boyhood; he was

standing on the beach, awake and in daylight, when suddenly the beach at Cannes became the beach at Osborne, and every well-known detail was reproduced with exactness, even to the presence of two laborers, a father and son, whom he had sometimes seen on the rocks of the English shore. The scene, he said, was not dreamlike, but real; but even as he stepped forward to accost the laborers it melted away. When the news of his death reached England, I could not but recall these words, and think how again that southern scene had vanished from his eyes, and revealed, not in transitory glimpse but in steadfast vision, the likeness not of the earthly but of the eternal home.*

Those who believe, not in word only, but in deed and in truth, in the great destiny of enfranchised souls, will not need to *compassionate* any true and upright spirit which is called away, however suddenly, from a life however sweet. He may leave wife, and child, and fame, and fortune, but duty and virtue are with him still, and that peremptory call is an upward summons, a step in his high career. With the survivors of the well-beloved son, brother, husband, the whole world will mourn. Yet such a death is a stingless sorrow. No parting can sever the spiritual bond which the strong heart chooses to maintain; what love has lost in joy it has gained in consecration; it is uplifted at one stroke among flawless and eternal things. Thus shall even his nearest and dearest feel as the years roll by; thus too let others feel who from a distance share and reverence their sorrow; others — for whom also the falling of that handful of light earth into the flower-strewn vault marked the earthly close of an irreplaceable, a unique affection — the conversion of one of life's best delights into a memory and an anticipation — nay, the transference of a part of the very heart itself from the visible into that ideal world where such as he are more than princes, and where all high hopes find their goal.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

* "The last time I saw him to speak to," writes a friend from Cannes, March 30, "being two days before he died, he *would* talk to me about death, and said he would like a military funeral, and in fact I had great difficulty in getting off this melancholy subject. Finally I asked, 'Why, sir, do you talk in this morose manner?' As he was about to answer he was called away, and said, 'I'll tell you later.' I never saw him to speak to again, but he finished his answer to me to another lady, and said, 'For two nights now Princess Alice has appeared to me in my dreams, and says she is quite happy, and that she wants me to come and join her. That's what makes me so thoughtful.'"

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BEAST THROWS HIMSELF AT BEAUTY'S FEET.

IRIS was getting too bold, far too bold; she took herself to task disconsolately soon afterwards, when all her nerves were jarred, and her heart sent again fluttering in her throat. There had been some talk of the garden, and Lady Thwaite had asked Sir William about the lilies which ought to be in blossom on the pond, and about the Japanese lilies which she had introduced with success into the tank at the end of the largest greenhouse. There was a little stir indicative of an adjournment to the gardens, but Iris felt quite safe in joining in the movement. It would only be the young people who would go out again before returning home to dinner, and mentally she classed Sir William, in spite of his last night's waltzing, with the elderly folks, and seated him in her imagination beside Lady Fermor, to whom he seemed bent on doing the honors of his house. Iris was ready to acknowledge, even in her present prejudiced state of mind, that the homage did not come ill from the prime of manhood to tottering, though untamed and undaunted, old age. Instead, her dream of security was rudely broken by her seeing Sir William standing in front of her, and hearing him say, "Miss Compton, would you mind going to see the lilies?"

She did mind, but she could not say so. She had an instantaneous comprehension that the hour and the man had come, and she must meet them with the courage which other girls summoned up for similar trials. She took his arm and walked out, with the knowledge that all the eyes in the room were fixed on the couple, as they had been last night. She dared not let herself think that Lucy must be pitying her, lest the sense of her friend's compassion should shake her firmness.

Slight and matter-of-course as the advance might appear, it was really the most direct, unmistakable approach he had made to her that day. She would never have looked upon it as anything save a host's politeness and Sir William's growing *savoir faire*, if it had not been for what she had been told last night, which had robbed her of her ease and peace of

mind, till she could not put an indifferent interpretation on a simple action.

Iris could not tell whether Sir William had been spurred on by her grandmother to take the leap which lay before him, or whether it was the spontaneous impulse of a man with regard to whom she had not doubted that he was a brave man. He might never have read poetry (if she had known it, he had taken to reading it lately, and had gone through dozens of love poems on her account), still he might by instinct have arrived at an entire agreement with the gallant Montrose: —

> He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch,
> To gain or lose it all.

Yet she felt the arm on which her fingers were resting trembling as she walked along the corridor, and she feared she would need to have coolness for both. She had read that in certain circumstances, under the influence of passion, stong men are sometimes weaker than fragile women. But whatever other girls had done she ought to be able to do, and surely he would take his rejection like a man. She knew he could not conceal his feelings, and she did not expect him to be forbearing and generous, especially after what her grandmother had done. He might be rude and angry, but his anger was not what she feared.

Withal, modest as Iris was, she never doubted the sincerity of Sir William's sentiments, she never fancied that he could be influenced by any other motive than unfortunate, misplaced attachment to herself. There was little distrust, and almost no suspicion, in Iris Compton's nature, neither was there the least tendency to double-dealing or trifling. There was not the making of a coquette in her. Now that the moment, from which she had turned away with the greatest repugnance, was at hand, she would rather face it and have it over, because it would be better for both of them. Then she would reckon with her grandmother; at least the gentle, inexperienced, ill-armed girl would match herself with the woman who had eaten of the fruits of the tree of the knowledge of evil to the last bitter-sweet morsel, who could be as furious as she was unscrupulous.

Iris only made a single attempt to direct the course of events a little in her favor, and in his favor also. Everybody seemed bound for the gardens; had she and he not better have it out where there were fewer spectators? at least spectators less interested in watching the couple from a distance, and greedily scanning each sign of the result of the interview. If the poor man were in danger of making a spectacle of himself, ought she not to screen him as far as she could from exposure?

"If it is all the same to you, Sir William," said Iris, with an involuntary tremor in her voice, "I should prefer to go down to the hay-field again. I should like to speak to an old acquaintance there."

"Whatever you please," he told her hurriedly. "We may come back by the lilies. They are like — they make me think of you — I mean of how you looked last night."

She had nothing to answer. She was afraid he might go on to reproach her with slighting him at her ball. Yet how could he have felt the slight if he cared to remember her looks last night? She was afraid everything remained to be told. She began to talk fast on another subject in order to excuse herself for neglecting the lilies. She was nerving herself to give him a hearing and an answer once for all. But she did not see that she need keep silent, and bring on a premature declaration — that she might not rather stave it off as long as possible. It was inconsistent, but it was the struggle between her girlish courage and girlish cowardice.

"I wish to go down and see Honor Smith," she said, in what sounded to him as the most extraordinary coincidence. "I used to know her long ago."

She succeeded in arresting for a moment the words which were trembling on his lips, and arousing his curiosity instead.

"Do you know Honor Smith?" he inquired in surprise. "She did me a bit of a service not long since; that is how I came to know her. How did it come about that you and she were acquainted?"

"Simply enough. I was living alone with my governess at Lambford. Grandmamma and grandpapa used to go a good deal about in those days, and I was always left at home with Miss Burrage. She was a good, kind woman, who tried to make me care for others, and she began with little girls like myself. The rector told us of a child, a few years older than I was, who had fallen down a bank and broken her arm. She had no mother or female relative; she was lying alone, only taken care of by her father and

brother, when they were at home, over at the cottage at Hawley Scrub. Miss Burrage took me there several times, and we did what we could for poor Honor. When she was well again she used to bring me presents of wild flowers, blackberries, and nuts and birds' eggs for years afterwards, till grandmamma put a stop to it. She says people did not run in and out of cottages and have such acquaintances when she was young. I am afraid she had heard something to the disadvantage of Honor and her family."

"Just so," said Sir William with his impenetrable manner. "But you have no horror of poor common people and their ways?"

"Horror!" exclaimed Iris, a little taken aback, "I should hope not. Neither is grandmamma horrified, but she thinks the social lines between the classes should be strictly drawn. They were so, long ago," she ended a little nervously, with a consideration for his origin.

"Then why did she open her doors to me?" he startled her by asking a little sarcastically. "I beg your pardon," he added immediately with a softened manner. "What although it was because I had come into my own, and was master of Whitehills here, since I do not believe you would have made the same distinction — I do not mean that I do not know what was fitting for the likes of you — but at least you could keep company with Honor Smith and not forget what was due either to her or to yourself. You two were friends. It is what I should have expected from you."

She was saved from the necessity of saying anything further. The two had been walking fast, and Honor had made such progress with her work that she was turning over and spreading the swathes of grass close to the park wall, while the rest of the hay-makers were several paces behind.

"I have brought a young lady to see you, Honor," he said, with an eager pride which hurt Iris. "She says that she does not want an introduction, for you and she were thick together when you were children."

"Miss Compton is very kind," said Honor with some pleasure in her face and voice. At the same time she looked sharply at the two, and she stepped back, idly moving the hay with her foot, instead of drawing nearer. "It is a power of years since we were acquainted," she added with growing reserve, "and I have not had any other friend of the kind, so that we have fallen out of knowledge like, and it don't seem worth while to rake up the past and begin to build upon it."

"Nonsense!" said Sir William bluntly.

"I am not surprised that you should think so, Honor," said Iris, a little pained nevertheless, "but I could not help our old friendship being stopped; it was always pleasant to me. After Miss Burrage left — you remember Miss Burrage, and how she could put your bandages right, and knew exactly what you would like to eat and drink? — I was as lonely a girl as you were, perhaps lonelier, for I had neither father nor brother. You may see and believe I have not forgotten you."

"Oh, don't go for to heed what I say, miss!" burst out Honor with shame and contrition. "I have run clean wild, as the other women among the workers will tell you. I am as bad as the women who 'list in disguise, or get into the queen's ships in Jack Tar's clothes, and are only found out when they are dead or dying. It would be a jolly lark, and I think I could die game. But I am speaking to a delicate young lady as was good to me when I were sick and little, and I might speak what would suit her ears better. I am glad to have seen and spoken with you again, Miss Compton; and I wish you all the happiness you deserve," she said a little formally, and glanced doubtfully at Sir William.

"Faith, you're in a queer humor, Honor," said Sir William discontentedly. "I never heard that you set up for a rowdy or a gipsy."

"You don't know me yet, Sir William," answered Honor curtly.

"Is it true, Honor, that you and your father are going to cross the sea?" inquired Iris. "If so, will you let me wish you all the freedom you like, and all the prosperity you can meet with out there? Some day we may hear of you as successful settlers who have not feared privations, and who have held the last of the Red Indians at bay."

Honor looked up with a brighter face. "Yes, you may. That's a good wish; them are kind words." Then a shade of sullenness fell again across her face, and she bent her head over her work and began anew to exert her entire energies in drawing together and shaking out the hay, as if she would put an end to the conversation. "It is the best that can happen to me, since I've missed what the likes of you might have made of me," she said again with bitterness.

Iris attempted no rejoinder, no fresh reminder that she had been without power to act otherwise than she had done. She stood silent for a moment, at least she turned back with Sir William strolling by her side. "I never thought Honor Smith would grow into a woman like this," Iris said regretfully. "She was such a bright, warm-hearted girl."

"You see," he said awkwardly in his agitation, "she missed her great good, and how am I ever to ask it for myself — that you will take me and make me something better than I am, better than anything I have ever thought of?"

"Don't speak so, Sir William," she begged him low, but with the utmost earnestness of entreaty. "Indeed, I wish you and every human being well, but you are asking what I cannot give. No human being is able to aid another in the way you seem to think. You can be a good man — the best of men if you will, with God helping you. You do not need to ask a girl like me, or the mightiest power on earth, to help you."

"But you may do what you can to help me," he urged. "You may make me a happy or miserable man, Miss Compton. Do you know the difference between the two? You may make this place a blessing or a curse to me, and perhaps to more than me. I know, none better, how terribly far I am from you — what a tremendous favor I am asking; but if you could bring yourself to grant it, there is nothing I can imagine that I would not do to pleasure you — to make you as happy as a queen. My sister — I had a sister once who did not think so badly of me — said she believed I could make any woman happy if I tried. That was rank folly, and because she was rare fond of me, for I was her lad, whom she had mothered for many a year. But, Miss Compton, there's nothing I would not try."

"Oh, don't say that again!" besought Iris in her pain. "I believe you, but I never thought it had gone so far as this. If I had only known — if I could have done anything to prevent it!"

"Did you not know? Could you not guess?" he asked wistfully, with a little resentment stealing into his tones. "I dare say I could not put it to you — could not make you understand as a man like yourself could have done; and I was a coward when I feared to scare or offend you. Your grandmother knew almost from the first. She gave me encouragement; she said plainly I had her consent, or I might not have presumed."

"Don't talk of presumption," she protested. "Only think how you are wasting your regard! Call up your pride, and don't waste your — your liking for me any longer. You have a right — every man has a right to ask a return for what he gives, or to take it back without letting it lie unacknowledged and unaccepted — I don't say spurned — no girl with a heart in her breast would spurn such an offering unless it were forced upon her."

"In time she might stoop and pick it up," he said quickly.

"Oh, no, not if there were such unlikeness and such unsuitability as exist here. She would be very sorry that such an idea had ever entered into a man's head, but she must be firm when truth and happiness were at stake."

"Truth!" he repeated passionately. "I love you true as the heaven above us. Happiness! I should be the happiest man the world ever saw if you but said, 'Will Thwaite, next year, or five or ten years hence, I will give a thought to what you said after the Whitehills' haymaking — if you go on improving yourself nearer to a gentleman, you shall have your reward before you leave this world.'"

"But that is not the truth; and the happiness you imagine would be a short-lived delusion." She persisted in words that she knew must cut deep, but so the operator has to use the knife if he will save the victim; and she was doing what she had to do with keen suffering to herself. "It is not only that we have been brought up quite differently, with other customs and standards, but that we have so little in common, which makes your notion that we could become close companions and fast friends, and be so happy together, incredible in its absurdity. Forgive me for saying so, but you will soon see it yourself; you will be conscious before long that you have only been carried away by a passing fancy for the first girl you saw after you came to Whitehills, who spoke as she felt, out of simple good-will. You will thank me; yes, I believe you will live to thank me for saving, not only myself, but you, from a great blunder and a lifelong disaster."

Is there anything to equal the fearless confidence even of the wisest, most modest young girl, when she thinks the path of duty lies plain before her, and that she has to follow it at whatever cost? The only parallel is the innocent, uncomprehending sincerity which may crush with the weight of lead the object on which it falls.

Sir William's ruddy color faded, and he writhed under the blow inflicted by the usually kind, gentle hand; but he had still a man's spirit left in him to resent and deny his share of her inferences. "You are wrong, Miss Compton. I mean you are altogether and hugely wrong, where I have to do with what you say. I may be — since you will have it I am — a poor lout of a fellow, but I know this, that my love for you is not a light fancy, and that I shall never thank you for parting us, if so be you do part us — never, though I were to live a hundred lives!"

She sighed an impatient sigh. He had succeeded in stirring up in her that sense of personal affront with which she had first heard of his suit. She began again to feel indignant on her own account, as well as deeply hurt for him. She spoke, as it sounded to him, more mercilessly and cruelly than before, though she judged it a just and humane cruelty.

"And I cannot, now or ever, care for you as you wish, as you are entitled to ask of any girl, if you are justified in addressing her at all, as you have addressed me. I must say," continued Iris, with a swelling heart, and her little head held higher than was its wont, "that I don't think you are justified in — in making love or proposing to me by anything that I have ever said or done. You are not entitled to draw down such a trial on me, whoever may be in fault. But it has all been a wretched mistake, and it is better to forget it at once, and forever, than to seek to apportion the share of blame to everybody concerned," she hurried on. "Sir William, you spoke of my stooping to pick up your regard — it is you who are stooping and degrading yourself, if you say another word to me on the subject, after what I have said to you — with real sorrow and shame, because I would not hurt any one if I could help it, because I believe you have been misled and have deceived yourself."

They were standing just within the gate in the path which led to the house. He turned round with face in a flame again, and hands which were clenched in desperation. He could not restrain himself, as a man differently constituted and differently trained might have done.

"Do you mean," he said slowly, "that nothing I can do will make any difference, that you will never look on me as a lover or a husband? That not only I don't take your fancy now, but that you will let some other man take it and welcome, and hold yourself free from any wrong done to me? But that is not all: you think I have wronged you by telling you, with my lady's permission, that I love you as I love my life; that I have loved you from the first moment I ever saw you. You will hold me a mean rascal, a low dog, if I demean myself further to cringe and beseech you for what you have said I can never get."

"Yes," said Iris faintly; "that is in some sort my meaning."

"Then don't be frightened, Miss Compton. I won't demean myself — you have heard the last of the story. You have done with me, and I hope you may never repent having stripped life of all it held sweet, even to your greatest inferior, a beggar who began life in the gutter and was the blackguard of the barrack-yard. I hope you'll never be sorry — if women have any pity in their breasts — for sending him back to where he came from, with ten devils, instead of one, to bear him company."

He was breaking from her abruptly, when the most inappropriate interruption stopped him.

Refreshments had been sent out to the hay-makers — an ample and choice store of meat and drink — by the orders of a man with a full heart, who had let himself be duped into thinking that the day was to bring him blessedness, either in sure prospect or in fulfilment. The company who were about to enjoy their feast had seen the squire in the hay-field again with a young lady, and afterwards standing in conversation with her just inside the park gate. The best-mannered were struck with the opportunity of thanking him, and according to immemorial precedent, drinking his health. But they were too bashful to intrude on him and his companion in a body. They deputed the oldest apple-cheeked man in the greenest stained smock-frock to cross the field with his body bent and his knotted hands clasping a mug of ale, as if it contained the *elixir vitæ*. He was to act as proxy for the others, and express their general gratitude and satisfaction.

"An it please you, squire," he suddenly wheezed, turning up on the other side of the gate, and relieving the tension of his mind by leaning on it, and resting his mug on the top bar, "I have come to say that we're greatly obligated for the wittles and we're a-drinking of your very good health." He paused a minute and then gave voice to a happy original thought, which had slowly dawned on his mind as he was crossing the field, "And we'll add the

young lady's very good health, and long life and happiness to you both."

At this ill-timed union of healths, with the inference conveyed, poor Sir William's last shred of endurance and composure gave way.

"Get off with you and your tom-foolery," he cried, dealing the gate such a rough push that he sent the old deputy staggering a few paces. He still clasped the mug, though its contents had been dashed in his face and spilt all over the ground, leaving him ruefully staring, so far as his wet eyelashes would let him, at the empty bottom of the vessel.

Iris shrunk back, shocked at the unseemly outbreak. The next moment she flung open the gate, went out, begged the old man's pardon, and pressed upon him her slight arm to lean upon, till he had recovered his footing. Then he pulled out his cotton handkerchief and mopped his face, and shaking his head, began, in spite of the repulse he had sustained and the disconsolateness which followed, to make rapid way on his return to his discomfited companions.

Sir William had started off in another direction. There was no more thought of showing her the lilies which she had resembled, with their white cups rocking tranquilly on their green leaves. Some of her fellow visitors were appearing at the end of the side path. Discomposed as she was, she saw that her best plan was to join them and pass in with them unperceived, if possible, to the drawing-room where Lady Fermor was waiting for her, and where Iris might say good-bye to Lady Thwaite before the party left. So many petty, yet useful obligations, belonging to a long code of social rules, held Iris bound to self-restraint and courtesy. But poor Sir William, like a half savage, did not see why, when a tempest of misery had swept over him, when what of rank and social importance he possessed had become a second time utterly embittered to him, he should grin and bear it. He was furious with the sense of being befooled. He was stung to the quick by Iris Compton's absolute, wrathful rejection of him. Why should he go back and bow before a pack of fine people who did not care a straw for Will Thwaite? They would, if they knew all, turn their straight backs upon him in righteous indignation, and shun, as they would flee the plague, the most distant association with a drunken brute who had lain under the sentence of the lash. They only noticed him and came to his house in their ignorance, because he was the master of Whitehills, and bore the title of Sir William, and was willing to treat his betters according to their idle fancies.

Long after Iris had accomplished successfully her unnoticed return to the drawing-room, so that even Lady Fermor did not observe where her granddaughter sat among a group near one of the doors, there was a murmur, rising as loud as politeness would permit, for Sir William. Where had he gone? Was anybody responsible for his absence? Why did he desert his post and his guests? Here was a hitch in the simple ceremonies; here was a hole in this gentleman's coat which he did not button round him so tightly, that the coarse jacket of the free-and-easy working man failed to peep through. Must the company go without taking leave of their host, without starting with his last greetings ringing in their ears?

Lady Fermor was craning her neck and defying a draught in order to look out and find what had become of Sir William and Iris. For a wonder the old lady said nothing. All at once she discovered him in the hay-field and detected Iris at the farther end of the room. Still she said nothing, but she squared the fleshless jaw of which age had revealed the massive bony outline — the most conspicuous feature except the eyes, in the face which had otherwise shrunk and withered into a mummy-like representation of its former buxom self. That squaring of the heavy jaw, with a bending of the furrowed white brows, set on Lady Fermor's face the seal, not of a frown but of a scowl, which few people cared to encounter. She continued to screw her eyes and her glass on the hay-field. The hay-makers had eaten through their meal not the less resolutely, though a little less jovially, because of the rough reception their messenger had met with. But one appetite had failed, and that belonged to Honor Smith. She played with her food and showed herself perplexed, if not put out.

At the end of the meal, the feasters began to show that it was time for them to betray a lurking, lingering resentment of the squire's behavior. They had polished the bones of a jolly good supper, roast and boiled, whole sides of bacon, pancakes and apple dumplings, with plenty of ale to wash them down. They had nothing to complain of on that score. Everything had been as handsome as at a harvest thanksgiving, or a Christmas dinner, with no call to go to church if not inclined, or

to listen to the parson preaching at them out of his pulpit. All the same they did not like their best thanks and good healths to be trampled upon — leastways, knocked to the ground. If Martin Weeks had not been in his working clothes, his best coat and waistcoat would have been next to ruined. Ale stains were not so easily rubbed out. Some squires they knew brought to mind the old saw about beggars and porters. Tottle ways were not the ways for a squire. Sukey Vass knew a man as were a tottler and the water went to the brain and killed him, same as he had been a babby.

"You are a graceless, wooden-headed crew!" cried Honor Smith, starting to her feet and speaking loudly and shrilly, among the half-servile growling and muttering, "to eat a man's bread and wag your tongues against him with the morsel still between your teeth or half-way down your throats! Can't you tell for yourselves, summat has taken a rise out of the squire since the afternoon? He ain't hisself. Do none of you never fly into a rage, and fling about the chairs and tables, when you dunno whether your head or your heels is uppermost?"

"A man with a second crop of hay like this here, which he has gotten the whole field in cocks, and the clouds still holding up, has little call to go into a rage," pronounced a ruined farmer in a tone of oracular condemnation.

How Honor's interference might have been taken, and whether she might not have provoked disagreeable reprisals, remained unproven, for the squire himself was descried walking towards his haymakers. He did look, in spite of his good clothes and his soldierly air, disordered and not himself, as Honor had said.

"Good-night," he said to the people gruffly. "You have had a long day's work, and the hay is safe. I ought to thank you as well as pay you. Will that make amends for anything I've said or done amiss? Look here: surely you need not mind what a fellow from the ranks without manners, like yourselves, says or does against the grain. Have you grown so nice as to weigh words and looks like the high and mighty folk up yonder?" indicating the house with a jerk of his elbow.

He did not wait for an answer; he drew Honor Smith aside, and said something which caused her to stare and redden, though she was not given to blushing. His words were, "I'll be rid of the plaguey lot presently, Honor, and, remember, I'm coming over to you for comfort. I'm as dead beat as the hardest worker among you — as I ever was in India. Make haste home, or I'll reach Hawley Scrub before you. I've something to say to you and your father that may stop your voyage across the seas."

Lady Fermor was looking through the trees at the hay-field, at the dispersing hay-makers, and at a couple standing for a moment apart from the others. Her familiar spirit, Major Pollock, was at her elbow. He looked the incarnation of malice as he showed his teeth in a grinning snarl. Generally his mistress kept him well in hand, but he could not resist so fine a chance of retaliation: "Strapping gipsy, in black and red, eh! my lady? Curious how the most refined tastes will wander; but when it is a case of 'like draws to like,' I should say the game is up. What will you wager that the future mistress of Whitehills is not standing younder? Exceedingly romantic, though low all round. A misfortune for the county; a shocking scandal, but not so very surprising after all, if you measure the merits and antecedents of the master of the place. Looks like it, from this abominable forsaking of his company, and flaunting the rival attraction in our very faces."

"Pollock, I should never speak to you again," the enraged old lady turned on him, "if it were not to show you what a fool you are, and what an idiotic error your slanderous tongue is leading you into. That girl pulled Sir William Thwaite out of a pond at the risk of her own life. He told me so himself. Man, are you worse than a beast, that you cannot understand common gratitude?"

"Common gratitude is sometimes an uncommonly deceitful and dangerous commodity, particularly when it leads a man and woman in different grades of life, nowadays at least, to strike up a friendship. But, of course, I stand corrected before your ladyship's superior information." Major Pollock bowed with mockery in his bow, but still with an appearance of submission.

Carriages and horses were being driven and led backwards and forwards along the sweep before Sir William came into the drawing-room again. He made no apology for his protracted absence, but said, in what sounded like a general leave-taking, "Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you have enjoyed yourselves." There was a change in his tone, which a subtle student of human nature might have de-

tected and puzzled over. The earnest desire to play his part well, the anxiety to please in certain quarters, which had weighed upon him, had disappeared. He moved more freely, almost with a defiant swagger, while he spoke rather in grim banter than in cheerful hope.

"Thwaite, what have you been making of yourself?" cried Lady Fermor peevishly, as if she had a right to call him to order, and to claim a compensation.

But he did not accord to her the slight atonement he had made to his working people. "Nothing," he answered laconically, "except that I found something to keep me outside." He took her down in silence to her carriage and put her in, allowing Ludovic Acton to hand in Iris and Lucy. "Good-bye, Lady Fermor," said the host, standing orthodoxly enough, bareheaded on the doorsteps, but going on to speak, with an odd emphasis, words which the occasion hardly seemed to require: "I am indebted to you for all you have done for me. Good-bye, Miss Compton." He forgot to speak to Lucy.

"Mercy on us, man! you are not taking farewell of us forever," Lady Fermor was moved to ejaculate; "we shall see you to-morrow, if you do not walk over, in the course of the evening, to inquire whether my old bones are no worse of your hay-field and of the late hours last night."

"Excuse me, my lady — I am bespoken elsewhere," he said, but his words were drowned in the roll of the wheels.

Lady Fermor sat on the same side as Iris. "Something is up," the old woman mumbled in her granddaughter's ear; "and I shall hear what you have to say on the subject, Miss Compton, the moment we get home."

Iris had no other thought than to tell her grandmother what had passed; severe as the ordeal was, she would go through with it. Indeed, she was not sure that it could be quite so bad as what she had undergone already that day. She had her share of the courage and steadfastness which make martyrs; but she could not speak before Lucy, though she sympathized with all her might in what she guessed of the circumstances. Lucy would even have annihilated herself, or jumped out and walked home under the last hazily hot beams which the sun, low in the sky, sent out over the pastures and ponds of Eastwich.

Iris sat and tried to be brave for what lay before her, while her mind went back with painful pertinacity, and rehearsed word for word the scene in which she had figured. How unreasonable he had been! How presumptuous! Yes, she must say it again, how violent! But there was one thing: he had never once mentioned Whitehills as an inducement for her to change her mind. Lady Thwaite had brought his place and position prominently forward, and, no doubt, Lady Fermor would dwell upon them, but he had not done it. He had ranted egotistically about his misplaced passion, but he had not shown a trace of mercenariness; in this respect he had displayed the spirit of a gentleman.

Iris thought this with a little softening in her wholesale condemnation — even as she was making up her mind that she had seen the last of Whitehills for a long time — at least until Sir William had found another girl whom he would be more justified in addressing, who did not mind his ignorance or rusticity, or who balanced against them the fine old manor-house, the noble trees in the park there, the position in county society, with, perhaps, the additional bribe of seasons in towns, opera boxes and routs *ad infinitum*.

Iris did not wait for Lady Fermor to bid the girl follow her grandmother to her dressing-room, where Iris had gone as a little child to receive her deserts whenever she was in disgrace; her prompt anticipation of Lady Fermor's commands on this occasion had some effect in calming down her judge.

Lady Fermor threw herself into an armchair, untied her bonnet-strings, and asked, with more self-restraint than might have been expected, "What is the meaning of all this, Iris? What have you been about?"

"Sir William Thwaite asked me to marry him, grandmamma, when we went out together, and of course I had to refuse him," said Iris with dry lips, but without hesitation, without sobbing breath or welling tears.

The information, together with the manner in which it was conveyed, struck Lady Fermor dumb; for an instant she sat glaring rather than staring at Iris, and tapping the arm of her chair. Lady Fermor could storm against weakness; she could meet violence with violence; but simple firmness which, as she knew by experience, might prove inflexibility, tried her to the utmost and well-nigh got the better of her. "Then all I have to tell you," she said at last, speaking nearly as quietly as Iris had spoken, "is that you

are even sillier and more stupid and full of conceit, than girls in general. I have done the best I could, and found an excellent match for you. There is not a mother far or near that would not be pleased to establish her daughter at Whitehills, and Sir William is a good, honest young fellow, who might make any right-minded, reasonable creature happy."

"But grandmamma," interposed Iris in vain.

"Girl," the old woman put her down, "if you knew the world, you would understand what he is worth. He is fond of you, which is a deal more than you deserve, but there is no accounting for men's tastes. I have tried to do better for you than I was able to do for your mother, and you have done what you could to thwart me. Do you not believe me, that you are not every man's bargain? Few good sort of men, as you described Thwaite the first time you saw him, would care to seek you, because you are come of people who were no more safe than they were smug."

"I — I don't wish to marry," stammered Iris.

"Hold your tongue," cried Lady Fermor. "You will suffer for your folly, and you need not look to me for assistance. You are entirely dependent on me and your grandfather; your precious father managed to run through his means and did not leave you a penny. We have cared for you nearly all your life, and I must say you are rewarding us well. You have been ungrateful and disobedient, and you have disappointed me thoroughly, though I can't say I ever had much hope of you. I don't pin my faith to cant and goody-goodiness which you were so quick to learn from that fanatic Burrage. But I have not done with you yet, Miss Compton, only Tom Mildmay and his wife are waiting for dinner, and I must go down and keep them in countenance. Girl, if it had only been to snap my fingers in their faces, and take my place in the county before them, you might have consented to please me and make a good fellow happy; but you don't deserve the luck you have thrown away, and he is worth a dozen of you."

Iris knew it would only increase her offence to attempt to answer Lady Fermor further. After the day's tribulations she was still fain — even without Lucy's encouraging assurances — to cling to the impression that she had got off more easily than she could have dared to look for, and that Lady Fermor would have done with her granddaughter from that night, so far as Sir William Thwaite's egregious blunder was concerned. The girl could not guess how little her grandmother cared for one girlish refusal, or a dozen girlish refusals, if she could pat the gentleman on the back and coax him to come on again, and yet again, until, by mingled wearing insistance and harsh persecution, she might sap the foundations of conscience and inclination, and force the rebel to yield.

From Longman's Magazine.

OLD MORTALITY.

I.

THERE is a certain graveyard, looked upon on the one side by a prison, on the other by the windows of a quiet hotel; below, under a steep cliff, it beholds the traffic of many lines of rail, and the scream of the engine and the shock of meeting buffers mount to it all day long. The aisles are lined with the inclosed sepulchres of families, door beyond door, like houses in a street; and when by chance a door stands open, there is none to greet the visitor. In the morning the shadow of the prison turrets, and of many tall memorials, fall upon the graves. There, in the hot fits of youth, I came to be unhappy. Pleasant incidents are woven with my memory of the place. I here made friends with a certain plain old gentleman, a visitor on sunny mornings, gravely cheerful, who, with one eye upon the place that awaited him, chirped about his youth like winter sparrows; a beautiful housemaid of the hotel once, for some days together, dumbly flirted with me from a window and kept my wild heart flying; and once — she possibly remembers — the wise Eugenia followed me to that austere inclosure. Her hair came down, and in the shelter of the tomb my trembling fingers helped her to repair the braid. But for the most part I went there solitary and, with irrevocable emotion, pored on the names of the forgotten. Name after name, and to each the conventional attributions and the idle dates: a regiment of the unknown that had been the joy of mothers, and had thrilled with the illusions of youth, and at last, in the dim sick-room, wrestled with the pangs of old mortality. In that whole crew of the silenced there was but one of whom my fancy had received a picture; and he, with his comely, florid countenance, be-

wigged and habited in scarlet, and in his day combining fame and popularity, stood forth, like a taunt, among that company of phantom appellations. It was then possible to leave behind us something more explicit than these severe, monotonous, and lying epitaphs; and the thing left, the memory of a painted picture and what we call the immortality of a name, was hardly more desirable than mere oblivion. Even David Hume, as he lay composed beneath that "circular idea," was fainter than a dream; and when the housemaid, broom in hand, smiled and beckoned from the open window, the fame of that bewigged philosopher melted like a raindrop in the sea.

And yet in soberness I knew far less, and cared as little, for the housemaid as for David Hume. The interests of youth are rarely frank; his passions, like Noah's dove, come home to roost. The fire, sensibility, and volume of his own nature, that is all that he has learned to recognize. The tumultuary and grey tide of life, the empire of routine, the unrejoicing faces of his elders, fill him with contemptuous surprise; there, also, he seems to walk among the tombs of spirits; and it is only in the course of years, and after much rubbing with his fellow-men, that he begins by glimpses to see himself from without and his fellows from within: to know his own for one among the thousand undenoted countenances of the city street, and to divine in others the throb of human agony and hope. In the mean time he will avoid the hospital doors, the pale faces, the cripple, the sweet whiff of chloroform — for there, on the most thoughtless, the pains of others are burned home; but he will continue to walk, in a divine self-pity, the aisles of the forgotten graveyard. The length of man's life, which is endless to the brave and busy, is scorned by his ambitious thought. He cannot bear to have come for so little, and to go again so wholly. He cannot bear, above all, in that brief scene, to be still idle, and, by way of cure, neglects the little that he has to do. The parable of the talent is the brief epitome of youth. To believe in immortality is one thing, but it is first needful to believe in life. Denunciatory preachers seem not to suspect that they may be taken gravely and in evil part; that young men may come to think of time as of a moment, and, with the pride of Satan, wave back the inadequate gift. Yet here is a true peril; this it is that sets them to pace the graveyard alleys and to read, with strange extremes of pity and derision, the forlorn memorials of the dead.

Books were the proper remedy: books of vivid human import, forcing upon their minds the issues, pleasures, business, importance and immediacy of that life in which they stand; books of smiling or heroic temper, to excite or to console; books of a large design, shadowing the complexity of that game of consequences to which we all sit down, the hanger-back not least. But the average sermon flees the point, disporting itself in that eternity of which we know, and need to know, so little; avoiding the bright, crowded, and momentous fields of life where destiny awaits us. Upon the average book a writer may be silent; he may set it down to his ill hap that when his own youth was in the acrid fermentation, he should have fallen and fed upon the cheerless fields of Oberman. Yet to Mr. Arnold, who led him to these pastures, he still bears a grudge. The day is perhaps not far off when people will begin to count "Moll Flanders," ay, or the "Country Wife," more wholesome and more pious diet than these guide-books to consistent egotism.

But the most inhuman of boys soon wearies of the inhumanity of Oberman. And even while I still continued to be a haunter of the graveyard, I began insensibly to turn my attention to the grave-diggers, and was weaned out of myself to observe the conduct of visitors. This was dayspring, indeed, to a lad in such great darkness. Not that I began to see men, or to try to see them, from within, nor to learn charity and modesty and justice from the sight; but still stared at them externally from the prison windows of my affectation. Once I remember to have observed two working women with a baby, halting by a grave; there was something monumental in the grouping, one upright carrying the child, the other with bowed face crouching by her side. A wreath of immortelles under a glass dome had thus attracted them; and, drawing near, I overheard their judgment on that wonder. "Eh! what extravagance!" To a youth afflicted with the callosity of sentiment, this quaint and pregnant saying appeared merely base.

My acquaintance with grave-diggers considering its length was unremarkable. One, indeed, whom I found plying his spade in the red evening, high above Allan Water and in the shadow of Dunblane Cathedral, told me of his acquaintance with the birds that still attended on his labors; how some would even perch

about him, waiting for their prey; and in a true sexton's calendar, how the species varied with the season of the year. But this was the very poetry of the profession. The others whom I knew were somewhat dry. A faint flavor of the gardener hung about them, but sophisticated and disbloomed. They had engagements to keep, not alone with the deliberate series of the seasons, but with mankind's clocks and hour-long measurement of time. And thus there was no leisure for the relishing pinch, or the hour-long gossip, foot on spade. They were men wrapped up in their grim business; they liked well to open long-closed family vaults, blowing in the key and throwing wide the grating, and they carried in their minds a calendar of names and dates. It would be "in fifty-twa" that such a tomb was last opened for "Miss Jemimy." It was thus they spoke of their past patients — familiarly but not without respect, like old family servants. Here is indeed a servant, whom we forget that we possess; who does not wait at the bright table, or run at the bell's summons, but patiently smokes his pipe beside the mortuary fire, and in his faithful memory notches the burials of our race. To suspect Shakespeare in his maturity of a superficial touch, savors of paradox; yet he was surely in error when he attributed insensibility to the digger of the grave. But perhaps it is on Hamlet that the charge should lie; or perhaps the English sexton differs from the Scotch. The "goodman delver," reckoning up his years of office, might have at least suggested other thoughts. It is a pride common among sextons. A cabinet-maker does not count his cabinets, nor even an author his volumes, save when they stare upon him from the shelves; but the grave-digger numbers his graves. He would indeed be something different from human if his solitary, open-air, and tragic labors left not a broad mark upon his mind. There, in his tranquil isle, apart from city clamor, among the cats and robins and the ancient effigies and legends of the tomb, he waits the continual passage of his contemporaries, falling like minute-drops into eternity. As they fall he counts them one by one; and this enumeration, which was at first perhaps appalling to his soul, in the process of years and by the kindly influence of habit grows to be his pride and pleasure. There are many common stories telling how he piques himself on crowded cemeteries. But I will rather tell of the old grave-digger of Monkton, to whose unsuffering bedside the minister was summoned. He dwelt in a cottage built into the wall of the churchyard; and through a bull's-eye pane above his bed he could see, as he lay dying, the rank grasses and the upright and recumbent stones. Dr. Laurie was, I think, a Moderate: 'tis certain, at least, that he took a very Roman view of deathbed dispositions; for he told the old man that he had lived beyond man's natural years, that his life had been easy and reputable, that his family had all grown up and been a credit to his care, and that it now behoved him unregretfully to gird his loins and follow the majority. The grave-digger heard him out; then he raised himself upon one elbow, and with the other hand pointed through the window to the scene of his lifelong labors. "Doctor," he said, "I ha'e laid three hunner and fower-score in that kirkyaird; and it had been His wull," indicating heaven, "I would ha'e likit weel to ha'e made out the fower hunner." But it was not to be; this tragedian of the fifth act had now another part to play; and the time had come when others were to gird and carry him.

II.

I WOULD fain strike a note that should be more heroical; but the ground of all youth's suffering, solitude, hysteria, and haunting of the grave, is nothing else than naked ignorant selfishness. It is himself that he sees dead; those are his virtues that are forgotten; his is the vague epitaph. Pity him but the more, if pity be your cue; for where a man is all pride, vanity, and personal aspiration, he goes through fire unshielded. In every part and corner of our life, to lose oneself is to be gainer; to forget oneself is to be happy; and this poor, laughable, and tragic fool has not yet learned the rudiments; himself, giant Prometheus, is still ironed on the peaks of Caucasus. But by-and-by, his truant interests will leave that tortured body, slip abroad and gather flowers. Then shall death appear before him in an altered guise; no longer as a doom peculiar to himself, whether fate's crowning injustice or his own last vengeance upon those who fail to value him; but now as a power that wounds him far more tenderly, not without solemn compensations, taking and giving, bereaving and yet storing up.

The first step for all is to learn to the dregs our own ignoble fallibility. When we have fallen through story after story of our vanity and aspiration, and sit rueful in the ruins, then we begin to measure the

stature of our friends: how they stand between us and our own contempt, believing in our best; how, linking us with others, and still spreading wide the influential circle, they weave us in and in with the fabric of contemporary life; and to what petty size they dwarf the virtues and the vices that appeared gigantic in our youth. So that at the last, when such a pin falls out — when there vanishes in the least breath of time one of those rich magazines of life on which we drew for our supply — when he who had first dawned upon us as a face among the faces of the city, and, still growing, came to bulk on our regard with those clear features of the loved and living man, falls in a breath to memory and shadow, there falls along with him a whole wing of the palace of our life.

III.

One such face I now remember; one such blank some half a dozen of us labor to dissemble. In his youth he was most beautiful in person, most serene and genial by disposition; full of racy words and quaint ideas. Laughter attended on his coming. He had the air of a great gentleman, jovial and royal with his equals, and to the poorest student gentle and attentive. Power seemed to reside in him exhaustless; we saw him stoop to play with us, but held him marked for higher destinies; we loved his notice; and I have rarely had my pride more gratified than when he sat beside my father's table, my acknowledged friend. So he walked among us, both hands full of gifts, carrying with nonchalance the seeds of a most influential life.

The powers and the ground of friendship is a mystery; but, looking back, I can discern that, in part, we loved the thing he was, for some shadow of what he was to be. For with all his beauty, power, breeding, urbanity, and mirth, there was in those days something soulless in our friend. He would astonish us by sallies, witty, innocent, and inhumane; by a misapplied Johnsonian pleasantry, demolished honest sentiment; and when his heart said better, turned away his ear. Along the lamplit streets, *Là ci darem la mano* on his lips, he went his way, a noble figure of a youth, but following vanity and incredulous of good; and, sure enough, somewhere upon life's high seas, with his health, his hopes, his patrimony, and his self-respect, went miserably down.

From this disaster, like a spent swimmer, he came desperately ashore, bankrupt alike of money and consideration; creeping to the family he had deserted; with broken pinion, never more to rise. But in his face there was a light of knowledge that was new to it. Of the wounds of his body, he was never healed; died of them gradually, with clear-eyed resignation; of his wounded pride, we knew but from his silence. He returned to that city where he had lorded it in his ambitious youth; lived there alone, seeing few; striving to retrieve the irretrievable; at times still grappling with that mortal frailty that had brought him down; still joying in his friend's successes; his laugh still ready but with kindlier music; and over all his thoughts, the shadow of the unalterable law, that his youth had disavowed, and whose revenge had broken him in powder. Lastly, when his bodily evils had quite laid him low, he lay a great while dying, still without complaint, still finding interests; to his last step, gentle, urbane, and with the will to smile.

The tale of this great failure is, to those who remained true to him, the tale of a success. In his youth he took thought for no one but himself; when he came ashore again, his whole armada lost, he seemed to think of none but others. Such was his tenderness for others, such his instinct of fine courtesy and pride, that of that impure passion of remorse he never breathed a syllable; even regret was rare with him, and pointed with a jest. You would not have dreamed, if you had known him then, that this was that great failure, that beacon to young men, over whose fall a whole society had hissed and pointed fingers. Often have we gone to him, red-hot with our own hopeful sorrows, railing on the rose-leaves in our princely bed of life, and he would patiently give ear and wisely counsel; and it was only upon some return of our own thoughts that we were reminded what manner of man this was to whom we disembosomed: a man, by his own fault, ruined; shut out of the garden of his gifts; his whole city of hope both ploughed and salted; silently awaiting the deliverer. Then something took us by the throat; and to see him there, so gentle, patient, brave, and pious, oppressed but not cast down, sorrow was so swallowed up in admiration that we could not dare to pity him. Even if the old fault flashed out again, it but awoke our wonder that, in that lost battle, he should have still the energy to fight. He had gone to ruin with a kind of kingly *abandon*, like one who condescended; but once ruined, with the lights all out, he

fought as for a kingdom. Most men, finding themselves the authors of their own disgrace, but rail the louder against God or destiny. Most men, when they repent, oblige their friends to share the bitterness of that repentance. But he had held an inquest and passed sentence: *mene, mene;* and condemned himself to smiling silence. He had given trouble enough; had earned misfortune amply, and foregone the right to murmur.

Thus was our old comrade, like Samson, careless in his days of strength; but on the coming of adversity, and when that strength was gone that had betrayed him — "for our strength is weakness" — he then began to blossom and bring forth. Well, now, he is out of the fight: the burden that he bore thrown down before the great deliverer. We

> in the vast cathedral leave him;
> God accept him,
> Christ receive him!

IV.

If we go now and look on these innumerable epitaphs, the pathos and the irony are strangely fled. Not to the dead, they stand — these foolish monuments; they are pillars and legends set up to glorify the difficult but not desperate life of man. This ground is hallowed by the heroes of defeat.

I see the indifferent pass before my friend's last resting-place; pause, with a shrug of pity, marvelling that so rich an argosy had sunk. A pity, now that he is done with suffering, a pity most uncalled for, and an ignorant wonder. Before those who loved him, his memory shines like a reproach; they honor him for silent lessons; they cherish his example; and in what remains before them of their toil, still fear to be unworthy of the dead. For this proud man was one of those who prospered in the valley of humiliation; of whom Bunyan wrote that "though Christian had the hard hap to meet in the valley with Apollyon, yet I must tell you, that in former times men have met with angels here; have found pearls here; and have in this place found the words of life."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

From Nature.

CHINESE PALÆONTOLOGY.

Palæontology is not a study that commends itself to the attention of Chinamen. With archæology the case is different. That is a pursuit which within historical limits the Chinese follow with enthusiasm. Every one who possesses any pretensions to culture, and who can afford to indulge the inclination, collects all that is old from cracked china to coins. So prevalent is this taste, and so keen is the competition for objects bearing the stamp of age, that a flourishing trade, such as rivals the celebrated traffic in "antiquities" carrried on at Jerusalem, exists in fabricated antiques for the benefit of inexperienced native collectors and foreign purchasers. But natural antiquities are, speaking generally, left unnoticed, or if thought of for a moment are hastily explained by random conjectures. Topsy's celebrated explanation of her existence is about on a par with the guesses which are hazarded by the most learned Chinamen to account for palæontological phenomena. Science has always a borderland of unsolved questions, but in China this borderland exceeds in extent the territory of knowledge in the possession of the people. They have no aptitude for palæontology, and few writers make any reference to it. Among the rare exceptions to this rule is Ch'ên Kwah of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 960–1127), who, in an interesting work entitled "Notes from a Dreamy Valley," has collected a number of facts on natural antiquities as well as on other matters. His knowledge is not deep, but when we remember that Voltaire accounted for the presence of marine shells on the top of the Alps by supposing that pilgrims in the Middle Ages had dropped them on their way to Rome, a great deal may be forgiven a Chinese writer of the eleventh century.

The Chinese have so completely lost sight of the possibility of the existence in China of any civilization but their own that when they meet with traces of earlier man they attribute them either to blind chance or to supernatural causes. In this way when Ch'ên Kwah met in the course of his investigations with flint and bronze implements he at once adopted the common opinion of his countrymen, which is the same as that which was prevalent in Europe a couple of centuries ago, that they were thunderbolts shot down by the god of thunder in the explosions of his wrath. In confirmation of this theory Ch'ên states that though these implements are found all over the country they are more plentiful in districts, such as Lui-chow in the province of Canton, where thunderstorms are more than usually prev-

alent. In shape, he tells us, they resemble axes, knives, small hammers several pounds in weight, skewers or nails, and other pointed implements. In color they vary, some being yellow, some green, and some black. Some of the axe-shaped stones are bored with two holes, but the majority are not pierced, and implements of the same shape are found in bronze and iron.

Speaking within his own knowledge he only describes the circumstances of the discovery of two stone axes, both of which he tells us were found beneath trees. In one case, at Sin-chow, in Hupeh, after a severe thunderstorm in which, like Prospero, the god of thunder had

> rifted Jove's stout oak,
> With his own bolt,

a stone axe was found at its roots; and on another occasion at Sui-chow, under precisely similar circumstances, a shepherd lad found a "fire-stone in the shape of an axe." As in the only two cases about which Ch'ên speaks from personal knowledge the axes were found beneath trees, it is not unnatural to suppose that they are more frequently found in that position than elsewhere; and this becomes interesting when we find it stated by Mr. Rivett Carnac in a valuable paper published in vol. lii. of the Proceedings of the Bengal Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, that it is the custom in central India for the finder of a stone axe or other stone implement to place it "under the village pipul tree," and sometimes to sanctify it with a daub of red paint, and thus to constitute it a Mahadeo. A somewhat similar practice exists, according to Chinese historians, in a country vaguely described as being to the west of the Yuh Pass in Chinese Turkestan, where "thunder stones" when found are deposited in the temples. May not this Indian practice have also been the custom of some of the aboriginal tribes of China? and may not the fact that in the two instances mentioned above the axes were found at the roots of riven trees be evidence of the antiquity of the custom, as in cases described by Mr. Rivett Carnac, in which the roots of the trees and the surrounding soil had in course of years so completely grown over the axes that they could only be cut and dug out with difficulty?

Stone arrow-heads do not seem to have come within Ch'ên's range of observation, although from historical references we know that they are to be met with in China. In the "Book of History," which is said to have been compiled by Confucius, mention is made of tribute, consisting of iron, silver, steel, and stone arrow-heads, having been presented to the Chinese court by the tribes on the Yellow River about the year 2200 B.C. The story is told also that on one occasion, as the prince of Ch'ên (495 B.C.) was walking in the palace grounds, a bird fell dead at his feet, pierced through by a stone-headed arrow. As the kind of bird was unknown to the prince and his courtiers, Confucius was called in to give his opinion upon it. The bird he pronounced to be a species of sparrow-hawk from northern Tartary, and he explained that the stone head which pointed the dart was similar to that which Wu Wang (B.C. 1122) presented to his prince. It appears also that stone arrow-heads were used in ancient times as emblems of authority, and that they have very commonly been presented to sovereigns as objects of curiosity and value.

The biographical dictionaries tell us that in course of his official duties Ch'ên was called upon to direct extensive irrigating works; and no doubt the excavations and cuttings which he then superintended led him to take an interest in the fossil remains with which the country abounds. On this subject he has many notes. In one he tells us that at a certain spot on the Yellow River, the banks having fallen away for a considerable distance, a fossil bamboo grove was disclosed, a fact which excited his surprise, as the district is not one in which bamboos grow at the present day, and he contrasts with this the fossil peach-stones, roots of rushes, snakes, and crabs, which are found at the Kin-hwa Mountain, all of which things are still indigenous in the neighborhood. At Tsêh-chow in Shansi, he states, a man, when digging a well, suddenly unearthed a "lizard resembling a dragon." At sight of the monster the man fled in terror, but observing from a distance that it remained motionless, he ventured to return, when, to his relief, he found that it was petrified. Philistine-like, his neighbors broke it to pieces, and only one bit of it was preserved. Another kind of fossil has long been a puzzle to the philosophers, from the great and wise emperor K'ang-hi (1661-1720) downwards. Adventurous travellers who have braved the northern frosts have from time to time brought back accounts of the mammoths which are found in the frozen cliffs of Siberia. Deceived by a mistaken analogy, the Chinese wiseacres have arrived at the conclusion that

these monsters must be huge, ivory-producing rats, and misinterpreting their continued preservation, have formed the opinion that darkness is necessary to their life, and that exposure to the outer air produces instant death. Their ivory is considered to be softer than elephant ivory, and in the hands of skilful chemists their flesh is said to make up into a highly invigorating tonic.

Speaking of the neighborhood of the Loh River, Ch'ên mentions the discovery of ancient Troglodyte dwellings in which were found coins, and in one case a stone chest bearing on the outside fine tracings of flowers, birds, and other objects. On the lid were inscribed upwards of twenty characters, which were of such an archaic form that they were undecipherable. But the contents were easily understood, and were at once recognized as pieces of pure gold.

Constant mention is made by Ch'ên of meteoric stones, which in popular imagination are said to assume various strange and uncanny forms. Of the descent of one such stone which fell in the province of Kiang-su in the year 1064, he gives certain particulars on the authority of a Mrs. Heu. This lady, when in her garden one day, was startled by an explosion like a peal of thunder, and saw a large "star nearly as big as the moon" pass across the sky from south-east to south-west, and eventually fall within a few yards of the place where she was standing. On going to the spot she observed a deep hole, at the bottom of which was the "star shining brightly." By degrees the light died away, and eventually at a depth of three feet she dug up a round stone of the size of a man's fist, and of the weight and appearance of iron. Altogether Ch'ên's work is well worthy of the study of those who can read Chinese and who are interested in the palæontology of China.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

POISONOUS REPTILES AND INSECTS OF INDIA.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

TWO reptiles much lower and less dangerous in the poison scale than the snake are familiar to Anglo-Indians in the scorpion and centipede. It is no unusual experience of the European, especially if resident in the country, where thatch, for coolness, underlies the tile roofing of his bungalow, to see one or other of these reptiles drop down upon his verandah, or a centipede uncoil itself from one of the crevices which the irrepressible white ant has excavated in the eaves of his doors. Lined along the jambs of his doors.

The first sight I got of a live scorpion was when, walking outside in the cool early air after six o'clock to breathe the saw a creature not unlike a crab right in the path before me. Indeed, I took it to be some land species of crab, wondering at its sharp, threatening and spider-like head. While examining it carelessly I marvelled afterwards how it had escaped being stung, when informed that the creature I had been overhauling was a scorpion. Though acquainted with its appearance in glass cases, the resemblance had never occurred to me on meeting the live reality; and its position in the midst of bare fields, without grass or shelter of any kind, had also been misleading.

Frequently though the scorpion is met with, yet a sting from one is rare. An instance coming within my observation was that of my chowkeedar, who had been stung during the night while asleep on his mat in a corner of the verandah, where the reptile had evidently dropped down from above. I was awaked by a loud *bap-re-bap* and the very familiar "*Sâp kâtdyia*" ("Father, oh, father, a snake has bitten me!"), and, on going to the spot with a light, we discovered the assailant to be, not a snake, but a scorpion, which was standing motionless in the corner, still angrily curving its tail — a discovery which afforded unspeakable relief to the chowkeedar, who had thought his last hours were come, and who now with folded hands and upturned eyes devoutly acknowledged his escape in the exclamation: "*Dohai Ram Ji, jân buchgaia*" ("Mercy, O Ram, my life is spared!"). He had pressed upon the reptile, no doubt, while turning round, and had been stung on the arm, which rapidly swelled to a great size, accompanied by pain so excessive as to cause a feeling of faintness. With his mind, however, relieved from the "worst" he soon set about collecting herbs from the compound and garden, under the application of hot mashes of which the pain gradually subsided, and, along with the swelling, disappeared in a couple of days.

Being curious to watch the habits of the scorpion, I placed one under a glass case along with a grasshopper two inches long, whose sharp-spiked legs constituted its

strong natural defence. For a while the scorpion took no notice of the wild leaps of his companion, though every now and again it struck against him in rebounding from the glass cover, but at length, irritated by the continuance of these, it assumed the offensive. After several unsuccessful clutches, he managed to seize with his toes a leg of the grasshopper, which he held in his jaws, while endeavoring to transfix him with his sting, till he succeeded in driving it through and through him. The leaps of the grasshopper now speedily grew feebler, and soon he lay motionless and dead. For twenty-four hours the scorpion took no further notice of his companion, and then, pressed by hunger, he bethought himself of him, and speedily devoured him.

Like the scorpion the centipede also seems partial to grasshoppers, when it can get them. An enormously magnified copy as it is of the little home centipede, the sight of one five or six inches long, with its multitude of prehensile feet all moving at once, and its long feelers steering its way, causes an involuntary creeping of the flesh. Once while reclining on a sofa perusing a daily paper after midday breakfast, preparatory to "turning in" for the customary siesta, I was surprised by a thump-thumping against a newspaper which was lying in a corner of the room, and the continuance of the sound induced me to jump up to ascertain the cause, suspecting, of course, a snake and frog. The raising of the paper disclosed a centipede of about five inches long, holding in his jaws a large grasshopper, which he was quietly hollowing out, without the least regard to the frantic kicks of his victim, which had occasioned the noise against the paper. Nor did he seem disposed to relinquish so choice a morsel, but allowed himself to be turned over and over without even relaxing his hold; and as the grasshopper could not physically recoup his loss, I let his devourer continue, till in a quarter of an hour only the shell remained, and only then did the diminishing kicks of the grasshopper cease altogether.

On another occasion, in the hot month of May, during my morning ablutions, while raising the sponge to my face, I was met by the near view of an ugly pair of horns, followed by a head, emerging from one of the pores. Not an instant too soon, I dropped it down again on the basin stand, upon which the full length of a hideous centipede gradually unwound itself.

Such are instances of the way these reptiles are come upon now and again in India, generally when and where least expected, and showing the wariness people require to practice in every movement, even in lifting a book or paper, or putting the hand anywhere where the eye does not also reach. The bite of the centipede is rarely heard of, but it is more or less poisonous, and, like the sting of the scorpion, is considered serious to children.

Very opposite to cobra and krait, centipede and scorpion, and one of the most harmless of reptiles, is the frog, which, in India, is represented by two widely different varieties. One of these is so numerous in some years as easily to suggest one of the plagues of Egypt, and this must form the apology for introducing a non-poisonous reptile in this paper. Of the two, the common little frog, called the beng, of a dirty yellow, appears more or less all the year round, especially during the rains, and from its intrusion into dwellings and every possible place where it can find a footing, is the variety that becomes such a nuisance of the country. Besides its rather repulsive appearance, it possesses, like the skunk, a strong, natural protection in a most offensive fluid, which it discharges when molested. So hateful is this to dogs, that when one has once experienced the nauseous dose through teasing a frog, he takes great care never to risk it again. The discharge causes him to turn away with intense disgust, shaking his head, while large flakes of foam drop from his mouth, and he appears most uncomfortable indeed for some time to come. A shower of rain in the hot weather is the signal for this frog to emerge in fresh swarms from its hidings, and spread about in all directions; and then chowkeedar, sweeper, and bearer find at length something to do in ejecting them from the bungalow, and preventing their defilement of your rooms. But it is during the night, when it is so necessary to keep open the glass and venetian doors to cool the rooms from the day's heat, that their raids are most troublesome, and their incessant hopping, and occasional loud croak just as you are closing your eyes, is very irritating and destructive of sleep. Occasionally this is varied by the ominous squeak which tells of a snake, probably attracted indoors in pursuit, having seized one. On one such occasion I was awaked by the well-known squeak, and getting up out of bed, and carefully "scanning the country" by the night-light, was guided by the sound from room to room, till I

found it proceeded from a hole in the doorway, the mouth of which was filled by a frog. On looking closer down I found the frog was held there by a snake from within, whose dark head and glittering eyes just appearing now and then, showed to be a krait. The question was how to unearth such a dangerous neighbor instead of driving him farther in, and finding that he held tenaciously to the frog, the only feasible plan appeared to be to draw the latter gently up with a pair of long nippers till the head of the snake could be seized with another pair, which was the work of a moment, and enabled its being easily disposed of by a simple pressure of the pincers.

Another enemy of the frog is the musk-rat — though not a dangerous, yet a very offensive intruder in a bungalow, from the putrid smells which sometimes permeate a room from the hidden remnants of his feasts. I had been disturbed night after night by periodical raids of one from the outside, always about the same time, just as I was dropping off to sleep. First was the disagreeable patter and "click" of the rat, then the quickly smothered squeak of a captured frog, and the sound of crunching bones, followed by a more irritating noise of scrambling or climbing, which I could not comprehend. In the course of some days I became conscious of a faint, putrid odor gradually increasing in strength, till the room soon became unbearable, and after a long search, we noticed that the smell was stronger near a wardrobe that stood an inch or two from the wall. Jumping up to glance over this seemingly inaccessible place, to my astonishment I found on the top the putrefying remains of about a dozen frogs amid a perfect golgotha of bones. This had been the musk-rat's dining-table, and the scrambling noise I had heard had been his gymnastic feat of drawing up the frogs between wall and wardrobe, though why he had been at such trouble is hard to say.

Climbing is the frog's special vanity, and it is no unusual thing to hear a loud, triumphant croak overhead from a frog perched on the ledge of a door, as if in full enjoyment of his precarious post. Sometimes he gets crushed in his ascent between door and jamb, and there remains till the same putrid odor leads to his discovery. A favorite food of the frog is the fly. Wherever a patch of refuse outside collects black masses of these, there the frogs soon circle round, and keep up a short, lazy hopping, insufficient to scare the flies, though the constant smacking of the frogs' jaws proves that a double feast is going on. On emptying out some half-dozen quart bottles of flies, caught in the verandah when they were troublesome, relays of frogs kept coming in to the feast till the whole loathsome mass soon vanished. This bottle process of capturing flies is perhaps worth mentioning, from its cleanliness, cheapness, and efficacy. Water is poured into a bottle to the depth of an inch or two, and floated over with a little oil. The inside of the mouth is then moistened with some syrup or preserve, and the bottle placed at the disposal of the flies. These keep clustering over the mouth and dropping within, each fly, the moment it touches the oil, sinking through and getting drowned; and as the flies accumulate the water keeps rising till the bottle may become filled with them nearly to the neck. By ranging some half-dozen bottles along the edge of the verandah, day after day, for some time, they were removed nearly full in the evening, and thus gave great relief by attracting the flies from other parts of the bungalow, and I verily believe immensely reduced their numbers in the vicinity.

I remember the frogs were, one year, so numerous that I was compelled to shut the glass doors at night to prevent the bungalow being inundated with them; and each morning the sweeper regularly went round with a large jar to collect the masses that lay piled a foot and a half deep in each corner of the doorways. As this nuisance continued it occurred to me to utilize them in a practical form, and for this purpose I had a narrow-mouthed hole dug in the garden, into which each jarful of frogs was successfully emptied. Several holes were filled in this manner containing some fifty jarsful ere the supply ceased, the holes, as filled, being sprinkled over with quicklime and closed. Some months later, when the time for manuring the vines came, and the gardener required his customary sum to buy fish for this purpose, I directed him to the frog-holes in the garden, which now supplied a manure ready for use, and yielding a crop of grapes in quality and quantity far superior to anything I had had before.

The other variety of frog, called the dâboose, is an agile, handsome animal, much larger in size, of great leaping capacity — of eight to ten feet at a time (its powers of escape being its only natural defence) — and does not possess the offensive secretion of the beng. It ap-

pears only during the rains. As soon as the first heavy shower towards the end of June begins the rainy season, and cools the parched earth, then every roadside puddle suddenly becomes alive with them, all of a bright yellow, rolling and tossing over each other as if in the highest enjoyment of their new quarters, while their loud croak sounds in the distance like a policeman's rattle. Where they come from — in the midst, it may be, of bare fields without shelter of any kind — is the mystery; and should these pools dry up again, they disappear as suddenly and mysteriously as they came. Sometimes by putting the ear close to a rent in the low rice-lands a croak far down may be heard, showing that some of them at least find a home here, where they probably keep sinking along with the sinking moisture till the first shower warns them again to the surface; which seems one, though a not very satisfactory solution of the question. But how they can travel so quickly from such distances, and as quickly vanish, and how they come to discover these pools, still remains an enigma. As the rainy season advances, their original bright yellow gradually changes to a darker shade, and they leave the water to hunt over the fields for insects, where they in turn sometimes become the prey of the amphibious water-snake. The clean look of the dâboose suggests the wonder why it is not more used for food by the natives, at least during famine time, instead of being used only by the lowest castes in the extremity of hunger, and to the great disgust of their superior castes.

Among insects, or, more properly speaking, "reptiles," it may seem almost absurd to allude to one so well known as the spider, and yet there is no insect more varied in species, and in which the difference of a tropical over a cold climate becomes more manifest. In India the spider is to be seen of sizes varying from a mere speck to that of a walnut, and of colors varying from brown and black to bright, semi-translucent green. There is the little hunting-spider, most active of his species, who obtains his prey, not by the lazy web, but by stalking and bounding upon it, flattening down as he draws near till he hardly seems to move, when a leap secures his prey. There are the different kinds of web-spiders, indoor and out, most of them cannibals, preying on each other as often as hunger prompts, or speed or strength decide a victory. There are the green field-spiders, one like the ordinary brown in shape and size, but yet able to attack and devour it, and transparent as a drop of amber. Another green kind is an ugly creature, like a bug in shape, which moves sideways, and like the former is to be guarded against from its blistering property. A third green variety is a tall, lanky creature like a grasshopper exactly, even to the head and spiked legs, but unlike in its spider-like action, absence of leaping power, and in a peculiar swaying "devotional" movement, which has obtained it the name of the "praying grasshopper." Still more is it unlike in its ferocious habit of attacking and devouring grasshoppers seemingly stronger and better armed than itself. Lastly, and largest of the spider race, is the tarantula, a hideous creature all covered with fine hair, and whose clumsy, bloated look makes one wonder how a reptile so inert can possibly obtain its food.

I had an opportunity of watching one, which had taken up its post inside a fixed blind on one of the glass doors of the verandah, from the outside of which it could be well seen. It was not nearly so large as some tarantulas of other countries, but still a formidable enough looking creature, as big as the bowl of a clay pipe. When I first noticed him he was comparatively lithe and lean, but to my great surprise he daily increased in girth, though never once did he move from the spot he first occupied in a corner of the pane. He was evidently getting food, but how? At length we noticed him at times roll about in his claws a black ball the size of a small bean, which, as he applied it to his mouth, decreased in bulk. Much occupied as my time was, I had little leisure to devote to watching him, and the matter would have remained a mystery but for a friend who was staying with me. Observing narrowly, he noticed that the flies circling about the tarantula decreased at times unaccountably, as he had seen none of them escape outside the blind. He next noticed the wings and debris of flies occasionally appear for a moment in the black ball the spider was rolling about, then disappear in the mass, and soon satisfied himself that this ball consisted of mashed-up flies. Afterwards we observed that each time a fly flew within reach of the spider it disappeared, and simultaneously a fresh fly was added to the paste, and also that on every such occasion there was a lightning movement of a long leg of the tarantula, which, like the others, was armed with a sharp hook. This,

doubtless, explained the method of capturing its prey. Here, then, was a reptile we had thought so helpless, yet with such marvellous rapidity and precision of stroke as even to strike down flies in the act of flight, so surely as never to require its moving from the spot. Once a large moth settled in an opposite corner of the pane, and for two days both retained their respective posts, but, on the morning of the third, only the wings of the moth remained, and the spider had shifted camp to the moth's corner. The amount of flies he got "outside of" in a day must have been enormous, and was evidenced by his swelling, till he looked as if he would burst. His fate, however, remained in obscurity, as one night he disappeared for good. The bite of the tarantula is considered venomous, but of rare occurrence.

The blistering spider is the only really troublesome one of the spider species, from the property which gives it its name, and that chiefly to the indigo planter. During manufacture in the rainy season, as the planter stands on his vats in white duck, a target for the myriads of creeping things that emerge from the cartloads of plant that are being emptied around him, sometimes a blistering spider gets crushed within his shirt-sleeve, and only a slight itching is experienced at the time. In two or three days, however, without any further warning, a crop of most unsightly blisters begins to appear on the arm, and spread over it, causing him no small anxiety, till they slowly and reluctantly disappear after days of careful treatment. If an "old hand," the moment the premonitory itching is felt, he rushes away and washes thoroughly with soap and water, which generally averts any after results. Should any of the virus get into the eye, as sometimes happens, even from a touch of the finger, the case is more serious, and may endanger loss of sight in the severe inflammation and closing up of the eye which follow, and which often occur to natives without their having any idea of the cause.

A very different insect from the spider, and its greatest enemy, is the ichneumon fly — a beautiful creature, all splendid in green and gold, from one to one and a half inches long, with thread-like waist, a most formidable sting, and of great strength and rapidity of flight. It is ever on the *qui vive*, hunting for one or other of the insects that form the food of its larva. One of the most familiar indoor sights is the fly laboring along with a huge spider suspended from its legs towards its mud cell, which it has previously constructed with great labor in some convenient corner of the room. The favorite occupation of the ichneumon fly, however, seems to be cricket-hunting, and it is constantly to be seen on exploring expeditions among cricket-burrows. Wherever the freshly turned up earth, covering the mouth as a guard by day, indicates a tenant within, there the fly vigorously digs away, and makes the fine earth fly from his long, wiry legs. At a loss at first to understand these untiring labors, I watched one patiently. After half an hour's hard work, at last it seemed to have pierced through the obstacle, and disappeared inside, but I was surprised to see it instantly emerge again, and once more begin digging vigorously as before, but now as if to widen the aperture. Repeatedly it attempted to go in, but as often returned to resume its digging, and on looking closer I found out what had puzzled me explained by the large head and formidable jaws of a cricket filling up the entrance. Whichever way the fly turned, the head turned to meet him, and he was now evidently bent on storming the stronghold by widening the approach. But this was not left for him to do. In a faint-hearted moment, the cricket made a fatal retreat, and in an instant the fly was in after him. For a few seconds neither appeared, then the cricket bolted out with wild leaps away from home as if for bare life, and in two seconds more the fly was out and, making straight for him, fixed upon him for a moment. Then the leaps of the cricket grew shorter and feebler as at each leap the fly momentarily fastened upon him, till at last he could only drag along at a walk, and the fly, once more settling on him, dug in his sting long and deeply, during which process, no doubt, he deposited the germ of another fly. Without any delay he then began dragging the cricket, at least six times his own bulk, along the ground towards his nest. Great as the number of crickets must be which the ichneumon fly thus disposes of, the cricket has not around it the domestic halo of romance which it bears at home, and small pity is felt for one so destructive to vegetation and so troublesome in the evenings, when its deafening whirr almost drowns the voice. It is wonderful how long the insects deposited by the ichneumon fly in its cell remain alive. Even if this be broken open days after it has been closed and left by the fly, these will still be found with a remnant of life

in them; no doubt for a purpose — to keep the food supplies fresh till the eggs deposited in them have fairly burst and the young larva begins to feed on its surroundings, these comprising a heterogeneous mass of spiders, caterpillars, and crickets. The ichneumon fly, though too intent upon its own business to trouble any one, is savage enough when interfered with, and its sting is a thing well to be avoided.

The ant is so well ventilated a subject, even to the destructiveness of the white variety, in cutting through clothes like a pair of scissors, and hollowing out to a shell the hard rafters of bungalows, sometimes to the unconscious danger of life, etc., that I will confine myself to some features perhaps not so well known. In old country bungalows it is no unusual thing of an evening during the rains to find dense clusters of white ants hanging along the frame of a doorway, from among which large-winged drones are pouring out and beating helplessly about in their clumsy flight against windows and furniture, presenting exactly the appearance of a hive of bees swarming. As the doors are opened and they get outside, kites, king-crows, and jays presently crowd the air, and sustain an extirpating flight among them as fast as they begin the joys of winged life and open air. Unlike bees, the ant drones are the only members of the family endowed with wings, and that as if for the purpose only of their owners being got rid of the more easily, for when once the drone has left its nest it never returns; nor does it seem to leave under compulsion, as with bees, but voluntarily and as if from instinct. It is strange to see creatures so immense as the drones, an inch long, emerge from among insects so minute as the workers or neutrals, each drone being equal to six or eight of them. The only other winged ant is the queen, which is more lithe and elegant, and easily recognized from the drones.

Another variety is the black ant, most troublesome in the pantry, and the untiring assailant of sweetmeats and the sugar-bowl. In their desperate efforts to cross the water in which these are insulated, they often sacrifice themselves for the sake of their community, and plunge into the water to enable their friends to form a bridge of their dead bodies and so to reach the tempting goal. Long, thin columns of them may be seen reaching from ceiling to floor, across the floor, and up the leg of a table, in one unbroken line till they reach a sugar-bowl or other unprotected sweetmeat on the table; and their peculiarity is the giants which accompany these marching columns, and who seem the soldiers or warriors of the tribe, always patrolling to and fro along the line, and ready to rush to the attack wherever an adversary offers. They do not always confine themselves to "small metal" or provoked attacks, as I once found out in a most unexpected manner. I had several young pea-fowl of which I was rather proud, and which used to be nightly covered over with a large hamper in the verandah. One morning on raising the hamper I found, to my great vexation, the chickens one black mass of the giant ants, and all dead. They had been bitten to death, succumbing no doubt to the infinite number of bites, all slightly poisonous, inflicted on them by the ants, which had probably kept collecting from different quarters during the whole night, though I could not have believed such multitudes could turn out. A cloth thrown over the hamper, and a little sulphur lit within, soon disposed of the marauders.

From Nature.

ON THE FORMATION OF STARCH IN LEAVES.

In a recent communication to the *Arbeiten des botanisches Institut* in Würzburg (Bd. iii.), Prof. Sachs gives the results of his work during the past summer in connection with the above subject. The investigations were made with the object of determining the formation and disappearance of starch in the leaves of plants growing in the open, and under normal conditions of vegetation, and were carried on chiefly during the months of June, July, and August on a large number of dicotyledons from various families. Some twenty-two years ago Prof. Sachs showed that the presence of starch in chlorophyll grains can readily be detected by means of the now well-known iodine test, a modification of which was employed in these researches.

If fresh green leaves are plunged into boiling water for ten minutes or so, certain soluble substances are extracted, but the starch and coloring matter of the chlorophyll grains remain in the still unbroken cells of the mesophyll. A short immersion in alcohol now removes the green coloring matter and certain bodies soluble in alcohol, leaving the starch behind in the colorless tissue. The presence of acids affects

the degree of whiteness of the decolorized leaf; and the decolorization proceeds more rapidly in sunlight or warm alcohol than in the dark and cold. Leaves of *Tropæolum* may be rendered completely white, like writing paper, in two or three minutes.

If the decolorized leaf be now placed in a strong solution of iodine in alcohol, the presence or absence of starch may be demonstrated in a few minutes. If no starch is present, the cellular tissue simply presents the well-known yellow color; if a large quantity of starch exists in the cells, the tissue appears blue-black, the venation appearing as a pale network in the dark ground. Paler colors result if but little starch is present at the time of the experiment.

It will readily be seen how useful the above method is for the purpose of demonstrating the absence of starch from etiolated leaves, the white portions of variegated foliage, etc., and the sequel shows that the method affords means of obtaining far more delicate results, without the trouble of a microscopic examination.

In the first place, the same leaf may be found to contain very different quantities of starch at different periods of the day, or according to the weather; and secondly, the increase and decrease of the quantities of starch in a given leaf may be very rapid.

Sachs showed long ago that if a plant is placed in the dark, the starch disappears from the leaves; and it has also been known for some time that if a piece of tinfoil is placed on a leaf, the covered portion forms no starch, although the parts exposed to light may become filled with that substance. Moreover, Kraus showed how very rapidly starch can be formed in direct sunlight.

Sachs now demonstrates on a number of plants that the starch formed in the leaves during the day may disappear completely during the night, and that the leaves shown to be full of starch in the evening may be quite empty of starch next morning. This depends upon the temperature and health of the plant, but occurs normally during the summer in plants growing in the open. A large number of experiments are given in support of this, and showing how the rapidity and completion of the process depends upon the weather.

The experimental proof is very simple. A leaf is halved longitudinally at night, after a fine sunny day, and the excised half is shown to be filled with starch by the iodine test described; the remaining half is tested early next morning, and shows at once if any material diminution has occurred during the night. A simple and obvious modification of this experiment gives an idea of the quantity of starch formed between sunrise and sunset. The half-leaf tested before sunrise shows no trace of starch: the other half, left on the plant during the day, is found to become more and more filled with starch towards the afternoon.

Some curious results were arrived at as to the effect of growing parts on the rapidity of the emptying of the leaves; some of these matters still require investigation.

Differences in the weight of leaves and in the intensity of the color produced by the iodine test, as well as some other observations, lead to a better understanding of a fact already known generally, viz., that the starch disappears from the leaves in the form of glucoses, which travel by way of the vascular bundles into the stems, and thus pass to the places where they are used up in growth.

Some very telling observations were made in this connection, and the dependence of the processes on temperature again shown forth clearly.

These results lead to the conclusion that the process of metamorphosis into glucoses and translocation of the products of assimilation are also going on during daylight, though they are less evident, because more starch is then being formed and accumulated than is abstracted at the time. Moll proved that such is the case by exposing leaves to the sunlight, but in an atmosphere devoid of carbon dioxide; the starch already in the leaves disappeared, and no more was formed to replace it. Sachs repeated Moll's experiments, and proved the correctness of his conclusions by means of the iodine test. Half-leaves were shown to be full of starch; the companion halves were put into closed atmospheres, deprived of carbon dioxide by means of potassium hydrate, and exposed to sunlight. In an hour the latter halves were tested, and found to be nearly emptied of starch. Other experiments proved that depletion occurred in a few hours, the time depending on the temperature.

Further experiments demonstrate that the starch travels in the form of glucoses in all the above cases; but it is not proved whether the metamorphosis is effected by forces in the chlorophyll grains them-

selves, or by means of diastatic ferments in the cells of the leaf. A few hints are here given showing a field for further research.

Perhaps the most ingenious part of the paper is that which now follows. It is well known that Weber's patient and thorough researches on the energy of assimilation led to two important results, among others: (1) that the quantity of starch formed by a certain area of leaf-surface in a certain time may be relatively very large; and (2) that different plants probably differ specifically as to the quantities of starch formed in their leaves.

Sachs proposes to apply his method to the solution of this question, *i.e.*, how much starch is produced in, say, one square metre of leaf-surface by assimilation during, say, ten hours' bright sunlight? The great difficulties in Weber's researches were connected with the enormous labor necessary to measure the leaf-surface accurately.

Sachs resolved the matter in a manner which we may summarize thus: He cut off portions of large leaves found to be empty of starch, measured them rapidly by laying them on pieces of board cut to the size of one square metre, and killed, dried, and weighed the measured portions very rapidly. Certain precautions as to the area of fibro-vascular bundles, the possibilities of absorbing hygroscopic moisture, etc., may here be passed over. Supposing these portions of the leaves to be estimated in the morning, a quantity of the same leaves of equal area gathered in the evening was then compared, and the increase in weight gives the quantity of starch formed in the interval. By weighing large areas, and frequently, and by paying attention to the times and other circumstances, a large number of results were obtained, showing that the quantities given by Weber, for instance, are within the mark. Of course these results are not absolute. Starch is being changed into glucose, and passing away during the day, and some must be burnt off in respiration; moreover a certain minute quantity of mineral ash should be allowed for. Of course, it is an assumption that equal areas of mesophyll of the same leaves contain approximately the same amount of substance: nevertheless, if a large number of experiments are made, the error is probably small.

Experiments were made to show both the quantities of starch which disappear during the night and the quantities formed during the day. A few of the numbers may be given. In *Helianthus*, 9·64 grms. of starch disappeared in ten hours from one square metre of leaf-surface.

In the same plant 9·14 grms. were formed in the same time by the same area of leaf-surface.

In another case *Helianthus* was used, but the leaves were removed from the stem to prevent the passage back of the starch from the mesophyll into the stems.

A square metre was found to produce starch at the rate of 1·648 grms. per hour.

By combining his experimental results and taking note of all the circumstances, Sachs concludes that twenty to twenty-five grms. of starch per day may be produced by one square metre of leaf-surface as an ordinary occurrence; and these numbers are not only not excessive, but experiments show that there are plants which produce much more than those investigated here.

Some remarkably interesting and important results follow from the consideration of these experimental data.

They explain why plants are so vigorous during warm nights following upon hot, bright days. The more readily the products of assimilation (formed in large quantities during the day) can pass into the growing organs, the better these are nourished, and so forth.

Leaves used for fodder, etc., must differ in nutritive value to a very great extent if their starchy contents vary so largely during the day and night: it thus becomes of primary importance whether such leaves are gathered in the morning or the evening, in cold or warm weather, etc. The same applies to *tobacco* and *tea*, etc. It must make a vast difference to the smoker whether his tobacco abounds in carbohydrates or is relatively richer in the alkaloids. It appears that tobacco is habitually cropped in the morning in some countries, a fact which suggests that experience has already shown that a difference in the quality exists; it will be interesting to inquire further into these matters.

Sachs's results will also materially affect the physiological value of the analyses of leaves. Some of us know how great are the variations met with in analyses of the ash contents of leaves of the same plant. It is clear that, in addition to the age of the leaf, the soil, manure, etc., it is important to know the amount of starch present. It cannot but happen that the mineral matters ebb and flow as well as the starch. The analyses of leaves will also be more valuable for the purposes of

physiology if the numbers are stated, not in simple percentages, but in terms of one square metre of the leaf-surface.

The above brief summary of the results obtained by Prof. Sachs by no means does justice to the beauty of his methods, and the masterly way in which they were carried out: it must be admitted by all who understand the value and importance of this work that it is worthy of the great pioneer of vegetable physiology. Moreover, it suggests several matters which require further investigation, and would no doubt yield valuable results to those fortunate enough to have a botanical garden at hand.

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From All The Year Round.

VIRGINIA.

A STORY.

LOOKING down from a high window in the Piazza di Spagna, in Rome, one sees all sorts of figures and all sorts of doings.

There was not much shade anywhere. The sun reigned high in his midday glory and the time of the year was May.

A little valley of shade filled the bit of street which led up to the Pincio, but being midday, there were only some boys at play there on the white, dusty ground. Over the way some balconies were shrinking away into the strip of shade which just swept down the faces of the houses there. Some English girls stood out — who but English would stand bareheaded, even in the shadow, of a May noon?

They were looking down, and they saw the boys at play, and they saw the two gaily painted stands, under which there were the girls selling fresh lemons, and where clear water was always running over the marble slabs, suggesting coolness and refreshment. There were two young priests sauntering down the street of the Propaganda, and there were the high, broad steps, the Spanish steps, leading up to the chapel where the nuns sing — or are said to sing — so sweetly; there were big hotels, with all the green outer blinds shut fast, and there was the circulating library at the corner, with its rows of books and its rows of photographs showing themselves beneath the wide awning.

There was a string of the little hackney carriages that are such a godsend to hard-working tourists; their drivers asleep in them. The very dogs, shaved and pink-skinned, lay with their four legs all stretched out in the utmost incapacity of laziness. Sleep and dreams ruled the hour.

Yet there were some people who worked even at midday in Rome.

Coming down from the Pincio, three oblong moving whitenesses made the bit of dark, shady street look like one of the black-and-white diamond-paved floors of the churches.

Three pairs of white-stockinged feet showed forth; a little white curly dog ran out into the glare of white sunlight; three girls followed him, carrying on their heads the oblong shallow baskets in which the laundresses of Rome send the snowy linen home.

"In?" No; "on." The clothes are daintily packed on the huge basket-trays, and are balanced on girls' heads.

"Do they ever get spilt?" you ask.

Never — never. The girls are as light as roes; with their brown bare hands on their hips, and with their limbs free and their heads firmly erect, how can they slip? They never dream of such weakness.

"I have been six times to the Londra to-day," said one girl, Nita. "And very likely a load to carry back now."

"You are grand! The less you say about the washing you do the better," retorted the second, a shortish girl. "How much do you rub?"

She was a square-looking girl. Her elbows were square, her shoulders were square, her brown, swarthy face was broad and square — she was not pretty, neither did she seem to be good-tempered.

"You are too curious," and the third girl laughed merrily. She was just the opposite of Maria, or Mariuccia, as they called her; she was as lovely as the other was plain, she was tall and erect, with a graceful, free step, and her face would one day, when she grew older, be surely the grandly-featured face that one expects a Roman woman to have. Now she was only a young girl, and her face was delicate in outline, the glad lips were apart and gay, and her dark eyes laughed. "Yes, that is it," she repeated; "you are too curious. The mother and I we send the clothes home white, and we iron them well; we make all the pretty embroidery and the lace look nice — never you mind the rubbing."

"Just like you! All for show!" said Mariuccia crossly. "Get out of my way, you stupid dog!" and one foot went out

with a jerk towards the white gambolling dog.

"You would kick my Lili!" cried Virginia. "I hate you — I hate you!" and with one long, swift step she put her tall strong self between the girl and the little dog. An Italian is quick and fiery. Virginia could laugh — nay, she was far more ready to laugh than to scold, but her tongue was sharp too, and could sting. "Lili is an angel!" she hurried on; "but I can make her bite you, so take care!"

"Can you? I don't believe it. Lili is just the same meek incapable as her master — yes, don't you think I know who gave her to you!"

"You ——"

"Tonio Bucci gave her ——" began the first girl, Nita.

"As if I did not know, the foolish man! Truly he is as soft as the milk he sells."

"The milk is sour for thee — eh, Mariuccia?" and Nita nudged the girl's arm. "I wouldn't show I was angry."

There is some good advice that stings one more sharply than a taunt, and of this sort was this counsel of Nita's.

"Angry? I'm not angry. I'm thankful to any one who'll take such an insipidity out of my way."

But Mariuccia's face flushed red, and seeing the unlucky Lili come before her just at this moment, the ready foot struck out again with the undisguised intent of administering a kick.

This time the aim was sure, and Lili with a squeal darted sideways with her bushy white tail between her legs.

Nita was a step in the rear, Virginia had sailed majestically ahead and aloof from the others — was she not too proud to condescend to listen to such rude speeches as Mariuccia had been making?

So they were moving leisurely across the piazza when Lili got her kick. Now in the first agony of bodily pain the most patient ignores the difference between friend and foe — Lili ran from Mariuccia, but it was to dash full tilt against her mistress's feet.

It was all done in a second.

The frightened dash — the entanglement of feet and of dog — the flutter and splutter of Lili's soft body and furry, whisking tail, a sharp, short bark, and alas! the basket on Virginia's head was down, and all the dainty folded linen was flying over the dusty, sun-scorched pavement! Fair embroideries and gossamer laces, all so clear, and white, and fresh, were spoiled. Spoiled irrevocably! How could they be saved from the griminess of the fine dust?

"Lucky it's you and not me!" sneered Mariuccia. "I shouldn't dare to take such things to the hotel. They'll do for your signore; for people in the *pensione* it is not so bad."

"You think so?" retorted Virginia. "What do you know? My signore need have better treatment than your always moving strangers. Have I not had them all the winter? Nay, for two winters? And are they not good to us? Ahimè! Ahimè!" she threw her arms aloft, and then with her sharp cry she let them fall, and swing on each side of her. "Do they not start this very night on the long journey to their home? What can I do? Santa Maria! would I not rather spoil all the clothes for all the week than those of my dear signore?"

"Bah! there's no harm done if they go away to-night. You can't lose trade, any way."

Virginia, crying and kneeling amidst her ruins, took no heed.

"That's your honesty!" shouted Nita with disgust. "One sees now why you never get beyond hotel-work. People would not send to you twice. Go! Leave me and Virginia!" She turned her back on Mariuccia, and carefully set her own basket in safety. "Pick them up. There, shake them a bit!"

"It is no use! it is no use!" wailed Virginia. "And on the day of all others when I would have them lovely. Ah, they were beautiful when the mother and I finished them!"

"They are not so bad."

"Don't you speak — there!" and she held up a garment whose lace was decorated with irregular streaks and patches of yellow dirt. In a second it was thrown on the top of the pile Nita had deftly set back in order. "Will I stand ashamed before my signore, and take such things to them? No, never. I shall take them all home again and wash them afresh."

"You? This afternoon?" and Nita stood apart, looking amazed.

"It must be. I will tell Tonio afterwards; he will understand."

Nita nodded her head quickly.

"Probably," she said with meaning. "You remember Mariuccia will be there, too. She will make him understand with a vengeance."

"Do I fear Mariuccia?" proudly said Virginia.

The English girls on their balcony saw the accident, but their minds were full of

other thoughts; they did not notice that the unlucky girl was Virginia, a *protégée* of theirs, and as to thinking of the safety of the clothes, they were full of the excitement of going home after a winter in Rome. For a second they had turned to speak to some one within the room, and when their eyes again fell on the piazza it was to see two Italian friends of theirs crossing from the shadowy opposite street towards their own house.

The May evening was falling cool and soft. All the world had been out. What streams of people were driving along the Corso and round the Pincio! How the gay band tossed its fanfaronade of operatic airs and its voluptuous waltzes on the brilliant air; how the brightly dressed nurses, with their grand muslin aprons and streamers, sauntered about with the white babies; how pleasantly and graciously did the queen bow and smile as she made her daily visit to her loyal people!

The two Nelson girls and their mother were strolling about, too. Their Italian friends were with them, and one can easily imagine the sort of talk that would every now and again come up; the English people were going away, and the friends would not see them for six months. Nay, who knew? Perhaps one girl would not come to Rome the next winter.

This one was a wild girl; she said things as they came into her head. She was declaring, with a little flourish of her hand: "Is there any place I love as I love Rome? Should I not die if I were to dream that never again should I set my devoted eyes upon it?"

"Signorina, you jest. Is it not true that before next winter ——"

"I shall be Mrs. Brown? Yes. That supposition may certainly have become a fact; still you may imagine the aforesaid Mrs. Brown weeping her eyes out when her family pack the family trunks next October for Rome!"

"Gwen, there goes Virginia, and we shall miss her."

"Where — how?" and Gwen turned to right and left.

"Behind you now — half-way down the road."

"What is she doing up here?"

"Don't know. There is some merry-making going on down below, beyond the Borghese Gardens. I caught my lady looking that way ——"

"I shall simply go home. No, Signor Para — no, I want no escort. I am bent on domestic duties, and you would only be in the way."

She went off, and she overtook Virginia, and she heard the story of the misfortune that morning.

"But how could you do all that work again this afternoon? Was not your brother Tito to be married this morning? Were you not to have a beautiful *festa* this afternoon?" So said Gwen, in her headlong fashion.

"It is true, signorina. But could I behave so badly to you and to the signora? No."

"Well! don't be wretched over it now. Get back quickly."

With a few more words the two girls parted. They understood many little things of each other's lives, from the simple fact that each one had a little love-story lying behind the common ways and works of every day.

Alas, and alas! It was a black day for Virginia; she never divined how the thing was done, it was done and past remedy. Of course the hard, cruel fate did not swoop down upon her all at once, but she noted that day as the day when Tonio Bucci fell away from her.

She had no redress. What do we say? She never sought for redress. A Roman girl is proud, she would never sue for love, she would hold her head erect and look down stoically and in silence upon the faithless lover, whose steps went daily farther and farther from her. She and her mother lived alone, they came in time to hold themselves apart from the other women.

And who was Virginia's rival?

Mariuccia, who pretended once that she despised Antonio!

Nita, Virginia's friend, flicked her thumbs at Mariuccia, and cried: "Bah! That Mariuccia loves, or does not love, as the humor comes. Bucci will have his master's shop soon. If Bucci had not gold he might whistle for Mariuccia."

"Serve him right if a richer man crosses his path," dryly put in a woman who heard her.

"That is your way. It is not mine," said Nita. "I have promised a candle to the Santissima Madre if she get them well married before Corpus Domini."

"You! That is your friendship — eh? You'd reward a poltroon, a base fellow?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Mariuccia a reward? That is good," and Nita laughed again.

Some two or three weeks after this, the whole of Rome seemed flocking into St. Peter's. It was the great festival of Cor-

pus Domini, and the grand procession came filing in through the mighty columns, and in at the vast door. Incense perfumed the warm air; hundreds of priests gravely walked along carrying the treasures. Scarlet-robed cardinals officiated; mitred dignitaries, in vestments of gorgeous silver tissues, chanted and genuflected before the high altar; strings of blue and of green and of scarlet coated young seminarists from the various colleges made lines of clear color in the dense crowd, which by itself was just a moving mass of radiant color.

On the edge of the crowd was a group — a marriage group all in festa dress. What voluminous skirts, what gold earrings, what lace kerchiefs! The bride was short and square; she pulled at her newly made husband's sleeve, so that she might see over the heads of the people. Of course he helped her, but methinks he remembered a tall girl, whose bearing was proud and stately, and whom any man — yes, any man — would have felt it a glory to call his wife. That girl would have seen well by his side, without giving him that irritating pull. Tonio Bucci, of course, was this newly made husband.

The summer burnt itself out, and autumn went too — the sickly, pestiferous Roman autumn, which brings the heavy fever air from the Campagna, and which feeds the dreaded enemy by the damps and the rains of the falling year.

That time went, and real winter, the winter which makes Rome full of foreign visitors, had come. Many amongst these were people who came every year, people from colder lands of the north, who see that life is better worth living under the genial Italian sun.

Gwen did not come, but her mother and sister did. A few weeks passed, and then Gwen herself was in Rome again. She was now a glad young wife, and she and her husband having been far afield into Eastern lands for their long honeymoon, were taking a glimpse of Rome on their way back to England.

She had to ask after five hundred people, to use a comfortable exaggeration, but in the interests of our story we will make no mention of the four hundred and ninety-nine, and just pick out one of her old friends, Virginia Caldi.

"Not married!" cried Gwen. "What went wrong?"

She heard the story.

"I know that Mariuccia. I saw her more than once with Virginia. The man must have been conjured out of himself."

"You let Virginia infect you with her own mad admiration of him," answered May, Gwen's sister.

"Not at all so. I saw for myself. Did I not see him often enough out at the Caldis' cottage? He repents it by this time."

"I don't know about repentance. He may have repented, but now there is no knowing what he feels. He is a free man. Mariuccia is dead,"

"Mariuccia dead!"

May nodded her head.

"She was self-willed — 'as self-willed as an English girl,' I was told, and she went out in the wet and cold; she died of fever. Yes, that was it. And now ——" The girl was silent a moment.

"Well — now?" echoed Gwen.

"Now Bucci is tearing his hair — that is an elegant metaphor, of course, as you know his head just owns a stubble and no more — well, tearing his hair at the feet of Virginia."

"Then it will be all right; she always did love him."

"I know nothing about that, I leave all that to you. She'll have nothing to say to him, anyhow. Old Madame Caldi exists in a flood of tears, for Virginia declares she will go and serve the nuns at St. Trinita dei Monti. She'll be a nun herself if she can."

"Nonsense!"

"True, nevertheless."

Wherewith Gwen resolved upon becoming a matchmaker, as it has been said that all good women are, and she carried her husband off for a walk. The walk took them out a long way beyond the Porta del Popolo, and, in fact, only ended at Virginia's cottage.

This is what came of that visit.

Only a week after, Gwen and her husband had to leave Rome, and on the morning of the day they left, Virginia, as of old, brought her basket-load of daintily got-up linen home.

"You do not look like a nun," began Gwen half teasingly.

"Oh, signora, that is not a thing to laugh at. No, not at all." The girl lifted her tall figure with that simple pride of hers which had still such a grand dignity in it. "No, no; and, signora," she seized Gwen's hands in her own with all the fiery earnestness of an Italian, "if you had not come to me, I should be there now. Yes, this would have been the day when I should have left the mother, and Tonio, and all."

"But if your vocation is there — there

with the nuns," Gwen's eyes tried to look grave. "Suppose one day you find you would rather be singing with the good sisters than cooking Tonio's soup?"

"Signora! Is that possible?" and Virginia dropping her friend's hands clasped her own. "Shall I ever think that? — I?"

From Forestry.

WELBECK ABBEY.

WELBECK ABBEY, the seat of the Duke of Portland, is the *chef d'œuvre* of human eccentricity, a palace as labyrinthine as Mount Ida, a gorgeous specimen of perverted ingenuity as perplexing as it is astonishing. Originally it was a monastery for monks of the Præmonstratensian Order, and, like all structures devoted to the "mortification of the flesh," it is situated in a goodly vale surrounded by a thickly wooded barrier, with every forest luxury obtainable at a moment's notice. As a work of architectural art little need be said; but the proportions are ample, and what it lacks in external grace is compensated for by internal comfort. The great work of reconstructing Welbeck was undertaken by the "Invisible Prince," as the late Duke of Portland was called, and was far from complete at the time of the eccentric nobleman's death. For years he spent his princely income, amounting from land alone to upwards of £175,000 per annum, in the reconstruction of the Abbey, and enough of the work was finished at his death to make the house one of the most extraordinary buildings in the world. Five years ago Welbeck was like a "sealed book," and the fortunate visitor who had penetrated the mysterious region felt as elated as if he had discovered the north-west passage, and did not fail to retail his experiences on every favorable occasion. Shut up in his favorite library the invisible duke pursued his daily avocation of planning and plotting — planning for the construction of some ingenious marvel, or plotting to keep his magnificent mansion more completely secluded from the eyes of the vulgar world. At that time upwards of one thousand artificers were employed on the estate; so that to keep the Abbey from the rude gaze of even his own workmen required a stretch of genius which in its accomplishment has never been surpassed. Across the park the workmen were in the habit of passing to their homes at Cresswell, Whitwell, and Worksop, and the occasional glances they gave at the ducal residence disturbed that feeling of seclusion which the owner desired, and consequently ingenuity was taxed, and cost disregarded, in the attempt to make the mile-and-a-half footpath across the park as joyless as possible. Following a strange inclination for subterranean construction, the late duke hit upon the expedient of making a tunnel across the park, so that his army of workmen could pass to and fro without disturbing the serene repose which he longed for; and in the famous Welbeck tunnel he created — what Mr. Gladstone has endorsed — one of the wonders of the world. The structure is as wonderful as it is gigantic. During the day it is lighted by enormous plate-glass bull's-eyes, superseded at night by hundreds of gas jets. The floor is excellently asphalted, and the tunnel is high enough and wide enough for carriages to pass along. It was on this subterranean roadway that the Prince of Wales was conveyed when he honored the present Duke of Portland with a visit at the latter end of the year 1881. Nothing more effectual could have been designed for the object the eccentric nobleman had in view. Stepping into the tunnel during the hot days of summer the traveller feels as if he had walked into an icehouse, and the whole length of its interior can be traversed without catching the slightest glimpse of the Abbey, or the beautiful park under which it passes. Walking through the park the pedestrian can trace the tunnel by means of the skylights referred to, as it passes under clumps of trees and groves of rhododendrons; and the same idea of burrowing is carried out in the well-appointed lodges scattered over the huge domain. Under and about the Abbey, however, the duke displayed the most brilliant capacity for subterranean construction. The private tunnels and underground apartments attached to the Abbey are indescribable specimens of costly thought and princely effort, and afford the most astonishing indication of the eccentricity which marked the career of the late Duke of Portland. In these labyrinths the noble owner could pass from one building to another in all sorts of weather, and appear at any moment at a required spot without giving warning of his approach. The perfectly constructed passages lead to an underground suite of rooms of extraordinary magnificence. Upwards of £20,000 to £30,000 were spent in draining and preparing the ground for this palace of Aladdin, and the work was

carried out with a total disregard of the cost. A subterranean ballroom, one hundred and sixty-six feet long, forms part of the number, and for festive delight it would be difficult to imagine a more perfect apartment. The walls are hung with mirrors of great value, with beautifully adorned alcoves wherein the "whirlers" can retire and seek seclusion from the arena of gaiety. The decoration is artistically pleasing, and the visitors can roam about from one underground conservatory to another, or be "lifted" without effort to the upper air. The doors are of enormous weight and size, and, like the famous Chatsworth "garden gate," are so perfectly hung that they respond to the lightest touch, and close with a precision accurate and astonishing.

Through these subterranean apartments the visitor can roam until wonderment becomes entirely satiated; passing through a magnificent library into a spacious billiard chamber, with reception rooms and writing-rooms in proximity to these superb *salons* of delight. In every detail the most refined taste has been displayed, and the furniture compares favorably with the elegance of the decorations. The absence of fireplaces is a noticeable feature, the underground palace being warmed without visible flame or annoying draught. Passing along one of the underground passages which honeycomb the foundations of the Abbey, the visitor reaches the handsome structure which is generally known as the Duke of Newcastle's riding-school. The only daughter of this nobleman was given in marriage to the second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, whose only daughter married the second Duke of Portland, and brought the Welbeck estates to the already opulent Bentincks. The riding-school with which the Cavendish Duke of Newcastle was associated was not constructed on strict lines of architectural beauty, and was afterwards converted into a picture-gallery one hundred and eighty-two feet long and well proportioned. The four great glass chandeliers in this vast apartment, each weighing a ton, are perhaps the most noteworthy features, and it was in this awe-striking room that the last Duke of Portland piled his magnificent collection of paintings, the works of the most celebrated masters of the Flemish and Italian schools, against the wainscoting, to mildew and rot in their undignified oblivion. Beneath the oaken floor immense wine cellars were constructed with cast-iron bins, and subterranean passages to connect the cellars with the principal rooms, and an underground railway to complete the display of ingenuity and eccentricity which everywhere abounds. Another underground excursion through one of the most "inviting" tunnels, if such dark passages can be so termed, ends at the new riding-school, built by the "invisible nobleman" to supersede the one just described. Externally the edifice presents the appearance of a gigantic public hall, and is of massive and portentous aspect. Undoubtedly the building is the finest riding-school in the world, and an internal view is absolutely startling. A perfect forest of columns serves to support the finely arched roof, and the bewildered spectator would immediately come to the conclusion that he had been suddenly transported into a large railway station, if it were not for the artistic features which prevail throughout the interior. The roof is of glass and highly ornamented iron, with cornices beautifully decorated with foliage and fantastic groups of birds and beasts. The school is three hundred and seventy-nine feet in length by one hundred and six feet in width, and fifty feet in height, so that some idea may be gained of its enormous capacity; and some fifty horses can easily be exercised within its area. Upwards of eight thousand gas jets are employed to illuminate the building, and when so illuminated a sight is presented which is truly marvellous. A little further on are the stables, coach-houses, etc., and the covered "gallop" of one thousand feet long — another of the wonders of Welbeck. Around these buildings are picturesque dwellings, forming a little village, and chiefly occupied by stablemen and others. The houses are models of elegance and comfort, and as much care has been bestowed in their construction as in any of the marvels which are everywhere present in the vast domain. Not less remarkable are the extensive kennels, the cow-yards, cow-houses, and dairies, while the gardens of Welbeck, stretching down to the edge of the lake, with a peach-wall a thousand feet long, and an avenue of fruit trees of similar length, are features which no visitor would care to pass unnoticed. Since the death of the eccentric nobleman, which took place a few years ago, to whose ingenuity and skill these marvellous achievements are mainly due, and the advent of the present Duke of Portland, a young man now about twenty-five years of age, and at the time of succeeding to the inheritance holding an important commission in the army, the

palace of Welbeck has not been so effectually obscured from the eyes of the public. With a generosity which has earned its reward the young duke threw open the barred gates, and allowed the public to inspect a domain which for years had been invisible. The princes of the blood royal, and the scions of noble houses, who had stood at the gate like the peri at the gate of Paradise, claiming impossible admission, were quickly invited to inspect the wonders of the place, and many availed themselves of the noble owner's proffered hospitality. The reception accorded to the Prince of Wales when he visited the Abbey was brilliant and imposing, and the Welbeck welkin rang with shouts of festivity such as had not been experienced for years before. The fine park was thrown open, and the public walked at will through the beautiful grounds, entering the hitherto sacred place with a wondering and astonished gaze.

From The Athenæum.

LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB.

THE following letters of Charles Lamb are printed by the courtesy of a correspondent: —

DEAR SIR, — Some draughts and boluses have been brought here which we conjecture were meant for the young Lady whom you saw this morning, tho' they are labelled for

Miss Isola Lamb.

No such person is known on the Chase side, and she is fearful of taking medicines, which may have been made up for another patient. She begs me to say that she was born an *Isola* and christen'd *Emma*. Moreover that she is Italian by birth, and that her ancestors were from Isola Bella (Fair Island) in the Kingdom of Naples. She has never changed her name, and rather mournfully adds that she has no prospect at present of doing so. She is literally I. SOLA, or single, at present. Therefore she begs that the obnoxious monosyllable may be omitted on future phials, an innocent syllable enough you'll say, but she has no claim to it. It is the bitterest pill of the seven you have sent her. When a Lady loses her good *name*, what is to become of her? Well, she must swallow it as well as she can, but begs the dose may not be repeated.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES LAMB (not Isola).

DEAR SIR, — It is an observation of a wise man, that "moderation is best in all things." I cannot agree with him "in liquor." There is a smoothness and oiliness in wine that makes it go down by a natural channel, which I am positive was made for that descending. Else, why does not wine choke us? could Nature have made that sloping lane, not to facilitate the down-going? She does nothing in vain. You know that better than I. You know how often she has helped you at a dead lift, and how much better entitled she is to a fee than yourself sometimes, when you carry off the credit. Still there is something due to manners and customs, and I should apologize to you and Mrs. Asbury for being absolutely carried home upon a man's shoulders thro' Silver Street, up Parsons Lane, by the Chapels (which might have taught me better) and then to be deposited like a dead log at Gaffer Westwood's, who, it seems, does not "insure" against intoxication. Not that the mode of conveyance is objectionable. On the contrary, it is more easy than a one-horse chaise. Ariel, in "The Tempest," says: —

> On a Bat's back do I fly
> After sunset merrily.

Now I take it, that Ariel must sometimes have stayed out late of nights. Indeed he pretends that "where the bee sucks, there lurks he" — as much as to say that his suction is as innodent as that little innocent (but damnably stinging when he is provok'd) winged creature. But I take it, Ariel was fond of metheglin of which the Bees are notorious Brewers. But then you will say, what a shocking sight to see a middle-aged-gentleman-and-a-half riding upon a Gentleman's back up Parsons Lane at midnight. Exactly the time for that sort of conveyance when nobody can see him, nobody but Heaven and his own conscience; now Heaven makes fools, and don't expect much from her own creation; and as for conscience, She and I have long since come to a compromise. I have given up false modesty, and she allows me to abate a little of the true. . . . By the way is magnesia good on these occasions? ℥ iii. pol. med. sum. ante. noct. in rub. can. I am no licentiate, but know enough of simples to beg you to send me a draught after this model. But still you'll say (or the men and maids at your house will say) that it is not a seemly sight for an old gentleman to go home a pick-a-back. Well, maybe it is not. But I have never studied grace. I take it to be a mere superficial accomplishment. I regard more the internal acquisitions. The great object after supper is to get home, and whether that is obtained in a horizontal posture, or perpendicular (as foolish men and apes affect for dignity) I think is little to the purpose. The end is always greater than the means. Here I am, able to compose a sensible rational apology, and what signifies how I got here? I have just sense enough to remember I was very happy last night, and to thank our kind host and hostess, and that's sense enough, I hope. N.B. what is good for a desperate headache? why, Patience, and a determination not to mind being miserable all day long. And that I have made my mind up to. . . .

Yours truly,
C. LAMB.

(Addressed) J. V. Asbury, Esq.

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A SPRING SONG.

VIOLET, violet, blue and sweet,
Nestling down by the old oak's feet,
  Can it be you are glad to grow,
  Nobody near your grace to know?
Whispered the violet, soft as air,
"God can look at me anywhere."

Blossom, white on the waving tree,
Low to-morrow your place may be,
  Crushed, perhaps, 'neath a careless tread—
  A faded flower. The blossom said:
"Promise of God was never broken:
I am content to be his token."

Robin, singing your heart's delight,
What may happen before the night?
  Foolish thing, of such joy possessed,
  Over a tiny, leaf-hid nest.
"Why should I not in gladness sing?
I am a robin, and this is spring!"

Little brook, from the ice-chain free,
Dancing off to the boundless sea,
  Rippling and foaming in sheer delight,
  Sparkling and dimpling till out of sight,
Why should your rapture overbrim?
"My cup is crystal and full to the rim."

Heart, that cannot, for cares that press,
Sing with the bird, or thy Maker bless
  As the flowers may, blooming sweet,
  With never an eye but God's to greet
Their beauty and freshness — learn to trust!
Lift thy thought from the earthly dust!

Robin, and blossom, and violet blue,
Singing and shining with morning dew,
  Have they no lesson for one like thee?
  God who loves even them, will see
How thou art trying to sing his praise
Out of the gloom of thy shadowed days.

Golden Hours.

APRIL SWEETNESS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SULLY PRUDHOMME.

I DREAD sweet April, dread the waking
  That comes to me with each new spring;
O you, whose hearts like mine are aching,
  'Tis for you only that I sing.

In chill December's foggy air,
  When short and gray the pallid light,
The burden seems less hard to bear,
  The heart less weak, though not more light.

To nothing joyous then 'tis given
  To make all sadness seem twice sad;
Nothing above reveals a heaven,
  Nothing on earth that earth is glad.

But soon as blue peeps forth again,
  The frozen heart expands once more,
And feels the old and weary pain
  In depths of woe, in grieving sore.

That smiling gleam of heavenly sweetness,
  It tells of promise unfulfilled,
Of earthly wishes' incompleteness,
  And longings that can ne'er be stilled.

The new-found bliss, the fresh repose
  Of Nature, in the joyous spring,
And e'en the scent of spring's first rose,
  Revive my sorrow's early sting.

Old hopes awake and old heart-burnings,
  Confused and dim in troubled pain;
Of what avail these bitter yearnings?
  Alas! as then, they're now in vain.

I dread sweet April, dread the waking
  That comes to me with each new spring;
O you, whose hearts like mine are aching,
  'Tis for you only that I sing.

Academy. I. O. L.

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES.

Καὶ εὔχετο δὲ πρὸς τους θεοὺς ἁπλῶς ταγαθὰ διδόναι, ὡς τοὺς θεοὺς κάλλιστα εἰδότας ὁποια ἀγαθά ἐστι. XENOPHON, Mem. I. 3, 2.

GRANT, O Olympian gods supreme,
Not my wish, and not my dream;
Grant me neither gold that shines,
Nor ruddy copper in the mines,
Nor power to wield the tyrant's rod
And be a fool, and seem a god,
Nor precious robe with jewelled fringe
Splendid with sea-born purple tinge,
Nor silken vest on downy pillow,
Nor hammock hard on heaving billow;
But give all goodly things that be
Good for the whole and best for me.
My thoughts are foolish, blind and crude;
Thou only knowest what is good.

Good Words. JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

IF!

IF I could pass as swiftly as a thought
  The leagues that lie between us two to-night;
  And come beside you in the lamp's clear light,
As weary with the work the hours have brought,

You rest beside the hearth; if I could stand
  And lean on the broad elbow of your chair,
  And pass my fingers through the clustering hair,
And take into my own the tired hand,

And whisper very softly in your ear,
  Some phrase to us, and to us only known;
  And take my place as if it were my own
Forever — would you bid me welcome, dear?

All The Year Round.

From The Contemporary Review.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE special intellectual greatness of Cardinal Newman is, I think, more due to the singular combination of a deep insight into man with a predominant passion for theology, than to any other single cause. And when I speak of a deep insight into man, I mean an insight not merely into man's higher moral nature, the best side of man, though that he has too, but the literary feeling which a dramatic poet has for man's grotesque weaknesses and his sometimes equally grotesque virtues, the pleasure such a poet has in tracking the wayward turns and quaint wilfulness of his nature, the delight he takes in what may be called the *natural* history of the emotions, the large forbearance he displays with the unaccountable element in human conduct and feeling. It is this side of Cardinal Newman's mind which has made a great theological and religious writer so fascinating to the world at large, so full of that variety and play of thought which is rare among theologians, and which forms so striking a contrast to his habitual sense of the absolute predominance of the will that is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. I can explain better, perhaps, what I mean if I refer to the writings of another remarkable man, whose biography — a singularly admirable one — has just been given to the world, and by whose faith my own mind has been even more powerfully influenced than by Cardinal Newman's itself — I mean the late Frederick Denison Maurice. Maurice, like Cardinal Newman, and I venture to think even more strikingly than Cardinal Newman, was haunted from the opening to the very close of his life by a sense of the predominance of the divine will. Maurice, like Cardinal Newman, and not less than Cardinal Newman, took the utmost delight in following the windings of human thought on those great subjects which form the borderland between the human and the divine. There is probably hardly a book in the language that represents a more discriminating and more laborious study of the human aspects of the search for wisdom, than Maurice's "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy." But Maurice's interest in man was moral and not properly literary. It seemed to fail at the very point at which Cardinal Newman's exhibits its greatest force and play. Maurice followed man with ardent interest in his search for wisdom, but seems to have taken comparatively little pleasure in the mere natural history of his character and mind, and to have understood less of it than almost any writer known to me of equal intensity and power. He writes continually as if man were a moral being and nothing else. He treats *himself*, for instance, as if he had been a moral being and nothing else. There is no manner of forbearance in him for his own idiosyncrasies. The same solemn shadow is ever upon his heart; the same penitential litany is ever upon his tongue: the same high lights, the same dark depths, are always visible in the scenery of his mind. The aspect of his life never changes: —

> Hardly his voice at its best
> Gives us a sense of the awe,
> The vastness, the grandeur, the gloom
> Of the unlit gulf of himself.

It is not so with Cardinal Newman. Even in his Oxford Sermons, even in his theological poems, even in his controversial lectures, you have the keenest sense of the literary flexibility of his mind — of the humor, the vivacity, the sympathy with what is essentially due to the structure of our nature, as well as with what is due to the struggles of our wills, by which his predominant theological interests are relieved. This is why I have been so fascinated by his writings since I was a lad of nineteen or twenty. This is why I have often said that if it were ever my hard lot to suffer solitary confinement, and I were given my choice of books but were limited to one or two, I should prefer some of Dr. Newman's to Shakespeare himself. Not, of course, that there is any comparison possible between the two; but while Shakespeare's supreme vitality would undoubtedly inflame the natural restlessness of captivity, Dr. Newman's influence would help me, as none other of equal richness, variety, and play of mind, would help me, to realize the comparative indifference of outward circumstances in a

world ruled by God. Maurice's writings would produce that feeling too. But then Maurice's writings would not give any of the relief which keen insight into the varying tints of human character and weakness lends to the grand monotone of theological teaching. Dr. Newman, too, it is true, is always leading us back to the thought that, as he puts it in his "Apologia," "there are two, and two only, luminously self-evident beings — myself and my Creator." But Maurice never lets us stray away from that thought for a moment; and therefore there is too high a strain put on the mind in reading his books. I know no writings which combine, as Cardinal Newman's do, so penetrating an insight into the realities of the human world around us in all its detail, with so unwavering an inwardness of standard in the estimating and judging of that world; so steady a knowledge of the true vanity in human life, with so steady a love of that which is not vanity or vexation of spirit, but which appeases the hunger and slakes the thirst which Vanity Fair only stimulates.

Indeed, I am disposed to think that it is to this human and literary side of Cardinal Newman's mind that we owe in very large degree that High-Church and Roman Catholic bend which his theology has taken. One chief difference between the Protestant and the Catholic view of the Christian religion has always been this, that the Protestant has insisted mainly on the direct contemplation of the character of God, the Catholic (whether Roman or otherwise) mainly on the adaptation of God's purposes, through the ecclesiastical organization and administration of the Church, to the needs of men. Of course I do not for a moment mean that the Protestant has always ignored this; often, as in the Calvinistic Church of Geneva, he has attempted to break the stiff-neckedness of the human heart by a rigid application to its discipline of the most cast-iron of all the many false conceptions of God's absoluteness which the human mind has ever deduced from the Scriptures. Nor do I mean, on the other hand, that the various Catholic Churches have generally lost sight of their original theology in the attempt to discipline the human spirit. On the contrary, Cardinal Newman's own career proves that to that theology as to a final standard the Roman Church's greatest convert has constantly referred all the many complicated ecclesiastical and critical questions with which he has dealt. All I mean is this, that the Protestant has always insisted most on the supreme danger of losing sight of God himself in the many attempts to subdue and discipline the human spirit which the various Churches have made, while the Catholic has always insisted most on the supreme danger of treating man as if he could live the spiritual life without human authorities to interpret Scripture and to sustain the heart, without human discipline to chasten and to reprove the will, and without a human stewardship to dispense the divine stores of strength and consolation opened to us by revelation. No contrast could be more striking in this respect than the contrast I referred to just now between the late Frederick Denison Maurice and Cardinal Newman. The greatness of Maurice consisted in his profound conviction that God has effectually revealed himself to us, and that only by keeping our minds steadily on that revelation is our salvation secured. The fault he found with Dr. Newman's writings was chiefly this, that Dr. Newman believed so much in the necessity for some adaptation of God's purposes to our petty life, saw so clearly the gulf between the infinite and the finite, was so deeply convinced of our inability to comprehend God, that he lost himself in the labyrinths of a supposed divine "economy" — often, in Maurice's opinion, nothing but a mere human "development" and deterioration of a divine idea — when he should have been recalling us to the vision of the triune God whom the history of Israel as consummated in Christ had revealed. Maurice was forever telling us of the peril the Church encountered when she once took to "adapting" the divine revelation to the supposed weakness of man, instead of taking that weakness to be cured by plunging it in the truth of God. He had the deepest horror of adaptations and economies, and

thought theology the one great trust of the Church. Dr. Newman, on the other hand, entered ardently into the human side of the ecclesiastical drama, the various schemes by which the Church has endeavored to master the spirit of man, and has sought to explain to us

his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the heart was soothed, and how the head,
And all the hourly varied anodynes.

If the word "agnostic" had not now become identified with the creed that God is unknown and perhaps unknowable, if it meant only the opposite of a gnostic, if it meant only one who denies the vision of God to be attainable by any merely human faculty, I should have said that Dr. Newman had always felt the deepest sympathy with the agnostic element in the Church's faith. Of course he not only believes but has always affirmed that God can and does give us by his revelation a real knowledge of himself, so far as we are fitted to attain it. But then he holds that there is so deep a chasm between the human nature and the divine, that even revelation taken alone is not sufficient to help us to attain it, unless revelation be protected from corruption and decay by a human institution guaranteed against error by the providence of God. And his own genius has always leant to the side of interpreting the human "economies" of revelation by the Church, rather than to the fixed contemplation of the original revelation itself.

The consequence has been that while Dr. Newman has found excuses for many corruptions of Christian teaching, his career has been marked by a much more varied literary life and genius than that of Frederick Maurice. Maurice's life was literally that of a voice — the life of "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" to man — rather than the life of one who entered into the heart of ordinary human interests. From the first, Dr. Newman, though brought up under Evangelical influences, seems to have had yearnings after a very different life, the life in which the aspirations of the early and mediæval Church clothed its regenerated conception of human duty and discipline. He has told us how there were in his childhood some curious anticipations of the close of his religious voyage in the Roman Catholic Church; how, late in life, he found, to his own great surprise, in his first verse book, the figure of a solid, upright cross, and of a rosary and a cross suspended to it; and how, at the age of sixteen, though he had been brought up, as I said, under the strictest Evangelical influences, he felt the strongest impression that it was the will of God that he should lead a single life, an impression which held its ground ever since, "with the break of a month now, and a month then, up to 1829, and after that date without any break at all." Perhaps his recollection may to some extent have deceived him as to the permanence of this impression during his earlier youth; at least the beautiful lines, written when he was thirty-three, would seem to suggest that his anticipations of a different and less austere lot had been, in early life, a good deal more than an occasional dream —

Did we but see
When life first opened, how our journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves as one time we shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesu's sake.

But Thou, dear Lord!
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come,
Isaac's pure blessings and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word;
Wiling me year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale with Paul's sad girdle bound.

When Newman first went to Oxford his views inclined strongly to the Evangelical school; but he unlearned almost all these special views — except his horror of Roman Catholic corruptions, which he retained till 1840 — very early, and accepted the doctrines of the authority of the Church, of the transmission of priestly orders from the Apostles, of baptismal regeneration, and the rest of the well-known High Church views, with the sort of readiness which seems to show that he

was already wearying of a mere "scheme of redemption," and craving such a theology as could be adapted to the needs of a great ecclesiastical organism, intended to minister to the weakness, guilt, and general unsteadiness of man's feeble and perverted nature, and to bring about by its efforts the actual redemption which God had offered to all men. He conceived a cordial friendship for one of his own pupils, Richard Hurrell Froude (elder brother of the historian) who, while he lived, did much to accelerate Dr. Newman's progress towards High Church principles, and it was through Mr. Froude's mediation that Newman formed so strict a friendship with the poet of "The Christian Year," John Keble. In December, 1832, Hurrell Froude, who was consumptive, was advised to go to the south of Europe, and Newman accompanied him. The story of this journey, though only given in a few words in Dr. Newman's history of his religious opinions, is one of the most interesting passages in his life, and it is one which, as I hope to show, his verses especially illustrate. Throughout it he was evidently possessed with a profound sense that a crisis was approaching, in which he was to do some important work for the Church of England. He was to embark at Falmouth. While waiting for the mail at Whitchurch, he wrote a sonnet on angelic guidance, which implies that he already believed in guardian angels; and it appears, I think, that the freedom with which the primitive Church, and subsequently the Roman Catholic Church, encouraged the belief in the personal character of these subordinate agencies of God, appealed to some element peculiarly strong in Newman's nature. In this sonnet he dwells on the belief that "to the thoughtful mind, that walks with him, he half unveils his face," evidently feeling to the bottom of his heart, what he often subsequently expressed, that a *half* unveiling of Christ's face is as much as even good men may properly look for, and that the Church is to supply the rest. It is here, as it seems to me, that the room is opened in the Catholic theology for a great number of sometimes very wise, and sometimes very dubious "economies," for the character of which we have to trust rather to the Providence guiding the Church — a Providence which Catholics assume to have kept it free from all distinct error, but which Protestants suppose to have admitted of error in this as in every other sphere of human life — than to the original substance of revelation. It is clear that that deep belief in the economy of the sacramental system — in other words, in the subserviency of material life to the spiritual — which makes of the physical world little beyond an instrument for spiritual beings, good or evil, to play upon, which fills his later writings, had already taken complete hold of Newman's mind. At Falmouth he wrote this fine sonnet: —

They do but grope in learning's pedant round
Who on the fantasies of Sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found
Stirring, or still, on man's brief trial-ground:
As if such shapes and moods which come and go
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show
To sway or judge, and skill to sane or wound.
Son of immortal seed, high-destined man,
Know thy dread gift, a creature, yet a cause.
Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's span,
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

Their voyage took them through the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean to the Greek islands. In passing Lisbon, the Greek story of the Siren strains which tempted Ulysses, seems to have been brought back to the memory of Dr. Newman, who is himself, I believe, a fine performer on the violin, and there he wrote his very characteristic lines, on seductive as distinguished from inspiring music, — lines of which the echo is to be found in many of his subsequent sermons and writings. I quote them to show how early Newman's mind had begun to dwell on the natural history of human infirmities in their relation to divine truth. They are called "The Isles of the Sirens:" —

Cease, Stranger, cease, those piercing notes,
The craft of Siren choirs,
Hush the seductive voice that floats
Upon the languid wires.

Music's ethereal fire was given
Not to dissolve our clay,
But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,
And purge the dross away.

Weak self! with thee the mischief lies:
Those throbs a tale disclose, —
Nor age nor trial has made wise
The man of many woes.

At Malta, a place at which Newman appears to have touched twice during his voyage, once on his way to the Greek islands, and once on his return when he

was kept long in quarantine — for 1832 was the great cholera year — he wrote a great many of his most characteristic verses. The place undoubtedly kindled his imagination, partly no doubt because there first he came across the path of St. Paul, partly because his quarantine in the lazaretto, on the second occasion of his touching there, illustrated for him so vividly that weakness and humiliation of human nature the sense of which always lifts him to his most powerful imaginative mood. At Malta it was — on the day after Christmas Day, 1832 — that he composed these fine verses on "Sleeplessness," which show us to what purpose he mused on the impassable gulf between the nature of man and the nature of God — impassable, I mean, as viewed from the human side: —

Unwearied God, before whose face
The night is clear as day,
Whilst we, poor worms, o'er life's scant race,
Now creep, and now delay,
We with death's foretaste alternate
Our labor's dint and sorrow's weight,
Save in that fever-troubled state
When pain or care has sway.

Dread Lord! Thy glory, watchfulness,
Is but disease, in man,
We to our cost our bounds transgress
In Thy eternal plan;
Pride grasps the powers by Thee displayed,
Yet ne'er the rebel effort made
But fell beneath the sudden shade
Of Nature's withering ban.

And it was off Malta again, on his return from Zante, Ithaca, and Corfu, that Newman wrote the lines in which he determined to cast aside his old sensitiveness and gird himself for the coming fight with something of prophetic zeal: —

Time was, I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong;

But now I cast that finer sense,
That sorer shame aside,
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where he has led;
Men count my haltings o'er;
I know them; yet though self I dread
I love His precept more.

And no doubt this poem strikes the keynote of Newman's life for the ten years which followed this voyage — the ten years of the Oxford movement. It was in Italy and Sicily that that fire, smouldering for many months back, burst into flame, which burned so steadily during that movement. And it is not only in his verses that you see it kindling; he has brought out the same story in his religious autobiography. At Rome, as he tells us, he began the little book of Anglican verse called "*Lyra Apostolica*," to which the poems I have quoted were contributed, and it was there that he showed his own profound conviction that he and Hurrell Froude had a real work to do in England, by choosing for its motto the words in which Achilles expresses his sense of the difference which his aid would make to the Greeks in their war against Troy, words which he himself paraphrases thus: "You shall know the difference, now that I am back again." They paid a visit to Monsignore, afterwards Cardinal, Wiseman, at Rome; and when Dr. Wiseman asked them to return there, Newman said gravely, "We have a work to do in England." He was taken ill, after parting from his friends, of malaria fever at Leonforte, in Sicily. "My servant thought that I was dying," he says, "and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished; but I said, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light.' I never have been able to make out at all what I meant." Later, when in great depression he began to sob bitterly, and his servant asked what ailed him, he could only reply, "I have a work to do in England." At last he got off in an orange-boat, and was becalmed for a week in the Straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia; and there it was that he wrote the famous lines, best known of all his poems: "Lead, kindly light, amidst the encircling gloom, lead thou me on."

Directly after his return the result was seen. He at once began the series of tracts intended to revive in the Anglican Church the Christianity of primitive times, while continuing to protest warmly against the corruptions of Rome. And his manner became the *manner* of zeal, as well as his teaching the teaching. He cast aside, as he had resolved to do at Malta, much of his old sensitiveness, and gave himself up to the passion which burned in him. In his history of his religious opinions, Dr. Newman has told us that he never had "the staidness or dignity necessary for a leader." He has described his own behavior during the high tide of the Trac-

tarian movement: and it is amusing to contrast the description he gives us with the manner that we expect not merely from a Church dignitary, but even from an ordinary Oxford don — that lenient, sugary, almost glazed amiability of manner which is benignity itself, but the benignity of an immortal. "My behavior," says Dr. Newman, in his autobiography, "had a mixture in it both of fierceness and of sport; and on this account, I dare say, it gave offence to many; nor am I here defending it. . . I was not unwilling to draw an opponent on step by step to the brink of some intellectual absurdity, and to leave him to get back as he could. I was not unwilling to play with a man who asked me impertinent questions. I think I had in my mouth the words of the wise man, 'Answer a fool according to his folly,' especially if he was prying or spiteful. I was reckless of the gossip which was circulated about me; and when I might easily have set it right, did not deign to do so. Also, I used irony in conversation, when matter-of-fact men would not see what I meant. . . . This absolute confidence in my cause, which led me to the imprudence or wantonness which I have been instancing, also laid me open, not unfairly, to the apparent charge of fierceness, in certain steps which I took or words which I published. In the '*Lyra Apostolica*,' I have said that before learning to love, we must learn to hate, though I explained my words by adding, hatred of sin." The reference here is to the lines headed "Zeal and Love," which are very characteristic of Newman, though far from as poetical as it was in his power to be: —

> And wouldst thou reach, rash scholar mine,
> Love's high unruffled state?
> Awake! thy easy dreams resign,
> First learn thee how to hate: —
>
> Hatred of sin, and Zeal, and Fear
> Lead up the Holy Hill;
> Track them till Charity appear
> A self-denial still.
>
> Dim is the philosophic flame
> By thoughts severe unfed;
> Book-lore ne'er served when trial came,
> Nor gifts, when faith was dead.

These passages sufficiently show in what mood Newman entered on the chief work of his life. And now let me attempt to answer the question, what was the main drift of the faith which had thus filled him with a new inspiration? Its leading feature was, I venture to think, a profound belief that Christianity is a religion of humility, and even of humiliation, in a sense in which the conventional Christianity of that time certainly was not such a religion. In one of the earliest of his Oxford Sermons he had insisted on the teaching of the Bible concerning humility as one of the most striking evidences of the truth of revelation. In 1825, for instance, when he cannot have been long in orders, he wrote that the teaching of the Bible as to meekness, humility, and teachableness, is of the very essence of the "inward witness to the truth of the Gospel." "When I see a person hasty and violent, harsh and highminded, careless of what others feel, and disdainful of what they think; when I see such a one proceeding to inquire into religious subjects, I am sure beforehand he cannot go right — he will not be led into all the truth — it is contrary to the nature of things, and the experience of the world, that he should find what he is seeking. I should say the same were he seeking to find out what to believe or do in any other matter not religious, but especially in any such important and solemn inquiry; for the *fear* of the Lord (humbleness, teachableness, reverence towards him) is the very *beginning* of wisdom, as Solomon tells us; it leads us to think over things modestly and honestly, to examine patiently, to bear doubt and uncertainty, to wait perseveringly for an increase of light, to be slow to speak, and to be deliberate in deciding." That is not only one of the earliest of Dr. Newman's expressions of religious faith, but one that seems to denote his attitude of mind throughout the long hesitation and uncertainty of his own career. As he goes "sounding on his dim and perilous way," he constantly reminds himself and all who follow him that "to bear doubt and uncertainty" patiently, so long as the uncertainty is real and is not welcome to us, but is the mere consequence of the inadequacy of human power to master the great themes of revelation, is the first of duties. Christianity as a religion of humility, and even humiliation, naturally involves, he taught, an experience of intellectual humiliation, and imposes a spirit of moral submissiveness in bearing that humiliation.

In the next place, the drift of Christian teaching seemed to him to involve not only great humility and teachableness, not only willingness to bear humiliation in seeking for the guidance of revelation, but a revulsion against that glorification of good-nature and of modern enlightenment,

which was in those days so prevalent — as, for instance, amongst the Whig magnates of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Newman's whole nature protested against the doctrine that an amiable disposition and the desire for information, are the secrets of human regeneration. In the August of 1832, three months before he went abroad, he had preached a sermon on "The Religion of the Day," in which he attacked in the following vigorous words this leading notion of the utilitarians and devotees of useful knowledge who were then in the ascendant: "I will not shrink," he had said, "from uttering my firm conviction that it would be a gain to this country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself to be. Not, of course, that I think the tempers of mind herein implied desirable, which would be an evident absurdity; but I think them infinitely more desirable than a heathen obduracy, and a cold, self-sufficient, self-wise tranquillity. . . . Full as [the present religion of the educated world] is of security and cheerfulness, and decorum and benevolence, I observe that these appearances may arise either from a great deal of religion, or from the absence of it; they may be the fruits either of shallowness of mind and a blinded conscience, or of that faith which has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." And in the same year, in preaching before the university, he had said: "They who are not superstitious without the Gospel, will not be religious with it; and I would that even in us, who have the Gospel, there were more of superstition than there is; for much is it to be feared that our security about ourselves arises from defect in self-knowledge rather than in fulness of faith, and that we appropriate to ourselves promises which we cannot read." Newman's belief that even the unenlightened and unregulated starts and terrors of conscience have in them far more of the kind of error which is akin to truth, than have the conceits and supercilious exaltations of the age of reason, has always been one of the leading features of his teaching.

In the third place, Newman had from the first the greatest horror of anything like worldly Christianity, a Christianity such as fails to battle with and overcome the worldly ambitions of men. In a sermon preached in 1835, he insisted on the positive spiritual danger produced by the possession of riches: "Religious men," he said, "are able to repress, nay, extirpate, sinful desires, the lust of the flesh and of the eyes, gluttony, drunkenness, and the like, love of amusements, frivolous pleasures and display, indulgence in luxuries of whatever kind; but as to wealth, they cannot easily rid themselves of a secret feeling that it gives them a footing to stand upon — an importance, a superiority; and in consequence, they get attached to this world, lose sight of the duty of bearing the cross, become dull and dim-sighted, and lose their delicacy and precision of touch, are numbed (so to say) in their fingers' ends as regards religious interests and prospects." "I do not know anything more dreadful," he tells us again, in a sermon preached in the year following, 1836, "than a state of mind which is, perhaps, the characteristic of this country, and which the prosperity of this country so miserably fosters, — I mean that ambitious spirit, to use a great word, but I know no other word to express my meaning, that low ambition which sets every one on the look-out to succeed and to rise in life, to amass money, to gain power, to depress his rivals, to triumph over his hitherto superiors, to affect a consequence and gentility which he had not before. . . . This most fearfully earthly and grovelling spirit is likely, alas! to extend itself more and more among our countrymen; an intense, sleepless, restless, never-wearied, never-satisfied pursuit of Mammon, in one shape or other, to the exclusion of all deep, all holy, all calm, all reverent thoughts." And here again in a sermon preached in May, 1840, is his denunciation of those who love religion only because it secures the existing order of things, and keeps down anarchy and revolution. "Whatever corruptions of doctrine there have been at particular times and places," he declared, "no corruption has been so great as this practical corruption which has existed in its measure in all times and places — the serving God for the sake of Mammon; the loving religion from the love of the world. And as to ourselves, I fear it is no declamatory statement to say that there never was an age in which it existed more largely, never an age in which the Church contained so many untrue members. . . . Look round upon our political parties, our literature, our science, our periodical publications; is it not too plain to need a word of proof, that religion is in the main honored because it tends to make this life happier, and is expedient for the preservation of our person, property, advantages, and po-

sition in the world? Can a greater stigma be placed upon any doctrine in the judgment of the community than that it is anti-social, or that it is irksome, gloomy, or inconvenient?"

Take again the passage in which Charles Reding, the hero of his little tale called "Loss and Gain," describes to his sister his rising dislike to the worldliness of the English Establishment in Oxford, forty or fifty years ago: "I cannot bear the pomp and pretence which I see everywhere. I am not speaking against individuals; they are very good persons, I know; but really, if you saw Oxford as it is, the heads with such large incomes! They are, indeed, very liberal of their money, and their wives are often simple, self-denying persons, as every one says, and do a great deal of good in the place; but I speak of the system. There are ministers of Christ with large incomes, living in finely furnished houses, with wives and families, and stately butlers, and servants in livery, giving dinners all in the best style, condescending and gracious, waving their hands, and mincing their words as if they were the cream of the earth, but without anything to make them clergymen but a black coat and a white tie. And the bishops or deans come with women tucked under their arm; and they can't enter church but a fine, powdered man runs first with a cushion for them to sit on, and a warm sheepskin to keep their feet from the stones." This contempt for secular prosperity, comfort, and grandeur was, I am sure, one very deep root of Dr. Newman's disaffection to the Established Church of his younger days, and of his attraction towards the more ascetic monastic bodies; and this is well worthy of notice in one who has since reached the dignity of a cardinal.

Nowhere is his belief that Christian teaching requires a more constant effort after a life detached from worldly interests, or at least holding very loosely to worldly interests and fixed upon things above, so powerfully expressed as in the celebrated sermon on "The Apostolical Christian," preached about two years before he actually joined the Church of Rome, but when he was already, to use the expressive language of his autobiography, "on his death-bed" as an Anglican. In that sermon he shows, as indeed he shows in almost every one of his writings, that his mind ran much more on the ideal of human nature required by the Gospel, than on the vision of God as God. He entreated his hearers to master the picture of a Christian given us in the New Testament. "Let us," he said, "leave for a while our own private judgment of what is pleasing to God and not pleasing, and turn to consider the picture which Scripture gives us of the true Christian life." The first note of the Christian, as presented by the New Testament, he remarked, was a wish to free himself, as far as consistent with his direct duties, from worldly ties, to be able to give up his heart to the utmost and without being distracted by the passions of secular life, to God. "Set your affections on things above and not on things of the earth, for you are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God," is the great canon of Christian life. "Lay not up for yourselves treasure on the earth . . . but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven . . . for where your treasure is there shall your heart be also." This was the great rule given by Christ himself to his immediate followers. In the next place, the attitude of a watcher, of one who waited for a great change of state, was directly inculcated on the disciples by Christ. "Watch, therefore, for you know not what hour your Lord doth come." And he quotes the evidence that not only Christians but those who were waiting for a revelation, like Cornelius the centurion, spent a large portion of their time in prayer and watching. And so too of the first Christian community, it is said that "they all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women." Next, even the most intimate affections were to be chastened lest they diverted the heart from God. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off and cast them from thee." And they were not only to give up what was dearest to them, they were to incur the hatred of those who felt that Christianity was undermining the world: "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." Lastly, the Christian of the Apostolic age was to find his highest joy in these deprivations of earthly possessions, and of earthly ties, and in the persecution and suffering which he incurred for the sake of his Master. "Rejoice in that day and leap for joy, for behold your reward is great in heaven." And this was what the Apostles actually did. "We glory in tribulation," said St. Paul. And again, "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak then am I

strong." Dr. Newman then asks his audience where this character, as depicted in the New Testament, is now to be most clearly discerned; and he replies that if our Lord returned to earth he would certainly find the type of the Christian he had tried to make, best represented now in "the humble monk and the holy nun," who give up house and friends and wealth and ease and good name, and liberty of will, in order to spread the kingdom of Christ and to prepare their own hearts for union with him. Dr. Newman seems at this time to have ignored, what he once insisted on, that the form of faith in which these types of character are, to his mind, most perfectly moulded, is also the form of faith in which the opposite type of character, the character of the tyrannical ecclesiastic, the pompous priest, the worldly and despotic pope, has been most perfectly moulded, and that whatever is winning and subduing in the one picture is alarming and revolting in the other. But I am not of course attempting to criticise his view, but only to explain it. It is quite certain, I think, that cardinal though he be, his fascination for Rome arose not in the spectacular grandeur of the Papal system, but in that mortification of worldly passions at which the monastic system obviously aims — however badly it may often succeed in hitting its mark. To find the best possible discipline for humility has been the key-note of Cardinal Newman's religious yearning. And the austere penances of the monastic system no less than the detachment from worldly desires, fascinated him. He expresses again and again his conviction that those who feel their own sinfulness deeply, ought to have some way of marking that sense of their sinfulness, which will not be inconsistent with cheerfulness and serenity in their intercourse with the world. He cannot condemn enough the decorous conventionality of most Protestant religions. "Who ever heard," he asked in one of his later Anglican sermons, "of a pleasurable, easy, joyous repentance? It is a contradiction in terms." Hence he was driven to the principle of penance as the most natural way of expressing an abhorrence for sin, which should not recoil on others and make the social life one of gloom.

It will have been visible, I think, before this, that Dr. Newman, though in his faith there is much of idealism, much of readiness and even eagerness to believe in undemonstrated, and often even undemonstrable, doctrines — like the higher applications of the sacramental principle, and the doctrine of guardian angels and of angelic guardians generally, — is, in relation to human nature, a most thorough-going realist, with more of insight into the grotesque inconsistencies and insincerities of human nature than some of our greatest satirists themselves. One of the most striking of Dr. Newman's Oxford sermons is that preached as vicar of St. Mary's, on June 2, 1839, on "Unreal Words." It is a sermon which, more than any other known to me, gives the key to Dr. Newman's permanent effort to face the facts of the world as they are, to make men honest with themselves, and yet to keep them from sinking into that cynical and despondent honesty which acknowledges the evil of the world only as an excuse for giving up the struggle with it. "It need scarcely be said," says Dr. Newman in that sermon, "that nothing is so rare as honesty and singleness of mind; so much so, that a person who is really honest, is already perfect. Insincerity was an evil which sprang up within the Church from the first." It is in this sermon that Dr. Newman deals such hard, and I must say such well-deserved blows, at the literary profession. "Literature," he says, "is almost in its essence unreal; for it is the exhibition of thought disjoined from practice. Its very home is supposed to be ease and retirement; and when it does more than speak or write, it is accused of transgressing its bounds. This, indeed, constitutes what is considered its true dignity and honor — viz., its abstraction from the actual affairs of life; its security from the world's struggles and vicissitudes; its saying, without doing. A man of literature is considered to preserve his dignity by doing nothing, and when he proceeds forward into action, he is thought to lose his position, as if he were degrading his calling by enthusiasm, and becoming a politician or a partisan. Hence mere literary men are able to say strong things against the opinions of their age, whether religious or political, without offence — because no one thinks they mean anything by them. They are not expected to go forward to act upon them, and mere words hurt no one." However, the doctrine of the sermon is that *mere* words *do* hurt very much the character which makes use of them. "To make professions," he says, "is to play with edged tools, unless we attend to what we are saying. Words have a meaning, whether we mean that meaning or not; and they are imputed to

us in their real meaning, when our not meaning it is our own fault." The sermon is full of vivid illustration of the unsubstantial use of words, alike when that use of them is innocent, and when it is culpable. You see in it how Dr. Newman had looked through and through the many persons who had used "unreal words" in talking to himself. Men, he says, often "speak to clergymen in a professedly serious way, making remarks true and sound, and in themselves deep, yet unmeaning in their mouths; or they give advice to children or young men; or, perhaps, in low spirits or sickness, they are led to speak in a religious strain, as if it was spontaneous. Or when they fall into sin, they speak of man being frail, of the deceitfulness of the human heart, of God's mercy, and so on; all these great words, heaven, hell, judgment, mercy, repentance, works, the world that now is, the world to come, being little more than 'lifeless sounds, whether of pipe or harp,' in their mouths and ears, as 'the very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument,' — as the proprieties of conversation, or the civilities of good-breeding." Yet the teaching of the sermon is not that we should carefully cut down our best words to the frigidity and poverty of the realities within us — that is the cynic's moral — but that, when we are in earnest in desiring to feel even more deeply than we do, we should use the great words put into our mouths by our highest teachers, almost as prayers, using them in the hope to be taught to mean what we say in its fullest and deepest significance. "We ever promise things greater than we master," says Dr. Newman, "and we wait on God to enable us to perform them."

Again: could Thackeray himself describe the unreal way in which people talk of a man of mark after he is gone, without knowing in the least whether his life has been, on the whole, pure, or the reverse, — whether he is suffering remorse, or is at peace, — with keener irony than Dr. Newman in this powerful though painful passage, — it occurs in one of his earlier Roman Catholic sermons, — concerning the state of some distinguished man assumed to be among the lost? "The man's name, perhaps, is solemnly chanted forth and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth. His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity or his wisdom, are not forgotten. Men talk of him from time to time, they appeal to his authority, they quote his words; perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history. 'So comprehensive a mind; such a power of throwing light on a perplexed subject, and bringing conflicting ideas or facts into harmony.' 'Such a speech it was that he made on such and such an occasion; I happened to be present, and never shall forget it;' or 'It was the saying of a very sensible man;' or, 'a great personage whom some of us knew;' or, 'It was a rule with a very worthy and excellent friend of mine, now no more;' or, 'Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks, so versatile, so unobtrusive;' or, 'I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy;' or, 'so great a benefactor to his country and his kind;' or, 'his discourses so great;' or, 'his philosophy so profound.' Oh, vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profiteth it, what profiteth it? His soul is in hell."

The same sort of realism, combined with that dash of extravagance which Dr. Newman knows so well how to throw in, when he wants to make the folly of the world seem ridiculous, even to the world itself, is to be found in his story "Callista," in the description of the superfine demeanor of the Greek philosopher, Polemo of Rhodes, "the Bottomless One," as he is called by his clique, who attempts to dissuade the Christian martyr Callista from accepting Christianity; or again, to refer to something which comes home better to Englishmen, let any one who doubts Dr. Newman's power of satire read the closing chapters of "Loss and Gain," where crazy founders of sects, in rapid succession, seek to make prize of the man who is known to be severing himself from the Church of England, before he unites himself to the Church of Rome. There are passages in these chapters containing comedy as effective as anything written in our time. Indeed, in earlier portions of the same book, the sketch of the Evangelical tea-party at Oxford, the account of the hero's interview with the vice-principal when he is first suspected of Romanizing, and the farewell taken of him by the old principal of his college on the same occasion, illustrate amply Dr. Newman's turn for that realism which is the most effective satire, and that satire which is nothing but realism thrown up against a background of sobriety and good sense. For example, Charles Reding, the hero of

"Loss and Gain," assures the old Evangelical principal of his college that no harm could come of it, either to himself or to the other undergraduates, if he were permitted to remain in college till Easter. "'What, remain here, with all the young men about?' asked Dr. Bluett, with astonishment, 'with all the young men about you, sir?' Charles really had not a word to say, he did not know himself in so novel a position. 'I cannot conceive, sir,' he said, at last, 'why I should be unfit company for the gentlemen of the college?' Dr. Bluett's jaw dropped, and his eyes assumed a hollow aspect. 'You will corrupt their minds, sir,' he said, 'you will corrupt their minds.' Then he added in a sepulchral tone, which came from the very depth of his inside, 'you will introduce them, sir, to some subtle Jesuit — to some subtle Jesuit, Mr. Reding.'" Or, to take a still more striking instance of Dr. Newman's power to turn into ridicule the weak side of Protestantism, I will extract a short passage from his lectures on "Catholicism in England," concerning the hue and cry against Popery: "Never has the Establishment failed in the use of these important and effective watchwords [namely, 'No peace with Rome,' 'Down with the pope']; many are its shortcomings, but it is without reproach in the execution of its charge. Heresy and scepticism, infidelity and fanaticism, may challenge it in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its con-natural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each in his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamoring, and ringing the changes on these poor half-dozen notes, all about 'the popish aggression,' 'insolent and insidious,' 'insidious and insolent,' 'insolent and atrocious,' 'atrocious and insolent,' 'atrocious, insolent, and ungrateful,' 'ungrateful, insolent, and atrocious,' 'foul and oppressive,' 'pestilent and horrid,' 'subtle and unholy,' 'audacious and revolting,' 'contemptible and shameless,' 'malignant,' 'frightful,' 'mad,' 'meretricious,' bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs and bobs-royal and triple bob-majors, and grandsires, to the extent of their compass, and the full ring of their metal, in honor of Queen Bess and to the confusion of the pope and the princes of the Church." No one who remembers, as I do, the agitation of 1850 will think this description a mere caricature. It has the dash of extravagance, of course, which was necessary for Dr. Newman's purpose, but its satiric humor is based upon the most accurate knowledge and close observation of the unreasonable temper of the British people when once the panic of Popery falls upon them — a temper, we may say, noticeably diminished in these later years when religious England has at last begun to feel that the Roman Church is by no means the most dangerous foe with whom we have to deal.

Great as Dr. Newman is, however, in satire — that is, in painting for us the unreasonable or the conventional or the conceited and bombastic temper against a background of sober and thoughtful judgment, that imaginative power which enables him to draw this contrast so vividly, seems to me much more powerfully illustrated on what I may call his ideal or poetical side, than in this satiric and depreciating vein. His satire could not be as powerful as it is without his imaginative power of isolating what he wants to emphasize and contrasting it with its opposite. But it is when he exerts his flexible and vivid imagination in depicting the deepest religious passion that we are most carried away by him and feel his great genius most truly. Little as I am of a Roman Catholic, I can never read without emotion, without a thrill of wonder at the power with which Dr. Newman describes what to Protestants seems most unlike the religion of Christ, his defence of the mass in answer to the Protestant account of it as a mere muttered spell. The passage I refer to is in "Loss and Gain," where the Roman convert who is supposed to have been somewhat premature in his conversion and to have found the Roman system hard to assimilate, is being rallied by an Anglican friend on the unreasonableness of the mass, and told that he would soon be back again in the English Church; whereupon he replies that it is quite true that to the Anglican and to the Roman Catholic, the very idea of worship is something completely dif-

ferent, for worship to the Anglican is the lifting of the soul to God; worship to the Roman Catholic is the summoning of God to the soul by the solemn miracle of a divine rite. "'I declare, to me,' he said, and he clasped his hands on his knees and looked forward as if soliloquizing, 'to me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the mass, read as it is among us. I could attend masses forever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words — it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event that is the end, and is the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of Grace — they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go — the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning, "What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them as he passed along the lake in the days of his flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other so is the coming of the Son of man. Quickly they pass, for they are the words of the Lord descending in the cloud and proclaiming the name of the Lord as he passes by, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth." And as Moses on the mountain, so we too "make haste and bow our heads to the earth and worship." So we all around, each in his place, look out for the great advent, "waiting for the moving of the water." Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens and there are penitents, but out of these many minds rises one eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it. And oh, my dear Bateman,' he added, turning to him, 'you ask me whether this is not a formal unreasonable service. It is wonderful,' he cried, rising up, 'quite wonderful. When will these dear good people be enlightened? O sapientia fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia, O Adonai, O clavis David et exspectatio gentium, veni ad salvandum nos, domine Deus noster.'" Doubtless Bateman might have replied that this fine description hardly tallies with the simple words of the primitive text as it describes apparently what the Roman Catholic must hold to have been the first mass: "They continued steadfastly in the Apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and in prayer," and that it tallies still less with the Apostle's warning to the Corinthians: "For as often as you eat this bread and drink this cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death *till* he come," whereas, according to Dr. Newman, he did come in that very rite. But I have quoted the passage not for criticism but to show the wonderful power with which Dr. Newman can throw himself into the highest religious passion and make the heart thrill with his rendering of it. The same marvellous power is shown in a lower sphere in his rendering of the phenomena of demoniacal possession in "Callista," where the chapter describing Juba's madness, and the signs of power exerted over him by some lower being, seems to me one of the greatest efforts of an original imagination disciplined in the theology of the early Fathers, of which English literature has any record.

Take another and nobler instance of the same kind of imagination: the description of the experience of death as it is given in "The Dream of Gerontius," a description which makes the reader almost believe that the man who wrote it must himself have passed through death before he could have conceived it: —

I can no more; for now it comes again —
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though

Down, down forever, I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And crueller still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse,
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs and flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
. . . . . .
I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed,
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes, some one softly said,
"He's gone;" and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvenite;" and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low
And fainter and more faint the accents come
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah, whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain,
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

That seems to me the highest kind of imaginative power, the imaginative power which enables him who possesses it first to enter into the real experience of others, and then to combine what it has thus interpreted, so as to throw a light on new situations analogous to, but not identical with, those from which it derived its lessons. The flexibility of Cardinal Newman's imagination is at the root of all his intellectual power. Of that I have given already ample proof. He adapts himself at one time to the language of Scripture, and brings out of it infinitely more meaning than ordinary men; and at another, again, he adapts himself to the conventional attitude of the soul, and discerns with the most perfect delicacy the finest shades of expression, the finest distinctions between the conventionality of one kind of conventional mind and the conventionality of another. Then again observe how he enters into the spirit of the Roman breviary, and translates the invocations of the mass into a theological defence of its significance and purport. And here, finally, we have him putting together all the indications that his great experience has given him, of mental collapse — from the intermittent courage and breathlessness of ordinary deathbeds to the great climax of the Redeemer's passion in the awful words that imply his having entered into even the sense of desertion and desolation peculiar to deaths of exhaustion — and combining them all into the most powerful delineation of the last great experience of human life which English literature contains.

The idealism which thus takes up the highest actual experiences of men, and refines or raises them in the direction which the heart seems to point out as that of some change which it has never yet experienced, is the highest kind of idealism attainable by men. Idealism that attempts to go beyond this, necessarily fails from want of any real root. But Cardinal Newman's never does go beyond this. It keeps close to human experience, rising above it only by prolonging the movement of the mind in the same direction in which the highest previous experience has already risen above that which was lower. I should say that Cardinal Newman's genius reached perhaps its highest point of *intensity* in his old communion; but its highest point of breadth, vigor, and grandeur in the communion to which he now belongs. But throughout his life his genius has shown itself rather in interpreting the nature of man than in interpreting the character of God. His purely theological writings are comparatively tame. It is when he has to apply his theology to human wants and pretensions that you discover how great is the scope of his genius, and how various the music of his pathos. When I speak of his purely theological writings being comparatively tame, I refer only to writings like his book on Arianism, which do not dwell on the affinity of the creed they define for the mind of man. The moment he has to describe the growth of theology in the Church, its mingled fascination and repulsion for the generations of men, his genius displays itself in its fulness, and I may instance the last university sermon which he preached in the Anglican Church, where Dr. Newman has thus described the evolution of the Christian creed, and anticipated the general scope of his "Essay on Development." He describes "how the great idea takes hold of a thousand minds by its living force, and

will not be ruled or stinted, but is like a 'burning fire,' as the prophet speaks, 'shut up within them,' till they are 'weary of forbearing and cannot stay,' and grows in them, and at length is born through them, perhaps in a long course of years, and even successive generations; so that the doctrine may rather be said to use the minds of Christians, than to be used by them. Wonderful is it to see with what effort, hesitation, suspense, interruption, with how many swayings to the right and to the left, with how many reverses, yet with what certainty of advance, with what precision in its march, and with what ultimate completeness, it has been evolved, till the whole truth, 'self-balanced, on its centre hung,' part answering to part, one, absolute, integral, indissoluble, while the world lasts." And compare with this fine description of the evolution of the Christian creed, the description which he gives us in the same sermon of the evolution of a great and mysterious fine art: "Let us take another instance of an outward and earthly form . . . under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so, and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men, the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling; to speak of the views which it opens upon us, to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich, yet so simple, so intricate, yet so regulated, so various, yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone, and perishes? Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine attributes; something are they besides themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, — though mortal man, and he, perhaps, not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

It would be impossible within the limits of an article to give any impression of the many sides of Cardinal Newman's flexible and subtle, and above all luminous and lucid intellect. His greatest efforts are never ambitious; and whether you go with him or not, he is sure to interest you more than you anticipated, and to leave you with a sense of a wider horizon and of closer spiritual ties. If any one asks how one who is not a Roman Catholic can think the upshot of Dr. Newman's career an immense gain to the world, when he, more than any living Englishman, has done so much to make men Roman Catholics, I should reply that, in our age at least, it is no small gain to have made the Roman Church interesting and intelligible to so many Protestants, and to have made at the same time a considerable number of Protestant convictions interesting and intelligible to so many Roman Catholics. And this, at least, Dr. Newman has done, though this is the least part of his work. The greatest of his claims on our gratitude is that he has added so much to our knowledge of human nature, and especially to our knowledge of the links which connect human nature with the supernatural life above us. If it has been the special philosophical work of the last generation to show us how much of almost mechanical intelligence there is in the very structure of our bodies, to say nothing of the habits of our minds, it has been Cardinal Newman's special work to explain the operation of implicit and unconscious, as distinguished from explicit and conscious, reasoning, on the higher life of men, and to vindicate the trustworthiness of that implicit reasoning wherever it is made the instrument of a constant and earnest purpose. But he has done much more than enlarge the philosophy of religious belief. Alike for Roman Catholics and for Protestants, he has invested religious

subjects with a new and peculiar charm. He has shed on Scripture itself a silver light which, in the minds of many of us, connects indissolubly some of its greatest passages with his name and genius, and does this without intruding a single forced or artificial association. That he has enriched English literature with the most delicate and the most apt, the most musical and the most lustrous of English styles, would be nothing, if that style itself were not a living witness of the supernatural life in him which it expresses and reveals. For no one can love the style and not feel that its tenderness and its severity, its keen thrusts and its noble simplicity, its flexibility of movement and its firm grasp, its ideal music, its iridescent lights, and its pathetic sweetness, could never have existed at all except as the echo of a great mind living under the immediate eye of God.

Thus God has willed
That man when fully skilled
Still gropes in twilight dim,
Encompassed all his hours
By fearfullest powers
Inflexible to him.
That so he may discern
His feebleness,
And e'en for earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home,
Earth and the world to come.

That noble stanza images not only Cardinal Newman's permanent thought, but the constant manner of the thinker, his pervading sense of the twilight of the human intellect, the delicate finish of his touch in sculpturing all that, in that twilight, has been revealed to him, the reverence of his attitude towards the power that encompasses him, and the strength in weakness which that attitude confers.

RICHARD H. HUTTON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NO ONE NOTICES TEDDY.

"'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them;
When sorrow's held intrusive and turned out."

PHILIP VON ARTEVELDE.

IT was indeed our old friend Teddy, who, alone and unauthorized, but rising to the occasion from sheer extremity of need and singleness of purpose, had thus appeared on the scene in those far-away regions to see and hear for himself if such things as had been told him of Jem Challoner were true.

Who had told? Not the Applebys. After all that had been undergone and suffered and apprehended from them, they had done nothing; they had been harmless as infants. It was entirely through another channel,—but let us go back to twenty-four hours before the accidental meeting of Bertha Tufnell with the stranger in the Hales' drawing-room.

For three whole days had Teddy's sulking fit continued, the mood having begun as we know on the morning following the moonlight skating on the ponds, having set in with severity during the afternoon walk, and having culminated after an entire evening had elapsed without an inquiry from any one as to where he had been, and what he had done after deserting his sister and Challoner at the Applebys' gate.

All had been preoccupied — even Challoner had let him alone after the first, when he had made an effort or two, failed, and desisted; the truth being that with enough on his mind already — with Matilda on the one hand to love but not to woo, and Mary Tufnell on the other to woo but not to love — it was more than he cared for to have the burden of Teddy's ill-humor thrust upon his shoulders also; Teddy he must leave to himself. Moreover, he and Matilda understood each other tacitly on the subject. It was nothing to be disturbed about, Challoner assured the devoted sister — nothing which need discompose her; a passing indisposition. It would be better to take no notice — the mood would right itself. And with such comforting assurances she was easily, only too easily, induced to fix all her attention on the lips that spoke them.

But thus neglected, bad went on to worse in poor Teddy's breast. Always before, during such occasional freaks of dumb brutishness — for thus alone could they be classified — he had been tenderly watched and timidly approached: and he had been perfectly aware that little as was the apparent notice taken of his goings and comings, all the house was eagerly awaiting the prodigal's return to a better state of mind. Such a position he had thoroughly enjoyed, poor boy; to attain it had been his last resource in his present pain and trouble; but what was he to do when this, his one weapon, failed to take effect? How retaliate? How show his spirit? It was maddening, positively

maddening, to think that there was nothing to be done. Literally, down at that stupid old place — and all snowed-in too — there was not a single thing a young fellow could do to make a stir, and show he had some life in him. Overton took no notice of anything; Challoner merely smiled a smile that drove him wild if ever he started an idea or made a proposition; while Matilda was too deeply in his black books for anything she could say or do to be right.

At length a notion struck him. He would give them a start and a fright somehow; a start and a fright, if he could do no more. He would be up and off some fine morning before any one was stirring; and it mattered not where he went, he would not reappear at the Hall until the people there had had a lesson.

"Run up to town!" exclaimed Matilda, in undoubted discomfiture and most unflattering amazement, when she received the message her brother had left, — it was to the effect that he had found he must run up to town for a few days on business, and was not sure how long he might be kept there, and was not to be expected till he turned up, — quite a lively, jaunty, independent, young-man-of-the-period's message, in short, which sounded fair enough in Challoner's ears, but which strangely disconcerted its recipient. "Gone to town! What does he mean? What in the world ——" and then she checked herself, and looked, with trouble in her look, at Overton. Nothing like this had happened for many a year before between the three, and two out of the three knew only too well why it had happened now.

"Where do you suppose he is gone?" said Matilda apart to her elder brother, as soon as she could find him alone; "where do you think he is gone? I cannot imagine; he has no one now, — we have managed to break with them all. I don't believe he has a single address."

"All the better; he will come home all the sooner. I don't really think we need be alarmed," replied he. "I suspect it is a mere piece of temper. It has been coming on for several days, but I thought it best to take no notice. I thought Challoner's being here would keep him straight — I mean, would keep him from openly showing anything amiss. Yet I warned you, Matilda."

"I know — I know. But what could I do?" said Matilda, looking gloomily out. "It is so difficult to manage sometimes, I ——"

"To be sure. I don't blame you, my dear girl," said Overton kindly. "You have often a hard time of it, and no one knows as well as I do how brave you are, and how patient. Cheer up," as her eyes filled beneath his sympathy — "cheer up; don't distress yourself; don't be anxious ——"

"I am; I cannot help it. I have such fears. Overton, if anything happens to him ——"

"Nothing will happen to him; we shall have him back here all right and tight by to-morrow at latest; by to-night most likely. You must — ahem — pay him a little attention when he comes; make much of him; and leave Challoner to —"

"But where will he go in town?" She was not willing to talk of Challoner at the moment. "Where will he go? And what will he do?"

"Hang about till he gets the next train back."

And this was precisely what Teddy would have done, had not chance, for good or ill, put a sudden recollection into his head. As Matilda said, he had now no associates: they had weaned him from all his former comrades; and that so effectually, that he had now neither the means nor the desire to reopen any old intimacies. He had not been good, and he had not been happy in his boyhood; he had been both — under supervision — since; and the poor fellow was dimly conscious that it was so — and to do him justice, the idea of actually of his own free-will returning to the mire from which he had been drawn, never entered his head. He merely wished to pretend that he had done so.

But now, what should he do with himself? How pass the dreary day? As Matilda had divined, her poor simpleton was sadly at a loss, and all the gilt was taken off his gingerbread, all the glitter and dash faded away from his glorious emancipation, when he found himself in a London terminus, with nothing to do, nowhere to go, and no one to speak to.

Of a sudden he recollected Whewell — Whewell whom he had disliked and despised; but who, for want of a better, might serve his purpose in this emergency, who at least would receive him without any troublesome questions or awkward suggestions, and with whom he could pass half an hour — half one of the long, dreadful, appalling hours before him.

With renewed spirits he jumped into a hansom, and gave the direction — which had stuck by him for some reason or

other — and which he now produced and described with a minuteness that was not to be cut short by any knowledge on the part of the driver. "Yoicks!" cried he to himself, "I'm going it!"

Whewell was in, and it would have been hard to say whether he was more pleased to bestow a welcome or his guest to receive one. Probably in his whole life no such enthusiasm of greeting had ever been bestowed on poor Teddy before — it must be owned he was generally looked upon in the light of Lady Matilda's adjunct; and the response such warmth evoked, and the change it wrought in the feelings he had formerly entertained towards the gay barrister, were such as might have been anticipated under the circumstances.

"Thought I'd look you up," he began cheerily. "Only here for the day. May I bring up my bag, as I am on my way somewhere else, and did not care to leave it at the station ——" (Whewell flew down-stairs himself, and with his own hand carried up the bag ere the speaker had proceeded farther.) "And so I am awfully glad to find you in," continued Teddy, looking round him.

"I am sure you cannot be more happy than I. It is the greatest piece of luck your catching me in, too. I am up to my ears; but never mind — tell me about yourselves. How are you all? How do you get on in this atrocious weather? Lady Matilda, is she well? Is she — ah — in town?"

"Oh dear, no! She hates town like poison; women do," said Teddy, who knew no better. "No; she is at home, and snowed-up there. The most tremendous fall of snow we have had for years. Awfully hard lines, isn't it? Just coming on the top of the frost, you know. Every one said we were to have weeks of frost, and the ice was splendid; you never saw such ice ——"

"Ah! you are a skater, I suppose? I never have the time for anything of that sort — at least, of course, I could make time, supposing ——" He paused. What he meant was, "supposing you were to invite me to skate at Overton Hall."

But his visitor, too full of his own affairs to heed either the statement or its amendment, proceeded volubly, —

"Oh, you should have been with us! We had the best fun out. We had telegraphed Challoner down, and he said he had never seen ice like it."

"You had Challoner down?" repeated his host in some surprise. "I thought he was to have been married before now. Is that not come off yet?"

"I said Challoner," explained Teddy, with the idea that the name had not been caught. "Challoner, you know, — the fellow who smashed his wrist when he was down with us for the pheasants. You were there too."

"Of course; yes. We went down together to the Hanwells, and then he had to lie up at your house; but he is all right by this time, I suppose?"

"Right? Oh yes, he's right enough," replied Teddy, with less warmth, as recent grievances began to reassert their pre-eminence in his mind. "There never was anything much wrong with him, I should say," continued he vindictively.

"And what about his marriage, then?" inquired Whewell carelessly. The carelessness was not assumed — he really suspected nothing.

Teddy, however, looked round with an expression of guileless innocence which was by no means badly done, and which meant this: "If you think to catch me tripping, and get out of me anything about Challoner and Matilda, you're in the wrong box, Mr. Whewell. I ain't going to peach, although they have been behaving shabbily to me." All he said, however, was, "His marriage?" in an interrogatory tone that greatly pleased his own ear.

"Why, of course, his marriage. You had forgotten about it, eh? Oh, he will be a Benedick directly."

"Indeed?"

"Come, you know what I mean; tell me the last of it," said Whewell, still unsuspicious; "you must have heard ——"

"But indeed I haven't."

"Not really?"

"No," replied Teddy, pursing up his lips; "no — not a word." ("Well, now, Matilda can't say I didn't tell one good round one for her at any rate," thought he.)

But Whewell's black eyes grew suddenly round and bright. "Did you not know he was engaged to be married?" said he quickly.

"N — no; can't say I did. Ah — to whom, may I ask?" ("Rather neatly put, I take it," internally commented the complacent brother once more.)

"To a very nice girl, I believe, a banker's daughter, with a lot of money. Let me see, the affair must have been concluded shortly before that time he and I were with you. I heard all about it the other day, and fancied the marriage was

to have come off by now. A young Hale, a Clinkton fellow who knows the family well, told me all about it. Trufit, or Truman, or some such name it was. Odd that you shouldn't have known; Hale spoke as if everybody knew."

Not a word in reply.

"And he was with you three weeks or more, wasn't he? In fact until a very short time ago. And he never mentioned it, not to *any* of you?"

Teddy shook his head: he could not speak. Poor fellow! the diplomatic smile and unconscious air had fallen away to nothing by this time, and now all that remained of it was a pair of starting eyeballs and a jaw that fell every moment lower.

"I — ah — 'pon my word, I don't know what you are talking about," at length he found voice to murmur.

"It is news to you, I see. I must say it is rather strange that it should be so. You were so thick with Challoner, what on earth should possess him to keep this from you? What reason had he for keeping it dark at all?" ("There is something up here," said Whewell suddenly to himself; "I have hit the nail somehow. Friend Teddy looks quite aghast. Can it be that Challoner, that great, loutish fellow — but no, Lady Matilda took no sort of notice of Challoner, she ignored him; stop though, let me think," — and with disagreeable clearness came back the last look he had had of the Overton drawing-room, and of the smile which had passed between the *quondam* invalid and his hostess, a perfectly innocuous smile, but one all the same which had caused this departing guest a twinge at the moment, though he had rid himself of the sensation afterwards.) "Challoner has been engaged to be married ever since September," he stated calmly enough, but his pulse beat a little faster than usual as he marked the effect the words produced.

"*Well!*"

For the space of one full minute this was all.

"*Well!*"

Whewell waited in silence.

"Good heavens! I — I — do you know what he has been doing? — do you know that he has been paying attention to my sister?" burst forth the young man at last. "Good heavens!" unable to be prudent, — "to *my sister!* To *Matilda!* To — to ——"

"Pardon me, my dear fellow, think what you are saying; there must be some mistake," corrected his companion, in the soothing tone in which one speaks to a frantic child; but Whewell's own blood was now coursing quickly through his veins: "don't let yourself be carried away by — I mean, don't run away on the wrong horse, you know. Lady Matilda would hardly thank you for bringing her name into such a discussion; it is quite impossible that there can be any cause for connecting her name with Challoner's; that Challoner could have ever thought, ever given any — in short, you are laboring under a delusion; you have taken hold of some false idea ——"

"False idea be hanged!" exclaimed Teddy passionately; "I don't know anything about ideas; I never have ideas: this is *the truth.* I could tell you ——" But here he suddenly drew the rein, and checked the revelation on his lips. "Of course it is nothing to her," he said, in an altered tone. "Of course Lady Matilda," with a little air of state — "Lady Matilda does not concern herself as to — to — but we have to take care of her — that is to say — *confound the fellow!* I — I — I ——"

"I had no knowledge of this, of course," said Whewell, busying himself with some papers on the floor. "Indeed when I first heard of Challoner's engagement, which I did immediately on leaving Endhill, I concluded that this was at the bottom of his — let me speak plainly — his indifference to the attractions of Overton, and his desire to get away from it as quickly as possible. You must remember that he was always pressing the doctor — your doctor, the one you got for him — to say how soon he could go, and ——"

"Oh, he did not want to go at all."

"You forget, no doubt, your early experience in a later," proceeded the barrister, who with his natural acuteness divined the case exactly. "When *I* saw Challoner he was fretting to the verge of rudeness at having to remain, and ——"

"And he was with us for nearly a month afterwards."

"Indeed?"

"Ay, indeed; he was: he — well?"

"I was not going to say anything."

"Why did you not tell us about this before?"

"I never thought of telling you; I supposed that, of course, you knew. I took it for granted — he was Hanwell's friend: Hanwell seemed to know him well; and when I heard the news, I said to myself, What a duffer he must have thought me not to have congratulated him!"

"He never told a soul," said Teddy, breathing hard; "he never said a single word about it to any one. And here he has been down with us again — I say, whereabouts does this girl, this banker's daughter, live? At Clinkton?"

"At Clinkton? Yes. You know so much? Yes, of course; for his own people come from that neighborhood, and his sister, Lady Fairleigh, made the match. Now I think of it — at Clinkton, of course; *in* Clinkton, most likely ——"

"Pont House, Archway Terrace?" cried Teddy eagerly.

"Ah, I can't give you the address ——"

"And you don't know the name?"

"It begins with a T, I feel sure. But, see here — you remember Hale? Deuced pleasant fellow, with a beard. He used to be a chum of yours, he told me. He lives at Clinkton, I can tell you where, for I have had some correspondence with him lately, — you go down, see him, and he will tell you everything."

"Go down? Go to Clinkton? I — I don't know about that."

"Oh, it's easy enough — easy enough for a young fellow like you, with nothing to do," said Whewell, rummaging in his desk for the address. "It will be nothing but a pleasant trip. And you are not a slave like me, tied by the leg. Let me see, you could be at Clinkton this evening, — you are not due anywhere in particular to-night?"

"N — no."

"Well, you can get there easily; I'll look out your train ——"

"Stop! I don't know," murmured poor Teddy, trembling all over; "I really don't know," shifting one leg over the other, the very picture of bewilderment and irresolution.

"If Challoner has been playing fast and loose with your sister," said Whewell, suppressing a desire to seize his companion's shoulder, and start him by main force on the distasteful expedition — "if he has had the cursed impudence —— I — I never heard anything to equal it," he broke off with a half-suppressed oath.

"Not that she cares, you understand," affirmed poor Matilda's champion with feeble valor. "Of course it is nothing to her ——"

"Oh, of course, of course ——"

"But it is the cheek of the thing."

"Ay, it is the cheek of the thing. The presuming, hypocritical scoundrel," cried Whewell, but still ever on the watch to see how far he durst go, "to take in Lord Overton, and you, and — your sister." He choked a little, but cleared his throat and proceeded — "And so cleverly as it was done, too. I had no idea — why, he took no notice of — of any one when I was there. I thought ——"

"Well, hang it all! I don't know what you call 'taking no notice;' he has never done anything *but* 'take notice' to my mind," rejoined the innocent brother. "It is Matilda with him all day long; he hangs about her from morning till night, and she" — again recollecting — "she can't well shake him off, you know; it is not easy to shake off a fellow of that sort."

"And he is down there now?"

"Down there now. I left him there."

"And he came to you — did he come from Clinkton?"

"Came straight from Clinkton."

"Now look here," said Whewell, laying a hand — a strong, insistent hand — upon the young man's shoulder — "look here. You will take this afternoon train to Clinkton; I will look it out for you; I have a railway guide here. You can sleep at the Station Hotel, and call on the Hales first thing to-morrow. Hale will be delighted to see you. Make out you were passing and looked in, and get out of him all about the engagement. It *may* be off. If it is off, find out when. Mind you find out when; for it certainly was *not* off when Challoner went first to Overton. I should say, judging from appearances, that it is still on — on at this moment, and ——"

"And what am I to say at home?"

"Are they expecting you at home?"

"Of course — that is to say, I must send word somehow."

"Send a telegram. Here," said the prompt barrister — "here is a form; write there," pointing with his finger. "No need to mention where you are going, but say you are off to see a friend. You can get back either by to-morrow night or Thursday morning, — probably Thursday morning. If Hale is not at home when you first call, go again; don't leave without seeing him, if you mean to do any good. I suppose you really wish to find out the truth?"

"Yes," said Teddy firmly, "I do."

"And you are game to go?"

"Ye—es," less assured. "Yes; game to go."

"All right; I'll see you off myself. Give you some lunch first, and then start you. Of course you will be careful to let out nothing, while you learn everything. You can trust yourself to that? Very well. There; that's Hale's address for

you. You have your pocket-book? That's the place; put it in there; you're safe to catch him somehow, or at any rate some of them. He has sisters; go in to see them, if he is out; it does not matter whom you see or speak to, only find out the truth from *some one*. You'll do that?"

Teddy nodded. "I'll do that," he said, with a frown, which was on the whole the most satisfactory omen of success he had yet shown.

("Not quite such a fool as he looks," reflected Whewell. "I should say he'll do the job now, and perhaps as well as a better man would.") "Well, you understand all you have to do, then," he said aloud, "and — ah — I shall see you on Thursday. I shall run down to Hanwell's for the night. I can easily offer myself for the night, and will meet you there."

"What," said Teddy stupidly, "what are you coming for?"

"I should like to hear the end of this, as a matter of curiosity — purely as a matter of curiosity," replied Whewell smiling.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ASHES.

"Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry hope that didst arise
But to be overcast!"

E. A. Poe.

On first breaking loose from the loathed bonds at Clinkton, and returning to feed upon the fair and forbidden fruit at Overton, Challoner had experienced a vehement and reckless sense of relief: a sort of devilry of joy had possessed him which had bidden defiance to every consideration but that of present bliss, and by this every nobler feeling of shame or pain had been for the time stifled. But scarce had he eaten of the fruit than the flavor of the ashes began to be felt. It was sweet in the mouth but bitter to the stomach; and every enchanting moment had had to be paid for by hours of subsequent torture.

A soft word, a tender blush, on the part of Matilda, would make his heart beat and his eye kindle; and afterwards, in the solemn, conscience-speaking hours of the night, he would recall it with pangs unutterable. Once she asked him to render her a trifling service — it was but a little thing, he was sure to like to do it — and she saw, she was sure she saw, his great nether lip tremble as he turned away from her thanks. How could she but pity, with that pity which is love itself, not akin to it only? His slightest wish became law to her. He could not ask a thing she would not do. Oh, how long, how long could this go on?

One night — it was on the Wednesday following Teddy's abrupt departure — Challoner was more than usually restless and wakeful. He was up, and pacing his room during the short hours. The idea of bed was hateful, that of sleep impossible. He must be thinking, planning, hoping, wondering, fighting down his misery and perplexity, battling with the mesh which he had himself spun, and which was ever weaving closer and tighter around him.

He had even been more than usually tender and lover-like towards Matilda that day. He had allowed himself to try yet further and further how far her exquisite compliance and sweet submission would go; he had courted every coy glance and sign, and wooed the very fall of her eyelids and blushes on her cheek, testing to its utmost the power which was so valueless, and which none but a madman would have dared to tamper with.

By every sign that love could discover, he had but to ask and this beautiful woman, who was all that heart of man could desire, and beyond what hope of man could ever have pictured, was his own. Never had monarch had so fair a kingdom set before him. Never had one been more absolutely prevented entering into its possession.

Now easy as it is to condemn the criminal weakness which had led the infatuated lover into this strait, which of us, when once in, would have been able to say for certain in what manner, or by what means, he could fairly get out of it? To such a pass had Challoner come, that to deal honestly with either of the two women he had been duping was to cover both with dishonor. And what could he do? Could he at this hour, without cause or provocation, suddenly trumpet aloud the truth, the whole naked dreadful truth? Could he suddenly stand forth and say, "I am a traitor," and there let the matter rest? Supposing the announcement made, it would be awkward with nothing to follow. Was he to suggest marriage or renunciation? Was he to ask Mary Tufnell to take him, or to leave him? With Matilda, of course, all would be over forever — of course, of course, she would not pardon him? Certainly not. She would have nothing more to say to him? Undoubtedly, nothing more. They would never meet again? Never.

All the time he knew he was hoping

and hoping. It would be bad enough, whichever way it ended, once the truth were out, but — he could bear a good deal. He would have to stand a curse or two, — he could do that. He would have to keep out of Clinkton in future, — he could put up with that. He would have to learn to forget poor Mary's name and the wrong he had done her, and the cruelty he had inflicted upon her, — that would be more difficult, but he would try, yes, he would try ever so much, if only Matilda — and this was the end and goal of every inward contest, — "if only Matilda" — if only he could rely upon Matilda; but — he could not.

The sweat stood upon his throbbing brow as he leaned it on his hands, and saw in his mind's eye the day of doom approach. Self-pity was so strong within him that the water in his eyes forced itself from beneath their burning lids, and wetted the cheek on either side, and again his coarse lip shook and his chest heaved. Turn where he would, no light appeared anywhere in the labyrinth of his thoughts; round and round he wandered, lost, among them — up and down he trod the same stony track which led to nowhere.

He had that day received a note from Lady Fairleigh announcing her return to England, and begging his attendance on her at her hotel in London on the following day. She wished to see him, to hear about his marriage, to know what he would choose as her wedding gift, with more of the kind, — to his mind the writing was like that of the recording angel. Yet he had, as we have said, tempted himself more than ever with Matilda that day. It had seemed as if he could hardly bear to let her out of his sight; his eye had followed her every action and movement, and he had taken note of every little thing she did and said, as a man may take a farewell of earth and sky ere he leaves this world forever. Many a time thereafter he heard in the whistle of the wind on a cheerless eve the trifling sentences she let fall; many a time he saw her stand before him as she stood that day, and wondered that he had not then and there perjured himself for the privilege of a kiss. He knew now in the grim night that he had been listening as one who might never hear again, seeing as one who saw for the last time, — and it was this conviction that started the tear, the one tear which no other emotion had induced.

That the end must come sooner or later, he had, indeed, all along known; but with Lady Fairleigh's letter it seemed as though it were already there — as though a Nemesis no longer behind, were upon him.

At length he slept where he sat, leaning across the table, his head resting upon his arms. He slept, and woke almost immediately, shivering and affrighted. Good heavens! what had he dreamed? Matilda! could it have been Matilda? Yes, it was even she, she who had entered by that dim doorway over yonder, and who had seized upon him and would have strangled him with her cobweb handkerchief, holding his throat in the grasp he had once felt upon his arm, — and as he struggled for his life, imploring and beseeching, Mary Tufnell — the other one — the girl who called him hers, and whom — shame upon him! he had gone through the farce of embracing as became a betrothed husband, with whom he had performed his part, and hated himself and it alike, — it was she who now flew to his rescue. Yet, oh, terrible! it was Mary he turned from — it was Matilda he turned to. It was the hand that was killing he sought to kiss, it was the deaf ear into which he poured affection, it was the unmoved face he gazed upon. She heard not, pitied not; with a moan the sleeper shuddered himself awake, and the vision fled. Only a few minutes had elapsed.

Again he slept, and again dreamed of Matilda. Matilda was his wife — his beloved, adored wife; and yet between him and her, the object of his fondest passion, there was ever an invisible, intangible, insurmountable barrier, — something ever kept them apart; he never felt her hand about his neck, her breath upon his brow. He would speak to her, and she would not answer — approach her, and she faded away. Struggling against the grisly prison bars, he woke again. Another ten minutes had barely gone by.

But this was the last of such awakenings. Out of sheer exhaustion Challoner at length laid his head on his pillow and slept profoundly — so profoundly, indeed, as to be with difficulty aroused long after ten o'clock by the information that Lord Overton and Lady Matilda had been at breakfast some time.

"You are going to town, eh?" said the former, when the delinquent at length appeared; "you are going to town? Best thing you can do. See what a thaw! What a state the roads will be in! there will not be an inch fit to tread on. The country is wretched in a thaw like this."

Challoner explained that it was not the

thaw but Lady Fairleigh's summons which took him to London.

"You will come back, of course?" said Overton easily.

Now was the time; now, when brother and sister were alike listening, when both would understand what an apology and an evasion must portend, and when — but the mentor's voice was roughly checked. Bah! he would not show the white feather yet; fate had been too kind in the matter after all, for him to play the chicken-hearted coward while yet he held a card in his hand. Come back? Certainly he would come back, and accordingly,

"By four o'clock. Yes, thanks," he said.

All the throes of the night had been gone through in vain.

"Have you only to see your sister?"

"That's all."

"Where do you meet her?"

"Grosvenor Hotel. She is there now. I shall have an hour with her."

"And that will be enough?"

"Quite enough," said Challoner, with miserable irony.

It was necessary that he should go — absolutely necessary that his superior, managing, ferreting, elder sister should have no notion that there were any dust-corners in his life which she could not poke her nose into; but an hour of her "Have you done this?" and "How about that?" of her sharp sifting queries and straight eyes, — would be, he considered, quite enough.

He walked to the station, and as he went, more than once he cast a glance behind. For once presentiment was right. The last day had come.

From Temple Bar.

THE MAD CZAR.

"TELL me, my dear La Harpe, what shall I do with that madman, my son? I am at this date the arbitress of Europe. I can, without obstacle, undertake at my pleasure the conquest of Asia, and renew the empire of the East. I am empress of all the regions of the North. But what will become of my empire should I let him be my successor?"

The speaker was Catherine the Great; and the "madman" referred to was the czar Paul, spoken of as Paul I.

Historians, however, may allow the ordinal number to drop; his name is too full of evil omen in the chronicles of the house of Romanoff ever to be revived at the baptismal fount. It was by such prognostications of eventual disaster from the sovereignty of her son that Catherine prepared the court for his exclusion from the throne; and had her wits rallied sufficiently during the apoplectic fit in which she died, to enable her to communicate her will by articulate speech, the history of Russia would have been less a register of cruelties and crimes than it is. It is whispered that the members of the Holstein-Gottorp branch of the Romanoff dynasty, so called because Peter III., Catherine's husband, was born prince of that duchy, show signs of mental aberration at the age of forty-one.

Child of some casual sire, this "unbeautifulest of czars," as Carlyle calls him, had a progenitrix, but no mother. From the hour of his birth he was flung almost as a waif into the arms of the officials of the court, and left pretty much to take whatever moral and mental mould they chose to impress on him. Till he reached his forty-third year he moved about his mother's court overlooked, jostled, humiliated; *there*, indeed, after his marriage, he seldom presented himself except when some state pageantry called him. The apparition of her son at court recalled too vividly to Catherine's memory the record of her crimes to be welcome. The murderess of her husband sat on the throne of her son; and as she had wronged the latter too deeply to forgive him, she resolved to punish him for clinging to existence by making it as miserable as possible. Spies dogged his every step; snubs rebuked every assertion of his position and prerogatives as heir to the crown; poverty kept him powerless for plotting treason, or even acquiring popularity. Catherine took his children from him as soon as they were born; when he wanted to see them he had to bribe their nurses and fawn upon their attendants; or, when these expedients failed, to solicit the intercession of his mother's paramour. Once for a whole year at a stretch he was denied access to them, because he refused to truckle to the Countess Schouvaloff, Catherine's intention being to declare her grandson Alexander her successor. She refused to let Paul acquire experience in the art of government; he would have no practical need for such knowledge. And though she appointed him high admiral of Russia, he was forbidden to visit the fleet he commanded, and informed that his nomination was only to justify him in wearing

the uniform. Two admirals having one day presented themselves at his palace clad in a new naval costume, the grand duke pretended not to recognize them, and obliged them to declare their rank.

"Oh, yes, but I did not know you in that funny dress. What is it?"

"This, your Imperial Highness, is the costume of the new naval corps."

"Absurd! remember that I am lord high admiral and I have never heard of it. Don't let me see you in that uniform again."

The two officers reported the conversation to the empress. "Go," said she, "in that same dress and visit the grand duke to-morrow, and tell him that it is by my express orders you have returned so soon, in spite of his prohibition, to pay your respects."

Paul complained bitterly of the indignities to which he was subjected. Zuboff in early life was a subordinate officer of the Guard; he sportively hit the grand duke's favorite dog on the head; it ran howling and bleeding to its master. Paul demanded that he should be punished for his cruelty, when Catherine interposed in his behalf.

"Ah," exclaimed the grand duke in a burst of rage and humiliation, "everything that I have, everything that I love, is an object of hatred. I have but one dog, and they want to kill it."

A few years later Zuboff became Catherine's lover, and Paul had to do obeisance to the soldier he once wished to knout.

Paul retorted on his mother after her death, and expressed the hatred which he dared not breathe during her life by heaping insults on her name and memory. He stopped the public works on which she was engaged, canals, highways, and townships. He recalled her armies and made peace with her enemies. He dismissed her favorites, and invited back to court the friends and companions of his father. As an affront to her memory he issued a ukase declaring Ekaterinoslav no longer a seat of local government. Her friends who wore rings engraved with her name and the date of her death, were obliged to discard them and provide others with the motto, "Paul consoles me," and a foreign society of wealthy Russians, who proposed to erect a monument to her name, were warned that such a procedure would be viewed at St. Petersburg with displeasure.

With imperial logic Paul further avenged his wrongs on the hearts and flesh of his wives. Retributive justice demanded that some representative of the sex should expiate the cruelties of his mother, and Paul naturally found it most handy to make his own partners in life the victims. The brutalized son was a brutal husband. There was no force in the spirit within him to lift him superior to the circumstances without him; he took the character which events and his lot in life gave him. Tyrannized from above, Paul tyrannized those beneath him; in all Russia, till his mother died, there was only one so situated, only one whom he could mock, and torture, and trample on — his wife; and she, only because she did not dare to tell. His first wife was a daughter of the landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. Her mother received from Catherine an invitation to St. Petersburg, and to bring her three unmarried daughters with her. Satisfied that neither of them had any character to speak of, or was likely to be prolific in ideas, treasonable or otherwise, Catherine commanded Paul to wive one of the stock. His connoisseurship selected "the middle one, who did not behave well nor live long." The young lady was of the German type of beauty, with a placid expression on her not very intellectual face; amiable and gentle, the amiability being rather a negative than a positive quality, due to inanition of nature, and not to any deliberate preference of the will. The poor thing lived with her rough husband for only a year; she died in child-bed, unlamented except possibly by a loving heart or two in her far German home.

Paul's second wife was the princess Dorothy of Wurtemberg, re-christened, on her admission into the imperial household, and the Russian Church, Mary of Holstein-Romanoff. The marriage was a triumph of the diplomacy of Frederick the Great, whose interest it was to secure near the ear of the future sovereign of Russia, one well-disposed towards his realm. The elevation of his grandniece was due to his crafty wire-pulling. Frederick even cajoled the czarina to have the betrothal in Berlin — a reversal of all the traditions of Romanoff haughtiness. The nuptials were solemnized at St. Petersburg in 1776, the thrifty Prussian king rejoicing to be saved the expense of the festivities. It was the union of the monster of the isle of Sycorax, and Miranda; but, far from peopling the palaces of Russia with "hosts of Calibans," it resulted in the handsomest ruling race to be found in Europe. What comments

must have passed through the minds of the marriage guests as they gazed on the faces and forms of the high contracting parties; the pinched, apish visage and dwarfed figure of the bridegroom, and the tall stateliness and sweet beauty of the bride! Paul, it is said, was the ugliest man in his empire — would have been voted repulsive even by his Calmuck subjects, and whom the Calmucks vote ugly must be ugly indeed. When he visited Paris in 1782, the crowds, appalled by his looks, forget to shout "Long live the czarovitch," and cried with unanimous voice, "Mon Dieu! How ugly he is!" Baron Grimm, Catherine's literary agent in Paris, wrote that Paul had the sense to laugh, pleasantly observing to the French king that his subjects were as frank and candid as they were polite and mannerly. Others found it safer not to see the czar's unloveliness. That his subjects might lack language adequate to satirize or describe his looks, he issued a ukase obliterating the words "bald" and "snub" from the Russian lexicon, leaving his scalp and nose indescribable; and the coin issued from the mint bore no image of the czar's person, but the meaningless quotation, "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name."

The French versifiers, giving Minerva no rest, once more reincarnated her in Paul's second wife, expressing their sincere conviction that all the previous manifestations of the goddess were impostures. And "a daughter of the gods" she seems to have been; "divinely tall and most divinely fair;" long-suffering and docile; with a fascination and manner and presence which for a short period humanized her husband. Her influence over him however was due to some communicated charm rather than to any intuition and aim of the understanding; for her mind was of the sentimental type, with little back-bone of ideas to give it cohesion and force. Mary's patience, mildness, submission to her husband's wildest wishes and commands, were too lethargic to be classified as virtues; they were constitutional, not moral. Her tastes and amusements, it need hardly be said, were of the dilettante and time-killing type; Catherine would not have permitted any other had Mary's abilities been adequate to anything better. Her most serious function in life was to serve as a landmark in her husband's amateur soldierings; for Catherine had sent him a regiment or two to drill in his own mysterious way. These poor men were marched and countermarched in all directions at once without rhyme or reason, according to the vagaries of Paul's mind, which was as undisciplined as the winds. Often the responsible officers were left by the bewildered and muddle-headed commander to extricate the soldiers from bog and morass as best they might; they have even been known in their dire extremity to feign a fit of colic as the only method to liberate themselves from their entanglements, leaving the troops to make their way home as rabble. On the occasion of these reviews and marchings, Mary and her ladies were posted on some eminence, to serve as a rallying-point should confusion emerge; and *there* they have been known to stand, mid snow and wet and biting blast, from five in the morning till the setting sun, the dread of arrest and punishment forbidding them to desert their post. Such was her life as grand-duchess. Her children were all with their grandmother at court, whither Mary annually went to be confined, returning to Gatschina after her recovery, bereft of her children. The domestic instinct was strong in her heart, yet she lived a stranger to home and its sanctities till Catherine's death re-united her to her children, to whom their mother was little more than a name and a tradition. A kindlier Providence ministered to her for a while on her husband's elevation to the throne. Fortune communicated to Paul's boorish heart a touch of gentleness and chivalry; and with the education of her family to attend to, with pin-money equal to the impulses of her generous sympathies, and with a society around her befitting her rank, the afternoon of Mary's life seemed full of golden promise. It was a deceptive after-summer. The horrible suspicion began to haunt Paul's mind that Mary might repeat the crimes of Catherine. She had to stand as a sentinel over every glance of her eye, every motion, every smile. One day observing her in quiet conference with Prince Kouraki, Paul went up to her and, in the hearing of the court, addressed her: "Madam, you want to make yourself friends and repeat the part of Catherine; but I warn you, you won't find a Peter the Third in me." Spies beset her path; frequently when seen in apparent confidential talk with any one, she was arrested and a guard placed on her bed-chamber. Her looks, conversation, and society were regulated by an imperial order; a ukase issued daily named who was to ride out with her, to take her to dinner, to constitute her society for the day. At last a titled dwarf was appointed

to hang on all her motions with the observance of a lover or a spy. Whosoever did Mary a service was registered an enemy of the empire; and the victim of the czar's ill-will on whose behalf she ventured a word of intercession was ordained to instant death in the prison, or distant death in Siberia. "What, madam," said he on such an occasion, "dare you interrupt me in the discharge of my duty? You forget, madam, that I am the emperor. I will make you remember it, however;" and she got a few hours' seclusion under guard to impress the fact on her memory.

To the imperial pair there were born four sons and six daughters, all distinguished for their stateliness and personal beauty, with the exception of the grand-duke Constantine, who was even uglier than his father, and whose grimaces and pranks made him the buffoon of the family. Some subtle play of flesh and spirit, "some peculiar mystic grace had made them only the children of their mother, and heaped the whole inherited sin on that huge scapegoat of the race; all, all upon the brother"—that brother whom Catherine the Great named after the city on the Bosphorus, the Russian capital of the future. The first and third sons were afterwards celebrated in history as the czars Alexander and Nicholas; the second, Constantine, preferred a life of luxurious and uxorious sloth to the cares of state, and surrendered his rights to the throne in favor of his younger brother. Even malignant gossippers admit that the daughters of the imperial house were the finest-looking and most handsome women in Russia. Paul's apologists, while admitting his great defects of character, extenuate them and claim a balance to the good on the plea that he left them free to wed as they loved.

The wise conduct of the emperor on his accession was hailed by a surprised people as the harbinger of a beneficent reign. In his youth there had been evidence of the existence of good qualities in his nature. Fate, however, had denied him the opportunity of evincing them. The neglect and cruelty of his mother had spoiled his temper and character. It was therefore with open-mouthed and wide-eyed surprise that St. Petersburg saw its dread of a lawless and eccentric despotism quelled. His first duty as emperor was to the dead. He disentombed the corpse of his sire from the outcast's grave into which his mother had huddled it. He re-united in the funeral march and in the mausoleum the imperial pair whom in life sin and madness had divided. There was an element of retributive justice in the decree which made his father's murderers precede the bier to the tomb; had he been gifted with prevision he would have known that it was followed by his own. He instituted a diligent search through foreign lands for his father's friends, and invited them back to St. Petersburg, where honors and offices awaited them; on their arrival he led them to his own private apartments to show them the eidolon of their murdered patron, dug out of some forgotten lumber-room where it had been hidden when Catherine ordered all the portraits of her husband to be burned under pain of death. Remembering how he himself had eaten the bread of bitterness and contempt during the late reign, the emperor summoned his son to aid him in the government of the empire, and entrusted him with an important military command. He annulled the conscription which his dying mother had proclaimed—his aim as a sovereign, he said, would be to play the part of a pacificator; and so averse was he to the shedding of blood, and so possessed by the sophistry that the men who make the quarrels should be the men to fight, that he challenged all the sovereigns and premiers of Europe to meet him and his chancellor in mortal combat, pair after pair, and settle a dispute fomented by them, in which none of their subjects had any interest. He reversed the financial policy of his mother, cancelling the stupid ukase by which one rouble was endowed with the purchasing power of two. He went in person to the prison where the Polish patriot, Kosciusko, was detained, and set him free, giving him the means of decent maintenance. And his subjects saw with a thrill of joy the reversal of Catherine's cosmopolitan policy and the inauguration of a national one—the dismissal of foreigners (whom as a class he heartily hated) from lucrative posts, and their replacement by fellow-countrymen. The new reign was hailed with the patriot shout, "Russia for the Russians!"

But these halcyon days were short-lived. There is a dual nature in all men; and in the czar the bad and disordered mind soon recovered its ascendency over the temperate and just one, and never lost it again. He became known among his subjects, and to the universe, as the Mad Czar. It was the policy of Count Pahlen, his favorite, and afterwards the ringleader of his assassins, to make his master ap-

pear as insane as possible; he encouraged him in his vagaries. There never was a man more uncertain, timid, and capricious, possessed alternately by the fiends and the angels; in one moment he would be found consigning, without any obvious cause, the noblest of his subjects to disgrace and exile; the next you might see him with tears in his eyes benignly bending over some wounded soldier in the military hospital. As the years went on these latter moods of tenderness became fewer; he grew suspicious, bitter, and restless, the unhappiest man in his vast empire. Wherever he looked he saw treason and disorder. What he saw was but himself.

His mistress, Madame Chevalier, would bargain with you for a few roubles to get your enemy banished to Siberia; her method of procedure was to suggest to the czar that the object of your hate was of the stuff of which conspirators are made. On one occasion when Paul was sneering at the quality of his soldiers, the grand duke Alexander interposed a word of defence; the half-intoxicated czar poured forth a torrent of vituperation, and ended by telling his son that he might convince himself of the truth of his strictures by sounding the alarm at midnight; "Not a man," said he, "will respond with ordinary promptitude." Alexander requested the order in writing. And when in the dead of the night the bells of the city rang out, and the call-to-arms was sounded, summoning the frightened inhabitants from their beds and the soldiers from their barracks, and precipitating the imperial valets on the apartments of the sleeping czar to awake him and tell him of the tumult of the streets, Paul, forgetting in his sober moments the frenzy of his drunken ones, thought the revolution had come at last. Saddling his horse, he galloped madly towards Gatschina. In the distance behind him he heard the gallop of his pursuers' horses — pursuers and possibly murderers, whispered fear, — one of them outstripping the rest and gaining rapidly upon him. It was the grand duke. Explanations followed; the written order was produced; and father and son returned to St. Petersburg together.

Shortly after Paul's accession to the throne, he arrogated to himself omniscience and infallibility. He could not be deceived, and he could not be mistaken. By intuition he detected the sins and thoughts of his courtiers, who, indeed, found it lucrative to confess their designs against the State on the plea that darkness could not hide them from Paul, occasionally inventing misdemeanors when they were at a pinch for real ones. The plea of innocence of any crime of which the czar charged you, headed the list of crimes. Infallibility fitted Paul to be an authority in all departments of life and thought. Theology, war, man-millinery, philology, Church ritual, etiquette, saddlery, architecture, education — felt in turn the touch of his reforming hand. By a ukase he evangelized the lapsed masses of Russia in a day, filling the churches with worshippers, and the confessionals with penitents whose devotion and remorse were fired by visions of the knout; the local authorities were instructed to march the reputed libertines of their districts to church in procession between two rows of soldiers. One of his philological reforms was the suppression of the French word *magasin*. Paul had observed how quickly the premises of the once humble dealer graduated from a shop to a warehouse, and he ordered the ostentatious word to be effaced from the sign-board, and the homely one to be restored. The vocable "revolution," also wafted across the nations from hated France, and laden with odors unfragrant to autocratic nostrils, excited his bitterest enmity; the astronomers of St. Petersburg were enjoined to find another word to describe the movements of the stars. "Liberty" gave place to "permission." In his tender, fatherly solicitude for the welfare of the youths of the nobility, he recalled them from the schools and universities of France and Germany, under penalty of outlawry and confiscation. As a further security that nothing unclean should enter holy Russia, Paul decreed that no French newspaper should cross her celestial boundaries. All books, periodicals, newspapers, catalogues, imported into St. Petersburg had to be submitted to a committee of inspection to be purged of political improprieties, and the rebel's doom befel the wretch who tried to run this blockade, and import contraband ideas. He had the wit to discern in the art of printing the enemy of autocracy; he waged a ceaseless warfare with the press, which, clothed with the shoes of swiftness, and the cloak of darkness, evaded capture, and walked abroad, undermining the peasant's simple faith in the divine right of czars. There were only three printing establishments tolerated within his dominions, and their exclusive function was to print State papers, hymns, and school-books; and the only science he

encouraged was the "science" of heraldry.

The issue of an imperial decree forbidding the wearing of round hats, frock-coats, vests without sleeves, and pantaloons, was supposed to be a means of gratifying a grudge Paul bore towards Englishmen. His aversion to round hats seems to have been constitutional. It was more expedient that the hateful garment should be proscribed than that the tranquillity of a czar should be disturbed. The sudden apparition of crowds of bareheaded gentlemen on the streets of St. Petersburg announced the new decree; wherever a round hat appeared it was snatched by ambushed policemen, and the muscular pedestrian who ventured to repel the assault and knock down the thief was carried before the guard and fined. The combative Englishman was of course the chief actor in these street-broils. By the influence of Sir Charles Whitworth, the ukase, so far as it affected foreigners, was modified; the chief of the police was instructed not to confiscate the head-dress, but to detain its wearer till evidence was produced that he was not a Russian either by birth or naturalization. Paul's hatred of hats was of old standing. While grand-duke and living at Gatschina, he saw a workman wearing one. He caused the man to be brought before him, and administered to him a lecture on his indecent attire. Turning to the grand-duchess, Paul asked for some pins, and raising the flaps of the round hat transformed it into a cocked one, and ordered the workman to wear it so, till it was past service. The ukase caused a run on the shops for head-dresses that were not a civil offence; and as the stock was soon exhausted people had to walk the streets bareheaded, or batter their hats into another category. An ambassador who ventured to laugh too loudly at these eccentricities had his passports returned. Paul paid the dress of Englishmen the compliment of a special police decree. The costume he enjoined was a three-cornered hat, a long queue with a curl at the end of it, a single-breasted coat and vest, buckles instead of latches at the knee-breeches and the shoes. On one occasion, seeing one of the hated race wearing long boots, he sent some policemen to cut them into the size of shoes; but as the man refused to be reformed, they dragged the boots off and left him to go home in his stockings. It is written somewhere that a lady at court provoked the imperial displeasure by wearing her hair too low at the neck; and that as a punishment she was ordered into close confinement and fed on bread and water. Again, an English servant was dragged from a sledge and caned on the street for wearing too thick a neck-cloth. The inhabitants of St. Petersburg fled in all directions when they saw the czar's carriage in the distance, only to be followed by mounted Cossacks who brought them back, and compelled them to prostrate themselves in the mud before his Majesty. A short-sighted Englishman, who pleaded defective vision when asked why he had skulked down a back lane, was ordered to wear spectacles. He was known in the capital ever afterwards as "the gentleman who wore spectacles by ukase."

The costume of cabmen was not beneath the czar's notice; he wanted them, among other things, to shave their long beards, and as many of them objected to part with a single hair, the struggling culprits had to be held by one police official while another shaved them. The method of harnessing horses was also regulated by law; the new decree made the fortunes of the saddlers of the capital. Ten days were allowed the nobility and gentry to provide themselves with the prescribed equipments; after which the traces of every carriage harnessed in the forbidden fashion were cut; for a time the streets were littered with disabled vehicles. Thereafter silence reigned; the crack of the whip and the voice of the coachman were unheard, till the new caparisons were ready. Another ukase swept the streets of the aristocracy and fashion of Russia; it was that which revived prostration. As the imperial carriage passed, the pedestrian had to plump down on his knees, and the equestrian and charioteer to alight and do similar homage, amid the snow and slush and mud; and the vengeance of an autocrat overtook the infidel who neglected his duty. When the czar held a drawing-room the subject who did not imprint a resonant kiss on the imperial hand, or whose knee alighted gingerly on the floor, was taught by a cuff that sounds that reverberated through the hall were needed to certify to the genuineness of the osculation and genuflexion. And as an ambassador when writing him omitted one of the usual titles of the czar, Paul spent a few weeks in elaborating the name by which he was to be addressed. He declared that, "by the assisting grace of God," his name was Paul, emperor and autocrat of some half-dozen territories, czar of as many more, lord and grand

prince of some three dozen kingdoms, ruler of numerous nationalities, lord paramount of several dependencies, heir of Norway, Duke of Sleswick-Holstein, etc., etc. — all amplified over three or four pages of foolscap. Paul invited his subjects to submit their wrongs and grievances to him in writing, taking care that his titles were correctly recited in their petitions. He announced that he would examine and answer every communication in person; and in the court of the palace he fixed a receiving pillar, of which he kept the key. Though every day of the week had been lengthened into a month, and every hour into a day, Paul could never have read the prayers of the petitions though he had omitted the title. Every day each of his three secretaries had a hamper and a hat filled with letters. "Oh, God!" exclaimed the overwhelmed monarch, as visions of the replies he would have to *write* passed before him. The nature of the majority of the petitions may be guessed from one of them: that of an old woman whose cow had died, and who begged "the father of his people" to replace it.

Carried away by some new will-o'-the-wisp, Paul grew tired of redressing wrongs, and handed the communications over to the officials to mete out law as before, according to the counsel of their own bribed wills.

Paul's horses were admonished and chastised if they forgot the respect due to their owner. Once he convened an extempore court of justice on the streets to try a horse which had just stumbled with him; the brute — the ridden one — was sentenced to receive fifty lashes, and after the castigation it was rebuked by the riding one: "That, sir, is for having stumbled with the emperor." While flourishing his cane in one of his uncontrollable fits of anger, he accidentally struck the branch of a lustre, and broke it. Indignant at the lustre interposing itself as an obstacle in his way, he attacked it in right earnest, and beat it to powder. His reply to General Dumouriez is worth reproducing. The general having absented himself from court one day, Paul asked him if he had been unwell. "No, sire, but one of the most important persons of your court having asked me to dinner, I could not refuse him."

"Sir," replied the czar, "I would have you know that there is no person of importance here except me and the person I am speaking to, and he only so long as I am speaking to him."

As czar, Paul had a vaster field in which to practise the military buffooneries of Gatschina. The day after his accession, the palace was littered with designs for new military dresses, hats, caps, cockades, wigs, boots, gaiters, belts, boxes of grease and other ointments, and all the various articles of a soldier's toilet. His reforms were such as would suggest themselves to the minds of a haberdasher and perfumer. It was this that gave the sting to old Suwarrow's sarcasm, "Hair-powder is not gunpowder; curls are not cannon; queues are not bayonets." The czar established a grand parade every morning in the courts of the palace, and the gouty, asthmatic, grey heroes of many a campaign were obliged to stand shivering and bareheaded in the bitter blast, attendant on a mad little gentleman, who, unfurred and uncovered himself, would allow of no effeminacy in any of his staff. They had to follow the example of their chief, who kept his blood in circulation by flapping his arms and stamping his heels. Occasionally some soldier of exceptional ungainliness of movement, and clownishness of aspect, would catch the emperor's eye; the poor man would be summoned from the ranks into the imperial presence, and subjected to a special drill: the emperor would grip the head between his hands, and poise it properly on the shoulders, smartly rapping the man's ears if the stiff joints forced it to revert back to its accustomed seat. Then the soldier would be cuffed under the chin that momentum might be given to the head to raise it to its proper elevation, or a reactionary knock would fall downwards on the nose if the momentum of force had proved too great. Drill went on in this fashion from early dawn to the close of day; the emperor took his meals on a balcony of the palace, with a field-glass beside him, through which he occasionally scanned the soldiers. If any slovenliness of dress caught his eye, Paul despatched an aide-de-camp with orders to the misdemeanant to put on a more intelligent look, or to button another button of his coat; and if the improvement consequent on these instructions was not satisfactory, the ire of the czar would at once kindle; he would proceed to the spot, blowing, as was his wont when the furies were in his spirit, from his under lip against the tip of his short cocked nose, and administer a caning to the culprit — officer or private. The armies of Prussia and Austria were recruited by Russian deserters.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church" — the tyrannies of Paul were the foster-mothers of conspiracies. In Russia the czars grow their own treasons. At their table there ever sits, and behind their backs there ever skulks, the shadow feared of man. Paul in his last years guarded against the former by cohabiting in a kitchen of the palace with a fat cook, who dressed and shared his food; and poison was baulked of its prey. There remained the stiletto of the assassin to outwit; and it is difficult for a man who has no friend in this world, and whose path through life is belted on either side by remorseless and crafty foes, to walk invulnerable to its close. In the Palace of St. Michael, which he had built by the express order of the archangel — for Paul's pure and holy temper had qualified him to establish direct relations with heaven — the czar was butchered. His foes were of his own household. Pahlen, his favorite, was the *mind* of the conspiracy; he hushed the presages of danger which visited his master's soul the very evening before the base deed was done. The sense of solemnity which oppressed Paul's spirit made him tenderer than was his wont to wife and child. At midnight he was waked by a shout of treason. Desisting from a futile attempt to escape, Paul turned like a wolf on the twenty braves, whom his benefactions had made his most implacable foes, filled as they were with fears that the riches erratically given might be as erratically withdrawn. Zuboff told him to stop his railing and reproaches, and to surrender, and trust for pardon to the clemency of the emperor Alexander. The phraseology of the summons goaded him into unreasoning fury; he struck at Zuboff with his sword; he was like to have vanquished the whole band, when General Benningsen exclaimed that it was death either to him or them; and in a few minutes Paul fell fighting valiantly to the last breath. The conspirators tied a sash firmly round his neck to impart a livid hue to his face; and in the archives of Russia it is written that the emperor Paul died of apoplexy. In the room immediately beneath this chamber of horrors, waited the emperor Alexander, expecting every moment the obeisance of his dethroned father; he had just read the deed of abdication which the conspirators had pledged themselves to make Paul sign. Alexander tore his hair, and raved and refused to be comforted when he was told that the sword and not the pen had made the throne of Russia vacant. It is said that among the murderers there was one like to the grand duke Constantine, and that Paul's last words were a revival of the old Roman reproach: "And you too, my Constantine!"

French gossippers descant on the cleverness Paul showed when, under the incognito of Count of the North, he visited Paris. The Russian lout blossomed into genius amid the warmth of the southern climate. Graceful and gracious sayings fell from his lips, which all who wish can read for themselves in the society letters of the times. So does it always happen with those whom French *littérateurs* delight to honor. It is to be feared, however, that the language of growling was more familiar to Paul's lips than the language of politeness. His spirit inhabited the region of storms. Under happier auspices the name of Paul might have been placed on the roll-call of the beneficent rulers of Europe, though not among the great. As it was, the universe probably held few whose existence could have been more easily dispensed with. He was born, he married, he begot children, he tormented others, and was a torment to himself, he died; and that was all. The epigram stuck on the walls of the Cathedral of St. Isaac, the building of which was begun in marble by Catherine, and finished in brick by her son, describes the contrasted worth of the two reigns: —

> An emblem in these walls behold
> Both of this reign and of the past;
> This brick, while marble was the last.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

AN EPISODE OF CIRCLE VALLEY.

It had been a stormy day in Circle Valley, and earth and air were blended together in one vast impenetrable tone of monotonous grey. Clouds of flying snow were hurled to the ground only to be torn up again by the violent tempest, and sent bowling away through the pine-trees and foot-hills. Jackson's staunch log-house quivered before the blast, and the old man declared he had never seen such a day since he came to the valley. I had arrived just in time. The darkness was already beginning to gather ere I had discovered Jackson's buildings through the blinding snow, and I breathed a sigh of relief when I knew that I was not doomed to a shelterless night under such dangerous circumstances. It was with feelings of great satisfaction that I had followed

Jackson into his large sitting-room, where a huge fire of pine logs blazing in an enormous fireplace did double service in furnishing both light and heat. The room, though rudely furnished, and of course, carpetless, nevertheless possessed an air of comfort which to me was greatly multiplied as I thought of my long, cold day's ride. Indeed it seemed to me I had never before in my life been in such a cheerful apartment, and I quickly settled myself in a nook by the chimney to await supper. Jackson was a generous, hearty old fellow, and gave me a slap on the back that nearly took my breath away, but for some reason or other made me feel very much at home. He presented me to three other men who, like myself, had been forced by the weather to seek the protection of his friendly roof. One was a jolly old miner from Pioche, the second was a tall, thin, gaunt man, an elder in the Mormon Church — and a very entertaining fellow he proved to be, and the third was a rough and ready ranchman from Grass Valley. The prospect of a several days' sojourn here was more pleasing with such varied company, for I saw at once that they were all men who could relate an interesting chapter or two from their own experience if they chose to; and there is nothing like a snug fireside and a pipe to draw such men out. But the most interesting chapter — in fact one of the strangest tales I ever heard — came from quite an unexpected source. However, I must not anticipate. When we had partaken of the well-prepared supper, which Jackson's worthy better-half finally set before us, we all felt very contented and comfortable, and drew up to the fire with our pipes. The storm augmented with the darkness, and swept through the valley with increasing violence.

Jackson ventured out for a final inspection of his stable, and when he returned he closed the door and locked it with a positive air that plainly indicated that he did not expect to open it again before morning. But he was mistaken. For scarcely had he pulled a chair into our group, when there was a sudden barking of the dogs.

"Another benighted cuss wants to come in probably," said the old miner, with a grin.

Expressing great surprise, Jackson went to the door to obtain a view, if possible, of the approaching individual, or learn the cause of the disturbance, and out of curiosity I followed him. As he opened the door a terrific blast of cold and snow swept in, so that the men by the fire shouted good-naturedly, —

"Shut the door — shut the door, old man."

Jackson laughed at this, and stepped outside, closing the door behind us — for I kept beside him. He stood peering into the chaos of storm for some moments unable to distinguish a single object. Then, shouting for the dogs to be quiet, he said, —

"I don't believe there's any one or anything — let's go in."

Almost instantly there loomed up before us like a phantom, full under the light of the window, a muffled figure on horseback.

"Hullo, the house there!" the person shouted, not perceiving us as we stood shivering beside the door.

"Hullo," replied Jackson, through his chattering teeth, brushing the accumulating snow off his bare head at the same time.

"Can I have accommodation here?"

"Yes — of course — you couldn't go on nohow," yelled the old man.

"No, you're right — you're right. I couldn't go on, for the excellent reason that I wouldn't know where to go, even if I could see a rod ahead of my nose. The truth is, I'm lost, and I've stumbled on your place by pure accident. Ugh! I'm cold, and ——"

The remainder of his sentence was torn off and swept away by the gale as the stranger dismounted, and shook himself to dislodge the snow which had packed itself in a thick coating all over him.

"Go in — go in," said Jackson, taking the bridle, "you are freezing here."

The stranger entered, as Jackson threw open the door and called his boy Tom to come and put up the horse.

"Good-evening," the man said quietly to those inside, as he stepped over the threshold. "No, I'm not so very cold — not so very cold," he replied to my inquiries.

I poured him out a large glass of brandy. He swallowed it eagerly. Then he took off his wraps, and hung them on the pegs by the door, stamped his feet to shake off the snow which still clung to his heavy boots, and advanced to the fire. He stood sadly regarding it, and his thoughts appeared to be far away.

"Rough night outside," remarked one of the group, with the plain intention of drawing the stranger into conversation.

"Y-e-s — very — rough — very," he answered absently.

"Come far?" inquired another.

"Seemed a long way to me with that dreadful thing always confronting me," and a perceptible tremor passed over the stranger's frame.

We looked from one to the other for some explanation of this curious remark.

The stranger meanwhile continued to gaze steadily into the glowing fire. Evidently he was not in a communicative mood, and after his last words no one knew what to say to him, so we said nothing. I occupied myself with examining his appearance more closely. He was dark, and swarthy, and weather-beaten, I noticed, and though his jet black hair was streaked with grey his face seemed strangely youthful. His eye was roving and restless. His stature was below the average, and his frame was slender, I might almost say, delicate. A slight accent in the few words he had spoken seemed to betray a foreign origin, and there was a trace of Jewish blood apparent in the general cast of his features. His whole manner was that of a man wholly absorbed in thought, or brooding over some deep and secret trouble. Presently his supper was ready, and he sat down to it in silence. I watched the man closely when he was not observing me. He puzzled me, and I was curious to know what was the matter with him. My attention was finally diverted to a conversation between the elder and the old miner, wherein the former was trying to convince the latter of the efficacy of the Mormon ceremony of the laying on of hands. The miner was hard to convince, and disbelieved the story which the elder brought up as proof.

"You don't believe it," the elder said, "because you have never seen it tried, yet probably you could tell us something extraordinary yourself, and we might refuse to believe it because we were not eye-witnesses."

"There's something in that; but I don't go much on spirits and that sort o' thing, you know."

"But have you never had anything which verged on the supernatural come under your observation?"

"Well, I don't know. Yes — there was the time my brother was killed in the Red Mountain mine. That was singular — but I don't think the spirits had a hand in it."

"What was it?" inquired the elder.

"Well, you see, the strangeness was not so much in his dying as in the apparent warning I had of it aforehand. I knew he was working a drift deep down in a new part of the mine, and I was worried about him because I knew the kind of rock he was going through. One night I dreamed that as he was working his shift alongside a comrade, a big piece came loose from the hanging wall, and crushed him so badly that he died in two hours, and it did not hurt his neighbor at all. I woke up, and the clock in my room struck three. The clock striking as it did, seemed to connect itself with my dream, and I could not shake off the feeling that something was going to happen. So in the morning I wrote a letter to my brother, begging him to keep out of the mine for a while. He considered it all nonsense, and said he couldn't possibly stay up just then. Besides, he said, the rock through which they were drifting was unusually solid, and there was no danger. Still I was uneasy, and on the third day after my dream I started for his mine. I arrived a few minutes past two in the afternoon, and as I approached the works I saw there was some excitement amongst the men. I rushed in and asked what it was that had happened.

"'Man badly crushed,' they said.

"'His name?' I demanded; and they gave me the name of my brother.

"At this moment the cage came to the surface bearing his inanimate form. We took him to his lodgings, and everything was done for him, but it was soon all over, poor boy! Two hours after the accident he died, and singularly enough just as he died the clock in the room struck three. It was very strange."

"Very," I said; "yet doubtless, like many other things of the sort, a mere coincidence."

"Oh, yes — nothing more. I never thought there was any truth in the dream."

"Yet I myself have found truth in things quite as strange."

This sentence, uttered in the peculiar voice of the stranger whom we had completely forgotten, caused all to start. He had finished his meal, and had silently seated himself in the half-shadow at one corner of the chimney-piece.

"I have no doubt, sir," I said to him, "that you could tell us from your own experience something fully as strange as our friend's story, and I beg you will do so."

He had been looking steadily into the fire from his shadowy corner, and the side of his face was towards us. As I spoke he turned his head deliberately and looked

me straight in the face for a moment. At the same instant some object beyond me which came in the line of his vision caused him to spring up, and he exclaimed hoarsely, —

"That clock — did it stop to-day?"

Every glance was turned toward the clock which rested quietly on its shelf at the further end of the room, and was brightly illuminated by the ruddy glare of the fire. The hands pointed to ten minutes past five, though the actual time must have been about nine o'clock. The clock was stopped.

"Yes," replied Jackson, "the durned thing's stopped sure — but it's the first time for weeks."

The stranger groaned.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and he appeared much agitated.

There was a dead silence, and then Jackson said in a soothing tone, —

"Tell us what it's all about, stranger — it'll do ye good."

"Perhaps," the man replied mournfully, with a deep-drawn sigh. "But it's a very strange story."

"All the better," said Jackson.

"Well, well," the man said absently, "it can do me no harm, and will doubtless interest you, so if you wish it I will try to relate my history."

We all with one voice urged him to proceed, and after a moment's hesitation he said: —

"I am not, as you might suppose, suffering the pangs of a guilty conscience, but the fearful oppression of a cruel and relentless fate." He paused as if for breath. The thoughts passing through his mind were evidently very painful. But he continued: "However, I will tell you the whole. In the first place, I am not an American, as you may already have suspected; on the contrary I was born in the south of France. My father was a banker, of Jewish extraction, and my mother was the daughter of an English consul. Being called in by his government some months after the marriage, my grandfather returned to England, and my mother was then left without a single relative in the country. My father, though generally of an agreeable disposition, unfortunately for us all, proved to be a man of strange temper. Many years passed ere his peculiarities began to exhibit themselves. If my mother discovered them before, she was successful in disguising her knowledge of them, though it is probable that they were for the most part latent till the tide of fortune turned against him, and he suddenly beheld his wealth slipping surely and rapidly from his possession. He had resort to alcohol to buoy up his spirits and brace his nervous system. But this soon had no effect and he sought a more powerful and deadly stimulant. He began to drink absinthe. Each day he took larger and more frequent doses, until his nerves were completely shattered by the seductive and extraordinary liquor. He was plunged deeper and deeper into the mire of misfortune. From opulence we sank to the very threshold of poverty. Happily we succeeded in saving our home from the general wreck, and we were not turned into the street as seemed so probable at one time. A hard struggle was now before us. I was by this time old enough to turn myself to account, and with the remainder of the family — four brothers all older than myself — succeeded in earning enough to supply our daily needs. I fortunately secured a place as assistant in the post-office; two of my brothers already had employment in a bank, another had just finished a course in pharmacy, and compounded prescriptions at an apothecary's; while the oldest was private clerk to a wealthy wine-merchant. We might have obtained money by selling some of our furniture, much of which was of curious workmanship and great antiquity, but nothing short of actual starvation would have induced us to part with it. Amongst other rare articles we possessed a complicated and elaborately constructed musical clock. The devil himself must have designed the infernal thing. However, the case of this clock was carved and inlaid in the most sumptuous fashion. It was the first, and, I believe, the only clock of the kind ever constructed. It had been made specially for one of my father's remote ancestors, a vicious and cruel old duke, by a celebrated clockmaker of that period who was said to be also an alchemist and magician of extraordinary power. He must have been Satan himself. It was always supposed that this man had invested the clock with strange powers and properties, but we had never up to the beginning of our misfortunes remarked in it anything out of the ordinary. There were vague traditions that had been handed down with it from generation to generation. Chief amongst them was one that hinted that the time-stained dial had looked down on several deeds of darkness. These in some mysterious way it possessed the power of recording, and if one held the secret he might have them

pictured before him; in fact he could bring up in a sort of panorama all that had ever passed at any time in front of the dial. We did not believe any of these things; if we had, we might have rid ourselves of the diabolical machine, and our family history might have run differently. But the mysteries of the future are sealed to us, and we continued to regard the old clock with that reverence and affection which one always has for things of that sort that have been handed down from father to son for many generations. The clock was an exceptionally large one — so large indeed, that a person of average height could easily enter the case and close himself in behind the massive carved door. Once, when a lad of goodly size, I happened to be left alone in my father's bedroom where the clock always stood, and I was suddenly seized with an uncontrollable desire to enter the case in search of the secret springs which I imagined must exist there. I boldly opened the door, and had almost closed myself in, when I felt a dreadful pricking sensation all over my body. This pricking sensation grew each moment more intense, and I was oppressed by a feeling of faintness and heat. I was also horrified to discover that the ticking had stopped. Much frightened, I hastened to get out, and the instant I did so the pricking sensation disappeared, and the pendulum resumed its monotonous swing. My brain reeled, and I was glad to make my escape from the room. I never dared to repeat the experiment. I knew if I were discovered tampering with the clock, my father would be very angry, and his anger was a thing to be dreaded as the caravan dreads the simoom. You will pardon me for relating these insignificant details, I hope, but all my life comes up before me now with the freshness of a picture — and perhaps it is the last time I shall ever rehearse it." He paused and stared sadly into the fire.

"Give us all the details you like," I said; "your story is very interesting."

"Thank you," he answered. He passed his hand slowly across his eyes and continued, —

"My father at length began to have occasional attacks of a peculiar and violent delirium, and during these attacks he was extremely unmanageable, though he showed no inclination to do any one bodily harm. Sometimes, however, he injured himself more or less, and we considered the feasibility of placing him under some sort of constant surveillance, but my mother thought it best to permit him, at least for a time longer, his full liberty. One morning, however, he was discovered insensible in his bed, and my mother was nowhere to be found. A window which opened into the garden bordering the river was ajar; clothing, jewels, and articles of furniture were strewn about the apartment in wild confusion. On my father's brow was a frightful gash which had bled profusely, dyeing the bed and carpets crimson. There had evidently been a commotion and a struggle, but as all the walls of the old house were exceptionally thick, not a soul had heard a sound. So soon as my father's insensible form could be removed to another room, a search was instituted for my mother. All the closets and every place where she could possibly have been concealed were carefully examined, but with no success. We were about to conclude that she had been carried off by brigands, when I happened to notice that the old clock had stopped, and remembering my old experience with it, I rushed to it and tore open the locked door. There before me, insensible and apparently lifeless, lay the form of my poor mother. We tenderly took her out, but all attempts to resuscitate her were unavailing. She was dead. There were no marks of violence about her. Her color was fresh and lifelike; but some blue spots on her throat were discovered, and it was then thought that my father had perhaps dealt foully with her while he was in one of his fits of delirium. But on recovering sensibility, he declared he had been suddenly attacked — he supposed by robbers — and he knew nothing more. He was arrested, and the case was tried before the magistrate, but there was absolutely no proof that he had committed the crime. He, too, had been seriously injured, and the whole affair was finally dropped, and regarded by many people as the work of a band of clever brigands that infested the neighborhood, and which, it was surmised, had some special grudge against him. My father's first care after the matter had been decided was to start the old clock, the hands having remained in the position they were in on the morning of the tragedy — they still indicated ten minutes past five. For many years the clock had not been stopped for so long a time, and my father for some reason was much exercised because it had been neglected. He appeared to have now a greatly increased desire to guard it and keep it going, and he watched it with intense solicitude. It

had always been astonishingly regular, and it was expected to continue as before when it was again started; but it failed to do so. I was standing close to my father's side when he opened the door to touch the pendulum the first time after the mournful tragedy, and I observed a tremor pass over him. His hand shook as he reached out to push the rod. When he touched it, the clock immediately resumed its regular beating, but there was an instant stirring of the musical apparatus, and the deep notes of a *requiem* vibrated on the air of the silent chamber. As the pipes poured forth the melancholy strain my father started back, bowed his head, and remained in this attitude silent as a statue. He was deeply moved. Since that fatal night he had changed for the better, and not a drop of absinthe had passed his lips. He was feeble and nervous, but I believed he had resolved to abandon his stimulants entirely. I prayed he might have the strength to adhere to his resolution, and it gratified me to see that the solemn music affected him. I considered it a sign of bright promise. The tears rolled down his pale and haggard cheeks, and as silently as I could I stole out of the chamber and left him alone. When the next fifth hour came round the clock stopped at ten minutes past, to the great annoyance of my father, and it continued in this way for ten days, stopping at ten minutes past five as often as it was started and occasionally playing the *requiem*. My father watched it with eager anxiety, and each time so soon as it stopped he started it again. He seemed to have a special horror for the position of the hands at ten minutes past five, and constantly feared the very thing which happened, the stopping of the clock at that hour. Finally he declared something must be wrong with the works, and though when the ten days were over the clock went on as usual, he had an expert mechanician come to overhaul it thoroughly. I watched this man with almost breathless interest as he examined the clock preparatory to taking it apart. At last, I thought I was to know something about this strange machine which had, since earliest childhood, been such a great mystery to me. I was about to view with my own eyes the curious machinery that many a time had struck me dumb with wonder by its performances. Even in my later years I could never conceive by what means the clock contrived to execute its manifold duties, and I followed the mechanic's movements with, as I said, almost breathless interest. But I will not weary you with a description of it."

"By all means tell us about it," we exclaimed almost in a breath, for by this time we were intensely interested in the strange man's strange story.

"I have no objection," the man said in the same sad tone; "but I must say that the mechanic failed to comprehend a large part of the machinery, and of course it was still more unintelligible to me. However he first took out the pendulum and the weights and then removed a large upper case which inclosed the principal works. This brought to light a square mass of intricate brass and wood work, and numerous wires of copper that seemed to extend to all parts of the case. The time-measuring apparatus was immediately in front, and connected with it was a series of wheels and cylinders. Next came the long cylinder with its innumerable little brass pins which, operating on a key-board, admitted the compressed air from a bellows arrangement into the pipes. The latter were all of fine wood over seventy in number, of varying size, and constructed with admirable precision. But the strangest part of the machinery was discovered immediately below the pipes. It was a box-like cavity containing numerous sheets of beaten silver attached to copper frames; and several hermetically sealed glass cylinders partly full of different colored liquids. The whole of this was connected by wires with the rollers and wheels adjoining the time-apparatus. Besides these curious things there were on both sides, and also connected by wires with the rest, a number of parallel rods of copper and zinc. The man refused absolutely to touch anything but the time portion, and this differed very little from that of other clocks of the period except in the excellence of its finish. There was nothing out of order, and the mechanic expressed great surprise that the clock had stopped. He replaced the few wheels he had taken out and went away. The clock was left to itself. My father appeared to dread the sight of the room in which it was — his old bedroom — and never slept there. Strangely enough he invariably visited it several times each day to see if the clock was still going. There was never a more faithful timepiece, and as faithfully did my father now abstain from all intoxicating drinks. With so much energy did he devote himself to his business that it was not long before he began to recover his lost ground. Before three years had passed he was once

more in comfortable circumstances, and seemed to have entirely forgotten the dreadful occurrence which had been the cause of his reform. In the fifth year after the tragedy he was in excellent health, in the full enjoyment of returning wealth. He had actually begun to pay his addresses to a rich and handsome widow of our neighborhood, when suddenly the old clock took another freak and halted at ten minutes past five, thus vividly recalling the melancholy affair of five years before. It was faithfully started, but behaved precisely as it had behaved the first time, stopping each day at exactly ten minutes past five. My father was extremely troubled. He grew pale and haggard, and was evidently suffering deeply from the unhappy memory. He kept to his room and sat long hours with his face buried in his hands, hearing nothing — seeing no one. When he looked up his eyes had a vacant, glassy expression that gave us much alarm. We did all that we could to soothe him, but our efforts were unavailing. On the morning of the tenth day after the first stopping of the clock we discovered him dead, with an expression of intense agony on his features, and strange blue marks about his throat. We found also that the old clock had again stopped at ten minutes past five, and when it was started the pipes sounded the solemn notes of the *requiem*.

"After this it continued with its customary regularity, but my brain was haunted by its extraordinary performances. I tried to shake it off, but I could not. I beheld looming up before me everywhere I went a tall spectral clock, the hands of which were fixed on what I now began to regard as a fatal hour, ten minutes past five. Besides this the slow notes of the *requiem* rang constantly in my ears, and my every motion seemed in cadence with it. At length I thought I saw a connection between the stopping of the clock at the time of my mother's death and the later one. There suddenly appeared to be meaning in it. I recalled the fact that my father had died precisely five years after my mother, and I believed the stopping of the clock was some kind of a premonition. The matter worried me for weeks, and then, unable to form a solution of it, I gradually forgot it amidst the distractions of other affairs. I told you, I believe, that I had four brothers. Well, about a year after my father's death the clock stopped a third time, in the same mysterious way, at ten minutes past five, and persisted as before in stopping at that hour as often as it was started. Out of respect for my father's fondness for the clock, a servant was instructed to keep it going. We thought it only another freak that might last for several days, after which it would continue as before. Such at least was the opinion entertained by my brothers, but for my own part I was much alarmed because I thought I saw more in this stopping than the mere interruption of the regularity of the timepiece. I believed the stopping to be a harbinger of misfortune, and my thoughts on the subject after the death of my father now returned to me with double force. When I divulged my ideas, however, I was ridiculed, and being the minority I was obliged to refrain from further expressing my views on the subject. The clock continued to stop exactly for ten days at the same hour. On the morning of the tenth we were shocked by the discovery of our eldest brother dead, his throat marked with blue, and a dreadful expression of fear on his countenance. The clock hands pointed to ten minutes past five. I was now certain that the stopping was full of horrible significance. I hated and dreaded the diabolical machine. I wanted to crush it out of existence. I longed to destroy it to the very last wheel and pinion, but my remaining brothers regarded me as one demented when I suggested it. They appeared to inherit from my father the singular reverence for the hateful clock as well as the desire to have its motion uninterrupted. I said nothing more, but began a close analysis of its peculiarities. I discovered that my brother had died one year after my father, almost, if not exactly to the minute, and my naturally superstitious nature was henceforth thoroughly imbued with the idea that there was some mysterious and fatal connection between this curious clock and our family life. I felt sure the ten minutes past five so persistently adhered to on the different occasions was a symbol of destruction for us. I reviewed the whole matter. My mother had been foully murdered by some person or persons unknown. The clock had been found stopped, with her corpse within its huge case. No doubt, I thought, the clock had stopped at the very moment her spirit fled, and her poor body was crushed into the case. My father had died precisely five years after this, and the clock had stopped in its singular fashion, apparently giving him ten days' warning of the approach of the fatal hour. The five years, I decided, after much considera-

tion, must correspond to the number of hours recorded on the dial at the moment of the murder. So I concluded that this meant that five years after the murder there was to be another death, with as many days' warning as there had been minutes on the dial, *i.e.* ten. Who was to die? was the next question I put to myself. There could be but one answer, it seemed to me — the murderer. Could it be possible, then, that my father was actually the murderer? In one of his fits of delirium he was irresponsible and capable of anything. It was a horrible thought, yet it was the natural sequence of my investigation.

"I resolved not to quail and accepted it as philosophically as possible. He had doubtless done the deed in a delirious moment. The gash in his head I explained by supposing that he fell against some hard object when the frenzy was spent. It was highly probable that he afterwards had no recollection whatever of the matter. I remembered, too, the pricking sensation I had experienced on attempting to enter the case when a boy, and it occurred to me that the clock might be so constructed that when an object was placed inside it, and the door completely closed, that object would be subjected to a violent galvanic shock that in most cases would produce death. Then I thought my father had only imprisoned my mother in the clock without knowing its dreadful power, though, even had he known, he would not have hesitated in his madness. Perhaps the clock had served to exterminate objectionable people in the days of its original possessor, and though the secret had been lost, it still retained its peculiar qualities. The constructor of the machine had responded to the demands of the duke by giving him a clock by which an instantaneous and mysterious death might be produced, but it was evident that he had also invested it with properties that would avenge the murder by making the life of the perpetrator miserable just at the time when he considered the crime a thing of the forgotten past. The old duke, so the tradition ran, had died in a sudden and mysterious way, and considering all these circumstances, I believed that if I could only secure the clue to the secret machinery, I might know not only all about my mother's death, but everything that had occurred in the same room with the clock since the day of its completion. I was confident that it was telling the time in its singular way when our blood-stained family should be extinct.

"I racked my brain for the meaning of the 5-10 symbol, and I finally found it. In order that you may better understand it, I must recall the fact that my eldest brother died exactly one year after my father, and that I had four brothers. Counting myself, we were therefore five; and supposing that one of us should die with each succeeding year, five years after the death of my father, and ten after the morning of that dreadful occurrence which had left an eternal stain on our family name, would find every one of us in the grave. Evidently, then, the five figure of the symbol indicated the five years that had elapsed before the death of the murderer, and the ten the years that should pass away before the whole family would be annihilated.

"Arriving at this conclusion, I resolved to destroy completely the infernal machine, with a hope of averting the catastrophe, but fearing the wrath of my brothers, I decided finally only to disable it, so that it could not be set in motion again without great difficulty. With this intention I stole into the room where it stood. This room was never occupied after the death of my mother, and, like all rooms that have been unoccupied for a long period, impressed me with a sense of vacancy and lifelessness that was far from agreeable. Having some mechanical dexterity, and remembering the construction of the clock from the time when I had watched the man examine it, I determined to injure the peculiar escapement so that the injury would be barely perceptible, and yet would effectually prevent the ratchet wheel from performing its revolutions. To make doubly sure I meant, also, to remove some minute pinion, so that any but the most thorough attempts at repair would be baffled. The hour was late, and the room was sombre and ghostly. I confess that a nervous thrill passed over me when I found myself alone and face to face with the mysterious machine which I now considered the cause of all our ill-fortune. I paused to regard it for a moment, and I plainly heard the regular ticking of the huge pendulum, which seemed to me to be repeating solemnly the words — five — ten — five — ten — five — ten. Suddenly there was a swift buzzing of wheels and the clock began striking. Instinctively I counted, though with an indescribable sensation of dread — one — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — ten! I glanced at the dial. The hands pointed to half past six, yet I had counted ten strokes of

the bell. 'Was it another premonition?' I asked myself. At first I thought it must be a mistake on my part, but some further consideration showed me that it was indeed a repetition of the ten figure of the symbol. Being the youngest son, my hour, as affairs were going, would come last, or, according to my interpretation of the symbol, in the tenth year after the murder. It was a warning to me in person that my days were exactly numbered. As I fully realized this, the angry blood flew to my temples, and I lost all self-control. Enraged and desperate, I forgot everything but the infernal machine before me. I grasped a heavy oaken chair, and concentrating all my fury into one tremendous, crashing blow, I shattered the old clock into a thousand fragments. At the same instant I received a peculiar and violent shock as from an electric current of intense power. The chair was stricken from my hold, and a strange, tingling sensation first perceptible at the ends of my fingers spread almost instantaneously over my entire person. I fell back, and sank, as it seemed to me, into a bed of softest down, with an indescribable sense of comfort and delicious languor. My body appeared to have lost all weight, and was wafted gently off into ethereal space. Like a feather I sailed away on perfumed zephyrs. A delightful feeling of eternal rest and tranquillity pervaded the whole universe as I drifted airily on and on. Distance was nothing, and weight had vanished. My will-power had forsaken me, but after a time I succeeded in concentrating my thoughts enough to wonder what had befallen me. Whither was I drifting? I thought. Was I dead, and was this my spirit only that was thus drifting — drifting? Would I — could I remain forever in this blissful condition, drifting without time, without care, through all eternity? There appeared to be no beginning, and there was apparently no end, and I was wafted dreamily on. Suddenly a sweet voice whispered in my ear, 'Prepare thy soul; ten minutes past five is the hour, and the year is not far hence.'

"The voice died away, and darkness fell in place of the glorious light. A cold, chilling sensation swept over me, and I strained my eyes into the deep gloom. I found myself on earth, and recognized the outlines of my father's old chamber, with the fragments of the clock scattered about me. The room was nearly dark, for night was coming on. The tomb-like stillness frightened me. I sprang to my feet and rushed in terror to my own apartment. I pondered long on my vision or dream, but the more I pondered the less was I able to decide whether it was merely the result of a swoon caused by a blow on the head, or a shock from the galvanic apparatus of the clock, or whether my spirit had in reality been transported away into space for some minutes, there to receive a special warning.

"My brothers soon discovered that I had ruined the clock, and they were very angry. When I attempted an explanation they said I was a fool, and refused to listen. At this I lost my temper, and we had a great quarrel, the result of which was that I decided to take my share of the estate, or rather its equivalent in money, and depart from the wretched place altogether. I breathed easier, however, because the clock was in a condition beyond the possibility of repair, and I had a faint hope that with the destruction of the odious thing the remainder of our family might escape the fate which I firmly believed had been marked out for them. I went to Paris, and tried to forget the whole of our unfortunate history, and lose sight of the hateful symbol in a mad whirl of pleasure. But to no purpose. I had been there only a few months, when I received news of the sudden and peculiar death of the eldest of my remaining brothers. I made a calculation, and found that he had died just two years after my father, and therefore seven after the day of the murder. I was now sure that I was not the victim of an absurd superstition, or a diseased imagination. Indeed, I was positive that my solution of the clock-symbol was the correct one, however strange it might seem. Accordingly I knew I had but three more years of this life left to me, and I again warned my remaining brothers that they had respectively one year and two years more to live. For my own part I was driven half mad by the vision of the old clock, which was constantly before me, the hands fixed at ten minutes past five, and the dial sometimes presenting the outlines of ghastly heads. Every clock I saw intensified this hideous vision, and I soon grew to hate the very sight of one. I longed for some desert land or mountain fastness, away out of the world, where there should be no clocks. At last in my despair I resolved to flee to America, and somewhere in the vast solitudes of the Great West find some lonely vale where I could live secluded and alone. I would spend the remainder of my days there, regardless

of time, in reckless adventure and careless ease.

"Having learned to speak English from my mother, when a child, I found no difficulty with the language on my arrival. I made no haste to reach the mountains, for I tried to banish entirely all thoughts of time. I strove to consider myself still in that outer world that had appeared to me in my vision, where time and distance were banished. But I could not forget that dreadful haunting symbol. O God, what misery! You cannot realize it, my friends. It clung to me and followed me everywhere — everywhere — everywhere. Then it received fresh emphasis; I received notice of the death of one of my brothers. He died exactly a year after the last. I immediately severed all communication with the remaining brother, so that I should not know the date of his death, and I retired into complete solitude in a wild and unknown cañon, in the vain hope of escape, but the symbol came up more vividly than ever. Every rock took the shape of a curious clock, striking over and over again the fatal number, and the dismal cawing of the ravens fell like mockery on my ears. I felt that I should go stark mad if I remained in that place, so I quitted it and wandered ceaselessly from valley to valley, and from crest to crest, seeking diversion. I staid in one town or in one habitation only long enough to rest and learn the road to another. Still the apparition followed me, and even to-night as I pushed my way through the snow, I heard the same ten strokes of the bell. I felt that the fatal hour was not far off. I was becoming benumbed, and my horse found his own path. I knew not where to go, but suddenly I found myself face to face with this house and almost under the glowing window. As soon as I became warm, the stagnant blood coursed through my veins, and life appeared beautiful to me. For the first time in many weary years I almost forgot my fate and the hateful symbol. Imagine, therefore, my despair when my eyes fell on that clock and beheld its awful warning. My heart stood still, and the blood froze in my veins. I knew that my hour was nigh. I know, I feel, that the tenth year is done, and that to-morrow morning, at ten minutes past five, my soul will take its flight into the mystery of mysteries. The deed of blood will be avenged. So be it."

He ceased, and stared despondently into the fire. No one spoke for some time; then we did our best to console the poor man, assuring him he was merely the victim of his own imagination, and urging him to shake off his melancholy. But it was unavailing. He retired sadly to the chamber assigned to him, and in the morning when we opened it to wake him and chaff him about his fears, we found him cold in death, an expression of the most intense agony still resting on his contorted features, and on his throat some curious blue spots, looking as if some bony hand had clutched long and hard around his neck. We buried him under a pine-tree, and it was many months before I could rid myself of the disagreeable sensations produced by this extraordinary occurrence. F. S. D.

From Temple Bar.

THE COURTS OF THREE PRESIDENTS: THIERS, MACMAHON, GREVY.

WE all read in the newspapers how, on the day when the Duke of Albany's lamentable death occurred, M. Jules Ferry, the French prime minister and secretary for foreign affairs, gave a dinner-party. An Englishmen having expressed astonishment that this dinner had not been put off, a Frenchman answered by asking whether Lord Granville would countermand a banquet in case M. Wilson, M. Grévy's son-in-law, were to die? Our countryman seems to have concluded that Lord Granville would not let his hospitalities be interfered with by M. Wilson's decease; and perhaps he was right. M. Daniel Wilson holds more effective power than was ever possessed by a dauphin of France; but his father-in-law is only the chief of a government, not the head of a court, and M. Wilson's existence has therefore never been brought officially to the cognizance of foreign rulers. It does not follow, however, that because M. Wilson is a private person, the French government is bound to look upon the relations of foreign monarchs as being exactly in the same position as this gentleman. It is more than probable that if Marshal MacMahon were still president, the foreign secretary would not have given a dinner on the day when a child of the queen of England had died suddenly on French soil. It is equally probable that there would have been no such dinner if M. Thiers or M. Gambetta had been president.

But presidents are not all alike. In their views as to the functions of a repub-

lic — in their opinions as to the amount of authority which a republican ruler may exercise over his ministers, as to the more or less pomp in which he should live, as to the etiquette which he should enforce, and as to the relations which he should personally maintain with the rulers of other countries, M. Grévy and his predecessors have all differed from one another. The three presidents who have governed France since 1871 have in fact been so dissimilar in their characters, tastes, principles, and objects, that it is really curious to compare their various methods of living and ruling.

M. Thiers was seventy-four years old when he became supreme ruler of France, after the siege of Paris. At the general election held during the armistice he was returned to the National Assembly by twenty-seven constituencies out of eighty-nine, and the majority of those who voted for him certainly did so in the belief that he would bring about the restoration of constitutional monarchy. The thoroughgoing Republicans had everywhere joined with the extreme Bonapartists in voting against him. The quasi-national *plébiscite* given in his favor came from his having been placed on the *listes de conciliation* drawn up by the Legitimists, Orleanists, and that mass of unclassified electors who like a strong government, and rally hopefully round the foremost man of the day whoever he may be. For eighteen years these electors had been the mainstay of the empire; but as there could be no question of restoring Napoleon III., they accepted M. Thiers as the most experienced of living statesmen, and the only one who seemed to have firmness and prestige enough to cope with the revolutionary forces. M. Thiers also had the support of those moderate Liberals who were Republicans in theory, but who, with the fear of Gambetta and of the impending Commune before their eyes, would have been quite willing in the winter of 1871 to welcome a constitutional monarchy under Louis Philippe II., as the best of republics.

The National Assembly met at Bordeaux, whither M. Gambetta had transferred the seat of government after leaving Tours. The Grand Théâtre was prepared for the reception of the deputies; and M. Thiers, after the first vote of the Assembly, which appointed him chief of the executive, took up his residence at the Préfecture in the apartments which M. Gambetta had vacated.

"Pah! what a smell of tobacco!" he exclaimed, when he strutted into the ex-dictator's study; and presently Madame Thiers, her sister Mlle. Dosne, and the solemn M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, added their lamentations to his. They had been going the round of the house, and found all the rooms tenanted by hangers-on of M. Gambetta's government, who had not yet received notice to quit, and who hoped perhaps that they might retain their posts under the new administration. All these gentlemen smoked, read Radical newspapers, refreshed themselves with absinthe, or beer, while transacting the business of the State; and played billiards * in their leisure moments. They were dismissed in a pack before the day was over; but Madame Thiers decided that it would require several days to set the house straight; and so M. Thiers's removal to the archbishop's palace, where Monseigneur Guibert (now cardinal), whom he afterwards raised to the see of Paris, offered him hospitality.

When M. Thiers returned to the prefectoral mansion, it had been swept and garnished, and there was a guard of honor on duty to see that no intruders forced their way into the chief's presence, as in the free and easy days of the proconsulate. Napoleon-like, M. Thiers at once went to inspect this guard, and entered into conversation with the private soldiers.

"Have you been under fire?" he inquired of one. The soldier drew himself up, and not liking to say "Sir," which might not be respectful enough, nor "Monsieur le Président," since the great little man before him was not officially president, he answered: —

"Oui, mon Exécutif."

Thiers laughed. "Why not that title as well as another?" Repeating the story at dinner the same evening, and alluding to the "Avenue de l'Impératrice" in Paris, which had been called Avenue Uhrich † during the siege, he observed: "In view of dynastic and other changes, it would be simpler to call it once and for all, *Avenue of the nearest female relative to the Chief of the Executive power.*" ‡

* M. Dufaure, whom M. Thiers appointed minister of justice, went to Paris to take formal possession of his official residence in the Place Vendôme, and found that a billiard table had been introduced there during the siege. The sight almost choked him. "Un billard á la grande Chancellerie!" he exclaimed. "Otez tout de suite ce meuble d'estaminet."

† General Uhrich was the commander of Strasburg. Afterwards, when the Parisians learned that his defence of this citadel had not been so brilliant as they had thought, they took his name from the avenue. It is now called Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

‡ "Avenue de la Parente la plus proche du Chef du

At this time there was no suspicion among politicians that M. Thiers had serious thoughts of founding a republic. His government was composed mostly of Royalists, who were anxious for a fusion between Henri V. and the Orleans princes. All the scholarly *doctrinaires* who during the empire had written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats*, had been appointed to prefectships and posts in the diplomatic service; and in the drawing-rooms of the Duchesse Decazes, the Comtesse d'Haussonville, and the Comtesse de Rémusat, who had all three come to Bordeaux to open political salons, the prospects of fusion formed the staple topic of conversation. M. Thiers himself never spoke of the republic at Bordeaux, and he went counter to the Republicans on the two points which they considered of vital importance to their party; that is, he refused to move that the Assembly should be dissolved after the peace with Germany had been voted, and he would not hear of Paris becoming again the seat of the government and legislature. His own preferences inclined to Fontainebleau as a political capital; but he did not object to Blois. He was opposed to Versailles because of the reactionary significance that would be attached to the establishment of the government in the city of Louis XIV.; Versailles, however, was obviously the most convenient place, and the Royalists were powerful enough to enlist public opinion in favor of it. Then, to the great indignation of Madame Thiers, the Royalists at once took measures to prevent M. Thiers from sleeping in the grand monarch's bedroom. The château, they said, was to become the abode of the legislature; the State rooms must be devoted to the use of members; and the private apartments should be occupied by the president of the Assembly, M. Grévy.

M. Thiers would, no doubt, have liked very much to sleep in Louis XIV.'s bed, and to have for his study that fine room with the balcony, on which the heralds used to announce the death of one king and the accession of another in the same breath. His secretary and faithful admirer, M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, went about saying that it was fitting the "national historian" should be lodged in the apartments of the greatest of the kings; but this idea did not make its way at all. M. Thiers ended by saying that the rooms were too large, while Madame Thiers despised them for being full of draughts and having chimneys which smoked. Nevertheless, M. Thiers was nettled at seeing that the Republicans objected quite as much as the Royalists to see him occupy the royal apartments. "Stupid fellows!" he exclaimed on seeing a caricature which represented him as a ridiculous pigmy, crowned with a cotton nightcap, and lying in an enormous bed surrounded by the majestic ghosts of the Bourbon kings. Then half-angry, half-amused, he ejaculated with his usual vivacity: "Louis XIV. was not taller than I, and as to his other greatness I doubt whether he would ever have had a chance of sleeping in the best bed of Versailles if he had begun life as I did."* Shortly after this, M. Mignet meeting Victor Hugo spoke to him in a deprecating way about the fuss which had been made over this question of the royal apartments. "I don't know," answered the poet. "*Des idées de dictature doivent germer sous ce ciel-là.*" (Ideas of dictatorship would be likely to sprout under that tester.) This was reported to Thiers, who at once cried: "I like that! If Victor Hugo were in my place, he would sleep in the king's bed, but he would think the daïs too low and have it raised."

M. Thiers went to reside at the Préfecture of Versailles; and soon the outbreak of the Communist rebellion caused the château to be filled with a very motley collection of lodgers. For weeks the superb Galerie des Glaces, where the kings had held their revels, and where latterly William I. of Prussia had been proclaimed emperor of Germany, was used as a dormitory for deputies who could not afford to pay the high prices that were then being asked for rooms in Versailles. Some of the lower apartments were converted into ambulance wards. M. Grévy, appropriating only a small suite for his own use, left Louis XIV.'s bedroom to the sittings of the finance committee. Versailles so overflowed with refugees from Paris that every spare room in every house was requisitioned. M. Thiers lodged more than twenty of his own friends at the Préfecture, and gave them a daily breakfast of *café au lait* or chocolate. For their

Pouvoir Exécutif." This reminds one of a joke made by the Legitimists during the republic of 1848. The Place Royale in Paris had been renamed "Place des Vosges." Upon this the Royalists took to calling the Grand Opéra (under the kings, Académie Royale de Musique) "L'Académie des Vosges de Musique."

* Compare this with the retort of Fléchier, Bishop of Nîmes, upon a nobleman who twitted him with being a chandler's son: "Yes, it's true my father made candles, and judging you by your wit, I should think that if your father had brought *you* up to the same trade you would have gone on making candles all your life."

other meals they had to go to hotels, as Madame Thiers would not be put to the trouble and expense of providing a *table d'hôte* for her lodgers, while on the other hand she could not with propriety ask them to pay for their board.

During this miserable period of the second siege of Paris there was of course no attempt at display in M. Thiers's household, and very little etiquette. M. Feuillet de Conches, who had been master of the ceremonies to Napoleon III., was allowed to retain his post as introducer of ambassadors; but it was a sinecure, for when ambassadors or other great people wanted to see the chief of the executive they introduced themselves. M. Thiers, who had done not a little to aggravate the Communist outbreak by his obstinate blundering in dealing with the first demands of the insurgents, and afterwards by his error in abandoning some of the best forts round Paris to them,* was occupied every day, and all day, in conferring with generals and giving explanations to parliamentary committees. The rapidity with which he organized an army for the attack on Paris was certainly admirable, but it must not be forgotten that he only kept his place at the head of the government by appealing to the support of Conservatives of all shades, and while so doing he played a double game. He gave the Conservatives to understand that when he had put down the Communist insurrection he would join in setting up such a government as might be desired by the majority in the Assembly; meantime he assured the emissaries of the Commune that he would not suffer the monarchist factions to overthrow the republic.

There is this much to be said, that if he had not proffered this pledge to the Communists, he would have left them the appearance of a justification for their rebellion; while on the other hand, if he had not misled the Conservatives they would have forced him to resign, and setting an avowed Royalist — probably General Changarnier — in his place, they would have arrayed the whole of the Republican party on the side of the Commune, and widening the issues of the civil war, would have made it spread all over France. General Changarnier was deeply disgusted at not being appointed to the command of the Versailles army. A vain little coxcomb and intriguer, who, on the strength of a few Algerian victories, was not ashamed to brag of his victorious sword,* he brought to bear on Thiers all the weight of lobby plots and drawing-room influence, and it is a wonder how Thiers resisted this formidable pressure. He did so by giving the supreme command to Marshal MacMahon, and the hero of Magenta was deeply touched at this proof of confidence. MacMahon had been taken prisoner at Sedan, but fortunately for his fame he had been severely wounded, and he had also the splendid charge of the Cuirassiers at Reichshofen to his credit. Nevertheless he had come back from Germany, limping, haggard, and almost heart-broken to think that all the reputation he had won as a soldier in his earlier years was gone; so that when Thiers sent for him and made him commander-in-chief he burst into tears. Thiers himself was much affected. "I thank you from the depth of my heart," said MacMahon, "for giving me this opportunity of retrieving my military honor."

The appointment of MacMahon, who, though a marshal of the second empire, was an ex-royal Guardsman of Charles X., and a Legitimist by education and family connections, both on his own and his wife's side — this appointment was satisfactory to all sections of the Conservative party. It moreover rallied the entire army, and from the moment when it was made, the doom of the Commune was settled. But, relieved of his fears as to the possible triumph of the crew of ruffians and madmen who had got possession of Paris, M. Thiers became distracted by personal anxieties about the fate of his mansion in the Place St. Georges, and all the books and art treasures which he had collected in it. Those who saw him at this period will remember his pathetic consternation when the Commune issued its decree for the demolition of his favorite house, and the dispersal of its collections. As for Madame Thiers and Mlle. Dosne, they tried everything that feminine energy and despair could suggest to avert the threatened calamity. All persons who were believed to hold any tittle of influence over members of the Commune, were adjured to bestir themselves to prevent an act of vandalism which these devoted ladies feared might

* M. Thiers actually signed the order for the evacuation of the Mont Valérian, and was with difficulty persuaded to withdraw it. Had the insurgents obtained possession of this fortress Versailles would have lain under their guns, and it is impossible to calculate how the rebellion would have ended.

* He said more than once: "Mon épée habituée à vaincre."

shorten M. Thiers's life. Nothing came of this activity, for the house was razed to the ground, its contents were stolen and scattered right and left; but when the mischief had been consummated, M. Thiers bore his loss with a stoicism which had hardly been expected.

His collections were very fine, and it is to be noted that he had always been most chary of showing them to strangers. He would never lend them to public exhibitions lest they should get damaged, and when persons unknown to him applied for permission to view them, a polite letter of excuse, signed by a secretary, was the invariable reply. The painter Courbet, who acted as fine-art minister to the Commune, was astounded when he made his first survey of M. Thiers's treasures, and he valued the bronzes alone at £60,000. There was among them a horseman on a galloping steed, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci; and two bronze mules' heads, found in a vineyard of Dauphiné, and supposed to be the ornaments of a Roman armchair, were wonderful specimens of Greek art, as it was believed. But M. Thiers's assemblage of rare Persian, Chinese, and Japanese objects, was also nearly unique. His lac cabinets were only rivalled by those in the Apollo Gallery of the Louvre, presented to Marie Antoinette by the Jesuit missionaries. After the overthrow of the Commune, Madame Thiers and her sister spent months in driving about to all the bric à-brac shops in Paris, and identifying the curiosities which had been looted from their house. As they prudently paid all that the dealers demanded, and asked no questions, they were pretty successful in their searches, and most of the stolen articles gradually found their way back to M. Thiers's new mansion, which was built at a cost of £40,000, voted by the Nationl Assembly.*

The horrible year 1871 was followed by one of perfect peace and great prosperity. The Royalists by their divisions — and thanks, also, to the Comte de Chambord's obduracy — had lost the chance of restoring the throne, which presented itself to [illegible]m after the Commune, when the whole pub[illegible]ntry was sick of civil war. The re[illegible]lic remained standing because its sho[illegible]mies could not agree as to how it [illegible]uld be suppressed. M. Thiers assumed the title of president; he was the undisputed master of France, and to those who had no knowledge of his restless character and incapacity for governing quietly, it looked as if he would maintain his ascendency to his life's end. In that year 1872, the enormous war indemnity exacted by Germany was paid off by the raising of a loan which might have been covered ten times over if all the applications for scrip had been accepted. Money seemed to gush from every pocket. The Germans who commenced their evacuation of the French territory, left behind them a nation that was re-flowering like a huge plantation in the spring which follows a hard winter. Trade revived. The traces of war and civil strife were effaced with amazing promptness from the streets of Paris; the army and all the public services were reorganized, and to crown these blessings, the land yielded such a harvest as had not been seen for half a century. M. Thiers was never much addicted to religious emotion, but when on a Sunday in July the news came to him by telegram of the glorious gathering in of corn throughout the south of France, he was quite overcome. "*Remercions Dieu!*" he cried, clasping his hands. "*Il nous a entendus, notre deuil est fini.*" *

M. Thiers was then living at the Elysée. He continued to reside at the Préfecture of Versailles during the sessions of the Assembly, but he came to the Elysée during the recess, and he kept a certain kind of state there. It was quite impossible, however, for such a man to submit to any of the restraints of etiquette. He was a *bourgeois* to the finger-tips. His character was a curious effervescing mixture of talent, learning, vanity, childish petulance, inquisitiveness, sagacity, ecstatic patriotism, and self-seeking ambition. He was a splendid orator, with the shrill voice of an old costerwoman; a savant, with the presumption of a schoolboy; a kind-hearted man, with the irritability of a monkey; a masterly administrator, with that irrepressible tendency to meddle with everything, which worries subordinates, and makes good administration impossible. He was a shrewd judge of men, and knew well how they were to be handled, but his impatience prevented him from acting up to his knowledge. He had a sincere love of liberty, with all the in-

* T[illegible]
to M[illegible]
prop[illegible]he dealers were not extortionate in their charges cep[illegible]adame Thiers; some who had bought the stolen dis[illegible]erty in good faith, honestly restored it without ac[illegible]nding payment. Altogether, Madame Thiers had to [illegible]isburse about £12,000.

* He quoted that grand verse from Isaiah: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw her light, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

stincts of a despot. He was most charming with women, understood their power, and yet took so little account of it in his serious calculations that he often offended, by his Napoleonic brusqueness, ladies who were in a position to do him harm, and did it.

M. Feuillet de Conches had to give up M. Thiers as hopeless. What was to be done with a president who, at a ceremonious dinner to ambassadors and ministers, would get up from table after the first course and walk round the room, discussing politics, pictures, the art of war, or the dishes on the *menu?* M. Thiers's own dinner always consisted of a little clear soup, a plate of roast meat — veal was that which he preferred — some white beans, peas, or lentils, and a glass saucer of jam — generally apricot. He got through this repast, with two glasses of Bordeaux, in about a quarter of an hour, and then would grow fidgety. "*Est-ce bon ce que vous mangez là?*" he would say to one of his guests, and thence start off on to a disquisition about cookery. Telegrams were brought to him at table, and he would open them, saying, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but the affairs of France must pass before everything." If he got disquieting news he would sit pensive for a few moments, then call for a sheet of paper and scribble off * instructions to somebody, whispering directions to his major-domo about the destination of the missive.

But if he received glad tidings, he would start from his chair and frisk about, making jokes, his bright grey eyes twinkling merrily as lamps through his gold-rimmed spectacles. After dinner there was always a discussion, *coram hospitibus*, between him and Madame Thiers as to whether he might take some black coffee. Permission to excite his nerves being invariably refused, he would wink, laughing, to his friends, to call their attention to the state of uxorious bondage in which he lived, and then retire to a high arm-chair near the fire, where he soon dropped off to sleep. Upon this, Madame Thiers would lay a forefinger on her lips, saying, "*Monsieur Thiers dort;*" † and with the help of her sister she would clear the guests into the next room, where they conversed in whispers while the president dozed — a droll little figure with his chin resting on the broad red riband of his Legion of Honor, and his short legs dangling about an inch above the floor. It was always very touching to see the care with which M. Thiers's wife and sister-in-law ministered to him. The story has been often told of how M. Thiers having been forbidden by doctors to eat his favorite Provençal dish of *brandade* (fish cooked with garlic), M. Mignet, the historian, used to smuggle some of this mess enclosed in a tin box into his friend's study, and what a pretty scene there was one day when Madame Thiers detected these two *frères provençaux* enjoying the contraband dainty together.

M. Thiers had naturally a great notion of his dignity as president of the republic, and he was anxious to appear impressively on all State occasions; but the arrangements made to hedge him about with majesty were always being disconcerted by his doing whatever it came into his head to do. His servants were dressed in black, and he had a major-domo who wore a silver chain and tried to usher morning visitors into the president's room in the order of their rank; but every now and then M. Thiers used to pop out of his room, take stock of his visitors for himself, and make his choice of those whom he wished to see first. Then the most astonishing and uncourtly dialogues would ensue: —

"Monsieur le Président, this is the third time I have come here, and I have waited two hours each time."

"My friend, if you had come to see me about the affairs of France, and not about your own business, we should have had a conversation long ago."

At the Elysée M. Thiers's study was the Salle des Souverains, formerly the Salon de Travail, where Napoleon I. planned his Waterloo campaign, and where he signed his abdication. It is furnished in Louis XV. style, with Beauvais tapestry; the adjoining room was Napoleon's *dépôt de cartes géographiques*. Here Louis Napoleon, Generals St. Arnaud and Magnan arranged, with a large map of Paris before them, the military operations of the *coup d'état*. In M. Thiers's time it served as a library, and M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire generally sat there editing the *Journal Officiel*, or giving the finishing academical touch to the letters which were sent out to all and sundry in M. Thiers's name.

Precedence was always given by M.

* So long as a German soldier remained on French soil he used paper with a deep black border. He wrote with quill pens and his hand was almost illegible — the letters thick, splashy, and half-formed, the lines uneven, the paper covered with scratches and blots.

† She always called him Monsieur Thiers even in private life. Nobody ever heard her address him as Adolphe. Contrary to French usage, his visiting cards were inscribed *Monsieur Thiers*.

Thiers to journalists, hswever obscure they might be. Ambassadors had to wait while these favored ones walked in. A journalist himself, the quondam leader-writer of the *National* extended the most generous recognition to the brethren of his craft, but he also did this because he was wide awake to the power of the press, and had generally some service to ask of those whom he addressed as *mes chers collègues*. He had such a facility for writing that when a journalist came to him "for inspiration" he would often sit down and dash off in a quarter of an hour the essential paragraph of a leader which he wished to see inserted. At the time of the Paris election of April, 1873, when his friend the Comte de Rémusat, then foreign secretary, was the government candidate with the insignificant M. Barodet opposing him, a writer on the *Figaro* called at the Elysée and M. Thiers wrote a whole article of a column's length for him. It was printed as a letter in leaded type with the signature, *Un vieux bourgeois de Paris;* and a very sprightly letter it was, which put the issues lying between M. de Rémusat and his Radical adversary in the clearest light. However, the electors of Paris acted with their usual foolishness in preferring an upstart to a man of note, and within a month of this M. Thiers resigned in disgust.

M. Thiers with his oddities was popular among the *bourgeoisie* and the honest section of the working classes, and he might have remained in the presidential chair till his death if he had not been of such fretful humor and meddlesome disposition. There is this to be owned of him, that no French ruler, not even Napoleon, chose public servants better. The officials whom he appointed were always eminently qualified for their posts, both by their attainments and characters, and yet he could seldom let them alone. There were only two of his ministers whom he left pretty much to themselves, — M. Dufaure, because this gentleman was of cantankerous mood, and did not like to be meddled with; and M. Jules Simon, whom he trusted with unusual heartiness. But M. Thiers lowered his dignity by receiving police spies and giving them instructions without the sanction of the minister of the interior. He corresponded directly with some of France's representatives abroad, and used to get information from them before it was communicated to the Foreign Office. He patronized inventors and engineers, and forced their schemes upon the consideration of the public works department without any reckoning of expense or convenience. A fine-art critic of perfect taste, he was anxious to encourage artists; but it came to pass that his portrait was painted by a very promising artist, Mlle. Nélie Jacquemart,* and from that time this lady became his counsel on art questions. His conversations with her degenerated too often into mere studio gossip, which though amusing to those who heard it (and it was always carried on most publicly in the presidential drawing-room on reception nights), had indirectly the bad effect of making M. Thiers adopt suggestions which brought him into perpetual conflict with the Ministère des Beaux-Arts. But the gravest of all the mistakes which M. Thiers committed as a ruler, was that, being president, he retained his seat in the Assembly as member for Paris, and spoke in debates. This he ought never to have done. As president, living in his palace and communicating with the legislature through his ministers, he would have been inexpugnable; but he chose to be his own prime minister, and had to bear the ups and downs of parliamentary warfare.

We recollect the day on which he was overthrown, the 24th May, 1873. The Monarchists were half afraid to depose him; the Republicans did not believe that he really meant to go. If he had told the Assembly that they no longer represented the nation and that he insisted upon an appeal to the people being made, a dissolution must have taken place and he would have triumphed on that occasion again as on many others. But Thiers was incensed with the Republicans for having elected M. Barodet, and out of patience with them for their general waywardness, turbulence, and disobedience. His last speech as president was a denunciation all round, delivered with a strange mixture of senile captiousness and juvenile vigor, and quite a panic spread among the Republicans when, on the division which followed this speech, the government was found to be in a minority of fourteen votes. M. Thiers resigned at once. He well knew that so far as could then be foreseen his resignation would be the death of the republic, and he seems to have hoped that there would be a mighty demonstration of public opinion in

* Mlle. Jacquemart attained celebrity by her portraits of M. Duruy and Marshal Canrobert. Her portrait of M. Thiers, in an ill-cut brown coat, and with a grim face, was not so good, but somehow M. Thiers took a fancy to it, probably because it gave him an expression of iron will quite contrary to his nature.

his favor when his resolve became known. And there would have been such a demonstration if the Assembly had adjourned till the Monday after its vote. But the Monarchists had taken their measures so that there should not be a single day's interregnum. A few weeks before, they had cleverly driven out M. Grévy from the presidentship of the Assembly by setting up a member to defy him, and having put M. Buffet into the chair they had a president on whom they could rely. M. Buffet conducted all the proceedings of the 24th May *à la militaire.* In defiance of Republican protests three sittings were held, and the papers which on the morning of the 25th chronicled the details of M. Thiers's resignation, reported at the same time that Marshal MacMahon had been elected president in his stead.

Marshal MacMahon accepted the presidency without any desire to retain it. If anything seemed certain at the time of his accession, it was that Legitimists and Orleanists would soon patch up their differences and that a vote of the Assembly would offer the crown to Henry V. The ministry formed under the auspices of the Duc de Broglie labored to bring about this consummation, and the marshal was prepared to enforce the decrees of the Assembly whatever they might be. At the same time he established his household at once on a semi-royal footing, as though he intended there should be at least a temporary court to remind French noblemen of old times, and to give them a foretaste of the pomps that were coming. M. Thiers had been a *bourgeois* president; the Marshal-Duke of Magenta was a *grand seigneur.* Under Madame Thiers's frugal management the £36,000 a year allowed to the president sufficed amply to cover all expenses; under the Duchess de Magenta's management the presidential income did not go halfway towards defraying outlay. The marshal had a comfortable private fortune (not equal to M. Thiers's), but he was only enabled to hold such high estate in his office by means of the assistance pressed upon him by wealthy relatives.*

The first signs of returning splendor at the Elysée were seen in the liveries of the new president's servants. Instead of black they wore grey and silver, with scarlet plush, hair-powder, and on gala occasions wigs. M. Thiers, when he went to a public ceremony, drove in a substantial landau, with mounted escort of the Republican Guard, and his friends — he never called them a suite — followed behind in vehicles according to their liking or means. Marshal MacMahon with the duchess and their suite were always enough to fill three dashing landaus. These were painted in three or four shades of green, and lined with pearl grey satin; each would be drawn by four greys with postilions in grey jackets and red velvet caps; and the whole cavalcade was preceded and followed by outriders. Going to reviews, however, the marshal of course rode, and this enabled him to make a grand display with his staff of *aides-de-camp.* M. Thiers had a military household of which his cousin General Charlemagne was the head; but this warrior never had much to do, and it was no part of his business to receive visitors. Anybody who had business with M. Thiers could see him without a letter of audience by simply sending up a card to M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire. Marshal MacMahon, on the contrary, was as inaccessible as any king. Visitors to the Elysée in his time were passed from one resplendent officer to another till they entered the smiling presence of Vicomte Emmanuel d'Harcourt, the president's secretary, and this was the *ne plus ultra.* Against journalists in particular the marshal's doors were inexorably locked. So far as a man of his good-natured temper could be said to hate anybody, the Duke of Magenta hated persons connected with the press. For all that, he did not object altogether to newspaper tattle, for whilst he read the *Journal des Débats* every evening from a feeling of duty, he perused the *Figaro* every morning for his own pleasure.

The sumptuous ordinance of Marshal MacMahon's household was rendered necessary in a manner by the shah of Persia's visit to Paris in 1873. It is a pity that M. Thiers was not in office when this constellated savage came to ravish the courts of civilized Europe by his diamonds and his haughtily brutish manners, for it would have been curious to see the little man instructing the shah, through an interpreter, as to Persian history or the etymology of Oriental languages. In the marshal, however, Nasr-ed-Din found a host who exhibited just the right sort of dignity; and all the hospitalities given to the shah both at Versailles and Paris — the torchlight procession of soldiers, the gala performance at the Opera, the banquet at the Galerie des Glaces — were carried out on a scale that could not have

* The Duchess of Magenta is a daughter of the Duke de Castries, and her family are connected by marriage with two of the richest bankers of Vienna.

been excelled if there had been an emperor on the throne. In the course of the banquet at Versailles the shah turned to the Duchess of Magenta and asked her in a few words of French, which he must have carefully rehearsed beforehand, why her husband did not set up as emperor? The duchess parried the question with a smile; but perhaps the idea was not so far from her thoughts as she would have had people imagine.

Throughout the autumn of 1873 the restoration of Henri V. seemed so imminent that the Republican weavers of Lyons were employed in executing immense orders from Parisian mercers, for silks with lilies embroidered on them; and a famous carriage-builder was commissioned to make three state coaches that were to be used for the new king's triumphant entry into Paris. A day came when the royal orb lay like a ball at the Comte de Chambord's feet. His friends had decided, after long plotting, that the best thing he could do would be to present himself in the hall of the Assembly and be there saluted king by acclamation. Everything was to be in readiness for this *coup de théâtre*. The minister of war, the prefect of police, the president himself, were all privy to the scheme. There would be guards on duty to crush any Republican resistance; and a whole army of bill-stickers would be sent forth to placard the king's proclamations on the walls of Paris. The Comte de Chambord had come privately to Versailles, and one evening he paced in mental agony to and fro in the dining-room of his friend M. de la Rochette, asking himself whether he should do what his friends desired. But he was always Henry the Unready. He took flight in the night, and three days later issued that queer manifesto in which, boasting of his attachment to his faith and flag, he called the white flag *le drapeau d'Arques et d'Ivry* — forgetting that these battles were Protestant victories.

When Henri V. had committed political suicide, there was no more chance of a Royalist restoration; and Marshal MacMahon had to ask the Assembly to confirm him in the presidency for a fixed term of seven years. He was not a happy man after this, for between the Republicans who abused him for never mentioning the word "republic" in his speeches and messages, and the Royalists who reproached him for not striking a *coup d'état* on their behalf, he was sorely harassed. He hated politics, and his perceptions as to political necessities were always hazy. For instance, he declared that happen what might he would never accept M. Gambetta for his minister; and this vow naturally forced the leader of the Opportunists into a position of irreconcilable enmity. Gambetta, nevertheless, evinced considerable tact in never agitating for the marshal's overthrow. When he pronounced his famous ultimatum, *Il faut se soumettre ou se démettre*, just before the general election of 1877, he was only laying down the constitutional proposition that an elected president must yield to the wishes of the nation or retire; but he was not anxious that the marshal should retire. He often said that it was highly desirable that the first Republican president should serve out his full term so that there might be a regular constitutional transmission of power to his successor; and when the marshal had, after all, surrendered to the Liberal party by accepting M. Dufaure as his prime minister, M. Gambetta testified his approval by attending a party at the Elysée. But this did little good. The Duchess of Magenta made her stateliest curtsey to the Republican leader; the marshal gave him a civil but smileless bow, and Gambetta was glad to make a rapid exit from a house where he perceived that his presence caused more astonishment than pleasure.

The marshal was asked after this, whether he still persisted in refusing any political alliance with Gambetta. "Unquestionably," he said; "we should not agree for an hour, then why meet at all?" On another occasion he said: "I don't expect my ministers to go to mass with me, or even to shoot with me — but they must be men with whom I can have some common ground of conversation, and I shall have none with *ce monsieur*."

This connection of mass and shooting was quite in the style of Charles X. At the Élysée the marshal attended mass every Sunday, and on all great festivals, in the handsome subterranean chapel built by M. Eugène Lacroix, the architect of the palace. He was always escorted by the officers of his household, sometimes by one or two of his ministers. The Duchess of Magenta went to mass every day, and appointed a rota of eloquent bishops, priests, and monks, to preach Lenten and Advent sermons before her just like a queen. As for sport, the marshal's circumstances did not allow of his inviting great shooting-parties to Compiègne and Fontainebleau as Napoleon III. used to do, but he often had small parties to shoot in the forest of Rambouillet, and through

his military secretary permission was given to a good many of his friends, principally general officers, to shoot in the other State forests by themselves. The marshal always wore his military kepi when shooting, but he did not require those of his guests who were in the army to do the same. At the Rambouillet shooting-parties there was no etiquette beyond this, that precedence was given to the *invités* according to their nobiliary rank. Dukes had the *pas* over everybody.

The marshal eventually resigned in consequence of a disagreement with his Liberal ministers on the subject of military appointments. Throughout his presidentship, there were two points on which he was always intractable — army questions, and the granting of decorations to civilians. His Cabinet councils used to be held in the Salon des Souverains at the Elysée, and generally he sat at the head of the table saying nothing, whilst his ministers talked. But whenever they touched on the army, he took the leading part in the discussions, expressing his opinions in the most peremptory language, and he did the same as regards decorations. He did not object to let civilians have the cross of the Legion of Honor, but he was determined to know all about the antecedents of the gentlemen whom his ministers recommended for this distinction. It was of no use to ask his signature for the decoration of any man known to be a freethinker. His never-failing reply was: "A man who is not a Christian does not want a cross."

It was a really comical freak of fortune that brought M. Jules Grévy to succeed Marshal MacMahon. The story goes that during the street fighting of the Revolution of 1830, a law student was kicked by one of the king's officers, for tearing down a copy of the ordinances placarded on a wall. The officer was armed, the student was not; so the latter ran away and lived to fight another day. For the officer, as it is said, was Patrice de MacMahon, and the law student Jules Grévy. After this affair, M. Grévy became a barrister, won reputation and money by defending journalists in State prosecutions, and upon the downfall of Louis Philippe was immediately appointed to something equivalent to a prefecture by the provisional government of the second republic. Next, his countrymen in the Jura sent him to sit in the Constituent Assembly, and here M. Grévy distinguished himself by proposing that the new republic, which this assembly was deputed to found, should have no president, — or rather that the president should be a mere prime minister, liable to be dismissed at any moment. M. Grévy had not cut his wisdom teeth in those days. He has since learnt to think that it is good for a republic to have a president not amenable to sudden dismissal.

M. Grévy is a man of talent and great moral courage, but he owes his rise to an uncommon faculty for holding his tongue at the right moment. "I kept silent, and it was grief to me," says the Psalmist. M. Grévy may have felt, like other people at times, an almost incomparable longing to say foolish things; but having bridled his tongue he was accounted wiser than many who had spoken wisely. Under the empire he practised at the bar, continued to make money, was elected in his turn *bâtonnier*, or chief bencher as we might say, to the order of Advocates, and in 1868 was returned to the Corps Législatif by his old electors of the Jura — in which department he had by this time acquired a pretty large landed estate.* A neat, creaseless sort of man, with a bald head, a shaven chin, and closely trimmed whiskers, he looked eminently respectable. The only reprehensible things about him were his hat and his hands. He always wore a wide-awake instead of the orthodox chimney-pot, and he eschewed gloves. If his hands were cold he put them into the pockets of his pantaloons. Some pretended to descry astuteness in this contempt for the usages of civilized man, for the wide-awake is more of a Radical headdress than a silk hat. But it never occurred to M. Grévy at any time since he first achieved success in life to regulate his apparel, his general conduct, or his words, in view of pleasing the Radicals. At the Revolution of the 4th September, 1870, he was requested to become a member of the National Defence. No, he said; the government must be elected by the nation before he could recognize it as a lawful one. Throughout the siege of Paris he kept repeating the same thing. Nothing that was being done was constitutional. "You are one of those men who would make an omelette without breaking eggs," said Gambetta impatiently to him at Tours. "You are not making omelettes, but a hash," replied M. Grévy calmly. "All revolutions would be unjustifiable from your point of view," continued Gambetta. "You will die in the skin of an insurgent," was all M. Grévy deigned to answer.

* At Mont-sous-Vaudrey.

The Assembly elected after the war at once chose M. Grévy for its speaker, and he took up his abode in the royal palace, from which party jealousies had debarred M. Thiers. But he did not alter his manner of life one whit on that account. In Paris and Versailles he was to be seen sauntering about the streets looking in at shop windows, dining in restaurants, or sitting outside a café smoking a cigar and sipping iced coffee out of a glass. He had a brougham, but would only use it when obliged to go long distances. It often happened that setting out for a drive he would alight from his carriage and order his coachman to follow, and for hours the puzzled and disgusted coachman would drive at a walking pace behind his indefatigable master, who took easy strides as if he were not in the slightest hurry. M. Grévy's favorite evening pastime in those days was billiards, and it is so still. He is a first-rate player of the cannon game on those small French tables which have no pockets. He has been known to make more than one hundred cannons at a break, and he is sufficiently enthusiastic at the game to care not a button with whom he plays. Whilst he was president of the Assembly the man who came to play with him most often upon the private table of the palace was M. Paul de Cassagnac, the Bonapartist.

M. Grévy made an irreproachable speaker. Without fear or favor, coldly, firmly, he performed his task of keeping order over the unruly legislature, and nobody could ever accuse him of unfairness. His character for justice got so well established that Marshal MacMahon once rendered homage to it in a way most honorable to them both. This was in 1877 after the general election, which drove the Duc de Broglie's last ministry from office. A makeshift Cabinet had been formed, but Marshal MacMahon was being advised by some of his Conservative friends to dissolve the newly elected Chamber, and call the Duc de Broglie again to office to prepare another general election. He sent for M. Grévy and asked him point-blank: "Do you want to become president of the republic?"

"I'm not in the least ambitious of the honor," answered M. Grévy.

"If I were sure you would be elected in my stead I would retire," continued the marshal, "but I don't know what would happen if I were to go."

"My strong advice to you is not to resign," said M. Grévy, "only bring an end to this crisis by choosing your ministers out of the Republican majority, and you will be pleased with yourself afterwards in having done your duty."

"Well, you are an honest man, and I wish there were more like you," observed the marshal, and, having shaken hands with M. Grévy, he dismissed him without promising to follow his advice. But he did follow it the same day.

There is one point of resemblance between M. Grévy and the marshal, for M. Grévy is a keen sportsman; but in most other things the two differ, though in sum M. Grévy differs more from M. Thiers than he does from the marshal. His manner of living at the Elysée is dignified without ostentation. His servants do not wear grey and scarlet liveries; but the arrangements of his household are more orderly than those of M. Thiers could ever be. His servants in black know well how to keep intruders at a distance. No mob of journalists, inventors, and place-hunters calls to see Mr. Grévy in the morning. On the other hand, three or four times a week a great number of deputies, artists, journalists, and officers may be seen going into the Elysée as freely as if they were entering a club. They do not ask to see the president or the latter's secretary, M. Fourneret, but they make straight for a magnificent room on the ground-floor overlooking the garden, which has been converted into a fencing saloon, and there they find M. Daniel Wilson, *le fils de la maison*. All these *habitués*, who form the court of the third republic, keep their masks, foils, and flannels at the Elysée and set to work fencing with each other as if they were at Gâtechair's or Paz's. Presently a door opens and the president walks in. For a moment the fencing stops, the combatants all turn and salute with their foils, whilst the other visitors stand up. But, with a pleasant smile and a wave of the hand, M. Grévy bids the jousters to go on, and then he walks round the room, saying something to everybody, and inviting about half a dozen of the guests to stay with him to breakfast.

M. Grévy has allowed his beard to grow of late, and he is almost always attired in evening clothes, with the *moiré* edge of his scarlet *cordon* peeping over his waistcoat. But for the rest he is the same unassuming man as ever, and he takes life very easily. Now and then the Cabinet meets at the Elysée in the Salle des Souverains, and he presides over it. It is worth observing that in this Salle there are the portraits of a dozen sovereigns of

the nineteenth century, including Queen Victoria, but not a symbol of any kind to remind one that it is a republican government that sits in this room. Even the master of the house has more in him of the constitutional monarch than of the president. The Constitution has conferred upon him large powers which he never uses; he seems to keep his eye on the portrait of the English queen whilst his ministers discourse. Whatever papers are offered for his signature he signs, and then it is, *Bon jour, Messieurs; au revoir;* and while the ministers disperse the president makes his way to his private apartments, where he finds his daughter and his grandchild, in whose company he somehow takes more delight than in that of statesmen.

Now and then there is a dinner at the Elysée, twice a week at least there are evening receptions, and about twice in the winter there are grand balls. On all these occasions everything is done in the best possible style, and the president discharges his functions of host with a serenity which disarms all critscism. He says nothing much to anybody, but he is the same to all. If by chance he falls into deep conversation with any particular guest, nobody need suspect that State matters are being discussed. The probabilities are that the president will be talking about his last score at billiards and the next performance of his new breech-loader at Mont-sous-Vaudrey. Moreover, what makes M. Grévy more puzzling and interesting at once to those who behold him so simple in his palace, is the knowledge which all have, that when his time comes for leaving the Elysée he will walk out of it as coolly as he went in, without wishing that his tenancy had been longer, and certainly without doing anything to prolong it. His only anxieties will be to see that his favorite cues and his gun-case suffer no damage at the door.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

IN A GREAT TOWN HOSPITAL.

THERE is something in the monotonous regularity of the rows of tidy little white beds in a hospital, with their neat white coverlets, and the load of misery upon each, which at first sight is very depressing. It is the wonderful variety, however, both of the characters of the inmates and of the ailments treated, that is their most striking characteristic as they become better known; while the insight there to be gained as to the "manners and customs" of the classes for whose dwellings we are now trying to legislate, is only too significant of the houses (miscalled "homes," indeed) from which they come. The strange phases of human nature, and human suffering in unimaginable forms, the manner in which science is utilized to remedy that suffering, and the care and kindness that strive to alleviate it, make a large hospital a most interesting study of the best kind of help. It is often here that any civilizing influence is first brought to bear on the sufferers, that they first experience gentle treatment and kindness, and come in contact with larger ideals.

Here are a few experiences during a few months in a few beds of a great town hospital.

No. 73 (each occupant is known by his number alone) was a tall, strong Irishman, a dock laborer, brought in violently drunk, wet through, and with a very bad scalp wound. He had been helping to unload a vessel with casks of spirits, and had been "sucking the monkey" — a favorite dodge — when a hole is pierced in a cask, when it can be done unobserved, and the raw spirits are sucked out with a straw. In this case the not unnatural result had been that the man had fallen into the river. The nurses began to wash and prepare the wound for the doctors, but he was so drunk that he would scarcely let them touch him, and complained bitterly of their unkindness. When the doctors arrived they began by playing on the wound with carbolic spray, used to prevent it from growing cold, but the patient said that it spurted into his face, he became violent, and declared that he would not have anything done to him, for they were using him cruelly.

The doctor grew angry, and sent for the porter to help, telling the man that he must either have his wound properly dressed or leave the hospital; the threat would have been difficult to carry out, however, for the wet clothes could not be put on him, and there were no others to be had. The house-surgeon and three students were now standing two on each side the bed, when suddenly the patient hit out with his powerful arms in their drunken strength, threw down the four doctors — who, being utterly unprepared for the assault, went over like ninepins — jumped out of bed, and ran across the ward into the next in his hospital shirt. The porter came in at this moment and stopped him. "Pretty fellow you are!" said the doctor.

"Why you've been so long in coming that the patient might have flung himself out of window." "*I* fling myself out of window! I am not such a fool. *I* am not going to hurt myself to please any of you," laughed the man. He was then got back into bed, and the doctor sternly ordered him to lie still. Perhaps the run had quieted him to a certain degree, and he submitted at last. The spray, which is rather fragrant and refreshing, was used again, and again he complained angrily. "If he is such a coward as to mind that, cover his face with a handkerchief," said the doctor contemptuously. At length the dressing was over, and he went to sleep. The next morning when the spirits were out and the wits were in, he was thoroughly ashamed of his conduct, of which he could only recollect a small portion, but was kindly reminded of the rest by the occupants of the beds on both sides. He became one of the best behaved patients in the ward — tried to be helpful to the nurses, and was considered "very good company" by his neighbors, for whose delectation and his own he used to dance jigs and hornpipes as he grew better. After he left the hospital one of the nurses was startled one day by an unrecognizably dirty man rushing out of a group of other workmen like himself to pour out his thanks in vehement terms.

I pass over the details concerning the next, which was a horrible case of suicide — a Spaniard who had attempted to blow out his brains in bed and had only partially succeeded. He lived five or six dreadful hours after he was brought in.

The next occupant of the No. 73 bed was a very respectable, well-looking young man who had gone to the Alexandra Palace with a friend for a day's pleasure. "We went about and about, and we took a little of the Irish here, and a little of the Irish there, till we had had too much of the Irish, and we went on till the latest train had left." He then walked back to London to a little street in the West End. It was four in the morning, and the lodging-house refused to admit him, so he sat down on the step in a half-drunken sleep, and a bitter spring night, to wait till the door was opened. He was suffering from a cold, and the spirits and the chill together brought on violent inflammation of both lungs (which is uncommon). A few days after his arrival he became delirious, and the only person who could manage him was a nurse, whom he took for some friend of his called "Minnie." "Thank God, I have got one friend here!" he kept on repeating. He set his heart on their taking an expedition together. "Now promise me that you will go to the Alexandra Palace with me, Minnie, next week." And as all contradiction enraged him, she was obliged to answer, "If you're well enough on Monday, I promise to go," which could be safely done. Whenever she was away he became extremely violent, and on one occasion rushed off trying to escape from the ward, pursed by eight men and several of the nurses. At last he was secured and carried to the padded room where delirious patients are kept. He gave an account of what had taken place to "Minnie," and correctly so far, ending, however, with, "One man held a revolver and the other a knife over me; one said, 'Let us blow his brains out,' and the other, 'No, let us cut his throat.'"

He was so heated by the strait-waistcoat that the nurse, when she came, undid it, with the doctor's permission — "If you think you can manage him." The bed is on the floor, and no chair is allowed in the padded room lest it should be used for aggressive purposes, so that she had to kneel when putting on jacket poultices and feeding him. The friend who had led him into mischief came to see him, and was asked to bring some jelly to the patient. "It is not the least use," said he, "the nurses will take it all away — that is what they are here for!" The nurse, who had been extremely kind to him, was pained — crazy as she knew him to be — and showed it. When his visitor was gone he looked at her. "Minnie, why do you look so scared? Did you think I was going to tell? No, no; I am a bad one, but not so bad as that!"

He was thankful for the quiet of the padded room, but it was very close, though the door is always left open that the nurse may summon assistance. "Oh for a breath of fresh air!" sighed the poor patient, who was a Devonshire man, and he was transferred to a small ward, the nurse undertaking to keep the peace.

The chaplain attempted to come to his help, but the sight of a strange man made the patient ungovernable, and the few texts and "good words" which the nurse could slip into the poor, wandering mind was all that could be done for him. "If I get over this I'll lead a new life, I'll not live as I have done," he repeated. He grew worse and worse, and one evening when she was going off duty he said, "Shake hands, Minnie, I'll never forget you — good-night. Why will you leave me?" Her duty, however, required her

to go, and she promised to return to him in the morning. "I'll try and live till you come back,' he sighed; but he never saw her again, he died within an hour or two afterwards. He was so much above the usual level of the inmates of the wards that his death made quite a sensation among the patients, who are generally very indifferent to the fate of their comrades.

Another case of suicide came in at this time; a poor woman whose husband had been gaining from four to five guineas a week, was suddenly left a widow, with six children, one of them a baby. After striving a little time to support them, she lost heart, said she could not see them starve, and drank a horrible mixture, like vitriol, used for cleaning lamps, to poison herself. It burnt the throat and the stomach in a fearful manner, but she was carried into the hospital immediately, so that measures were taken to prevent her death. It seemed strange that with so many painless modes of dismissal she should have chosen one entailing such frightful suffering; but she was evidently completely beside herself; and it was very pathetic how she had rushed upon her release without bestowing a thought upon the pain of the means, "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world." "Shall I get over it?" she said in a depressed tone when she was beginning to improve — it was evidently not to her a wished-for ending. Having been better off she could not bear the idea of coming down to being a pauper. Friends, however, turned up when it was almost too late, and helped with the children. A policeman was waiting for her to take her before a magistrate when she left the hospital, but the nurses connived at her going out at an hour when he was not there. And here the story ends, how she faced her life-struggle again and with what results remains forever unknown, sunk in the deep tide of misery to be found in our great towns.

No. 47 was a boy of fifteen, with dreadful fits; he foamed at the mouth, he twisted and twirled and sometimes threw his legs into the air, almost standing on his head. At the end of a week, however, nurses and doctors began to have their doubts, the attacks never came on when the doctors were by, and the dead faints never took place until he was within safe distance of the bed to fall upon. A little "spine boy" in the bed opposite early suspected him, and used to call out, "Go it, No. 47, you do do it grand; I could not come the thing half so well myself!" The doctors are extremely cautious in declaring that a patient is shamming, by which they may get the hospital into bad odor, and the boy was allowed to go on for some little time. At last the doctor called for a wet towel, and gave him a sharpish flick on the cheek, in the fit, when the "insensible" patient winced, and the next day when, by the doctor's orders, the nurse gave him a smart cut with the same wet towel, in his "dead faint," he howled and called out about her cruelty. He was sentenced to be turned out, and his mother was sent for; she arrived in a perfect state of fury at the slur cast upon her son, declaring that she would appeal to the directors, the trustees, the police, and the world at large — but go he did. It was found that he had been apprenticed, and not liking work, he had retired on the hospital as a pleasant retreat. He must have been a clever boy to imitate the symptoms of a fit so as to deceive both doctors and nurses for even so long.

Drunkenness is the cause of two-thirds of the accidents, and a great portion of the illnesses that come into hospital. No. 46 was a man who came in drunk, with a broken leg, after an accident. A kind friend, drunk like himself, took him on his back to carry him to the hospital, he could not, however, walk straight, and fell with his burden and upon him, seriously injuring the broken limb. The drinking begins before breakfast, and the patients say to each other, "I say, old boy, don't yer miss the half-pint" (beer, understood) "and the pen'orth?" (gin, understood).

A shoemaker, with a good shop and a good business, was found dead drunk in the gutter, so full of spirits that he was dying of suffocation. He was brought into the ward, and the students, seeing what was the matter, and thoroughly disgusted, put a screen round him and set to work pumping upon him with all their hearts, till he was completely wet through. He remained two days, till his clothes were dry, calling out for his wife, who came to see him with a beautiful baby in her arms, and took him away; the future which probably lay before her and her children was a dismal one indeed.

"Patients' friends" are generally a sad nuisance, and do much harm. Two or three Irishwomen will come and howl and shriek over a dying compatriot so as to disturb the whole ward, before they can be stopped. A tender mother will slip oranges and apples into the bed of a child suffering from bad stomach disorders, or a wife insinuate a cooked sausage under

the coverlet of a man in the worst stage of dysentery. Whiskey is the cure for all ailments, and a number of bottles are not seldom detected. The eatables are put behind the ward fire in public, that it may not be supposed that nurses profit by their confiscation; the whiskey is poured out of window, and the owners are almost in tears at the "sinful waste" of the "beautiful" stuff thus recklessly sacrificed!

The next case was a man brought in with his throat cut nearly from ear to ear. The surgeon asked, "Is this suicide or murder?" "No, sir, not suicide," said one of the students, standing by, "it was one of his friends did it for him," at which there was a laugh all round the bed except from the poor sufferer. He was a dock laborer who had taken a job at a lower rate than a fellow-workman; his rival met him in the street by daylight, and drew a razor across his throat. The victim fell bathed with blood, but his enemy, not feeling sure that he had accomplished his object sufficiently, gave him a second cut even deeper than before. The patient could not swallow, and could only be fed by a tube inserted in the throat. He was suffering already from a bad attack of bronchitis, and the doctors had hardly any hope of getting him through. With the care and the skilled nursing he recovered, however; "but I shall never be my own man again," he said. Policemen were watching him day and night, because if he died the case would become one of hanging for his assailant, who had been arrested immediately. As soon as the patient was able to stand he was taken in a carriage to give his evidence, when the aggressor was condemned to a long term of penal servitude.

To No. 57 there came a great, burly Irishman, with an enormous lump on his forehead, his eye shut up, and a blow at the back of his head which it was feared might prove serious. He said that he had fallen from a scaffolding, but the doctors felt quite sure that the blows had been received in fighting. He had a scowling, bad expression, and came in swearing, dirty as the ground, his clothes torn, and his shoes dropping off his feet. The porter put him into a bath, but even then he was hardly fit to touch. He began at once making difficulties; he was not used, he said, to lie down in the day. It was with great trouble that he was got into bed, where his huge bulk lay "like a hippopotamus." He used to get rid of the sheets and wrap himself up in the bedclothes in a bundle, like an animal. His language was abominable, and he sang wicked songs. He would jump out of bed, and shut the windows of the small ward in which he lay, and when he got the nurses into trouble about the want of ventilation, he always denied that *he* had touched the window.

"Why don't you help us with our singing, as they do in the other wards?" said one of the patients to the nurse. "Because," she said, "you can't expect me to sing such things as you are singing," whereupon he struck up the *Te Deum*, and she helped him to the best of her power. That afternoon they had none but proper songs; the next day, however, the Irishman complained bitterly that "the nurses would sing yesterday all that the others wanted, and if I begin there's nothing but looks as black as thoonder." There is a placard in each ward forbidding all swearing, and the nurses tried to check his oaths by saying that they should report him to the authorities. "Yes," he said; "there you go on, all of you, reporting and reporting! We're not children. You'll find yourselves in the wrong box some of these days. What will you say if you get a crack on the back of the neck some day as you're passing round the corner of the street?" He was utterly unmanageable, and the doctors were extremely anxious to get him out of the hospital, where he did harm to all in the ward who followed his lead; and at the end of three weeks, to his great disgust, he was sent away, his wounds being very much better. He had complained of everything — of the food, of the dressings, which were not at all painful. But the sorest grievance of all was being turned out sooner than the rest. "Thankful!" he said; "what should I be thankful for? This hospital belongs to the poor, and you nurses are our paid servants. We are not going to be thankful to *you*; you get your training on us."

There were some very bad cases of skin-disease at this time — ("I wonder whether Job was suffering from eczema," said an expert). One of elephantiasis, which, being rare, was very interesting to the doctors, and of which the possessor was exceedingly proud, the leg having swelled so that he required a trouser almost like a petticoat.

The uncommon cases receive most attention (not care) from the doctors; accordingly the fortunate object takes great pride in himself. "*I* am an interesting case," he says to his neighbor, perhaps

"a compound fracture," whose sufferings may be far greater, if more commonplace, and who sighs and looks on him with envy.

"A compound fracture," however, became a public character about this time. After trying to save the patient's leg the doctors told him that it must be amputated. He was fed up and prepared with great care, and was supposed to be in very good condition for the operation. His wife was warned that it was to take place, and she came to see him just before he was carried to the theatre, when she was left sitting by his bed to await his return. Chloroform was administered, but before a knife had even touched him the man was dead. There was a terrible "upset" among the doctors; the ward-sister and the nurses were crying as if their hearts would break. "*You* must tell her," said the sister. "I never can do it," sobbed the nurse. At last the sister had to go up to the watching woman, widowed within the last few minutes, and sitting all unconscious beside the empty bed, to break the news.

The effects of chloroform are strangely varied. In general the sickness brought on by it produces great depression, but in one case a man was brought out of the operation theatre singing at the top of his voice with excitement. When he reached the ward he cried out, "Chorus, gentlemen, chorus!" and every one took up the song as they were told, supposing only that he rejoiced that the probation time was over.

The things which alarm some of these great strong men are very curious. "Just look at that there window-curtain blowing! the draught's enough to kill a man." A bath is looked upon as very dangerous; they will do anything to avoid it. "Why, it'll just be the death of me to be wet all over!" or, "I had a bath last night, I needn't go in!" entreats a man who has apparently never been washed since he was a child. The thermometer for taking the "temperature" of a patient is looked upon with awe. "Will it hurt me *very* much, nurse?" said a great, heavy dock laborer, looking anxiously at the mysterious little instrument.

Two frightful cases of hydrophobia, which came in at not long intervals, illustrated the terrible side which must always be in a hospital. The madness which accompanies the disease was so violent that it was too much for the nurses to manage, and both had to be looked after by the porter — both died.

The wide catholicity of the help which hospitals afford is shown by the number of strange nationalities to be found there at different times — black men, yellow men, dusky men, pale-faced men, Spaniards, Norwegians, East Indians, and men of the West, etc., etc. A full-blooded negro sailor, who came in fresh from Africa, used to strip off his shirt and tie a handkerchief round his waist as soon as nurses and doctors turned their backs, and even rush across the ward in this condition; he was not used to clothes; washing was detestable to him, but he saved up his butter to oil himself all over with. If he was thwarted, he looked as if he would put a knife into the offender. He was suffering from dysentery, and could not endure the starvation from solid food which the treatment required, and ran away. He was sent back by the ship's doctor, however, and when asked for the reason of his flight, said, "Abdallah's small boy dead;" but as the sad event took place in Africa it hardly seemed relevant to his escape.

A mad Chinaman was so conscious that he was well off that when he was ordered to be taken to the Union he absolutely refused to go, and adhered so firmly, though quietly, to the floor of the padded room that he was only got off with great difficulty. He was like a surly dog.

Another Chinaman, suffering from bronchitis, was persuaded one day, as he sat on the side of his bed, to unplait his tail, and laughed heartily at the surprise of the earnest onlookers, to find that it, and indeed all other tails (he said), were largely composed of false hair and silk, to make them look big and important.

The number of negroes, chiefly sailors, to be found in hospital, is great, and points to the growing difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of English seamen. It shows that the whole nominal strength of our merchant service is not to be relied on as a reserve for the navy in time of war, on which we sometimes seem to count.

A surreptitious addition was made to the black population in hospital one day. A woman (white) had been admitted for some complaint, and her further condition was not found out till so late that the authorities did not like to send her away. The child, when it arrived, turned out a full negro, woolly hair, thick lips, color, etc., all complete. It was a jolly little babe, however, and the sister, who was most angry at the clandestine mode of its arrival, was so proud of it that she

often carried it about the wards to be admired.

Even the hurts from wild beasts are not unrepresented. A man working in a menagerie was bitten severely by a bear in cleaning out his den, having omitted to drive him into the inner cell. His hand was hardly human to look at, but as soon as he could get out he went back "to stir up the bear with a pole," and he ended by declaring that he "would be even with him still." So that as the bear probably had his own views on the subject, the prospects of peace were not great in the den.

The sufferings of children are always very pathetic to witness. No. 73 was a poor little boy of seven years old; his father, in a drunken fit, was beating his wife violently, when the child rushed in to try and protect her; the father seized him by the legs and threw him over his shoulder on to the stone floor behind. His head was frightfully injured, and he was carried into the hospital, where he lay moaning in delirium for days and days. After that he recovered a little, so as to be conscious, and was a great pet in the ward. The dressings were very painful, and the men in the beds round him, who did not care much for each other's sufferings, were all extremely interested and pitiful.

"Don't yer mind, chappie, it'll soon be over, and you'll be so comfortable afterwards; take heart, little un, and then you shall sing to us."

The child's songs were very popular, particularly one about Jacko, the negro boy. "There is no fun when Jacko is not there," was the chorus; then all sorts of misfortunes happened, "the fiddlers fingers won't go straight; he'll go and bust his bow!"

The father and mother came to see him, to the great indignation of the company. The men cried out when they were gone, "He ought to have twenty years" (penal servitude, understood). That he should beat his wife was natural, and probably served her right, but that he should so injure his boy was quite outside the laws of the game in their eyes.

The child had not the smallest feeling against his father, but he quite agreed with this view, and added, "Yes, he ought to be in a cook-shop for a month, with nothing to eat but the steam he can lick off the windows." He had evidently served his apprenticeship to the sight of pleasures without the possibility of enjoying them. As he grew better he became a little restless, and used to run about, in his small hospital dressing-gown, sometimes with the temperature thermometer tucked under his arm, in and out among the beds; it was against orders, but neither nurses nor doctors chose to see him; the men sometimes interceded for him, "Let him run, nurse; it'll do him a lot o' good, poor little chap."

He was kept as long as possible, and was very sorry to go to the dismal home which he was to return to, although the mother seemed to be a tolerably respectable, quiet woman. His health was permanently injured, and he never could hope to be a strong man.

Another little thing of six years old, and looking even younger, was brought in, terribly burnt from sitting up in bed smoking "pretence" cigarettes in paper. The dressing of the wound was so painful that he often tried to bite and scratch the nurses; but at other times he was a sweet little boy, of whom they were all extremely fond; and one of the nurses used to carry him about in her arms like a baby to visit the different beds, where he sang his little songs, which were very popular — "The girl I did court, and the ring I did bought, etc."

On one occasion a mere baby was brought in with a burn. It had been taken first among the children, but was suspected of measles, and the doctor ordered it into the men's ward, as a matter of precaution.

"I do not believe it is measles," said the nurse.

"What else can it be?" answered the doctor.

"Flea-bites," replied she.

The marks literally touched each other; she turned out right; it gives some little idea of the dirt of the places from which some of the patients come.* The men who could walk were always fussing about the little cot, giving the baby her bottle, etc., etc., and those who were bedridden talked of it.

The presence of child patients in a ward is extremely beneficial; the men scruple at using bad words or swearing before

* In one instance, a nurse sent in to help a dying woman found only a pudding-dish which could hold water to wash her face; in another there was nothing but a tea-pot. It must never, however, be forgotten that cleanliness is nearly impossible when every household operation has to be carried out in one room. It is here that the superior comfort of cottages tells most. Such overcrowding as cramming a whole family into one room is simply unheard of in the country, and there is a bit of garden or yard, space in short for the various works required, and for the children to play and be out of the way.

them, and it brings out the best and kindest parts of their nature. In the wards where they are to be found, the men are always more civilized and better conducted.

There is an open time after tea, when the patients are allowed to do what they please. Music is the great distraction. When a nurse is there and can persuade one performer to sing at a time, and the rest to join in chorus, the effect is very tolerable; but when each man sings his own words to his own tune, and when the triangle, the penny whistle, and the jews-harp — the only instruments allowed — all take their own lines, the uproar of discord is tremendous; the pleasure in mere noise is evidently great after the enforced quiet of so many hours, and it must be remembered that many of the patients are lads under twenty. There are, however, more sedate pastimes — drafts, dominoes, and illustrated papers.

These are a few cases only among the thousands of sufferers. The manner in which the human atoms rise into the full light of hospital publicity, and are helped in all the ways that skill and kindness can suggest, and then disappear forever in the great seething ocean of life, into an oblivion as complete as that of death itself, is, however, very sad; not one in four or five hundred is ever heard of again. A few return on the visiting days to see their friends and thank the nurse or doctor, but the population inside and outside the hospital changes so rapidly that their visits soon cease.

The hospital itself, however, is anything but a sad place. On the women's side those who are married hanker after their children and their wretched homes, but the men are less troubled by sentimental regrets, and are extremely "jolly." They are mostly better off than they have ever been in their lives in material comforts; they have what is to them very agreeable society and a good deal of amusement; the nurses are cheerful, and low spirits are not the distinguishing feature of young doctors.

The immense change which a greater knowledge of the human frame has brought about in medical treatment has entirely altered the status of nurses; they must be sufficiently trained to carry out the orders of the doctors now, when the mere swallowing of drugs has become a small part of the cure. External applications have taken the place of the old practice; bleeding* and blistering are almost unknown. The use of the microscope, of the stethoscope, the taking of the temperature, are all discoveries of the last score of years. The idea of assisting nature to restore health has taken the field, conservative surgery has become the rule, and the value of good nursing has accordingly risen in proportion. "This is a case for the nurse," says the doctor continually, especially in medical cases, after giving his orders, which only an intelligent person on the spot, trained for the purpose to understand what is before her eyes, could see carried out properly. "To put in practice the instructions she receives according to the changing exigencies at the moment of the sick person" is no light task.

The hospital is a charitable institution which may be said to do more good and less harm than any other. It does not pauperize, and gives help at the most critical moment to the sufferers. It is essentially Christian; there is no trace of anything of the kind in the ancient religions. Hospitals for cats and monkeys existed in Egypt and India, but it was as sacred characters, sick divinities, that they were well treated, not as fellow-creatures. It was not till Christianity taught the world the value of the individual human life, even when distorted and degraded by disease and misery, that such institutions became possible. It is the more to be regretted when we hear of any shortcomings in "hospital Saturdays" and Sundays, and that the working classes do not take more interest in assisting the cause. Perhaps, if they could have some share of representation on the governing bodies of the hospitals, this at least might be to some degree remedied. The cause is their own, it is for their own benefit, as they are strangely slow to perceive. The balance sheets of some of the unendowed hospitals are somewhat sad reading. In one case 20,000*l.* was asked for to conduct the work, which there is small chance of raising; and smaller institutions require far larger subsidies than they can get. A wider field from which to draw their resources would greatly assist the harvest necessary for the full development of the most useful of charities.

Probably also some small payments should be exacted from many who are perfectly able to contribute, for assistance

* It is told of a country practitioner of the last generation that he said to his assistant, "If you are called in during my absence and don't know what to do, bleed." In letters of the seventeenth century bleeding is prescribed for everything — sore eyes, dyspepsia, even small-pox.

which they receive at present *in formâ pauperis* — an imputation which they would resent greatly in any other connection. To receive charity, in short, when they ought to provide the help for themselves, is to prevent those in real destitution from obtaining as much of the benefits of the institution as they would otherwise do. Many beds are left vacant in several of the best of the hospitals because the funds are not sufficient to support the expense of them, which is indeed a sorry sight for those who care for their kind.

F. P. VERNEY.

From The Spectator.

"JOHN BULL ET SON ILE" IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE popularity of Mr. Max O'Rell's pamphlet on English life and manners has shown once again how eagerly we seek to "see ourselves as others see us." Our ancestors were probably not above this natural instinct, but it is unlikely that they ever became acquainted with the criticism passed upon them by one Stephen Perlin, a French ecclesiastic who visited England about the year 1553. As an instance of how much and how little we have advanced during the last three hundred years, it may be interesting to give some extracts from M. Perlin's sketch, which was published at Paris in the year 1558, and dedicated to the Duchesse de Berri. For London M. Perlin has nothing but praise: "A very beautiful and excellent city, and, after Paris, one of the most beautiful, largest, and richest places in the whole world. . . . This city is rich in grocery, in cloth, linens, fisheries, and has one of the most beautiful bridges in the world. . . . There are beautiful suburbs, which are even greater than the city itself. Their principal church is dedicated to St. Paul, which they call in their language 'Paules;' and when they would say, 'Which is the way to St. Paul's Church?' they say, '*Ou es ou est goud ad Paules.*'" It is to be observed, both here and later on, that M. Perlin gives his countrymen some curious specimens of the English, "as she" was "spoke," of the period. "In this city are many beautiful mansions and palaces, which are the dwellings of the milors or chief nobility." We have a sad account of the English people: "One may say of the English, they are neither valiant in war nor faithful in peace;" and when speaking of Calais, so soon to be French again, he says: "That the common people are proud and seditious, of an evil conscience and unfaithful to their promises, is apparent by experience. These villains hate all sorts of strangers, and although they are placed in a good soil and a good country, as I have before alleged, they are wicked and extremely fickle; for at one moment they will adore a prince, and the next moment they would kill or crucify him. . . . It displeases me that these villains, in their own country, spit in our faces; although, when they are in France, we treat them like little divinities, — in which the French demonstrate themselves to be of a noble and generous spirit." These severe strictures may be accounted for when we read: "The people of this country have a mortal hatred for the French as their ancient enemies, and in common call us *France Chenesve*, *France Dogue*, which is to say, 'French knaves and French dogs.'" M. Perlin was no prophet, for he says, "The people of this country scarcely ever travel, or but little;" but perhaps not so far wrong when he adds, "and are not much given to letters, but only to vanity and ambition, and to all sorts of merchandise."

M. Perlin visited us in troublous times, and he gives us a quaint account of "Milor Notombellant's" insurrection, prefaced by the remark, "Good Lord, what a sedition was I witness to!" This is followed by a graphic description of the queen's entry into London, when we hear of her as "Madame Mary, Queen of England, mounted on a small, white, ambling nag." The princess Elizabeth receives a compliment which would have saved its author from the penalty of his religion, had he been caught in England a few years later, "In truth, a beautiful princess." M. Perlin was no bigot: "The queen made use of such horrible punishments, and by the effusion of human blood so established her authority, that everybody was astonished and terrified at remaining in the kingdom. . . . All the English preachers left England . . . and then the Canons of St. Paul's might be seen saying their vespers and mattins as in France." After this the sketch deals only with the manners and customs of the country and the author's reflections thereon: "In this kingdom are many beautiful ships, so handsome are hardly to be seen elsewhere in the whole world. . . . The people of this country make good cheer, and dearly love junketting; and you will see many rich taverns, and the tavern-

keepers have commonly large purses, in which are three or four smaller ones full of money, whence you may gather that this country is very rich, and that people in trade gain more in one week than those in Germany or Spain do in a month; for here you may commonly see artisans, such as hatters and joiners, play at tennis for a crown, which is not often seen elsewhere, particularly on a working day, and continually feasting in a tavern upon rabbits, hares, and all kinds of meat. . . . Both fish and butter are cheap, for I once bought nine plaice for a denier; but you must understand that the denier is worth nine tournois French money, or thereabouts, and is called a *peni*. . . . The men are large, handsome, and ruddy, with flaxen hair, being in a Northern latitude. Their women, of any estimation, are the greatest beauties in the world, and as fair as alabaster, without offence to those of Italy, Flanders, and Germany be it spoken. They are also cheerful and courteous, and of a good address. The English in general are cheerful, and great lovers of music; for there is no church, however small, but has musical service performed in it. They are likewise great drunkards, for if an Englishman would treat you, he will say, in his language, '*Vis dring a quarta rim Gasquim oim Hespaignol oim Malvoysi*,'—that is, 'Will you drink a quart of Gascoigne wine, another of Spanish, and another of Malmsey?' In drinking or eating, they will say to you above a hundred times, '*Drind iou*,' which is, 'I am going to drink to you;' and you should answer them in their language, '*Iplaigu*,' which means, 'I pledge you.' If you would thank them in their language, you must say, '*God tanque artelay*,' which is to say, 'I thank you with all my heart.' When they are drunk, they will swear blood and death that you shall drink all that is in your cup, and will thus say to you, '*Bigod, sol drind iou agoud oin*.' . . . It is to be noted that in this excellent kingdom there is, as I have said, no kind of order. The people are reprobates, and thorough enemies to good manners and letters, for they don't know whether they belong to God or the Devil,—which St. Paul has reprehended in many people, saying, 'Be not transported with divers sorts of wind, but be constant and steady to your belief.' In this country all the shops of every trade are open, like those of the barbers in France, and have many glass windows. . . . In the windows, as well in cities as villages, are plenty of flowers, and at the taverns plenty of hay upon their wooden floors, and many cushions of tapestry, on which travellers seat themselves. England is remarkable for all sorts of fruits, as apricots, peaches, and quantities of nuts. . . . The country is covered and very shady, for the lands are all enclosed with hedges, oaks, and many other sorts of trees, so that in travelling you seem to be in one continued wood. But you will find many little flights of steps, which are called 'amphores.' Over these foot-passengers go, by little paths, into the grounds; here horsemen cannot come, but are obliged to keep the highroad, among trees and bushes. . . . The English . . . consume great quantities of beer, double and single, and do not drink it out of glasses, but from earthenware pots with silver handles and covers, and this even in houses of middle fortune; for as to the poor, the covers of their pots are only pewter, and in some places, such as villages, their pots for beer are made only of wood. The houses of the people of this country are as well furnished as any in the world."

The insecurity of life and property seems to have impressed M. Perlin deeply: "Likewise, in this country you will scarcely find any nobleman some of whose relations have not been beheaded. For my part (with reverence to my reader), I had rather be a hog-driver and keep my head, for this disorder falls furiously on the heads of great lords. For a while you may see these great lords in vast pomp and magnificence, and the next instant you behold them under the hands of the executioner." In drawing a brilliant, and perhaps flattering, picture of his native land, which seems, from his account, to have been in the golden age at that period, he contrasts the justice of the two countries: "Its" (France's) "justice is well administered, not tyrannically, as in England, which is the pest and ruin of a country, for a kingdom should be governed not by shedding human blood in such abundance as to make it run into rivulets, thereby disturbing the good people." Criminal reform appears to have been as much needed then as now: "In England, the legal punishments are very cruel, for a man is put to death for a trifling offence. For a crime which in France would be only punished with a whipping, a man would here be sentenced to death. It is true they have here but two sorts of executions, hanging and beheading, and by this means a man is as severely punished for a trifling as a more heinous offence, which ought not to be,

and is better regulated in France, for there are several sorts of torments, according to the crime." M. Perlin is kinder to our climate than those who have come after him, his only remark on the subject being, "In the seaports of this country, it rains frequently on account of storms at sea." On the whole, it is to be hoped that our visitor enjoyed himself, for he concludes the account of his travels with, "It is good living here, as I found it in my time. Let this suffice for England."

From The Peoples of the World.

THE JUGGERNAUT.

THE Hindoo shrine which is most known in Europe is that of Juggernaut, Juggernauth, or Jagannât'h. Who has not heard of his car, and of the human beings who throw themselves under its ponderous wheels? A few words on this celebrated shrine may therefore be appropriately given here, more especially as the utmost absurdity has been written in regard to it. The temple is situated in Pooree, or Juggernaut, in the province of Orissa, about two hundred and fifty miles south-west of Calcutta, and is chiefly remarkable for the idol contained in it, which is annually dragged in its car in procession. The town in which this celebrated procession is held is mean, dirty, and badly built. The streets are crowded with sacred oxen, who are trained to attack with their horns, "in a quiet and measured way," any intruders on the sacredness of the route. Various kinds of monkeys may be seen perched on the houses, walls, and trees; and in the water-tanks are tame crocodiles, which are objects of worship. "The Pagoda of Juggernaut," writes an eye-witness, "is at the end of the principal street, which is very wide, and composed almost entirely of religious establishments with low-pillared verandahs in front, and plantations of trees interposed. The temple stands within a square space inclosed by a lofty stone wall, and measuring six hundred and fifty feet on a side. The principal entrance is crowded with the baskets and umbrellas of the natives, and the huts of dried leaves and branches which serve as a shelter for a number of fakirs, and it opens on a vestibule with a pyramidal roof. On each side is a monstrous figure, representing a kind of crowned lion. In front is a column of dark-colored basalt, of very light and elegant proportions, surmounted by the figure of the monkey-god Hanuman, the Indian Mercury. The great pagoda rises from twenty feet high within the outer enclosure; from a base thirty feet square it rises one hundred and eighty feet, tapering slightly from bottom to top, and rounded off on the upper part, being crowned with a kind of dome. The temple is dedicated to Krishna, who is the principal object of worship in the character of Juggernaut, and as an incarnation of Vishnoo, but is held in joint tenancy with Siva and with Sabhadra, the supposed sister and wife of Siva. There are idols of each, consisting of rudely sculptured blocks of wood about six feet in height, surmounted by frightful representations of the human countenance. Krishna is dark blue, Siva white, and Sabhadra of a yellowish hue. In front of the altar on which these idols are placed is a figure of the hawk-god, Garounda. A repast is daily served to these idols; it consists of 410 pounds of rice, 225 pounds of flour, 350 pounds of clarified butter (ghee), 167 pounds of treacle, 65 pounds of vegetables, 187 pounds of milk, 24 pounds of spices, 34 pounds of salt, and 41 pounds of oil. These articles of food certainly seem sufficient, not only to satisfy the appetite of the idols, whatever may be the capacity of their divine stomachs, but even those of the holy men and attendants who belong to the establishment. During the meal the doors are closed against all but a few favored individuals sanctified by long fasts and a habit of asceticism and penitence. Loud strains of the peculiar music, better appreciated by Oriental than by Western ears, fill the air and drown all other sounds while the gods are consuming their daily rations." On the day of procession two stout cables are attached to the car. These are seized by thousands, or by as many as can obtain a place to hold by. At one time so eager were the devotees to share in the honor of dragging the idol's car, that the greatest and best men of the town struggled with each other to obtain a hold upon the ropes, and, to use Bruton's language, "they are so greedy and eager to draw it, that whosoever by shouldering, crowding, shoving, heaving, thrusting, or in any insolent way, can but lay a hand upon the rope, they think themselves blessed and happy; and when it is going along the city, there are many that will offer themselves as a sacrifice to the idol, and desperately lie down on the ground that the chariot-wheels may run over them, whereby they are killed outright; some get broken arms, some broken legs, so that many of them are destroyed,

and think to merit heaven." Such was the idol of Juggernaut and its procession in former times. Of late years its popularity has vastly fallen off. The Hindoo is beginning to be wonderfully cautious of that swarthy skin of his, even in the service of the gods, and with a view to his salvation. On a late occasion, indeed, instead of thousands of devotees struggling to get at the ropes, not a single hand assisted to drag the car along; and to the horror and chagrin of the Brahmins, for the first time in history the idols of Juggernaut came to a standstill in the streets of Pooree: and yet no harm befel the multitude from the avenging wrath of the gods! A not uncommon way is for the pilgrim to extend himself flat out on the ground on his stomach, to stretch out his hands as far as possible, then rise and place his feet where his hands had been, and repeat the process; thus he passes over the whole weary road to Pooree, it may be for hundreds of miles, by distances of about six feet at a time, his bruised body being the instrument of measurement. One cause of the popularity of Juggernaut was, and is, that though on the road caste distinctions are as strictly kept up as on any other occasion, yet in the presence of the god all manner of men, high and low, may mingle together, and eat from the same table.

From The Spectator.

IRISH LOVE AND LAUGHTER.

It is hardly wonderful that Englishmen fail to comprehend Irishmen. Few races comprehend their enemies; and it is the Irish who are enemies whom Englishmen study, rather than the entire people, which is not so much hostile to England as censorious and suspicious about England, full of the jealousy with which unprosperous cousins regard their too successful kinsman. Even, however, were the two peoples friends, we question if they would ever quite understand each other, — the real reason why men and women can so constantly be lovers, but, unless united by close ties of blood, so seldom comrade-friends. How are Englishmen, indeed, with their fixed ideas, to understand a people who, while always looking back to the past, are always utopians in idea; who are among the most humorous and the most gloomy of mankind; who are as reckless as boys and as *rusés* as old men; who never in their wildest moments lose sight of "interests," and never in their soberest moods are quite free from bedevilment; who positively enjoy self-pity, yet are keenly sensitive to any remark which trenches on their dignity; who have, as a people, no care for beauty or grace of surroundings, and will live in voluntary squalor rather than take trouble on behalf of external refinement, yet who exhibit perpetually in their lives, their literature, and their likings, an inborn susceptibility to grace and fancy, like that of a race of artists? How is an Englishman to understand, for example, the kind of emotion which prompts so many Irish love-songs — the half-adoring, half-quizzing, half-devoted, half-self-ridiculing emotion which shines out in so many of them? We have just looked through a collection of such songs, forming the first part of Mr. Graves's collection of "Songs of Irish Wit and Humor," which, but for them, would be a poor one — the political songs are badly chosen, without a trace of true Irish fire, and some of the drinking-songs would discredit Dutchmen — but which for the sake of the love-ditties all lovers of poetry will do well to keep. They are by many hands, some known, some unknown, and of all kinds and degrees of merit; but they all have one peculiarity. Without an exception, they are pervaded by a spirit which, so far as we know, we could not find in any English love-songs whatever, — a spirit of graceful and, to our minds, charming playfulness, so expressed that you never doubt for a moment that the light, sometimes even derisive, words cover an affectionateness — not a passion, mind — so deep, that but for the laugh, it might give way in tears. English poets have many moods in their love-songs, but not, we think, exactly this one, — not this union of sincere feeling, sometimes even of worshipping feeling, with an inner sense of a certain comedy in the situation, as if the poet would not suffer himself to be quite serious. We could produce from English collections specimens burning with passion, alive with worship, saturated with affectionateness, full of longing, of rapture, or of that melancholy "want," that sense of something missing and never to be replaced, which is the distinctive note of the English poetry of love. But for the special tone of these Irish songs, this love-making by a man who is dancing the while, yet in dancing is full of the wish to win his love, and fearful lest in his highest jumps he should ever cease to seem as admiring as he feels, we should, we fear,

in English poetry look in vain. We cannot remember a man who could have written them, for even Suckling would have lapsed into mere gravity, and Herrick have made his utterance less spontaneous; while both, though they might have made their words smile, would have lacked the power to make the laugh heard which accompanies some of these songs. Take this one, for instance, by Lover. The man who made that is consciously laughing at himself all the while, yet all the while is as earnest as if he were gravity itself: —

Oh, I'm not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
I'm not myself at all.
Nothin' carin', nothin' knowin',
'Tis afther you I'm goin',
Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growin',
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
Th' other day I went confessin',
And I ask'd the father's blessin';
"But," says I, "don't give me one intirely,
For I fretted so last year
But the half o' me is here,
So give the other half to Molly Brierly."
Oh! I'm not myself at all!
. . . . . .
Oh, my shadow on the wall,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
Isn't like myself at all.
For I've got so very thin,
Myself says 'tisn't him,
But that purty girl so slim,
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
If thus I smaller grew,
All fretting, dear, for you,
'Tis you should make me up the deficiency.
So just let Father Taaff
Make you my betther half,
And you will not the worse for the condition be —
Oh, I'm not myself at all!

I'll be not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
Till you my own I call!
Since a change o'er me there came
Sure you might change your name —
And 'twould just come to the same,
Molly dear,
'Twould just come to the same:
For if you and I were one,
All confusion would be gone,
And 'twould simplify the matter intirely;
And 'twould save us so much bother,
When we'd both be one another —
So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly;
Oh, I'm not myself at all!

Will any man say that, apart from the music, the meaning of that song would go home to any average English audience? They would laugh, maybe, though not very heartily; but would they catch the cry in it? And how many Englishmen would feel sympathy with the extravagance in the really wonderful line we have italicized, in which Mr. Allingham tries to describe the rhythmical grace of his mistress's dancing, — a line which none but an Irishman could have written? —

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before:
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;
But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh, but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so much praised;
But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

Or, to take a still better one, by Mr. Graves himself, in which the laughter is almost restrained into a smile, and which therefore comes nearer to English taste and comprehension without effort. This is part of "Nancy, the Pride of the West:" —

Have you heard Nancy sigh? then you've caught the sad echo,
From the wind-harp enchantingly borne.
Have you heard the girl laugh? then you've heard the first cuckoo
Chant summer's delightful return.
And the songs that poor ignorant country-folk fancy,
The lark's liquid raptures on high,
Are just old Irish airs from the sweet lips of Nancy,
Flowing up and refreshing the sky.

And though her foot dances so soft from the heather
To the dew-twinkling tussocks of grass,
It but warns the bright drops to slip closer together
To image the exquisite lass;
We've no men left among us, so lost to emotion,
Or scornful, or cold to her sex,
Who'd resist her, if Nancy once took up the notion
To set that soft foot on their necks.

Yet, for all that the bee flies for honey-dew fragrant
To the half-opened flower of her lips;
And the butterfly pauses, the purple-eyed vagrant,
To play with her pink finger-tips;

From all human lovers she locks up the treasure
A thousand are starving to taste,
And the fairies alone know the magical measure
Of the ravishing round of her waist.

There is a ring of merriment in that as well as of feeling, of fun as well as of passionate admiration and longing, to which we cannot readily quote an English parallel. These songs are all made for the people, and have been caught by the people; and what must there be that none of us perceive in the people to whom they are so pleasant, what that is utterly at variance with the other side of Irishmen so constantly presented to the Saxon? How is it that the men who by preference wish love to be expressed with this note in it, with this tone of sweet, graceful humor bursting now and again — as in the two lines we have marked — into open laughter, not unconscious of positive absurdity, are in malice so sullen and black, and, as Englishmen feel, so unreasonable? It is all the stranger, that laugh, because though Irish prose is often witty, the laugh is seldom heard in it, any more than it is in Irish oratory, which, though far more poetical, is usually quite as grave in meaning as English eloquence. We never read the lighter poetry of Ireland, however slight, without fancying that somehow an elf and a peasant have been bound up in one form; and perhaps after all that is true, and it is through a certain doubleness of nature produced by centuries of a double life — the true life passed at home, the other life lived before the stranger — that an Irishman eludes the Englishman's comprehension. The latter, consciously or unconsciously, thinks all men not only are but should be single-natured — whence part of his rather Philistine admiration for consistency — and when he discovers a man who is not so, recoils, half in fear and half in a kind of contempt, both of them feelings fatal to mutual intelligence.

From The Quiver.

THE SOURCES OF THE JORDAN.

On the confines of the Holy Land, below the lower spurs of Mount Hermon and the Anti-Lebanon, two villages, only a little more than four miles apart, standing on the crests of two small hills, and each peopled only by a few hundred inhabitants, have, since the earliest days of Palestine exploration, attracted the attention of travellers. Situated in the midst of the grandest scenery to be found in Palestine, these insignificant hamlets have claims upon the interest of the civilized world on other and wider grounds. Here we must seek for the two main sources of the Jordan, the most sacred stream on the face of the earth, unique alike in its history and its geography, whilst its valley presents geological problems that have yet to be solved. In Tell-el-Kady and Banias are satisfied in a remarkable degree all the conditions required to identify them respectively with the Dan of the Old Testament and the Cæsarea Philippi of the New, and there is no doubt remaining as to their coincidence with those ancient cities. Situated in the midst of the Huleh plain, about a mile south of the slopes of Hermon, is Tell-el-Kady, a rounded mound, six hundred and fifty-seven feet above the level of the sea, broad and low on the northern side, and rather steeper on the south. On the western side of the mound is an impenetrable thicket of oaks, oleanders, and reeds, and beneath them bursts forth the river Jordan, "full-grown at birth, a wonderful fountain, like a bubbling basin, the largest spring in Syria, and said to be the largest single spring in the world, where the drainage of the southern side of Hermon seems to have found a collective exit." The basin is nearly a hundred yards wide, and the water is singularly limpid. Another spring, rising in the centre of the mound, escapes over the south-western ridge, where, when Dr. Robinson saw it in 1852, it drove two mills, and possessed power to drive any number. It then joins the first and larger stream. The river, now known as the Nahr Leddan, descends rapidly through a luxuriant grove of oleanders, briers, wild figs, poplars, pistacia and mulberry trees, to the plain below, and, rushing on, passes Khurbet Daniah, another mound, and running side by side with the Nahr Hasbany, a smaller stream which drains the western slope of Hermon, it is, four miles to the southward, joined by the Nahr Banias, and becomes the Jordan, which receives the Hasbany as an affluent stream half a mile further south, and then flows into the dense jungle of papyrus of the Huleh marshes. There is no question that the city of Dan, the ancient Lesem or Laish, was a Phœnician colony, an offshoot of Sidon, and the story of the surprise and conquest of its careless inhabitants by the warlike Danites, who came up this rich plain from their tribal

territory in the south-west of Palestine, is told in the Books of Joshua and Judges. It was here that the Danites built their city, and called it Dan, "after the name of Dan their father." From Tell-el-Kady to Banias, which lies due east, the road passes through beautiful park-like scenery, thickly studded with trees, principally oak, not very large, but very refreshing after the bare plain to the west of the Tell. The village of Banias, which is now inhabited by about three hundred and fifty Moslems, lies in the corner of a recess in the plain, and, except on the west, is surrounded on all sides by hills. The vegetation is most luxuriant, and the stone-built houses are almost completely secluded by trees of all sorts. Behind them, to the north-east, on the summit of a narrow rocky ridge, with deep valleys on the northern and southern sides, rises the Crusading castle of Subeibeh, one of the finest and best preserved of the ruined castles of Galilee. From a cave at the foot of the cliff an immense spring gushes out, and bursting in a multitude of streamlets, through masses of rock and *débris*, which are conjectured to be the records of an earthquake, it forms a strong stream below them. This, the Nahr Banias, is the other source of the Jordan, and in ancient times it was by far the larger spring, but now the quantity of water in both the Nahr Banias and the Nahr Leddan is about the same. In the face of the rock, immediately above the stream, but rendered accessible by the pile of *débris*, are cut three niches, and here too is a large grotto. The tablets on the niches bear Greek inscriptions, which have been partially deciphered, and leave no doubt that here we have the remnants of a pagan shrine, of no vast antiquity, but of surpassing interest in its bearing upon history. Here the Greeks of the Macedonian kingdom of Antioch probably raised a temple to Pan, calling the colony Paneas, an appellation which has come down to us in the modern form Banias.

NASIK. — The district of Nasik, situated on the north-west frontier of the Nizam's territory, but within the limits of the Bombay Presidency, forms the subject of the sixteenth volume of the *Bombay Gazetteer*. Nasik lies for the most part on a tableland, and for administrative purposes it is divided into twelve districts, while two great natural divisions mark off the cultivable from the uncultivable region. These latter are called Dang and Desh, and while the former is a bare and barren expanse of country, with tracts of absolute desert, the latter is thickly wooded in parts, and cultivated throughout by an industrious population. Mr. James Campbell, the author of this volume, which has been compiled from the reports and personal observations of the local officers, gives a very interesting account of the inhabitants and their mode of living, while the state of their agriculture comes in for much clear and instructive description. Nasik is watered by, among other streams, the upper course of the Godavery, and had in 1872 a population of 734,386, or an average of about 90·2 to the square mile. Unquestionably the most interesting part of the history of Nasik is its early associations. It was here, or near here, that Agastya, the great Aryan sage who introduced civilization into the peninsula, had a hermitage, in which he received visits from the hero Ram, and in the epic which recites that leader's deeds — the "Ramayan" — Nasik is described as "a forest country rich in fruit and flower trees, full of wild beasts and birds." After the long interval of twenty centuries Nasik formed part of the State of the Mahratta chief Holkar, when the Peishwa made in 1817 his last effort to array the national forces against the English. Holkar's forces were routed early in the war, and as a consequence Nasik became in 1818 a British possession. During the mutiny there were local disturbances which led to some severe fighting, and the rebels, who really took arms only with a view to plunder, were not defeated until a special corps of Kolis, described as "brave highlanders and born soldiers," had been raised for the purpose of assisting the local police. Several English officers lost their lives, and it was not until the end of 1859 that the surprise and death of their leader, Baghoji, gave the assurance of tranquillity. The most attractive chapter in the volume is one of two hundred and fifty pages, on the places of interest, and among these the numerous hill-forts are not the least important. In conclusion, we may say that there are few parts of India containing finer scenery than Nasik, which may be identified with the Janasthan of antiquity.

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THE ROBIN.

HER long white fingers o'er the keys
Wandered, a quiet hour to please,
And 'neath their touch, in low sweet swell,
The mellow music rose and fell;
She paused upon a chord to see
The robin in the willow-tree.

Over the poet's page she bent,
In his rich melody content;
The firelight lit the graceful room,
And all without was cold and gloom;
And yet she left the hearth to see
The robin in the willow-tree.

'Mid flowers and china smoked the cup
That women best love filling up;
And pages traced by loving hands,
Brought tidings from fair foreign lands;
She turned from letters, and from tea,
To fling crumbs 'neath the willow-tree.

The pretty, faithful, constant friend,
To the hushed life, love taught to lend
A sense of sweet companionship;
With moistened eye and smiling lip,
She listens to its melody—
The robin in the willow-tree.

All The Year Round.

BLACKTHORN.

SHE sleeps! Ah, welcome spell of rest
To tired hands and brain oppressed!
Her morning task is done.
With what a soft pathetic grace
The chill March sunbeams kiss her face,
My poor work-wearied one!

I sit me softly by her side,
A little space I may abide,
To watch her breathing free;
Ah me! the thin, care-sharpened cheek,
The sunken brows, that dumbly speak
Of all she shares with me!

I wooed her from the lap of wealth,
While strong in youth, and proud of health,
I thought the world my own;
And she, sweet soul, put lightly by
The gauds that charm the worldly eye,
And lived for me alone.

I look upon her sleeping face,
And by her pallid cheek I place
A tiny blackthorn spray;
Meet symbol of her joyless life,
For we are conquered in the strife,
Are beaten in the fray.

The roses of this lower world
Were not for us, the wild winds hurled
Afar our hopes' young buds;
And grim misfortune's sullen tide
Swamped all life's landscape far and wide,
Like February floods.

Ah, trusting heart! too true to me,
Ah, tender wife! 'tis hard for thee,
This round of labor done:
The blackthorn's leafless pearly spray,
Instead of rosy-clustered may,
And cloud instead of sun.

What! wakest thou to hear my moan?
Ah, darling, in thy tender tone
Lies life's best music yet;
Though worldly ways are closed to me,
God gave me all in giving thee,
My heart hath no regret.

Take thou this little blackthorn spray
I plucked upon my homeward way,
It doth us comfort bring;
Though hope has failed, true love survives,
The "blackthorn winter" of our lives
Leads to eternal spring!

All The Year Round.

ON TWO PICTURES OF G. F. WATTS, R.A.

I.

LOVE AND DEATH.

LOVE, one while seen with wings of various dyes,
An infant mischief, but a god withal,—
Still changeth semblance with the changing call
Of human need; how have we known his eyes
Dark with the dire and passionate surprise
Of youthful sorrow, as the phantom tall,
Shrouded in Death's impenetrable pall
Forced back his portal, ruthless of his cries.

Cold Death, that holdeth Love in such despite,
Trampling his roses, leaving him forlorn,—
The Lord of Love well knoweth to requite!
And you, Love's tyrant, have been made his scorn,
Since in the dunnest shadow of your night
First unto Love immortal Hope was born.

II.

LOVE AND LIFE.

How beautiful upon the mountains are
The feet of Love, beneath whose tread there grows
The verdure that is the herald of the rose;
And Life, in lead of Love, how art thou fair!
Thy soul, if tremulous, still brave to dare
The upward path, unwitting where it goes,
And all in holy trust of Love who knows,
To climb at ease from doubt, at rest from care.

Dear Love, that leadeth Life toward the springs
Of Light, what darkness may o'erwhelm her way,
How dense the mist upon the mountain clings!
Though she may see thee not, be thou her stay,
Lo the abyss! take heed, she hath no wings,
But hold her fast,— her feet will still obey.

Academy. EMILY PFEIFFER.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE CHRONICLE OF JAMES I. OF ARAGON.*

THE commentaries of the king of Aragon, whom the world surnamed the "Conqueror," were known as his "Chronicle," and as such formed one of the most remarkable literary works of a remarkable age. They were written by the warlike king in Catalan, a dialect differing but slightly from the Occitanian speech, from that *langue d'oc* which the Castilians despised, but which flourished on the northern side of the Pyrenees. It is now obsolete, or spoken only by the *pastres*, but in the thirteenth century it was the language of poets and of kings. The father of Eleanor of Guienne wrote *complaintes* and *sirventes* in it, and Queen Eleanor herself spoke it at the English court. The murdered troubadour, who has given his name to the Pré Catalan, so charmed Philip Augustus with his songs, that the jealous courtiers made away with him. Crusaders spoke in Catalan under the walls of Jerusalem, and in Catalan did Richard Cœur-de-Lion answer the poetical defiance of the dauphin of Auvergne. But those days are long past, and the "Chronicle," had it remained only in its Catalan wording, must have been a sealed book to many students. Yet its undeniable authenticity, the size of the work, and its vivid touches of men and manners during the thirteenth century, all commend it for study. Its glimpses of the art of military engineering before the use of gunpowder must attract one class of readers, while a larger class will appropriate its sketches of Saracen life, and recognize the value of its notices of the Spanish Jews in a century when chemistry, alchemy, fortifications, irrigation, and paper-making were all Semitic arts, and when Hebrew scholars, interpreters, surgeons, and stewards found favor at Spanish courts. As the picture of a long-forgotten past, we value the "Chronicle" of James of Aragon, and we hope to prove to our readers that the *Conquistador* deserves a high place among royal and noble authors.

Spanish history has had an extraordinary charm for some minds. Schiller's tragedy, Robertson's history, the works of Prescott and of Motley, the poems of Longfellow and of George Eliot, like the travels of the late Mr. Richard Ford, and the exquisite monographs of Sir William Stirling Maxwell, all show how the best pens have been inspired by *cosas de España*. The late Mr. James Forster was another student of Spanish pages and of Spanish manners. An English translation of the "Chronicle" appeared to him to be desirable; yet when he began to prepare an English version of the Conqueror's autobiography he anticipated great difficulties in the execution of his task. He might even have relinquished it had he not been able to rely on the help and sympathy of Don Pascuale de Gayangos. Of that gentleman Mr. Ford wrote in his "Handbook" that "he was by far the best Hispano-Arabic authority of the day, uniting to indefatigable industry a sound critical judgment." Such as Mr. Ford found this guide to be in 1845, he proved the same thirty years later to Mr. James Forster. In fact on Don Pascuale de Gayangos has devolved the sad duty of editing and completing Forster's unfinished work. Death overtook that patient scholar at his desk, when busied with a book that was to rescue from death's oblivion the loves and hates, the faults and the achievements, of Christian and Moslem captains. We must ask our readers to place themselves to-day at that desk, to turn the brilliant and scholarlike pages, to forget the "burning questions" of the hour, and to transplant themselves in imagination to the banks of the Ebro and the Garonne. We will ask them even to embark with King James, and to plant the cross in Mallorca, to roll up engines of war against the walls of Valencia, to reckon with the Jews of Béziers and of Barcelona, and to

* 1. *The Chronicle of James I., King of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror, written by himself.* Translated from the Catalan by the late JAMES FORSTER, M.P. for Berwick; with Historical Introduction, etc., by PASCUALE DE GAYANGOS. 2 vols. London: 1883.

2. *La Chanson de la Croisade contre les Albigeois, commencée par Guillaume de Tudèle, et continuée par un Poète anonyme.* Editée et traduite pour la Société de l'Histoire de France par PAUL MEYER. 2 vols. Paris: 1879.

3. *Les Juifs du Languedoc antérieurement au 14e siècle.* Par G. SAIGE, archiviste de S.A.S. le Prince Héréditaire de Monaco. Paris: 1883.

dictate to Moorish chiefs or to Albigeois heretics, and in an age when sword and stake were held to be the best arguments of orthodoxy, just as the tournament and the battle were the chief pastime of Iberian kings.

James I. was the son of Don Pedro II. of Aragon, and of Doña Maria, daughter and heiress of William of Montpellier, by Eudoxia, daughter of Emmanuel Comnenus, emperor of Constantinople. Born at Montpellier on the eve of Candlemas, February, 1208, the appearance of a male infant was hailed with joy by his parents. It was further esteemed a good omen that he should have appeared on such a high festival, for Spaniards were then, as now, fervent in their devotion to the *Virgo deipara*. Then, as now, the horoscope of a child was a weighty matter, and never to be drawn with pleasure if the infant chanced to be a *Zahora*, a person born on a Friday. No such melancholy and spirit-haunted creature was Doña Maria's first-born, but rather to be compared to that Cid Campeador *que en buen hora nascó*, and the queen caused him to be carried at once to the Church of Our Lady. "The clergy," says the "Chronicle," "did not notice the arrival of those who carried me, and as they entered the church were singing *Te Deum laudamus*. Then I was carried to St. Firmin, and when those who carried me entered that church the priests were singing *Benedicite Dominus Deus Israel;* so when they carried me back to my mother she was glad because of the prognostics that had happened." Next came the question of naming the child. Rome having appropriated, so to speak, the greatest of the apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, Spanish devotion had been fain to concentrate itself round Santiago. But Doña Maria meant to show no favoritism, rather to let a heavenly patron claim her son as his godchild.

> So she made twelve candles, all of one size and weight, and had them all lighted together, and gave each the name of an apostle, and vowed to our Lord that I should be christened by the name of that which lasted longest. And so it happened that the candle that went by the name of St. James lasted a good finger's breadth more than all the others. And owing to that circumstance, and to the grace of God, I was christened *el Jacme*. . . . My father the king was the most bounteous king that ever was in Spain, the most courteous and the most gracious, so that he gave away much treasure, through which his revenue and lands were diminished. He was a good man at arms, as good as any in the world. Of his other good qualities I will not write, so as not to lengthen this writing.

For the sake of brevity the author here omits a circumstance which probably was not without its effects on his own life and style. King Pedro was a man of letters, a cultivator of Provençal poetry, and as such a patron of troubadors, whom he protected and collected at his court. "Of the queen, Doña Maria, my mother, I will say that if ever there was a good woman in the world it was she." This is evidently meant to be a flattering notice, and the rather cynical form of the phrase must be set down to the personal experiences of *el Conquistador*, who, though he had a great respect both for his mother, his wife, and his eldest daughter, had unfortunately an extensive acquaintance with "light-hearted lemans." "This Doña Maria was called the holy queen, not only in Rome, where she died, but all over the world besides. Many sick are to this day cured by drinking, in water or in wine, the dust scraped from her tombstone in the church of St. Peter at Rome, where she is buried, near Santa Petronilla, the daughter of St. Peter." There, after an agitated life the mother of *el Conquistador* sleeps well. Her experience of the changes and chances of life might have furnished a tale for the "Decameron." The grandchild of an emperor, she was thrice married: first to Barral, Count of Marseilles, then to Bernard, Count of Comminges, from whom she ran away. But she found her old home closed against her. Her father, having married again, proceeded to disinherit her for the sake of two boys newly born to him. Innocent III., who protected Doña Maria, refused, however, to legitimatize what he termed the bastards of Montpellier, and, in order to rehabilitate the ill-used heiress, the pope arranged for her union with Pedro II. of Aragon, a king who was nothing loth to enlarge his borders on the northern side of the mountains. But fortune

continued to persecute poor Doña Maria. She was plain, sad-tempered, and superstitious, and her third marriage was as unhappy as the others had been, she had realized that her hold on the king of Aragon was very slight, when little James made his opportune appearance. Not long, however, after his birth, the king, whose conduct was licentious in the extreme, tried to get rid of her. Sure of the sympathy of the pope, Doña Maria again fled to Rome, again to receive the condolences of Innocent, and to die there just when the pope had desired King Pedro to take her back as his queen. On such wise, then, was the birth of James: born in strife, nurtured in convulsions, and in his earliest infancy handed over to a very rough nurse, since King Pedro, for reasons that we shall soon explain, consented to the education of his heir by Simon de Montfort.

When the thirteenth century opened there was no name more feared in Europe than that of Simon, Earl of Leicester in the peerage of England, and Count of Montfort l'Amauri in the diocese of Chartres. His *sobriquets* in France were "*le Loup*" and "*le Comte fort*," and he was incontestably the greatest of the *condottieri* belonging to his predatory race. United by marriage to the blood of the Capetian kings, these Montforts were the Guises of the thirteenth century, and their shields, which had been seen in battle in Italy, in England, in Hungary, in Palestine, were now, alas! to be known in Aquitaine. The "Chronicle" introduces Simon thus: "And after my birth En Simon de Montfort, who had the lands of Carcassonne and Bédarieux and of Toulouse, *what the king of France had conquered*, desired to have friendship with my father, and asked for me, that he might bring me up at his court. And my father trusted so much in Montfort that he delivered me to him to bring up." This apparently artless statement covers a whole world of policy, not only the question of the fortunes of Aquitaine (viz., of the Romance-speaking provinces of France), but of a movement and countermovement of more than European importance.

Let us look first at the geographical limits of the question. When Philip Augustus ascended the throne of the Capets, he was master of only a few provinces of the country which we call France. The English held the north-western portion, and the counts of Burgundy all the country between the Meuse and the Jura. But in the south, where he did not possess one single seaport, he was especially hard pressed by such neighbors as the counts of Baux and of Orange, the dauphins of Auvergne and of the Viennois, by the counts of Provence and Forcalquier (who were also counts of Barcelona), and by the lords of Foix and Comminges, of Toulouse, of Béziers, and of Montpellier, great feudatories, all speaking the *langue d'oc*, and representing Catalan rather than French interests on the northern side of the Pyrenees. Beyond those mountains lay the *reino d'Aragon*, a State not only important and independent, but united to Aquitaine by the Catalan speech, which they used in common, and through the stubborn gallantry of its population second to no State of southern Europe. Commercial Catalonia had recently been incorporated with it, through the marriage of the heiress of Aragon with Raymond Berenger, count of Barcelona, and thus the Aragonese dynasty had gained not only an important seaboard, but, through the position of the Berengers in maritime Provence, a great preponderance of interests along the shores of the Mediterranean. Kings of Aragon so situated became ambitious as if by instinct, and it hardly even needed instinct to make Philip Augustus recognize in them the most formidable rivals to the making of France. King Pedro II., as if further to accentuate the danger, had married two of his sisters to two counts of Toulouse, and had positively identified himself with the temporal and spiritual position of those princes.

The district over which they held sway was the fairest in France, rich plains, deep rivers, and towered cities pointing it out to the envy of all men. Its inhabitants were brave and industrious, and the arts were followed in towns which (in spite of the counts) enjoyed quasi-republican institutions. Culture throughout the

old Roman province of Narbonne was certainly more advanced than in northern France or even northern Italy. And now we come to the movement and the counter-movement which rendered this period one of great intellectual importance. The Spanish caliphs were the patrons and the cultivators of all the branches of human learning and research, and through the Pyrenees there filtered the taste and the philosophy of Moorish courts and schools. Greek, Latin, and Hebrew lexicons found their way to Narbonne. Agriculture flourished where the Moors popularized the use of rice, sugar, cotton, cork, and silk. Scientific inquiry was fostered by the treatises of Alhazen, and physical knowledge increased wherever the Arabian intellect pressed upon what may be called the Italian system of repressing thought through the weight of an autocratic theology. The Provençal or *langue d'oc* being widely spoken served to diffuse the culture thus stored up in the cities of the south, while the presence of a body of Jews added to the trade, and to the mental resources of Aquitaine. They had settled in Languedoc in the fifth century, and by the eleventh these Hebrew traders were admitted to public functions, and filled the markets and houses of Carcassonne, Béziers, Nismes, St. Gilles, Lunel, Albi, Toulouse, and Montpellier with the wares and the luxuries of the East. M. Saïge says of them "that, thanks to the toleration shown them, the Jews acquired a real importance under the jurisdiction of both lords and bishops, and thus favored on account of their wide commercial relations, they made considerable establishments. They built synagogues, had celebrated rabbis, and made Hebrew letters flourish." Narbonne, in particular, possessed notable schools, and was a sort of metropolis for Judaism. Benjamin of Tudela reported of it that it had "sages and celebrated princes (*nazi*), at the head of which was the rabbi Kalonyme, son of the celebrated prince Theodore of blessed memory, who is named in the genealogy of those who are of the posterity of David." Among other colonies, rich through the extent of its relations in all regions, was the learned and trading Hebrew community of Montpellier. Towards these traders the goodwill of the lords of Montpellier went beyond mere toleration. They admired the Jews, and gave them such a part in the public administration that a special form of oath was prepared for their use on being admitted to office. We congratulate M. Saïge on his recovery of this oath, and of many other curious documents all illustrative of a period when the Semitic element had a widespread and abiding influence in Languedoc. Thanks to this long familiarity with Judaism, western Christianity, the Christianity of an age which was at once so strongly paganized and so strangely scholastic, began to suffer.

In 1207, Innocent III., who accumulated in himself all the spiritual and most of the physical forces of Christendom, thundered against the Jews, and told the young count of Toulouse (brother-in-law to Don Pedro of Aragon) that his indulgence to his Hebrew subjects was "a scandal," and charged him with complicity in the murder of the legate. Councils took up the same tone, held by doctors too painfully aware that in the heart of Spain the pope was unknown, and that the Jews who joined with the Moslem in a heartfelt derision of Mariolatry, went hand in hand in all intellectual advancement. The rabbinical schools of the south were really influential. It has often been said that the Crusaders, more especially the Templars, imported from Syria themes and theories which developed into scandalous heresies. But the burghers of Montpellier, of Carcassonne, and of Toulouse had not to go to the Levant to find them. Ever present with them was a race of men to whom the works of Plato and of Aristotle were an open letter, in whose schools philosophical problems were proposed, and where mysticism had long been rampant. This element as it permeated society first invited men to think, and then came the moment at which the thinker, demanding liberty for his thought, finds himself in opposition to the teaching of the Church. M. Peyrat has written an interesting history of the Albigeois movement, but he is so captivated by one aspect of the struggle that he is blind to many facts about its leaders. He not only sees behind the Albigeois (these Cathari of the hills of Languedoc), the serried ranks of the Reformers, but he traces the mystical influence of these sectaries on the genius of Dante. We think this assertion unproved, unless in so far as Goethe meant it when he spoke of the many foreshadowings (*Ahnungen*) of any intellectual movement. But when M. Peyrat goes on to claim the Angelic Doctor as a production of the school of Montségur, he must be reminded that St. Thomas Aquinas, though a mystic, was not only a profoundly accurate theologian, but a sacramentarian, who compiled not

the "*Summa*" alone, but also the office for Corpus Christi day. M. Peyrat's enthusiasm, which makes him see the Albigeois movement in rosy hues, has rendered him blind to the faults of its leaders. No one reading his pages would guess that the young count of Toulouse, the protector and leader of the heretical movement, was, like his brother-in-law the king of Aragon, a man of infamous life and of the most profligate habits. With those two princes it was really no matter of theological niceties; it was a simple question of personal liberty and of national existence, and in proportion as they meant to oppose the tyranny of the papacy and the ambition of the Capetian king who longed to annex Aquitaine to France, just so determined was Innocent to correct heresy by playing into the hands of Philip Augustus. A fitting agency for such a pope was found in the fierce orthodoxy of St. Dominic, and a fitting tool for such a king was found in Simon de Montfort, the Roland of a new Charlemagne, ready to carry terror up to the defiles of the Pyrenees.

The *fola credenza*, the "detestable heresy," had existed already for a century, and De Montfort had fought already under many flags when the king of Aragon beheld in him the fiery vindicator of orthodoxy, the leader of the crusade against a heresy which was localized, so to speak, within the estates of the count of Toulouse. The Albigeois heretics assumed and received many names. G. of Tudela, the Homer of that Iliad of which the scene is laid at Toulouse, uses the simple word *eretges* for his co-religionists, but the term *Valdes*, as also applied by him, shows how the heretics of Aquitaine joined hands with the disciples of Pierre de Vaux. Personally they preferred to be called *Cathari* (καθαρός, pure), they walked in white, and were the Puritans and the Perfectionists of the Middle Ages. Time and space would fail us were we to enter here on the controversies of the many sectaries who were classed under the generic title of *Albigenses*. The Petrobrusians loom largest through the mist, but there were Encratites, Johannites, Cotteraux, and Patarins, who objected to the use of any form of prayer except the Dominical one. There were Tisserands and Henricians, men who held the cross in aversion because it had been the instrument of the Saviour's humiliation, priests who denied the real presence in the Sacrament, and practical reformers who aimed at the property of the Church in the southern dioceses. Some were Arians, and some were Gnostics, some adored Lilith and Ashtaroth, while others held the metempsychosis of Pythagoras, whose tenets had been widely disseminated by Hebrew and Arabic doctors. Finally, there was a large body of thinkers who adopted, by a strange dualism, the Manichean doctrine of the two eternal principles of good and evil. For more than one hundred years had the Albigeois professed these heresies gleaned from Oriental and forbidden sources, and at intervals hearing, but not heeding, the remonstrances of orthodoxy. Lucas, Bishop of Tuy, had loudly denounced them, and then St. Dominic appeared, a fit precursor of the Crusade, not only a "*dog of the Lord*" to hunt out heresy, but a preacher of righteousness, able to fight the Puritans with their own weapons, and to divert into a Catholic channel the passion for purity, poverty, and light.

The great war, when it broke out at last, had hardly, however, its cause in a creed. Even Mariana, its Jesuit historian and apologist, admits that "the war of the Albigeois was less a war of religion than of State politics." The Crusade was certainly proclaimed by the legate (June, 1209), and warmly taken up by the Cistercians, but the movement was none the less secular and political, a struggle between the Frank and the Latin elements, between Capetian kings of the *langue d'oil* and feudal counts using the *langue d'oc*, an invasion in the name of orthodoxy of a country where men spoke the thing they thought, and where the relations of King Pedro of Aragon had every national interest at stake when they bade defiance to the encroachments of a French king. In the forefront of this battle rode Simon de Montfort, promising fair things to Philip Augustus, and declaring himself to be on the side of orthodoxy. But to the king of Aragon the religious zeal of this *Comte fort* appeared only as a veil for an ambition which sought to acquire greater estates for himself and his sons. Of these sons one was already a soldier of approved courage, and another, Guy, had made a marriage of ambition into the house of Comminges. How to arrest the progress of such a family of Crusaders was the question. The French king had already given them lands, the pope had given them his blessing, and at one time King Pedro of Aragon, out of a sort of demon-worship, had himself propitiated them by sending his only child James to be brought up at Simon's court.

But now in 1209 the case admitted of no delay. All fair Aquitaine was abandoned to the furies of a religious war, ruined towns and empty warehouses bearing witness to a passion of fanaticism which threatened to turn the flourishing estates of the count of Toulouse into a desert. As soon, therefore, as the Moors had been repulsed, King Pedro started from Lerida, and prepared to give battle to Crusaders who in his eyes were simply the soldiers and tools of the French king.

The great feature of Pedro's campaign was the battle of Muret. It furnished Guillaume of Tudela with a spirited page in his "*Cansō*" — his song of the Crusade — his Iliad of the decline and fall of nationalism in southern France. We give a specimen of the French version of M. Paul Meyer: —

> Quel bos reis lor o manda al cor imperial,
> Qu'en Simos i vendra avan de l'avesprar,
> E vol lo laüs prendre mais qu'eu autre logal.

Le bon roi d'Aragon, au cœur magnanime, leur fait savoir que Simon viendra à Muret avant le soir, et il aime mieux le prendre là que nulle part ailleurs. Les barons de Toulouse ayant reçu cet ordre sortent tous ensemble, et s'en vont chacun vers son foyer. Petits et grands se mettent à manger. Quand ils eurent mangé, ils voient venir par un coteau le comte de Montfort avec sa bannière, suivi de nombreux Français, tous à cheval. La campagne resplendit des heaumes et des épées, comme s'ils eussent été de cristal. Je dis, par saint Martial, que jamais entre si peu de gens on ne vit tant de bons vassaux.

The king of Aragon desired these vassals to give *grans colpo*, and promised them a certain victory over the cruel Crusaders. Simon, on his side, made a speech. Bishop Folquet gave his benediction, and then the French, with *enseignes déployées*, *pennons flottants*, charged the tents of Aragon. The king, being recognized at once, was assailed. "*En sol reis*" (I am the king), he shouted, but the Crusaders struck so hard that sore wounded he fell to the ground. Thus, almost before the combat was well begun, fell Don Pedro II. of Aragon, the ostensible leader of the national and independent party, one of a "race whose fate was ever to conquer or to die in battle." Thus on Muret's bloody field was young James made an orphan. The victory of Muret was a good augury to the Crusaders. The reputation of the Wolf Count increased daily, and the young count of Toulouse was soon robbed of the greater part of his inheritance. Innocent, who saw in these French conquests the triumph of orthodoxy over religious freedom, but ill dissembled his purpose of weakening every ruler whose tenets jarred with his own. The "*Cansō*" of G. of Tudela dramatizes the sitting of the council in which the fate of the heretical count of Toulouse was discussed. The speeches and arguments he quotes are curious, but our business here lies less with the progress of the Crusade in Aquitaine than with the fate of young James of Aragon.

At this conjuncture no one would have prognosticated for him the proud title he afterwards won and wore. His father had just fallen in battle, his uncle was ruined, and the victor of Muret was that bold and crafty Simon into whose hands he had himself been committed soon after his birth. The hope that had then actuated his father, of bribing De Montfort into some sympathy with his party, had proved fallacious. Simon was now the very soul of the crusading movement, carrying fire and sword to the gates not only of Toulouse but of Moissac, Beaucaire, Albi, Montferrand, Crest, and Die. Luckily for James a great power existed in the States of his native Aragon. The *Seniores* of Aragon, who "fire up," says Mariana, "at the least contradiction," demanded from Simon the restitution of the heir of their passionate, spendthrift prince, Don Pedro. They asked so loudly that Innocent, perhaps out of some clemency for the only son of holy Maria de Montpellier, ordered De Montfort to surrender the child to his messenger, the master of the Temple. Behold then the little heroic child transferred from the grasp of the Crusader to that of En Guillen de Montrédon, the man who, as grand master of the order, was afterwards so much praised at Damietta. Here again was a stern nurse, and "I might be then but six years and four months old!" The charge of the royal child was an onerous one, and rendered all the more difficult from the state of the treasury. There is a Spanish proverb which says that "*hacienda de sobrino que mala el fuego, o llevala el rio*," meaning that minors find themselves ruined, and their goods in the hands of guardians as destructive as the flood and the fire. King Pedro's heir succeeded to just such an inheritance; in fact, James in describing his unquiet childhood says: "All the revenues my father had in Aragon and Catalonia were pledged to Jews and Saracens, as also all the fiefs (*honors*) which rented at that time seven hundred *cavallerias* or knights' fees. My father, King Don Pedro, had given away or sold them all, except one hundred and thirty of them,

and when I entered Monzon I had no food for one day, the land being so wasted and mortgaged."

Monzon was the fortress where the master of the Temple kept him through a stormy minority. The nobles of those days thought themselves (severally) nearly as good as their sovereign, and jointly very much superior to him; nor could the question of James's succession be considered as quite settled. His kinsmen intrigued against him, and attempts were made, on the one side and on the other, to obtain possession of his person. At last matters came to such a crisis, that the Templar felt his young charge to be no longer safe in Monzon. Don Sanche of Roussillon was actually in the field, and the "Chronicle" avers that at nine years old this very juvenile *Conquistador* had to fight the rebels at Selgua — "a knight, whose name I do not remember, lending me a light coat of mail (*gonio*), which I put on, and *that* was the beginning, the first arms I ever wore." By no means the last, as we shall see when we turn the next leaf of the "Chronicle," and follow James to Zaragoza and into action against a certain Don Rodrigo Licana, when two castles were taken by means of the battering engines then called *fonevols*, *mangonels*, and *trebuchets*.

A year and a half later, marriage was proposed to the young king, the bride to be Doña Leonor of Castile; his vassals advising him "to marry while he was still young, because," as they said, "there were great anxieties for my life either from maladies or from poison, and likewise because they wished on my account that I should have an heir, so that the kingdom should not go out of the royal line; for Count Sancho, son of the count of Barcelona, and Don Fernando, my uncle, wished each to be king, and had tried for it in my childhood, when I was in Monzon." At twelve years old, then, King James betrothed himself, and at twelve he put on his knightly spurs. It was at St. Mary's of Orta that he first girt himself with the sword, which, after hearing the mass of the Holy Ghost, he took from the altar. "The marriage done, I went into Aragon and Catalonia, and my wife, the queen, with me."

Nominally James was no more a child, but the tutelage in which his barons kept him was so galling that he and his wife were practically prisoners in the hands of their so-called friends, who used their power simply to further their private interests. "I went to the queen, and said to her, 'Well do I know and see the hurt and dishonor that you and I are suffering, and though I am still a child I intend having my revenge; and you also, if you will only follow my advice.'" The advice was to make their escape. But a subterraneous passage had first to be reached by a chair lowered by ropes, and the little queen was nervous. "Know you," she replied to her lord's arguments, "that for nothing in the world will I be lowered on a board by ropes;" so James had to let the matter rest, and to trust that some shuffle of the cards might allow him to free himself from bondage. The Templars he could always rely upon. The great military order, which owned no human superior and held directly from the pope, was just now in the zenith of its power. As proud as they were accomplished, the Templars were recruited from the noblest houses; they owned forty thousand *honors* or manors in Europe, possessed a vast treasury, and, as the importers of Syrian civilization, acted like a missing link between the two worlds. Guillen de Montredon was no longer powerful in Aragon, for his promotion to the grand mastership had removed him from his two pupils — the young count of Provence (last of the Berengers), and James of Aragon. He was replaced by a knight of the house of Moncada, and we find James supported in all his expeditions by an order nowhere so much valued as in Spain, where the conflict between Crescent and Cross was no matter of tradition or of hearsay, but an ever present and stern reality.

It must be confessed that the early conquests of Christianity were but ill represented by her actual state. Expelled from her most glorious seats, from Palestine, from Asia Minor, from Egypt, and from Carthage, she had been threatened in France by Saracen invaders who still held in their grasp the fairest portions of Spain; and Christianity, in exchange for those old and illustrious strongholds, was fain to fall back on the northern countries, and to maintain, along her frontiers, a spirit of incessant vigilance and aggression. Innocent III., who had originated no less than seven Crusades, kept a jealous watch over young James of Aragon, whose antecedents and position alike seemed to point him out as the champion of free thought among the Romance-speaking tribes on either side of the Pyrenees. To divert the energies of the Aragonese hero into another channel, to find other food for his self-love, must be the pontifi-

cal aims; for if it was good to send James to fight against the Paynim Moor, it would be even better to prevent his siding with the heretic Cathari in their strongholds of Thabor and Montségur. To papal promptings, therefore, we may ascribe this king's education by the master of the Temple, and the direction which both Templar and Johannite knights assumed of his famous campaigns. A great Catholic development was going on all around. Dominican houses had arisen in Segovia, in Madrid, and in Saragoza, and James was induced to grant the royal arms of Aragon to the order of Notre Dame de la Mercy, monks who, like the Mathurin friars, worked for the souls and bodies of Christian captives among the Moors. In Barcelona as in Saragoza, the brothers of St. Francis showed their brown, rope-girdled frocks, and vowed themselves to poverty, chastity, and obedience. With such weapons the papacy was prepared to drive back the heretics who asserted that the full manhood of the Christian and of the citizen was only attainable under circumstances of spiritual and social liberty; with such combatants would Rome meet not only the democratic disciples of Pierre de Vaux but the mystical preachers of Montségur, those fit progenitors of the Camisards of the seventeenth century. New indulgences were promised to those who should attack the Paynim, and in this way the patriotism, the self-love, and the orthodoxy of King James were all stirred by the prospect of inflicting a severe check on the Moors.

The king was in Tarragona; the Cortes was not sitting, but many notables were in town, and the king dined one night with En Pere Martel, "a citizen of Barcelona who had great knowledge of the sea." Towards the end of a banquet which, we may be sure, was pre-arranged, a conversation began; "and I asked 'What kind of country is Mallorca, and what is the extent of the kingdom?'" Pere Martel was referred to, for the geographical acquirements of the party seemed but slender, and Martel, at least, could speak from personal acquaintance of a group of islands as to whose size and distribution he was soon able to set his sovereign right. The bystanders, of whom the master of the Temple was one, then said "that they held it right I should conquer that island for two reasons — the first, that you and we thereby increase in power; the other is, that those who hear of the conquest will think it a miracle that you can take land and a kingdom in the sea, where God was pleased to put it." James, who had worn mail ever since he was nine years old, and who now saw no opening for his military ambition by way of the Pyrenees, was nothing loth. He summoned his Cortes and made them a speech, in which he referred to the troubles he had already lived down, and then spoke of his intentions of "serving the Lord in his expedition that I mean to make against the kingdom of Mallorca." Cromwell himself could not have been more sanctimonious, but it must be said that the replies made by the Archbishop of Tarragona and by the Templar Guillen de Moncada were quite worthy of the royal address. It was then unanimously resolved to conquer "a Saracen kingdom in the sea." Troops and ships were demanded and promised; the archbishop gave leave to the clergy to serve in person; the provost of Tarragona fitted out an armed galley at his own charges, and — triumph of orthodoxy — volunteers appeared from the ranks of the *faidets*, of the proscribed and refugee Albigeois. Their condition was now a sad one. The death of Simon de Montfort had for a moment encouraged the national party in Aquitaine, and a great cry of joy went up to heaven as the body of the dead Wolf was carried out of the land he had ravaged.

Montfort
Es mort!
Es mort!
Es mort!
Viva Tolosa,
Ciotat gloriosa
Et poderosa!
Tornan lo paratge el' onor.
Montfort
Es mort!
Es mort!
Es mort!

A lull of nearly thirty months had followed on his death, and the unorthodox had begun to reorganize their churches and their family circles, when the genuine invasion of the country by Louis VIII. taught them that they had nothing left to hope, however much they might have to defend. The wars of Louis VIII. and of Blanche of Castile and the fires of the Inquisition then ruined Aquitaine, and sent into banishment the representatives of those Ibero-Gothic families whom King Pedro had headed at Muret, and who were now fain to seek for shelter at the court of his son. With King James we accordingly find them, and their orthodox persecutors must have smiled grimly when they saw such *faidets* as the young vi-

comte of Carcassonne, and the lords of Lo and Laurac, of Saissac, Cabaret and Castres, Termès and Miraval, swelling his train. On King James devolved the duty of planning the campaign and of arranging for the distribution of his fleet. Twenty-five full-sized ships, eighteen tartanes, seventeen galleys, and one hundred transports rode at anchor in the harbor of Salen. When they sailed, Guillen de Moncada led the van, and the king brought up the rear "in the galley of Montpellier" (September, 1229). The moon was bright, and the breeze had been from the west, but when the invaders hoped to effect their landing—

a wind from Provence springing up, the ships found themselves taken in a white squall. *Cala! cala!* cried the sailors, but there was a bad sea with that Provence wind, and no one in my galley spoke a word. The vessels were driving around us. I saw the danger we were in. I was greatly discomforted, but I turned to our Lord and His Mother and prayed thus: "I know well Thou hast made me king of the land and of the goods my father held by Thy grace. Until this time I had not begun any great or perilous enterprise, seeing that Thy help has been felt from my birth up to this time, and Thou hast given us honor and help against our bad subjects, who would overthrow us. Now, O Lord, my Creator, help me, if it please Thee, in this so great danger, that so good a work as I have begun may not be lost, for I alone would not lose, but Thou wouldst lose more. I go on this expedition to exalt the faith that Thou hast given us, and to abase and destroy those who do not believe in Thee, and so, O Thou true and powerful God! Thou canst guard me in this danger and fulfil my will, which is to serve Thee. And I should remember Thee, for as yet no creature ever called to Thee for mercy that did not find it, and especially they who have it in their heart to serve Thee, and to suffer for Thy sake, and I am one of them. And, O Lord, remember so many people who go with me to serve Thee; and thou, Mother of God, who art a bridge and a pathway for sinners, I beseech thee, by the seven joys and seven sorrows that thou hadst for thy dear Lord, to remember me, by praying to thy dear Son, to take me from this affliction and danger in which I am, and those with me."

The landing was at last made good in the Bay of Palomera, and the second man to step ashore on this Moslem ground was Guillen de Moncada, the master of the Temple, who, with his brother Ramon, agreed that they would not pause till they got to the battle line of the Saracens. The conflict was a sharp one.

When it was nearly finished I met a knight, and I said to him, "And how has it gone with you? and what have our people done?" He said the Court of Ampurias and the Templars attacked the tents and En Guillen and En Ramon de Moncada attacked the left. I said, "And you know no more?" "Yes, that the Christians have beaten back the Moslems three times, and the Saracens have beaten back the Christians three times." And I said, "Where are they now?" He said, "At that hill." . . . Meantime my banner and following, with one hundred knights or more who guarded it, came up, and the men cried, "Here comes the king's banner." Then we all pushed up together. The Saracens took to flight. We found fully 2,000 Saracen infantry who went before us in flight, but we could not overtake them, so worn out were our horses. And when the battle was won and we were on the hill, Don Nuño came up and said, "A good day for you and us! all is ours, since you have won this battle."

And so it proved. Mallorca invested was battered with *fonevals* and *chattes*, and other slinging machines. A friendly Saracen obtained provisions for an army that was suffering much from the cutting off of its water supply, and at last the Saracen king sent to make terms. His conditions, however, were not such as the *Conquistador* would accept. James returned for answer that the soldiers he had already lost in fighting had won the glory of God, and that for himself he had come to get the land and great wealth. Sheik Abodehie was angry, and the struggle went on, till on St. Sylvester's Eve orders were given by King James for his troops to hear mass, and to prepare to attack a city in which he had reason to believe that the defenders were greatly reduced in strength. When daylight came the king cried, "Ho, my men! go in Our Lady's name!" They charged, and a breach was soon made, through which the terrified Saracens saw "a knight on horseback, in white armor, enter first. My belief is that it must have been St. George, as I find in history that in many other battles of Christians and Saracens *he* was frequently seen." It needs not to describe the fortunes of a day so well begun. The king (sheik) of Mallorca, on a white horse, had to surrender; full thirty thousand infidels flying from the city took to the hills. King James had his enemy delivered into his hands, and received the sheik's son, a lad of thirteen, as a hostage. He on his part set a guard of Dominicans over the palace and treasury, and then "wearied out I went to sleep, for the sun had already set." Next day the *Conquistador* was glad to accept an invitation to breakfast "with a man who had cooked

some very good beef." We think the naïve and homely touches with which this narrative abounds ought to put its genuine character beyond a doubt. The royal commentator goes on to describe the geography and conditions of the island, and the arrival of fifteen Hospitallers, who were probably jealous of the feats of the Templars in this victory over the Crescent. The summer was spent in Mallorca, through which raids were made in every direction, and then the Catholic hero returned to Tarragona, to be greeted by public rejoicings.

The next winter slipped away quietly in Aragon, till the repose of the king was suddenly broken by the report "that the king of Tunis meant to cross to Mallorca." This report, if not true, was at least welcome. It offered an excuse for returning to "mak sicker," as the Scotch knight proposed. Once more ships were chartered, once more the royal galley put out to sea, the *Conquistador* taking along with him, as a friend and pupil, the young infant of Portugal. They reached Mallorca, and there after a few days learned that there was no king of Tunis to be met or heard of. But Minorca was there; another "Saracen kingdom in the sea," a prize inviting Catholic princes to its capture. James sent his Jewish interpreter to inform its inhabitants of the fate prepared for them should they resist him, and of the benefits sure to accrue to them if they acknowledged "the Christian King of Aragon, Mallorca, and Catalonia." The Jew's arguments must have been forcible; it is certain that they were well supported by the galleys of Aragon, so the Saracens of Minorca capitulated. Ivica was taken after a short attack, and the king returned to the mainland all the better pleased with his new conquests, because he was able to observe of the island of Mallorca "that so far from requiring any help from me, it now produces twice what it did in the time of the Saracens."

The poverty of his youth had taught King James to look at the commercial as well as the popular side of a question. He was a just and tolerant ruler, he protected agriculture, and as far as lay in his power he protected the farmers and the settlers from the exactions of the great predatory barons. He summoned his Cortes whenever he wanted money, but as a rule he consulted them very little. Just as Gregory Nazianzen averred that "he never knew an assembly of bishops to terminate well," so King James, when asked to assist in the pacification of Murcia, told his son-in-law that "in no country of the world have assemblies of men the sense and worth required in such cases." He took his inspiration, as we know, from another source — from the great military orders. "One day when I was playing and disporting in Aragon, the master of the Hospital asked me, 'why *we* and *you* should not undertake that kingdom of Valencia which has for some time been affronting *us* and *your house*.'" The warrior king was so charmed to smell the battle from afar that he did not take umbrage at a form of speech which resembled too closely the famous *ego et rex meus*. Last time the Templars had been the prompters; it was now for the Hospitallers to invite him again to draw the sword of the Lord and of Aragon. One of them remarked that "Mallorca was nothing; that in Valencia there would be found men so innumerable as to prevent approach to her walls, so that a king who could take *that* might well say he was the greatest king in the world." The king to this made rather a tart reply, and asked if his interlocutor would like to hear how he could subdue that kingdom. In fact, he proceeded to lay before his audience such a plan for a campaign into Valencia that the Hospitaller observed, "the Lord must guide a man whose resolutions were so good." The conquest of Valencia, undertaken when James had attained his thirtieth year, was certainly the most important of his successes. The Saracens had held it for a century since their recapture of this the greatest conquest of the Cid Campeador; but their power in Spain was now weakened, and to deprive them of Valencia and of the fertile garden-like plains of the Huerta would be to inflict a terrible blow. The attack must be felt to be something more than a mere military promenade; he must proceed with caution, must keep his communications open by way of the Catalonian seaboard, and must be prepared to hold whatever the fortunes of war delivered into his hands. More cautious now than in the days of his hot youth, when one of his knights had been obliged to tell him that his madness must cost them all their lives, James's plan of a winter campaign was admirable. The supplies of Valencia were cut off on the side of Burriana, Paterna, and of the Huerta, but the king wisely abstained from cutting down the trees, observing that it was sure to offend the inhabitants if on his first entry he began to waste their lands. When it got to within fifteen days of Michaelmas, the

queen gave as her opinion that they were sure of taking the city; and it is curious to compare the account of her clever negotiations with these Saracens of Valencia, and to remember that this Queen Leonor is the same timid little woman who in the first year of her marriage would not allow herself to be lowered with ropes into the dark passage that would have allowed herself and her husband to escape. The surrender of Valencia was really procured by her; and then

> next day at vespers I sent to tell the king and Abulhamalet that in order the Christians might know Valencia was ours and might do nothing against it, they should hoist my standard on the tower which is now called that of the Temple. They said they were content, and I went on the Rambla between the camp and the tower. When I saw my standard upon the tower I dismounted, turned myself to the east, and wept with my eyes, kissing the ground for the great mercy that had been done to me.

Next came the division of the conquered lands, their measurement and partition, a business which gave rise to some very pretty quarrels, and gave the king an opportunity of paying off some of the most quarrelsome and officious in their own coin.

That appetite grows by its indulgence is certain, and not only did the king's followers become more avaricious as one rich district after another offered fresh "hereditaments" for them, but the king himself felt again the hunger of conquest, and we turn a new page of the "Chronicle" to read, "Here begins the conquest of Murcia, achieved and made by the glorious king El Jacme." Yet the king also found time to revisit his native Montpellier and there to entertain some of his relations. He tells us curtly that he saw the counts of Toulouse and Provence, a bare statement which, read by us many centuries later, is far more interesting to the readers than it was to a writer bent only on fresh wars with the Moors. The count of Toulouse whom he saw was none other than his own first cousin, the impoverished Raymond VII., the victim of the great Crusade, whose kingdom was soon to form a French province. His kinsman of Provence was nothing less than that Raymond Berenger, last of his name, whose four daughters and their four royal marriages, like the virtues of his seneschal Romée de Villeneuve, have all been immortalized by Dante.* Of those daughters one married St. Louis of France, and the youngest, Beatrix, was given to the French king's brother, Charles of Anjou, the conqueror of Sicily. From the loins of Raymond Berenger, therefore, sprang a long line of sovereigns destined to fill the thrones of France, Naples, Hungary, Spain, and the Indies, and the superstitious, could they have followed the fortunes of the Berengers, would hardly have wondered that during this visit to Montpellier there fell, "one Friday, between midday and nones, the greatest eclipse seen in the memory of men now living, for the moon covered the whole of the sun, and one could see seven stars in the sky."

James's own family had by this time grown up about him. His two sons, the Infante en Pedro and the Infante en Jacme, shared his quarters at the time of the capitulation of the Murcians, while he took especial pleasure in the marriage of his daughter Yolande (Violante) with Alfonso the Wise, king of Castile. This literary son-in-law was a less ready and ambitious prince than was the *Conquistador*. Only the necessity for keeping the Moors at bay and confining them within the so-called "cuatro reinos de Andalucia," viz., Cordova, Seville, Jaen, and Granada, obliged Alfonso X. to turn his pens and ploughshares into swords and spears. It is more than probable that he received valuable hints on strategy and policy from a father-in-law so well fitted to give them, and to help him in building up a strong monarchy at a moment when kings had realized all the importance of strategical frontiers and of well-filled treasuries. From Alfonso, on the other hand, the warlike *Conquistador* acquired a great respect for letters, and if, as is nearly certain, the "Chronicle" of Alfonso is antecedent to the commentaries of King James, we may fairly say that Yolande's husband taught her father to record the events of his stirring life in the volumes now before us.

One of the many curious episodes which the "Chronicle" offers to lovers of mediæval history is James's account of his visit to Lyons and to Pope Gregory X. Like many monarchs of his age, of an age that acknowledged just two sorts of life — the martial, the monastic — James had a hankering after a *promenade militaire* into Palestine. Such an expedition might well be felt to combine the merits of both callings, and the *Conquistador* was

> much pleased, and very joyful, when summoned by the Pope to give him counsel and

* "Quattro figlie ebbe, e ciascuna reina, Ramondo Berlinghieri, e ciò gli fece Romeo." — *Paradiso* vi. 133.

aid in the business of the Holy Land beyond sea. I sent him word that I would be there with him on the day he had named. So I accordingly prepared to go to the council at Lyons, as he had requested. And a long time before this I had my hostelries taken in the city, and sent thither whatever I thought would be necessary for two months or more. And in the middle of Lent I left Valencia, and went to Lyons. At Gerona my son, the Infante en Pedro, invited me to Torrella for Easter, and I spent it with him. Then I departed thence, and went towards Perpignan. . . . After staying eight days at Montpellier I again set forth on my road. When I got to Viana (Vienne) the Pope sent me his messengers in state, praying me to wait a day at St. Symphorien, that he might the better prepare for my reception. I did so. The place was three leagues from Lyons. Next day I rose at dawn and went into Lyons. It was the first day of May. All the cardinals came out to meet me a league outside the city, and the Master of the Temple beyond seas, En Juan Gil, En Gaspar de Rosellen, who held the city for the Pope, and many other bishops and barons, and it took me to make my entrance, for the distance of a league as far as the Pope's palace, from morning till noon, so great was the throng of people who came out to receive me. . . . The Pope was in his chamber. When they told him I was coming he came out in his full robes, and I saw him pass before me. He sat down in his chair, and I did him that reverence which kings do to a Pope, according to the established custom. A chair was set for me near his own, on the right, and I then told him how I had come the day he had appointed for his meeting, but that I would not speak with him of any business till the morrow, when I would be present and hear what he had to say to me. . . . Next morning I went to him and found him in his chamber with his cardinals. There went in with me the Archbishop of Tarragona, the Bishops of Barcelona, Valencia, and Mallorca.

It must have been with no small pride that the *Conquistador* led into the presence of the head of the Latin Church the first Christian bishop of Mallorca, and Gregory X. (Theobalde Visconti) must have had reason also to praise in his own mind the astute policy of Innocent, which had managed to turn the son of Pedro, the Albigeois champion, into the most orthodox crusader against Saracen sheiks. James was the only European king who had accepted an invitation to the Council of Lyons (1274), and he wisely made capital of the fact that, though no longer young, he had made this tedious journey "for two purposes, two for your own, and for a third of mine. The first is that you sent to me for advice, the second that I might give you aid. I have come here to give you the best advice I know or that God will inspire me with; the third is entirely a reason of mine own — that I may denounce others who have no heart to serve God." The pope did not wish to be proved less zealous, and he, at the opening of the Council, said how he and his cardinals had come in spite of storms, "neither storms nor sickness hindering their assembling."

The business turned at first on plans for the recovery of the holy places, and then came the *Conquistador's* turn to expound his views: —

I desire to speak before any one, as there is no king here but myself. I give you first my advice, which is to send to the Holy Land 500 knights and 2,000 footmen, and forthwith to send your letters to the Masters of the Temple and of the Hospital, to the King of Cyprus, and the city of Acre, and let them know that it is for the sake of the land beyond the sea that you hold this present council: to send at once that company as vanguard, and set the others in motion to cross over. These first will not go to fight, but merely to garrison the castles and hold them till the great crusade goes, that is two years next St. John's Day. For the rest I say that if you yourself go beyond sea as you have proposed, I will accompany you with 1,000 knights; but then do you aid me with the tithes of my land.

The *Conquistador*, though on glory bent, had a frugal mind, and the Council had not sat for many days before an animated discussion arose between the pope and a sovereign whom he offered to crown in public, but from whom he claimed the payment of arrears due to the holy see. King James said, that "if compelled he would pay the arrears, but must decline to put himself or his subjects under any new charters or obligations," adding, rather tartly, "that, after all he had done for God and the Church of Rome, it was not becoming in him to ask for anything, but rather to give me." The dispute grew warm; his Holiness, who had come to Lyons to receive rather than to give, shifted the blame of upholding the demand on to two of his cardinals, one of whom, a Gaetani, he signalized as "the greatest cardinal and wisest in council in Rome, and without whom he could do nothing in this matter." James retorted that as he had not come to put himself under tribute he would rather return home without having been crowned, though he already "had the crown with him, made of gold and set with precious stones, worth more than one hundred thousand *sous tournois* — not so good a one could be got in Lyons." Gregory perceived that he need not hope for any concessions

from a king capable of going back to Aragon with that crown; and when James on the twenty-first day of his stay in Lyons made up his mind to depart, the pontiff received him gracefully.

I took him apart, and said, "Holy Father, I wish to leave, but not as the proverb says, 'He who goes to Rome a fool comes away a fool' (*Que foll sen va a Roma, foll sen torna*). Let it not be so with me. I never saw any Pope but yourself, and so I wish to confess to you." He was much pleased and content, and said he would confess me. I told him my sins, and on the other hand what I remembered of the good deeds I had done. He imposed no other penance on me but that I should keep from evil for the future, and persevere in good. Then I went on my knees before him, and he put his hand on my head, and gave me my blessing full five times. I kissed his hand and took my leave.

Nothing ever came of the king's projected visit to Jerusalem, and the shadows of evening were beginning to gather round the bold *Conquistador*. Sickness overtook him, and as he felt his great strength slip from him he determined to die, not in harness, but in the monastic retirement which so many soldiers, both before and after him, have affected and sought. "I sent a message to my son, the Infante en Pere, to come in person to me at Alcira. I received him, and he did me reverence as a good son ought to do to his father." At this point the narrative becomes exceedingly confused; perhaps because the hand which completed the commentaries of King James confused some of the dates and facts, perhaps because the dying *Conquistador*, in dictating the last pages of the work, had himself some partial failure of memory as well as a flagging pulse. For example the passages read as if the king had died in this first illness, 1272, but this is an error. Though the great blue eyes were dimmed there was life still in that intrepid heart, and a reserve of energy in that frame which had long been the type of chivalrous strength. The *Conquistador* was, say his contemporaries, the most powerfully built man of his age; of abnormal stature, practised in every manly exercise, a victor in thirty well-fought fields, and rich in his people's love, he stood, as he still stands, a landmark in the history of Spain and of the Christian world. The king, in spite of his forebodings, recovered, and his real abdication was not made for four years later. It took place in the midsummer of 1276, just after a formidable check that had been given by the Granadine Moors to a crusade undertaken against them by his son-in-law, Alfonso of Castile. The abdication of James was made in favor of his eldest son, the Infante en Pere, who was further charged to bury the king, his father, either at St. Mary's of Alcira or of Valencia, and when the war was over to carry the body to the shrine of St. Mary of Poblet, to which monastery the *Conquistador* had already by will bequeathed it. Six days after, on Wednesday, July 27, 1276, James sickened unto death in Valencia, and there about midnight rendered his warlike soul to God.

The king of Aragon, Mallorca, and Valencia, count of Barcelona, Urgel, and Montpellier, now lies in Poblet. To that Westminster Abbey of the kings of Aragon the corpse was carried over moor and fell, and laid there under one of those curious double effigies which marked the religious taste of the age. James is represented in death by two statues, one of which wears the sandals and frock of a Bernardine friar, the other the sword and spurs of the king who wrested the Balearic Islands and the fertile plains of Valencia from the Moors. It does not seem too much to have hoped that a church which had been built by one of the Berengers (counts of Barcelona and of Forcalquier), and which was chosen to be the burying-place of the *Conquistador*, might have been preserved. But so far is this from being the case, that Poblet is now, to quote the words of Mr. Augustus Hare, "the most utterly ruined place that can exist." It looks as if the shock of an earthquake had levelled the stately courts where the five hundred white friars of Poblet watched the tombs of the kings, and drank the red *priorata* that was grown on their vineyards. The destruction of the great monastery was caused by spite. In the wars of Don Carlos, some Carlist monks, considering themselves to be oppressed by their brethren, determined to take a stealthy revenge. They whispered such tales of secret and hidden tortures that public indignation was roused against the convent. Twenty-four hours only were granted to the inmates to make their escape, and then the mob falling on the monastery gutted the house. They destroyed the splendid library, and defaced even the graves of the *Conquistador* and of his brother kings whose "bones" are now dust.

Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

From Belgravia.

MARY ABBOT'S TRYST.

PART I.

SOME years ago there sat one afternoon in the parlor of a Devon farmhouse, a middle-aged man and a girl of about twenty, in earnest talk.

The walls of the room were low, and some heavy oak beams across the ceiling made it lower. The room looked comfortable, and though all the furniture had seen service, the woodwork shone with the polish of daily friction, and the chintz coverings of the sofa and chairs were spotlessly clean. A few prints in black frames hung on the walls, the open door of a corner cupboard showed that it was full of old china, and a long low glass was over the fireplace. A bowl filled with roses stood on the table — semi-single white roses with golden eyes, smelling so sweetly and looking so pure; roses of the past, for they are only to be seen now in a few old-fashioned country gardens.

The young girl, Mary Abbot, looked as fresh and as sweet as the roses did; a letter lay in her lap, and every now and then she nervously unfolded and folded it again, while she talked. There was a timid expression in her sweet face, but her low, broad forehead, square brows, and well-formed mouth, indicated latent strength of will.

Her companion sat by the open window, looking into the pretty little garden, gay just now with stocks and pansies and sweet-williams. He was frowning, and the expression on his sunburnt face showed that he differed from the girl.

"You are very headstrong, Mary," he said. She looked at him sweetly, —

"I'm sorry I can't do as you wish, uncle. I made a promise to Willie, and I must keep it, whatever happens. Don't fear for me" — the color flew into her cheeks, and a lovely light shone in her deep grey eyes — "I have such trust in him — why, the very feeling that I am going to meet him will keep me up in any trials that may happen on the way."

"And I say," her companion said doggedly, "what I said before. Somerfield ought not to expect you to go out to him. If he's as well off as he states, let him come and fetch you. You promised to go out to New York; he's a long way off New York now, and to my thinking, this change of place frees you from any promise you may have made."

"Ah! but uncle, my promise was to go when he sent for me," she said simply.

"Well, there's no use in arguing. I'm thinking of all you'll have to go through; but that you can't even guess at. It's ignorance makes you brave, my dear — if you would but trust me ——"

She interrupted him, —

"It's no use talking, uncle; my mind is made up. I promise you I'll never leave dear Aunt Martha while she lives, and I hope she may be spared to us for some years yet; so you see there's no use in talking any more about it. I may not have to go to Willie for a long while."

"Well, I hope before the time comes he'll have tired of waiting," her uncle said to himself. He said to Mary, —

"Has the doctor been to-day?"

"No, but I'm expecting him."

"He tells me he has a bad opinion of my poor sister's chance. Well, my dear, I must be going home. Think over what I've said; I'll look in to-morrow, and hear what the doctor says."

He took his departure, and the young girl went up-stairs to her patient. She felt very sad. Her position was a painful one. She wished to keep her aunt, and yet she longed to be with her lover.

More than a year ago, Mary Abbot's promised husband, the son of a neighboring farmer, had found himself unable to settle down to an agricultural life, and had gone to seek his fortune in America. He went, against the wish of his sweetheart and the advice of his friends; but his father, seeing how unsettled his son was, and how bent he was on going, at last consented, and gave him money for his passage, and promised to send out sufficient funds for a short stay in the United States. His idea was that his son would soon grow discontented, and come back cured of his roving fancies, and willing to stay at home.

At first the young man's letters praised everything he saw, but gave little hope that he would earn his own living. His father said, "Willie will be home before six months are out."

But by the time the six months ended, Somerfield's letters had gradually changed. He wrote that his luck had taken a turn; he had left New York and had gone into partnership with several friends of his. At the year's end he wrote, —

"We are doing a roaring trade, in fact, we are making money as fast as it can be made. In a few years I shall be a rich man."

But he made no answer to his father's question as to the nature of the business he was engaged in.

To Mary Abbott he wrote about his success in the same effusive style, —

"I am looking forward," he wrote, "to having my dear little wife soon in the comfortable home I have got for her."

In this last letter, which had created the dispute between Mary and her uncle, he urged her more strongly.

"I wish, my darling," the letter said, "that you would come to me at once. I am quite ready for you, but I know you won't leave your aunt while she lives. Perhaps it is wiser not to do so. Don't misunderstand me, my dear, when I say, remembering how delicate and ailing your aunt is, I feel the happy time can't be far off when I shall hold my darling Mary in my arms again. No disrespect to the old lady, be sure of that, far from it, but in course of nature it must be as I say — I hope my Mary will come to me the moment she is free — she cannot come too soon for her loving and devoted

"WILLIE."

That part of the letter relating to her aunt had given the girl much pain, it seemed to her "cruel and unfeeling when he knows how dearly I love aunt;" and then her love found an excuse for him. "It is his love for me," she thought, "his wish to see me that makes him selfish. I cannot expect him to love dear aunt as I do, and indeed" — she sighed as she remembered — "she was never very kind to poor Willie."

Ten days after the talk between Mary Abbott and her uncle, Aunt Martha died. On her will being read it was found that, with the exception of a few trifling legacies to her brother John and to others, she had left her savings to her "dear niece Mary Abbot, who had been as a daughter to her." She left her also some silver plate, and her furniture, and other effects. The sum of money left was nearly three hundred pounds.

Mary wrote to her lover a few days after her aunt's loss. She was very full of grief.

"Now my dearest aunt is gone I am very desolate. I have only you to care for me."

As soon as the will had been read she wrote again to tell her lover of her good fortune. She asked his advice about it. The first sorrow for her aunt was over, and her letter was full of love. She told Somerfield she was ready to go to him if he wished it, and to follow his advice in all things. Her cheeks glowed and her sweet eyes had grown liquid as she wrote.

This letter had only been gone a fortnight, when she received her lover's answer to the announcement of her aunt's death. After a few words of condolence: "Now, my darling," he wrote, "you will fly to me as soon as you have settled your affairs. I am transported with delight at the idea of seeing you. I feel sure that your aunt has left you all she had. Send me particulars forthwith, and I will then tell you what to do. Things are different over here, gold is more useful than bank-notes, and any other property should, without loss of time, be turned into cash."

Mary put down the letter — she felt disgusted, it seemed to her that Willie showed too much keenness after money; but her love soon excused him, and she went on reading the loving words which ended the letter.

"He's in business now," she thought, "and I believe business men get to think that making money and investing it is the one aim of life. It is no wonder that companionship with men of that sort has made my darling more worldly. Never mind, he'll soon get all right again when he has me with him." Her cheeks flushed with delight at the thought of the happy life that lay before her.

Somerfield answered her second letter by next mail. He congratulated her on her good luck, which he said was better than he had expected. "You have got quite a nice little nest-egg," he said, "I hadn't a notion the old lady was so warm. Turn everything into cash," he went on, "and bring it over here as much as you can in gold. You had best carry it in a small bag, which you must not lose sight of. I am longing to see you, my dear, and I should like you to start by the next steamer from Liverpool. Write and tell me the name of the vessel as soon as you have taken your passage. I shall be waiting for you in New York, and as soon as we are married I will take you to the dear little home I have ready for you, my own Mary. I hope you will be pleased with it, darling. How proud I shall be to see you in it, my own dear little wife."

This part of the letter touched the girl so strongly, that she was not disposed to find fault with the beginning. Somerfield ended by repeating his instructions about the money. "You must not listen to the lawyer chap or to anybody. I am on the spot, and I must know best how you should manage."

Mary, however, found herself obliged to consult "the lawyer chap" of the neighboring town. She was of age, and

the money had been left entirely to her; there was no one who could interfere with her disposal of it. The farm stock and furniture were disposed of, and by the time all was settled, Mary found that she possessed nearly four hundred pounds.

Her uncle had renewed his opposition to her departure, but Mary would not listen to him. The lawyer disapproved her plan of taking out her little fortune to the States, and suggested a safe plan of investment; but Mary shook her head.

"I am bound to follow out Mr. Somerfield's advice," she said; "he must have good reasons for giving it."

The lawyer smiled; but he was wiser than uncle John. He gave her his opinion, and then seeing that she had made up her mind, he said no more.

"There's no more use in arguing with a girl in love, than there would be in trying to get milk out of a flint," he said to himself.

Mary's preparations were soon completed, and when she had written to tell her lover the name of the steamer and the date fixed for starting, she said farewell to her friends, and set off for Liverpool.

PART II.

THE voyage passed pleasantly. Mary proved herself an excellent sailor, and greatly enjoyed her sea experience.

She found, too, a pleasant friend in the captain of the steamer, who was by good luck a Devon man, and to whose care her uncle had especially commended her — for uncle John had relented, and proving himself better in deed than in word, had gone with her to Liverpool, and seen her safe on board.

The girl's good looks, her sweet ways, and unprotected position, made the captain take a great interest in her. He was double her age, and though at first Mary was shy and reticent, she soon began to feel confidence in him, and one day she told him her story yet more fully than her uncle had done.

The captain shook his head, and he looked grave. He did not like her lover's plan of taking her at once from New York into the interior.

"My dear young lady," he said, "you must excuse my plain speaking, but I don't like Mr. Somerfield's plan. I have heard no good of that part of the country; 'tis a wild, uncivilized part — by no means fit for a delicate young woman — 'tis only fit for men who are out seeking their fortunes, and who don't mind rough living."

"Ah! but, sir," she answered quickly, "you forget that I shall be well taken care of, and that I have a dear little home waiting for me."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"That all looks pretty on paper, my dear — excuse the liberty of calling you so — and I don't doubt it from that point; but I've heard several queer stories from those parts, and I fancy those that go there are not to be envied."

"I'm sure Mr. Somerfield would not want to take me where I shall not be comfortable and happy." Mary tossed her pretty head. "I don't mind roughing it a bit, so long as — as ——" she stopped, blushing like a rose.

"So long as he's with you. I understand," the captain laughed. "Quite right and proper, no doubt; still, human nature is human nature, and we mustn't put too big a strain on it."

Mary pressed her lips closely, and shook her head, —

"I'm not afraid, sir. I'm not so delicate as I look, and I've done plenty of work in my time, and if needful, why, I can do it again."

The captain's eyes were full of deep admiration, as he answered: "That I'd take my oath on, my dear girl. It's you delicate ones that have the pluck; you'll go till you drop. I know, bless you; but, all the same, a man oughtn't to put it on you to rough it."

At this she pouted a little, and turned away from her kind friend. She thought he meant well, but — "Well, he presumes on my confidence; I've been too open perhaps." Then she sighed softly to herself — "Bother the men, they are all alike. Talk of women being spiteful, indeed; I'm sure men have been horribly mean about my Willie. Well, the best excuse for this one is that he's never seen him, so how can he judge?"

By the time she had taken two turns up and down, the captain was beside her again.

"Beg pardon, Miss Abbot," he said, "but we shall soon be in sight of the harbor, and I want to talk to you about that precious bag."

By her uncle's advice Mary had given her treasure into the captain's charge, and he had told her it was safe in his cabin.

"Keep it, captain," she said, "till you give it up to Mr. Somerfield along with me."

He smiled. "I like to see your confidence, but still things happen which no one can guard against — something might delay your friend a day or so," then, as

he saw her sweet face sadden at his words, he added, "although I don't doubt but what he's in New York waiting for you by this time. Still it may not be so, specially as our passage has been a short one."

"Well?" Mary said.

"I'm coming to that," the captain was amused by her impatience, "it's just possible you'll have to stay at an hotel till he arrives, and in that case I advise you to take out, before we land, some money for expenses, and I'll give the bag in charge of the landlord where you lodge."

"I know Willie will be waiting for me," Mary said, but she saw the reasonableness of this advice and, after a few more words, she went with the captain to his cabin and took out a sufficient sum to provide for several days' stay in New York. She did this in simple obedience. "But I'm sure I shan't want it," she said. It seemed to her impossible that her Willie could fail to keep his tryst.

Very early next morning, before the passengers had left their berths, Mary learned that they were in the harbor.

It seemed to her as if she were in a dream. She got up and dressed herself mechanically. She could not touch her breakfast. It did not matter to her what the captain had said. She knew that she should see Willie waiting for her.

The captain felt a pressure on his arm as he stood saying "Good-bye" to his passengers. Mary was beside him, her soft eyes filled with happy light, while a flower-like color dyed each cheek. There was no need to tell the captain what she saw, but following the direction of her eyes, he singled out of the crowd on shore, around the gangway, a tall young fellow waving his hat, and thus showing a handsome head covered with rich red chestnut curls. The eyes looked red too, but they were smiling till they narrowed to a line between the young man's black eyelashes.

"I see him," the captain said. "Anyway," he thought, "he's a fine-looking chap enough, though a bit devil-may-carish, and there's no mistake that he's glad to see her. All right, my dear girl, keep close to me, and in a few minutes your sweetheart can come aboard."

Mary stood quietly beside the captain, but her pulses were leaping with excitement, though it seemed still to her that it was all a dream and that when her lover, who looked to her more beautiful than ever, came on board, she should waken suddenly to find herself still expecting him.

PART III.

THE bright promise of the morning had faded into a gloomy afternoon, when the train, after a long interval, once more stops, and her lover hands Mary out of it.

As the girl looks round her, she thinks this is surely the wildest, most lonely place she has ever seen. It looks like a vast clearing made for this out-of-the-world station; tree-stumps show here and there on the waste, and in front is a dark horizon of forest. Behind lies the lofty ridge of hills out of which the train has emerged, and on the right is another hill with a tunnel below, towards which the train they have quitted is already on its way.

Hours have passed since Mary said "Good-bye" to her friend the captain, and yet she feels still as if she were dreaming. She walks on beside her lover. The road is so rough that she fancies it can only be half made, and she stumbles more than once over stones or huge lumps of earth. She looks up at her tall, handsome lover. Surely she ought to feel very happy — her longing wish is fulfilled — and yet she cannot shake off the disappointment he has caused her. His letter had said they were to be married as soon as she landed, and that he would then take her to the home he had made for her in the wild country he now lived in; but after his first rapturous greeting, as soon as he found himself alone with her, Somerfield told her that his plans were altered, and that he had settled to go on without delay to a station near the house of a friend of his, an old woman, who would care for Mary as if the girl were her own child.

"Your luggage can be sent off after us, and when it arrives and my darling is rested from her fatigue," he said, "we will take another railway journey to Onona and get married."

This had been said so lovingly that, although Mary protested, she felt herself to be ungracious. Somerfield gave her no time to reflect in. In a few minutes she was driven off to a railway station with only her small bag of necessaries and the precious treasure bag which the captain had handed to her lover.

During the journey Mary thinks her companion has grown very grave; but then he has been absorbed in listening to the story of her aunt's illness and to the account of her voyage; and, indeed, in the delight of his presence she takes little notice of his manner.

As they now walk side by side, the dream-like expectancy is so strongly on Mary's nerves, that she feels as if she must cry out or take some other decided way of banishing it. She stumbles again, and would have fallen, but Somerfield catches her. The oath he utters makes her shudder, and she draws away from his supporting arm.

This is not the first from him that she has heard, and she remembers sadly that swearing was not a habit of Willie's in the old days.

"If I had only come to him sooner!" She wishes she were his wife, this would give her a right to remonstrate; but surely, even as it is, she ought not to let him suppose that she is willing to tolerate such words.

"Are the men very rough you go among, dear?" she says timidly.

It is now a gloomy evening, the sun has nearly set, and they are just entering the wood they have so long seen in front of them. It is yet darker here, and, although she cannot see her lover's face distinctly, he turns his head away from his companion.

She feels sure she has vexed him, and now that she rouses herself to think, she sees that he must have been vexed for some time past, and that is why he has been so silent as they have walked along.

She cannot tell how it has happened, but she must make it up at once. She clasps both hands round his arm, and looks up at him lovingly; but he keeps his face turned away from her.

"Please don't be angry with me, darling," she says softly, "I never heard you speak so before, and it — it — frightened me."

"Did it?" he says gruffly, and there is another pause of silence.

It has now grown so dark that Mary is glad to take her lover's arm. The path feels smoother under foot, and this gives her hope that they are approaching a more civilized part, for she has not seen so much as a cabin since they left the station.

The only sound since they entered the wood has been the snap of a dry twig under foot, or a rustling among the brushwood. Now there comes a low murmur, which soon swells into a louder sound.

"Hark!" Mary stands still. "Surely we are near a river; you said your friend lived near a river?"

"Yes, it is a river;" then he says more gently, "There, there, my dear, you mustn't take notice of my strange way, it's all along of my being glad to see you again; you mustn't mind; we are a bit rough out here, you know;" and he puts his hand on hers, draws it through his arm, and keeps it tightly clasped.

She has not known how frightened she was till now; her misgivings melt in a sob of relief, and, bending down, she kisses the hand that holds hers.

"There, there," he speaks roughly again, "we must hurry on if we're to reach Mrs. Davies before night; we shall have the old woman turning in before we get there."

"Doesn't she expect me?" Mary timidly asks.

"She expects you, sure enough," he answers, "but the day wasn't fixed, I wasn't sure about that till the vessel was signalled; seldom any one has so quick a passage." Then he says abruptly, "You must be very tired, my dear, I've half a mind to carry you," and he laughs loudly.

"No, oh, no, thank you!" She shrinks away, his strange manner frightens her; if she did not know it is impossible, she would fancy he has been drinking since he left the station. She has wakened thoroughly at last.

This is not the Willie Somerfield who left her sobbing her heart out for his sake — something has altered him. But she reproaches herself; when she is his wife he will soon be all right again.

The wood has become thinner; it is not so dark as it was, the noise of the river is nearer, they have reached the edge of the forest. As Mary looks out between the trees she sees that a deep gully separates them from the road. She cannot pass this without help.

"The devil!" her companion exclaims; "while you have been jawing me we have come out of the way, but it don't matter." He flings first one bag and then the other across, and then, bending down, he raises her in his arms, and goes carefully down one side of the cleft and up the other. "There!" he says, as he lands her safely on the other side.

"How strong you are!" She looks up admiringly, while he stands breathing hard from the exertion he has made.

"It don't take much to lift you." Then, turning to her, he adds, "You're such a dainty little morsel, ladybird."

The sight of the broad, grey river makes Mary feel giddy, and she clings closely to her lover's arm as they walk beside it. She cannot help shivering, the water looks so cold and deep. Somerfield points onward: "There's the bridge," he says.

The place is so wild, so lonely, and the bridge is so slight, that it seems wonderful it has not been swept away.

"Shall we have to cross that bridge?" As she speaks Mary stands still, trembling. She feels a sudden dread; it seems to her the bridge will break when they reach the middle of the river, and the cold grey water will close over their heads.

Somerfield turns to her angrily. "Of course we must cross it, what fools women are!" and catching her hand, he hurries her on at such a pace that she soon loses her breath.

"Stop, stop, Willie; oh, please stop," she gasps, "I can't go so fast."

He answers her with an oath, bends down his frowning face to her, and then he lifts her suddenly from the ground as if she were a child, and hurries on. At first she lies still in his arms, but as her breath comes back she feels that he is turning to the bridge; again an irrepressible horror seizes her — she cries out and struggles violently to free herself. "Be quiet, you little fool." She sees Somerfield's red eyes glare fiercely as he swings her forward, then his grasp on her loosens, but she clings desperately to him now. He wrenches one hand, then the other away, and pushes her from him. She feels that she is falling, there is a despairing cry — a splash — and the dark water closes over her.

PART IV.

MARY rouses from what seems deep slumber. There is a rushing sound in her ears, and she opens her eyes. She sees only the grey, cold river. Is she floating along with it? No, her right hand grasps some substance, and she feels fastened down by the weight of her clothes.

She cannot move, she looks up, the stars are shining overhead; and as by degrees she rouses to fuller consciousness, she sees that she has been caught among the roots of a huge withered tree.

She lies there white and exhausted, and as memory brings back the terrible scene she passed through, she wishes she had never wakened.

But love of life soon asserts itself, and after a while she manages to free her hair and then her clothes, which have kept her fast to this refuge. Crawling along the far-stretching roots, she at last reaches the bank in safety. She is still too dazed to think — one idea only lightens through her stupefied brain — she must find the little station, get back to New York, and to a steamer returning to England. She feels dimly that the friendly captain will protect her. She does not dare to remember what she needs protection against, she is dully conscious that her senses may forsake her if she begins to think.

As at last she rises to her feet she trembles so violently that she can scarcely stand. She has lost her hat, and her long hair hangs round her like a dripping cloak. Wringing the water from it with both her cold hands, she rolls it up tightly, and then she begins to walk back beside the river. She can make out the bridge at a little distance off; and this tells her that she has not been carried far from where she fell into the water. It does not occur to her that in the darkness she may find it impossible to make her way back through the wood to the station. She goes on and on between the river and the wood in a dogged, determined way. She knows she cannot cross the gully, but surely if she goes on there must be an easier way.

Suddenly the wood ends in another clearing, a wild heath stretches before her, overgrown with low bushes; and among these at some distance Mary fancies that she sees a light. She stops and gazes keenly; it may be only caused by some insect, but then it may come from a log-cabin. But soon, as she walks towards the light, she feels sure that it is shining from a window. Every now and then she stumbles over the uneven ground, sometimes she gets entangled among brambles and brushwood, but sooner than she expects she comes to a long low cabin — a dark, solitary building — from which the light comes through a chink in the shuttered window. Too confused to seek for the door, Mary makes her way desperately towards the light, and knocks on the shutter — no answer. She waits a minute or two, and then she knocks again vehemently.

"Who are you that knocks?" a voice says behind the shutter — a woman's voice, timid but not unkindly in tone. Mary feels her courage come back.

"I am a poor girl that has lost her way, and in the dark I fell in the water. I am dying of cold, please let me in."

Some instinct seems to warn her not to tell the truth.

The shutter opens a little. "You can't come in here," the voice answers peevishly, "my masters are away, and they don't harbor strangers."

Mary thrusts her arm desperately through the opening.

"Only let me in and dry my clothes," she says, "for the love of God have pity on me!"

The shutter is again opened. "Maybe I'd show more pity in keeping you out," the woman says. "They're a wild, rough gang, and they may return any minute, and if they find you here, I wouldn't give much for your chances, my girl."

"Oh, let me in, if only for a few minutes," cries Mary, "or I shall perish of cold."

"Come to the door," the woman says.

The rough door is unbarred and the girl staggers into a good-sized room, where a fire of logs is blazing on a stone hearth.

Mary falls into a seat near the red glow, the water trickles off her till it makes a pool on the floor. The woman stares at her in wonder, but she asks no questions; she sets a pot of coffee on the hearth to warm for her dripping guest.

"You'll get your death in those clothes," and she looks compassionately at the girl's slender figure and sad face, then she goes into a closet opposite the fire and comes back with a blanket over her arm. "Slip off your skirts quickly," she says, "and wrap this round you, while I dry 'em a bit."

Mary feels too stupefied to move, but with an effort she does what she is bid, and then she sits wrapped in the blanket. While she drinks the hot coffee given her, the woman holds the girl's dripping clothes close to the blazing logs.

She is small and ugly—she looks as if drink and hard usage have dulled her faculties. Every now and then, however, she gives her visitor a keen glance and then she turns away, and seems absorbed in listening.

All at once she starts. "They are coming—don't you hear them?" she says excitedly. "Yes—it's them, safe enough—I hear the signal, you're not safe," her voice sinks to a whisper; "if they find you, they'll shoot you—or worse—you must hide in there—come!"

She thrusts Mary's clothes into her arms, and hurries her to the place from which she has taken the blanket. The girl finds herself pushed past rows of shelves and within a second door, which the woman closes on her, and then the girl hears her also close the first door into the room. Mary finds herself in a veritable black hole, seemingly hung round with blankets—there is hardly room to turn, and yet she does not feel stifled. Looking up she sees glimpses of starlight through the chinks of the log roof. As the girl stands still trembling with cold, she hears a tramp of footsteps outside; the tramp comes nearer, and then goes round the cabin. Next minute she hears loud voices in the room she has just quitted.

Mary has not shared her hostess's terror. The shock she has undergone has taken away all emotion. Her dulness makes her insensible of danger.

All at once her heart beasts fast; through the rough planked doors she hears voices more distinctly. There has been first a continual dialogue, now a hubbub of sound, now several voices jeer at one of the party, who seems to keep silence. These voices are coarse and ruffianly, and Mary at last feels afraid. A fierce oath, and then a fist strikes the table with vehemence, and silences the clamor of the rest.

"Hold your jaw, every one. I have the swag safe; let them laugh who win."

Mary's heart seems to stand still, and she sinks back against the wall of the cabin.

It is Somerfield's voice. The wretched girl does not lose consciousness, but for a time she is deaf to what is happening. While she lay half drowned among the tree-roots, it had seemed to her that a sudden frenzy had seized on her lover, and she had forgotten the existence of her money; now the horrible fact is clear.

She rouses from her stupor to hear a hubbub of voices, some of them eager and clamorous. Somerfield's sounds brutal and defiant. He calls loudly for more drink; and after this there comes a lull in the talk. Soon this changes into wild songs and laughter, choruses with loud blows on the table, quarrels, at which she turns faint again, and amid it all—one of the loudest—she hears Somerfield's voice. After what seems to her a long time, these sounds subside, sink by degrees into stillness, and soon it is plain by the snoring and heavy breathing that the revellers are sound asleep.

Overhead the stars have paled, and a chill air coming in slowly with grey glimmer warns poor Mary that dawn is breaking.

Moving very quietly she manages to dress herself in the confined space in which she stands. She has scarcely finished when the closet door opens gently, and the woman beckons her forth:

"They are all asleep," she whispers in the girl's ear.

The miserable creature is trembling; but without a word she leads the way to the cabin door. There is only a dim light coming from the log fire. The woman noiselessly opens the door, and the fire-glow mixes strangely with the pale gleam that comes in from the doorway, and falls on the faces of the men who lie sleeping in varied positions on the floor.

Somerfield lies nearest the fire, but his face is hidden in the blanket he has rolled himself in; his frieze coat lies beside him. Mary shrinks away as she passes him; she has nearly reached the door when a strange idea comes to her. She will take his coat.

If she ever reaches England again this will be a proof to his friends that her terrible story is true.

She turns back, takes the coat from beside him, and then, pressing the hand of the woman as she glides past her, she flies out into the cold morning air.

. . . . . .

Mary was never able coherently to relate how she reached New York and the steamer she had come out in, the day before it started on its homeward journey. She had a confused memory of walking through the chill dawn and waiting wearily and half-dead at the small station-cabin, and when she got to the steamer she was too ill to be questioned.

To the captain's eager inquiries she answered, "Not now, captain; I'm dreaming still. I'll tell you when I wake;" and the horror in her eyes checked the good man's questions.

For several days she lay in her berth almost unconscious of what happened, but at last she roused and looked dreamily about her.

Presently her eyes fell on the frieze coat she had carried away. She looked at it in wonder; then, as all came back, she shivered with horror. How could she have brought away such a witness of the terrible story? After a little she lifted it down; its weight surprised her.

Then suddenly she thrust her hand into one of the pockets and drew forth her money, given by the captain to Somerfield.

The main facts of this story are not fictitious. There are persons still living who knew Mary Abbot and Willie Somerfield, and who have heard Mary tell the tragic ending of the tryst she travelled so far to keep.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

From The Nineteenth Century.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

THE publication of this book has been expected with eagerness, and it is not surprising that such has been the case. It is just twelve years since a unique personality passed away from among men; a name which had occupied a most prominent place in the world of thought and of controversy ceased to appear any longer as that of a contemporary, and a voice was silent which, within a certain range at least, had stirred the heart and spirit as no voice in modern times had ever done. If any surprise were expressed, it would almost seem to be caused by the patience with which the absence of any biography of Mr. Maurice has been borne; but the reason of this is, I think, not far to seek. Those who knew Mr. Maurice, either personally or by his writings, knew him so well — his presence was so constant, and his thoughts and convictions were so real to them, and had become so perfectly their own — that they felt less the need of a biography than in the case of almost any other man.

I am inclined to think, however, that all feeling of indifference will be exchanged for enthusiasm when the present volumes are perused, for, if the subject of the biography was unique, the work itself may, I think, be said to be unique also. It cannot be said to be an autobiography, for no autobiography could possibly be so spontaneous, or have contented itself so exclusively with thought and opinion; but for this very reason it is not so much a book at all as it is Mr. Maurice himself, not perhaps in the flesh, but certainly in the spirit. The book is unique in the position and circumstances of its editor, and it has been produced upon principles of candor and personal abnegation which, if not unique, are at least infrequent. Few biographers have said less about their subject than Colonel Maurice has said about his father, and few have allowed their subject to speak so largely and unreservedly. Colonel Maurice says in his preface: "Nothing whatever has been kept back or concealed as to my father. My sole object has been to present him as he was." The question whether letters do represent a man is one which must, I think, be decided afresh in each individual case; but, *cæteris paribus*, no one can be so good a judge of this as a son can be, because he has fuller opportunities of

* *The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice.* Edited by his son Frederick Maurice. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

knowing how far the private life corresponds to the public, and he is less liable to be biased in his judgment by party or theological prejudice. Where Colonel Maurice has departed from his usual method, as in chapter viii. of the second volume, the result is so charming as to make us wish for more personal reminiscences. The candor with which the letters and extracts of letters have been given to us is remarkable, extending, I should say, in a few instances, to the publication of what Mr. Maurice himself would have suppressed. To some of those who have only known Mr. Maurice in his books, it is possible that some of these letters, written under circumstances of excitement and impulse, will convey an impression of unrest and anxiety foreign to the serene result to which, in the sermons, thought and experience had given a prophetic calm; but we shall all feel the privilege of being thus admitted into the workshop of the mind, obtaining, I think, by such means, as true, as vivid, and as detailed a presentment of the personality which it is our wish to realize as we could with any reasonableness expect.

His biographer says that Maurice's position was unique. I conceive that Mr. Maurice himself was absolutely unique. I conceive that no other man ever occupied his precise mental standpoint, for he combined two qualities which are generally found to be incompatible — he united an almost perfect freedom and toleration of thought with the most entire certitude of conviction and teaching. It was this quality beyond every other which made him emphatically the teacher of teachers; for a teacher who attracted the freest and most acute intellects by his sympathy with their doubts and speculations, believing, as he did, that God's guidance was to be perceived not so much in men's opinions and conclusions as in their struggles and questionings and glimpses of light (vol. ii., p. 338), and at the same time appeared possessed of a certitude at least equal to that of the narrowest dogmatist, could not fail to command an influence over thinking men. It is easy for a man who has not to teach to assume a generous breadth and freedom of opinion; but it is obvious that the teacher must have something to teach, and must have arrived at some point of certitude from which, as from a rock, he can draw up his hearers from among the waves of perplexity and unrest. This was what emphatically Mr. Maurice did.

There is, however, another point in Mr. Maurice's character which I think well to touch upon here at the outset as giving a note most important to be struck thus early — I mean his saintliness. "He was the only saint I ever knew," was said to me the other day by one well known in letters and in society; "others have aimed at it. He was a saint." Dr. Goodeve of Clifton, his cousin, the companion of his boyhood, says of him (vol. i., p. 38): —

> He was the gentlest, most docile and affectionate of creatures; but he was equally earnest in what he believed to be right, and energetic in the pursuit of his views. It may be thought an extravagant assertion, a mere formal tribute to a deceased friend and companion, but, after a long and intimate experience of the world, I can say with all sincerity that he was the most saint-like individual I ever met — *Christ-like*, if I dare to use the word.

I wish thus early to insist upon this, because I have no doubt that to a character of this description only that secret is entrusted which becomes the method of attraction which Mr. Maurice possessed. Others may have been holy as he was, though I think they have been few; but none could have possessed his attraction, however gifted with like gifts, save the holy, for he himself would tell us that none but the pure can see God, and the secret of his certitude and of his charm was that he had seen God.

"I was sent into the world," he writes to his son, in one of his carefully prepared autobiographical letters — "I was sent into the world that I might persuade men to recognize Christ as the centre of their fellowship with each other, so that they might be united in their families, their countries, and as men, not in schools and factions;" that is, as I understand him, the bond of interest and union is not opinion, but that humanity which has been taken up into God.

Very early in life, in the little Quaker village of Frenchay, with its quiet greens and leafy parks, it was borne in upon the mind of this exceptional boy that there was nothing strange or exceptional in his circumstances, but that he "*was one of a race.*" This, undoubtedly, is the keynote of Mr. Maurice's teaching to the end of his life — not children by election or adoption; not disciples or followers by choice or opinion, but children by natural birth, elect in virtue of the common humanity by which alone every human being is the son of God. The distinction between his view of baptism and Dr. Pusey's was just this: the latter regarded baptism as a

change of nature; he saw in it the coming out of the infant into the first radiance of a light which had been ever shining for it and for all the world.

In the very remarkable mental atmosphere in which the boy grew up, amid those religious questionings which led to the entire family of the Unitarian minister leaving their husband and father to follow other forms of faith, it was perhaps natural that, to such a mind, this principle should be strengthened, if indeed it was not suggested; for a craving would arise in an affectionate and susceptible nature for some other bond of union than that of mere opinion. When, after many discussions, he went to Cambridge, he came under the influence of a remarkable man in a very characteristic way. In a most interesting extract from his own papers, he gives an account of Julius Hare's lectures during two terms, first upon the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and secondly upon the "Gorgias" of Plato. Hare himself wrote of him "that there was in his class-room a pupil whose metaphysical powers were among the greatest he had ever come in contact with, but that the man was so shy that it was almost impossible to know him." Entirely unknown to the man who was afterwards to be his intimate friend and brother, this was what was passing in the boy's mind (he was eighteen): —

I *do* recollect Hare's class-room exceedingly well. I am often surprised how clearly all the particulars of what passed in it come back to me, when so much else that I should like to preserve has faded away.

You will suppose, perhaps, that this was owing to some novelty in his method of teaching. You will inquire whether he assumed more of a professional air than is common in a College, and gave disquisitions instead of calling on his pupils to construe a book? Not the least. We construed just as they did elsewhere. I do not remember his indulging in a single *excursus*. The subject in our first term was the *Antigone* of Sophocles. . . .

We hammered at the words and at the sense. The lecturer seemed most anxious to impress us with the feeling that there was no road to the sense which did not go through the words. He took infinite pains to make us understand the force of nouns, verbs, particles, and the grammar of the sentences. We often spent an hour on the strophe or antistrophe of a chorus. . . .

If there had been disquisitions about the Greek love of beauty, about the classical and romantic schools, and so forth, I should have been greatly delighted. I should have rushed forth to retail to my friends what I had heard, or have discussed it, and refuted it as long as they would listen to my nonsense. What we did and heard in the lecture-room could not be turned to this account. One could not get the handy phrase one wished about Greek ideals and poetical unity; but, by some means or other, one rose to the apprehension that the poem *had* a unity in it, and that the poet *was* pursuing an ideal, and that the unity was not created by him, but perceived by him, and that the ideal was not a phantom, but something which must have had a most real effect upon himself, his age, and his country. I cannot the least tell you how Hare imparted this conviction to me; I only know that I acquired it, and could trace it very directly to his method of teaching. I do not suppose that he had deliberately invented a method; in form, as I have said, he was adapting himself exactly to the practice of English Colleges; in spirit, he was following the course which a cultivated man, thoroughly in earnest to give his pupils the advantage of his cultivation, and not ambitious of displaying himself, would fall into. Yet I have often thought since, that if the genius of Bacon is, as I trust it is and always will be, the tutelary one of Trinity, its influence was scarcely more felt in the scientific lecture-rooms than in this classical one; we were, just as much as the students of natural philosophy, feeling our way from particulars to universals, from facts to principles.

One felt this method, without exactly understanding it, in reading our Greek play. The next term it came much more distinctly before us. Then we were reading the *Gorgias* of Plato. But here, again, the lecturer was not tempted for an instant to spoil us of the good which Plato could do us by talking to us about him, instead of reading him with us. There was no *résumé* of his philosophy, no elaborate comparison of him with Aristotle, or with any of the moderns. Our business was with a single dialogue; we were to follow that through its windings, and to find out by degrees, if we could, what the writer was driving at, instead of being told beforehand. I cannot recollect that he ever spoke to us of Schleiermacher, whose translations were, I suppose, published at that time; if they were, he had certainly read them; but his anxiety seemed to be that Plato should explain himself to us, and should help to explain us to ourselves. Whatever he could do to further this end, by bringing his reading and scholarship to bear upon the illustration of the text, by throwing out hints as to the course the dialogue was taking, by exhibiting his own fervent interest in Plato and his belief of the high purpose he was aiming at, he did. But to give us second-hand reports, though they were ever so excellent — to save us the trouble of thinking — to supply us with a moral, instead of showing us how we might find it, not only in the book but in our hearts, this was clearly not his intention.

Then Mr. Maurice goes on to say that Hare first set before his pupils

an ideal not for a few "religious" people, but

for all mankind, which can lift men out of the sin which "assumes selfishness as the basis of all actions and life;" and secondly, the teaching them that "there is a way out of party opinions which is not a compromise between them, but which is implied in both, and of which each is bearing witness." "Hare did not tell us this . . . Plato himself does not say it; he makes us feel it."

I do not apologize for the length of these extracts: they are so interesting in themselves, and are so intensely valuable as showing the forces that were at work in the boy's mind. "The most enlightened men in Germany, France, and England," he wrote afterwards, "are acknowledging the deep obligation which they have owed to Plato for having enfranchised them from systems, and sent them to seek for wisdom, not in the strife of parties, but in the quiet of their own hearts." "Maurice says," writes his pupil, Edward Strachey, to Lady Louis — "Maurice says all little children are Platonists;" and we know of another who said that only as little children could we enter the kingdom of God. It was through this portal, then, that young Maurice, like so many others, entered into intellectual life.

On leaving Cambridge, not having made up his mind to the required subscription to the thirty-sixth canon, he took his name off the university books, without taking a degree, declining the kindly suggestion of the senior tutor of his college that he should allow the full term of five years' standing to expire before taking so decisive a step. Whatever his future opinions might be, he characteristically said he could not hazard their being influenced by any considerations of worldly interest. During his stay in London, where he wrote for and finally edited the *Athenæum*, during an interval at home during which he wrote his novel "Eustace Conway," and at Exeter College, Oxford, to which college he was attracted by the kindness of Dr. Jacobson, he was gradually forming those convictions which resulted in his taking orders in the English Church, of which, I imagine, it would be difficult to find a more ardent or a more thorough adherent than he became.

I have agreed with Colonel Maurice that his father's position with regard to the Church was unique, but in addition to this I should not hesitate to say that at first sight it seems, and all through his life it did seem, intensely subtle: so much so that he himself could scarcely expect it to be grasped by religious people of ordinary calibre; still further, I am not ashamed to admit that it has often appeared to me so subtle that I have failed for some time altogether to grasp it; nevertheless I am perfectly certain that it was of the simplest description. We have seen that Mr. Maurice's idea of God was that of a God of the natural human race. He conceived of a living God, the author, origin, and support of the race — a God who in all ages had not only been speaking to it, but had been living in it, teaching, leading, drawing it to himself — a God who was doing this now as much as ever. In the Hebrew Scriptures he found the fullest and clearest proof and exposition of this immortal fact. He believed, with his whole heart, in the existence of this ceaseless energy, this unwearying love and power. He believed, also with his whole heart, that the English Church, in its formularies, in its articles, in its liturgy, in its creeds, literally, and in the plain and ordinary English interpretation of the words, inculcated this truth; just as the English translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, in their literal sense, also inculcated it. "The errors of the Oxford Tracts," *i.e.*, of the High Church movement, he wrote to Edward Strachey,

> consist, I think, in opposing *το* τὸ πνεῦμα τοῦ αἰῶνος τούτου (the spirit of the present age) the spirit of a former age, instead of the ever-living and acting Spirit of God, of which the spirit of each age is, at once, the adversary and the parody. The childlike spirit of the Fathers, say they, must be brought in to counteract the intellectual spirit of these times — the spirit of submission to Church authority against the spirit of voluntary association.

It was not that he objected to the spirit of the Fathers — so far from it he was most deeply read in and conversant with them, especially with St. Augustine — but their utterance was not that ever-living and acting spirit to which he believed the formularies of the English Church bore witness, and any slighting, or crippling, or ignoring of which spirit he believed to be heresy against such formularies and articles.

Now this ever-living and acting Spirit of God pervades the whole human race, absorbing all its functions into himself, so that as, in the old Jewish times, king and priest and prophet were the instrument and mouthpiece of this Spirit, so now king and State and commonwealth are as much, and no more, manifestations of this spirit as the Church itself. There is no power whatever but that of God;

all else is mere lawlessness and anarchy. So far as the democracy declared itself absolute, he opposed it to the death, but he would have been the first to recognize in the most stifled outcry of a democracy the voice of God proclaiming, as by the wild cry of a gaunt and ragged prophet by the wayside, wrath and future judgment against the selfishness and atheism of kings and States. So far as the sectaries set themselves up against the visible unity of the one kingdom and Church of God — so far he would have no fellowship with them; but he would have been the first to recognize the side of truth each of them had grasped, as a witness against the error and backsliding of the Church. "I write *of* Quakers," he says, "but I write *to* Church people."

I will quote a passage from the "Prophets and Kings," partly because of its extreme beauty, but chiefly because it explains, more than any other word could do, this simple and clear position as to the relations of Church and State.

We have been hearing of a Vision. Does that word sound as if it belonged to times which we have left far behind, as if it pointed to something fantastical and incredible? Oh! if there were no such visions, brethren, what an utterly dark and weary and unintelligible place this world would be! How completely we should be given up to the emptiest phantoms, to the basest worship of phantoms! What mere shows and mockeries would the state and ceremonial of kings, the debates of legislators, the yearnings and struggles of people, become! How truly would the earth be what it seemed to the worn-out misanthropical libertine, "a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" a thousand times we have been all tempted to think it so. The same painted scenery, the same shifting pageants, the same unreal words spoken through different masks by counterfeit voices, the same plots which seem never to be unravelled: what does it all mean? How do men endure the ceaseless change, the dull monotony? Satirists and keen observers of the world's follies have asked this question again and again. The best man may often doubt what he should reply. But he hears a voice saying to him, "Try to be true to thyself; resist the powers which are tempting thee to go through thy acts, common or sacred, as if thou wert a mere machine; hold fast thy faith that God is, and is working, when thou seest least of this working, and when the world seems most to be going on without Him; assure thyself that there is an order in the universe when all its movements seem most disorderly. So will the things around thee by degrees acquire a meaning and a purpose. Those divine services and sacraments which have partaken of their insincerity, which have become shadows like them, will show thee what a truth and substance lies behind them. In English temples thou mayest hear 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,' resounding from the lips of seraphim. In them thou mayest know that thou art in the midst of a company of angels and archangels and just men made perfect; nay, that thou art in the presence of Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and of God, the Judge of all. And if the sense of that presence awaken all the consciousness of thine own evil, and of the evil of the people among whom thou dwellest, the taste of that sacrifice, which was once offered for thee and for all the world, will purge thine iniquity. When that divine love has kindled thy flagging and perishing thoughts and hopes, thou mayest learn that God can use thee to bear the tidings of His love and righteousness to a sense-bound land that is bowing to silver and gold, to horses and chariots. And if there should come a convulsion in that land, such as neither thou nor thy fathers have known, be sure that it signifies the removal of such things as can be shaken, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." *

Now, if his position is so simple and so orthodox as it appears to be — and I think the fact cannot be disputed — how is it that Mr. Maurice's mental and doctrinal standpoint appeared so subtle and obscure? how was it that he seemed to be constantly contradicting and disappointing the expectations of simple-minded people? and how is it that this man, who was by every possibility of expression the most orthodox of Churchmen and the most unswerving of believers in the inspiration of the Bible, should have left his name as a byword among a large and varied class of Churchpeople, for a monster of heresy and misbelief? The question seems to me full of interest both as it relates to peculiarities of character and of the times, and illustrates some traits of our common nature which are alike in all times.

Some reflection on Mr. Maurice's principle of interpretation of Scripture, if so simple a process can be called by such a name, will I think assist us in this perplexity. His faith in the letter of Scripture was entire. "If the Bible shrank from difficulties," he said, "if it had not a stronger evidence in itself than all the ingenuity of apologists could supply, it was not the book which I took it to be, it had not the power for which I gave it credit." The absence of all difficulty, the ease with which obstacles apparently insurmountable are overcome, give the reader at first a sense of amused surprise, as though some ingenious casuistry or

* Prophets and Kings, p. 234.

legerdemain was at work; but this is only because we are so unused to his plain and simple principles. We are so accustomed to difficulties and apologies and German criticism and to etymological niceties and ethnological refinements, that when all our difficulties vanish before the simple story of a life like our own; when the record is revealed to us as being nothing but the history of struggles and failures, sins and repentances, of men and women and people like ourselves, and of the clear and still clearer shining of a light into their hearts and lives by which the mysteries of time and of the future appear, if not altogether vanquished and brought to naught, yet, at least, as ranging themselves on the side of righteousness and development, and not of anarchy and despair; when, instead of the elaborate exegesis we expected, we hear only the charmed rhythm of this divine message through page of story, and prophet's cry, and psalmist's song,—we can hardly credit that our trouble has been in such sort laid to rest. And, as a matter of fact, it is certain that this method of interpretation staggered the so-called religious world. Indeed, to please this world it is not enough that you profess your belief that the Bible is inspired; this will serve you little, unless you add your con viction that the religious world is inspired in its interpretation of it. This is true of all times; but a wonderful change has passed over the religious world of England since Mr. Maurice took orders fifty years ago. It requires some effort to realize the position of those days: so many questions have been set at rest, so many outworks abandoned, so many crises which were to have ruined the Church and religion safely passed through. The whole power of the Church, and indeed of the religious world, was in the hands of the Evangelical party, a party only just entering on its decadence. The triumphs and spiritual victories of this great and missionary section of the Church were fresh in men's minds. The mental atmosphere was redolent with the names of such men as Simeon, Venn, and Romaine. The invariable result had occurred. The leaders of thought being removed, their followers adopted their formulas and, like the Israelites with the ark at Eben-ezer, supposed, because of their adherence to these formulas, that God was still in the camp. The religious patronage of the country and the revenue of the religious societies was in their hands, and its distribution was decided, and the thought and opinion of the congregations guided, by the so-called religious newspapers. Now a man who believed that God's voice was heard not in formulas and systems, not in opinions and conclusions, but in "struggles and questionings and glimpses of light," could not expect much appreciation from excellent and formal people trained and drilled in a system like this. His interpretation of Scripture was to them naught, for they recognized in it none of their familiar phrases. To many of these people, to attempt to see two sides of a question is not only perplexing, it is positively wicked; to endeavor to discover the particle of truth which exists in your opponent's opinion is to pander to the devil himself. The best and most charitable of these people would say, "I cannot understand him;" and no wonder, for it is impossible to give the reader, who is unacquainted with his character, any just idea of the exquisite balance of Mr. Maurice's mind. If his whole life and writings failed to give it to so many thousands of his fellow-countrymen, it would be ridiculous to attempt it here. All I can do, it seems to me, is to insist as often as possible on this one point, that the distinguishing quality he possessed and the quality which prevented his position from being understood and his influence felt, which caused him to be suspected of casuistry and rejected as obscure and unintelligible, was simply and solely this exquisite balance of mind and thought.

But there were other forces which, while they could not cause this estrangement, yet strengthened and perpetuated it when caused. One of these was Mr. Maurice's connection with what was called, then as now, Christian Socialism. I shall allude very briefly to this. I would rather hope that some of those men, and they are many, now in orders in the English Church, who are carrying on his work under the influence of his spirit, and who look upon him as the inspirer and guide of their cause, will give us some account of the result of his connection with it. I will only say that the quality I have mentioned, a balanced intellect and a consequent wisdom superior to all those who worked with him, appears to me most prominent in this phase of his work. In those days, however, of Continental revolution and of political excitement, a man who had actually converted some Chartists, and was known to be intimately associated with intelligent artisans, "naturally all atheists, you know," was regarded in many circles with horror. Noth-

ing was too bad to believe of such a one. The clergy would say to younger men, with that recklessness of speech which is not confined to parsons, "Has no belief in the Atonement, you know" — an assertion about equivalent to denying to St. Paul any belief in the doctrine of justification by faith.

It is almost impossible at the present day to realize the anonymous and irresponsible tyranny wielded by the religious newspapers at the time of which we are speaking. Colonel Maurice contrasts the power of this tyranny in 1842–6, when the *Record* won its great victory over Bishop Blomfield, and the bishop, to escape the storm, actually had to abandon all those clergy who had followed his advice, and to approve of those who had refused to obey him, with its weakness in 1860, when in response to its demand that Bishop Tait should resist Mr. Maurice's appointment to St. Peter's, Vere Street, only twenty of the London clergy signed the address to the bishop, against three hundred and thirty-two who signed the counter-address to Mr. Maurice. Mr. Maurice's antagonism to the "immoral and godless domination of anonymous religious journalism" had been consistent, determined, and uncompromising from the beginning of his career; a great part of his unpopularity with Church people was earned in this single-handed combat with an impalpable malific power, and to him in great measure is to be attributed its fall. It would be necessary to study the files of these forgotten instruments of bigotry to understand the position truly, but this were a task before which even German conscientiousness and enterprise might well quail.

It was the chivalrous instinct which saw injustice in *ex parte* statements of an opponent's position which first roused his indignation against the religious newspapers, and it was this same habit of Mr. Maurice's mind which was a fertile source of misunderstanding between himself and the so-called religious world. To go out of your way to point out what truth there may be in the position of a man whom you firmly believe to be fighting against truth, seems to many people to be treason against the truth itself. When the honest acceptance of the Articles was in question, and an attempt was being made at Oxford to vindicate the act of subscription from an open avowal of dishonesty, to find the strong advocate of subscription, in the literal and plain sense, openly siding with the offender was no doubt puzzling to many simple people; and when Mr. Maurice approved the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, which appeared to confirm the possession of endowments to those who had departed from the faith in support of which such endowments had been bequeathed, many good and formal people who never saw below the crust of things, and to whom no distinction ever occurred between "the eternal verities on which their faith stands, and the points which must receive a different solution in each different age," a distinction vital to Mr. Maurice, were inclined to think his conduct disingenuous. Mr. Maurice did not accept the Articles and formularies as a particular righteous creed admirably expressed in language by the English Reformers, although he believed that the men of the sixteenth century were far more capable of such a task than those of the nineteenth; he accepted them as the plain testimony to the truth of an "ever-living and acting spirit of righteousness," which had ever taught the Church, and was still teaching her in his own day. He was apparently open to the retort that after all it was only Mr. Maurice's own opinion which he advocated, just as it was the opinion of other people which he opposed, but in his own mind he escaped this dilemma. "For me to assume that I am right or you are wrong," he wrote to Mr. Strachey, "in the way of putting down idolatry or any form of error is hateful and immoral, confusing ends and means, leading to the most melancholy consequences to the mind of the individual and of the country, consequences which are every day making themselves manifest."

"The exquisite acuteness of his intellectual perceptions," to use Mr. Ludlow's words, was indeed always leading him to perceive distinctions which were quite imperceptible to ordinary minds; but it would be the very greatest of mistakes to suppose that there was in Mr. Maurice anything of the tolerant *laissez faire* of the worldly-minded statesman or divine, to whom life and religion are a fine art. On the contrary, an almost painful earnestness pervades his language at every crisis, and such crises were chronic, of religious matters in his time.

> All Christian liberty, all manly divinity, and I believe all honesty of purpose, is in peril if one step be taken in this course,

he writes on one occasion.

> To lie down and sleep till the fates accomplish their own purposes, which it seems impossible that we can promote, and very likely

that we may hinder, is the inference which the devil has whispered to every one a thousand times, and which most of us have obeyed till a louder whisper has awakened us. Oh, there is nothing so emasculating as the atmosphere of Eclecticism! who that has dwelt in it has not longed for "the keen mountain" misty air of Calvinism, or anything, however biting, that would stir him to action?

he writes again. In 1843 he writes this remarkable sentence to Archdeacon Hare:

I have even thought of addressing a letter to him [Lord Ashley] on the fearful danger of making Tractarians, and Romanists too, by these violent efforts of suppressing them. But I scarcely dare meddle with such subjects; they are too exacting, and I sometimes think with trembling that that way madness lies. Nothing goes nearer to take away one's senses than the clatter of tongues, when you feel every one is wrong, and know that if you tried to set them right you would most likely be as wrong as any. It would not be so if one had learnt how to keep sabbath days in the midst of the world's din.

This intense earnestness, this terror of, and determination to grapple with, erroneous opinion, seems indeed at times almost inconsistent with the equally intense faith in the living and acting Spirit that was guiding the world. There are in the world two principles of action — I had almost said of culture — that of Luther and that of Erasmus. I mention these two names, so often used in this connection, because it is very curious that, while we might have expected that Mr. Maurice's sympathies would have been on the side of the cultured, tolerant, sweet-tempered, and sweet-voiced reformer, the exact contrary is the fact. He despised Erasmus from his heart. He speaks of him as "the selfish *dilettante*," of Luther as "the Christian hero." I think that this combination of tolerance with earnestness is the most unique thing about Mr. Maurice. His toleration was infinite; we feel disposed to wish sometimes that his earnestness had been a little less intense. Of the great controversy of his life, that with Mr., afterwards Dean, Mansel, he says that, had he listened to advice, he should have let it alone.

There is a passage on St. Augustine in the "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy" which seems to show that he was incapable of realizing the position of a conscientious agnostic. We do not like to fancy even the slightest resemblance between him and those good people whose distress and dread would be pitiful if it were not grotesque. To hear some of these talk, for instance, at the present day, one would almost suppose that they believed that some twenty years ago there had been a God, but that Professor Huxley and Professor Tyndall had killed him, and that, in consequence, not unnaturally, some considerable perplexity and distress was being felt. If there be a God it would seem probable that he will be able to protect himself against Professor Tyndall, and I do not imagine that the Third Person of the Trinity was in such imminent danger of annihilation from Henry Longueville Mansel, D. D., as to make it necessary for Mr. Maurice to come to the rescue without an hour's delay.

It seems only yesterday, though it is a quarter of a century ago, that the controversy with Dean Mansel began. I remember with distinctness the effect that "What is Revelation?" had upon myself. The prominent feeling was how gracious it was of Mr. Maurice to lavish such a wealth of spiritual thought and vitality merely to crush that most unique, surely, of all champions of orthodoxy — the man who implicitly denied the existence and ridiculed the office and functions of the Third Person of the Trinity. It is difficult to believe that the effect of the lectures could have been such as to require such a confutation. Mr. Mansel was an acute logician, but he was not a metaphysician any more than he was a theologian. His position is utterly untenable except from a purely logical standpoint. He speaks indeed of a "revelation," but, whatever this may be, it is evident that it must be of the vaguest description, for he commences by stating that it is evident that no systematic theology has been given by it, and he exposes with admirable acuteness the absurd statements which dogmatism has made in its attempts to formulate one. As therefore Mr. Mansel denied the possibility of any communication or acquaintance with God except by means of this shadowy nothing, it is not perhaps an unfair presumption that the tendency of the Bampton Lectures that year was towards practical atheism. His position at any rate was exactly that which Mr. Maurice felt himself, as his biographer points out, sent into the world to protest against — the establishment of some system, some idol of opinion — in place of the energizing spirit of the living God. Mr. Mansel puts passages from the New Testament at the head of his lectures, and intersperses a few more in the course of them. It is therefore fair to suppose that he had looked into that book, other-

wise it would be difficult to believe that he had even heard of it.

It is very doubtful whether personal controversy is at any time productive of an advance in the apprehension of truth, so much is lost by the introduction of the necessary personal allusion and recrimination; at any rate I think it will be admitted that Mr. Maurice did not shine in it. His conceptions and faculties were of a character too lofty for success in mere personal word-play. He is too much in earnest. He is absorbed by the splendor of his conception; dazzled, it may be, "by the abundance of the revelation." His line of argument, as relates to his opponent, is confused, it is needlessly protracted; the point seems constantly lost sight of; long extracts from his adversary confuse the reader, who at last does not know which of his teachers is speaking. Distracted between two disputants, neither of whom evidently in the least understand one another, attempting in vain to grasp the real meaning of the one in order that he may see how it is to be confuted by the other, the reader is at last tempted to exclaim in Mr. Maurice's own graphic words: "This way madness lies." Mr. Mansel's point of view is easily realized. He had written and preached his Bampton Lectures with considerable applause. He had previously had a correspondence with Mr. Maurice, which he appears to have conducted with courtesy. Suddenly there burst upon him an assault which he was utterly incapable of either comprehending or repulsing. He was somewhat in the position of a Weaver Bottom, who through a troubled dream is dimly conscious of a world of mystery and glamor, which he can in no way realize, of heights and depths of starry firmament, of the mountain full of horses of fire and chariots of fire round about the prophet. The certain deductions, as they seemed to him, of his logical sequences are perverted and mis-stated; the pure unaffected humility of Mr. Maurice appears to him to be sarcasm. The result on both sides is painful. How much better would it have been had Mr. Maurice ignored Mr. Mansel altogether, preached a series of sermons embodying all thoughts aroused by the lecturer, and left the good seed to produce its natural harvest. He might have lost some little publicity, but what an immeasurable gain! No loss of space and time on formal statement and denial; no waste of nerve-tissue and of physical power, of which nothing is more destructive than the irritation of personal conflict; nothing but a sublime calm, a ceaseless flow of the divine reason exalting, refining, purifying the reader, raising him above the partial understandings, the inadequate conceptions, of personal debate, into the certainties of absolute truth. He always spoke of the controversy in after times as forgotten, and while, as he could not fail to do, maintaining that his position was the true one, as regretting the personalities involved in it. At the very moment it was taking place he was writing of Mr. Spurgeon, and of what he conceived to be his errors, in a tone of perfect insight and calm, but Mr. Spurgeon's position at that time was very different to Mr. Mansel's, and his particular opinions did not touch Mr. Maurice so nearly. In one of the last things he wrote — the preface to the final edition of the "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy" — he has the following passage, which forms so appropriate a conclusion to the remarks upon a once famous controversy that I hope to be allowed to quote it.

> I would not willingly have been spared one of these conflicts, for they have forced me to observe what conflicts there are in myself. Butler and Paley did not invent the questions about a conscience; they do not exist in a volume of sermons at the Rolls, or of lectures on moral philosophy. If thou hast not a conscience, Butler will not give it thee. If thou hast one, Paley cannot take it away. They can only between them set thee upon considering what it is or is not. Thou hast senses which Locke did not endow thee with; thou thinkest and thou actest, whether Descartes tells thee so or not. What signifies it that Bentham laughs at sympathy, if there are sympathies between thee and the members of thy kind? How canst thou feel otherwise than grateful to Bentham for showing thee that there is a something called happiness which men are striving after, and that it may be a general, not a mere separate happiness? If he can see nothing above or beneath but utility, was it not his function to speak of that?

The remarks which I have ventured to make upon Mr. Maurice as a controversialist apply only to pure controversy. Where he is simply stating his case, in reply forced upon him by attack, as in his "Letter to Dr. Jelf on the word 'Eternal,'" nothing can be clearer or more concise than his method and argument. Indeed, his position was so absolutely unassailable that it would have been difficult for any man to have gone wrong in it. It is not necessary to do more than allude to the miserable business of the King's College *fiasco*. A mere majority, promoted by selfish ignorance and bigotry,

and snatched by fraud, had no other real effect than that of increasing Mr. Maurice's influence twenty-fold. The one point which seems to me worthy of notice is the instance it affords of the supreme intolerance and ignorance of *laymen*. A fact well worth considering at a time when schemes of Church councils and government are constantly discussed.

We have seen Mr. Maurice as a teacher of theology; we have yet to consider him as a scholar and a man of letters. This is a point of view from which he is not perhaps usually regarded, but it is assuredly a necessary one if we wish really to understand his power and influence. The "Prophets and Kings," simple as its pages seem in the stately rhythm of their majestic thought, could never have been written save by a Platonic scholar, and a man of literary and dramatic genius; but what shall we say of his great work, the work of his life, which repeated editions and ceaseless labor had wrought to the point at which we have it in the last years of his life — the "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy"? He would be a bold man who would undertake to criticise this book. Colonel Maurice cites the testimony of specialists in any particular period, and of teachers, who have used the book. They testify, in the only way in which, in the case of a book of such extent (not less, indeed, than the entire history of human thought), it is possible for any one to testify, to its value. If I might venture to add anything to what they have said, I should wish to call attention to the intellectual instinct which realized the later Latin genius, and, with it, the situations of absorbing interest in which it was developed, amid the conflicts and alternating vices and virtues of the old and new faiths. No one, I imagine, can read the pages which describe the emperor Julian, Augustine, Gregory the Great, and others, without being aware of the presence of this graphic perception, to which only genius attains — the grasp of what human thought was like during the procession of those weird centuries through which East and West passed alike, when the future of the race seemed perpetually to tremble in the balance "amid the extravagances, follies, tyrannies, rebellions of the world, which rose out of the ruins of the empire of Augustus." In the biography are one or two letters of great interest, addressed by Mr. Maurice to the author of "Hypatia," recommending to him the introduction of this Latin *race-spirit* in a more direct manner than Mr. Kingsley seemed to have intended. One passage upon St. Augustine I cannot resist quoting, it so exactly expresses the leading principle of Mr. Maurice's own life.

> He had no doubt a craving, felt in his youth and never lost, for a very definite system of opinions. But the influences which crossed this desire and drove him in search of another object were really the blessed influences of his life, those to which he owed all the strength of his own belief and all his power of teaching others. When he had got his system nearly complete, the voice which asked him "What art thou?" and forced him in the heights or in the depths to find an answer to the question, broke the thread of his speculations and forced him to begin anew. The oftener in his after life he heard that voice, and believed that it was the one which he was to make others to hear, the more fresh and living and full of instruction for all ages did his words become. When he forgot it, and sought to build earthly tabernacles for Moses and Elias and his Divine Lord, his spirit became confused, and he forged afresh for mankind some of those very chains from which he had been set free.

I should anticipate for the beautiful edition of this book published in 1882, with its etched portrait, an increasing and enduring recognition not only from scholars, but also from the general reader. For the latter will find in it a singular clearness and brilliancy of diction while treating of subjects usually dry and formal, and a picture of the real life of successive centuries through which runs a vein of quiet humor often very effective. It would be easy to select, indeed, from Mr. Maurice's letters, and even from his sermons, instances of this quiet humor and of perception of the characteristics of social life which go to form genial satire.

Colonel Maurice, in the chapter we have already alluded to, gives us the following charming passage: —

> It was almost painful to walk with him in any part of the town where it was necessary for him to ask his way. In the noisiest and most crowded places he would inquire his direction in the gentlest and most apologetic tone, perhaps of some bluff old costermonger woman, who, unaccustomed to hear such subdued language, would continue to shove her way along, utterly unconscious of having been addressed. He would instantly draw back as though he had been rebuffed in an intrusion which, on reflection, he felt to have been quite unwarrantable, and would watch for a more favorable opportunity of attracting the attention of some other passer-by.

This perfectly, I will not say sincere, but instinctive humility of Mr. Maurice

is shown in numberless passages in his letters. One particular trait is, I think, worthy of notice. He believed that he was very deficient in a love of nature, and says, in one place, that his first wife, whose approbation he valued above all things, was constantly regretting his deficiency in this respect. In spite of this, however, I cannot help connecting him, in my own mind, with one for whom he had the greatest admiration and respect, and who, though essentially the poet of man, is most truly associated with the love of nature — William Wordsworth. In the "Christian Year" are some lines which throw, I think, considerable light on this connection.

> And wilt thou seek again
> Thy howling waste, thy charnel house and chain?
> . . . . . .
> He, merciful and mild,
> As erst, beholding, loves his wayward child.
> When souls of highest birth
> Waste their impassioned might on dreams of earth,
> He opens Nature's book.
> . . . . . .

The revolution which Wordsworth wrought in the realm of English thought — the change from pseudo-civilization, from artificial emotion, from false taste to the true life of simple manhood — made it possible for the gospel of humanity to be heard again.

> Thus Nature spoke. The work was done.
>
> He laid us as we lay at birth
> On the cool flowery lap of earth.

In Wordsworth's pages we breathe again the air of Palestine, when the world was young. The singleness of character and of life is before us, as in the old Hebrew pages which Maurice restored again to reality and being. Wordsworth, though perchance he was unconscious of it, was a Christian Platonist, as was Maurice. They are both of them poets in the highest sense, for they are both of them seers. They are raised above the slime of earth, into the life of the ideal. We are taught by a new philosophy, whose note seems to me to ring with a somewhat vulgar and false tone, that this is a shallow optimism; and we are referred to other poets and novelists who, we are told, are "courageous thinkers, and face the ghosts of the mind." "The business of intellect is to master, not to shun, the disturbing elements of life." This we shall all admit; but how can those poets be said to master such elements who pander to mankind in its lowest and vilest forms? He is not a regenerator who resigns all hope and effort towards the pure and the spiritual, and contents himself with describing, in forcible rhythm, the debased and distracted life of a reckless humanity, which he lives as well as they. An optimist, however "shallow," who believes, and acts as a believer, in a regenerating energy, which is permeating the race, is a truer friend to his kind than such as these. The "living God" of Frederick Maurice solves many questions that have perplexed the wise. His teaching solves that great perplexity which has haunted the students of Spinoza from before the time of Lessing, for it explains that belief of Spinoza in a God who exists within human consciousness alone, a belief which Dr. James Martineau says is atheism, and Mr. Frederick Pollock says is not. The God of Frederick Maurice, infinite and incomprehensible as he doubtless is, enters into human consciousness by virtue of his gracious will, and may be known in consciousness by whosoever seek him. There is no dogma of Christianity, however grotesque it may appear in its popular form, but what has its germ in the profoundest scientific truth, and none can be more certainly traced to such truth than the "living God" of Platonism and of the Christian Church, whom Frederick Maurice was sent into the world to proclaim, who enters into consciousness by the divine humanity, and continues his energizing power by the living Spirit, which enlightens the world. It is not necessary to dispute of the "unknowable," or of the range of consciousness of all. *Within* consciousness, and as a man sees his friend, Frederick Maurice knew God. His portrait might tell us this, where

> Promise and presage of sublime emprise
> Wear evermore the seal of his believing,
> Deep in the dark of solitary eyes.

On the 15th of June, 1856, in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn, the sermon was drawing to a close. The somewhat strained attention became relaxed, for the well-known change in the preacher's face, the slight alteration of the voice, showed that the appeal to the reasoning faculty was over, and that the veil was rent for a moment, and that the high priest had entered into the holy of holies, the "Cyte of Sarras in the Spyrituel Place:" —

> Towards this resurrection all creation is groaning and travailing, and that groan which burst from Christ at the grave of Lazarus was

the expression of His sympathy in that groan of His creatures. . . . Do we not feel sometimes as if all power of believing in anything that is great and noble were departing from us? Do we not feel as if to believe in Him who is goodness and truth were the hardest effort of all? Does it not appear as if a second death were coming upon us, a death of all energy, of all trust, of all power to look beyond ourselves? Oh, if this numbness and coldness have overtaken us or should overtake us — if we should be tempted to sit down in it and sink to sleep — let the cry which awakened Lazarus awake us. Let us be sure that He who is the Resurrection and the Life is saying to each of us, however deep the cave in which he is buried, "Come forth!" — however stifling the grave-clothes with which he is bound, "Loose him, and let him go!"*

Yes. Emboldened by the gracious utterance of the divinest mercy, which permits us to believe that the servant may be even as his master, and the disciple as his lord, I do not hesitate to apply these words to him of whom we speak. For these two great cries, spoken centuries ago before an open grave, have re-echoed in men's hearts before all graves, whether of the flesh or of the spirit, ever since; and have formed the note of all prophetic utterance, and of none more so than of his. "Come forth! Loose him, and let him go!" Come forth out of the lower life: out of the life, lovely in its kind — the life of self, of fleshly beauty, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life; and at his call the soul came forth. But this was not enough. The soul, thus aroused from death, and stirred into a strange activity, is still crippled and wrapped in the grave-clothes of the imperfect dispensation in which we live — the grave-clothes of superstition, of formalism, of systems, and of burdens laid by human imposition upon the righteous whom the Lord has not made sad. "Loose him, and let him go!" This was the distinctive proclamation which it was the mission of Frederick Maurice to announce. How true he proved to this mission I shall not ask. I leave it for those to testify from whose stiffened limbs the grave-clothes fell at his word. Much has happened since his voice was still, but, across the lapse of time, the words are still ringing in their ears, "Loose him, and let him go!"

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

* Gospel of St. John, p. 319.

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INTERLOPERS AT THE KNAP.

I.

THE north-west road from Casterbridge is tedious and lonely, especially in wintertime. Along a part of its course it is called Holloway Lane, a monotonous track without a village or hamlet for many miles, and with very seldom a turning. Unapprised wayfarers who are too old, or too young, or in other respects too weak for the distance to be traversed, but who, nevertheless, have to walk it, say, as they look wistfully ahead, "Once at the top of that hill, and I must surely see the end of Holloway Lane!" But they reach the hilltop, and Holloway Lane stretches in front as mercilessly as before.

Some few years ago a certain farmer was riding through this lane in the gloom of a winter evening. The farmer's friend, a dairyman, was riding beside him. A few paces in the rear rode the farmer's man. All three were well horsed on strong, round-barrelled cobs; and to be well horsed was to be in better spirits about Holloway Lane than poor pedestrians could attain to during its passage.

But the farmer did not talk much to his friend as he rode along. The enterprise which had brought him there filled his mind; for in truth it was important. Not altogether so important was it, perhaps, when estimated by its value to society at large; but if the true measure of a deed be proportionate to the space it occupies in the heart of him who undertakes it, Farmer Charles Darton's business tonight could hold its own with the business of kings.

He was a large farmer. His turnover, as it is called, was probably thirty thousand pounds a year. He had a great many draught horses, a great many milch cows, and of sheep a multitude. This comfortable position was, however, none of his own making. It had been created by his father, a man of a very different stamp from the present representative of the line.

Darton, the father, had been a one-idea'd character, with a buttoned-up pocket and a chink like eye brimming with commercial subtlety. In Darton the son, this trade subtlety had become transmuted into emotional, and the harshness had disappeared; he would have been called a sad man but for his constant care not to divide himself from lively friends by piping notes out of harmony with theirs. Contemplative, he allowed his mind to be a quiet meeting-place for memories and

hopes. So that, naturally enough, since succeeding to the agricultural calling, and up to his present age of thirty-two, he had neither advanced nor receded as a capitalist — a stationary result which did not agitate one of his unambitious, unstrategic nature, since he had all that he desired. The motive of his expedition to-night showed the same absence of anxious regard for number one.

The party rode on in the slow, safe trot proper to night-time and bad roads, Farmer Darton's head jigging rather unromantically up and down against the sky, and his motions being repeated with bolder emphasis by his friend Japheth Johns; while those of the latter were travestied in jerks still less softened by art in the person of the lad who attended them. A pair of whitish objects hung one on each side of the latter, bumping against him at each step, and still further spoiling the grace of his seat. On close inspection they might have been perceived to be open rush baskets — one containing a turkey, and the other some bottles of wine.

"D'ye feel ye can meet your fate like a man, neighbor Darton?" asked Johns, breaking a silence which had lasted while five-and-twenty hedgerow trees had glided by.

Mr. Darton with a half laugh murmured, "Ay — call it my fate! Hanging and wiving go by destiny." And then they were silent again.

The darkness thickened rapidly, at intervals shutting down on the land in a perceptible flap like the wave of a wing. The customary close of day was accelerated by a simultaneous blurring of the air. With the fall of night had come a mist just damp enough to incommode, but not sufficient to saturate them. Countrymen as they were — born, as may be said, with only an open door between them and the four seasons — they regarded the mist but as an added obscuration, and ignored its humid quality.

They were travelling in a direction that was enlivened by no modern current of traffic, the place of Darton's pilgrimage being the old-fashioned village of Hintock Abbas, where the people make the best cider and cider-wine in all Wessex, and where the dunghills smell of pomace instead of stable refuse as elsewhere. The lane was sometimes so narrow that the brambles of the hedge, which hung forward like anglers' rods over a stream, scratched their hats and curry-combed their whiskers as they passed. Yet this neglected lane had been a highway to Queen Elizabeth's court, and other cavalcades of the past. But its day was over now, and its history as a national artery done forever.

"Why I have decided to marry her," resumed Darton (in a measured, musical voice of confidence which revealed a good deal of his composition) as he glanced round to see that the lad was not too near, "is not only that I like her, but that I can do no better, even from a fairly practical point of view. That I might ha' looked higher is possibly true, though it is really all nonsense. I have had experience enough in looking above me. 'No more superior women for me,' said I — you know when. Sally is a comely, independent, simple character, with no make-up about her, who'll think me as much a superior to her as I used to think — you know who I mean — was to me."

"Ay," said Johns. "However, I shouldn't call Sally Hall simple. Primary, because no Sally is; secondary, because if some could be this one wouldn't. 'Tis a wrong denomination to apply to a woman, Charles, and affects me, as your best man, like cold water. 'Tis like recommending a stage play by saying there's neither murder, villany, nor harm of any sort in it, when that's what you've paid your half-crown to see."

"Well; may your opinion do you good. Mine's a different one." And turning the conversation from the philosophical to the practical, Darton expressed a hope that the said Sally had received what he'd sent on by the carrier that day.

Johns wanted to know what that was.

"It's a dress," said Darton. "Not exactly a wedding dress, though she may use it as one if she likes. It is rather serviceable than showy — suitable for the winter weather."

"Good," said Johns. "Serviceable is a wise word in a bridegroom. I commend ye, Charles."

"For," said Darton, "why should a woman dress up like a rope-dancer because she's going to do the most solemn deed of her life except dying?"

"Faith, why? But she will because she will, I suppose," said Dairyman Johns.

"H'm," said Darton.

The lane they followed had been nearly straight for several miles, but it now took a turn, and winding uncertainly for some distance forked into two. By night country roads are apt to reveal ungainly qualities which pass without observation during day; and though Darton had travelled this way before, he had not done so fre-

quently, Sally having been wooed at the house of a relative near his own. He never remembered seeing at this spot a pair of alternative ways looking so equally probable as these two did now. Johns rode on a few steps.

"Don't be out of heart, sonny," he cried. "Here's a handpost. Enoch — come and climb this post, and tell us the way."

The lad dismounted, and jumped into the hedge, where the post stood under a tree.

"Unstrap the baskets, or you'll smash up that wine!" cried Darton, as the young man began spasmodically to climb the post, baskets and all.

"Was there ever less head in a brainless world?" said Johns. "Here, simple Nocky, I'll do it." He leapt off, and with much puffing climbed the post, striking a match when he reached the top, and moving the light along the arm, the lad standing and gazing at the spectacle.

"I have faced tantilization these twenty years with a temper as mild as milk!" said Japheth; "but such things as this don't come short of devilry!" And flinging the match away, he slipped down to the ground.

"What's the matter?" asked Darton.

"Not a letter, sacred or heathen — not so much as would tell us the way to the great fireplace — ever I should sin to say it! Either the moss and mildew have eaten away the words, or we have arrived in a land where no traveller has planted the art of writing, and should have brought our compass like Christopher Columbus."

"Let us take the straightest road," said Darton placidly, "I shan't be sorry to get there — 'tis a tiresome ride. I would have driven if I had known."

"Nor I neither, sir," said Enoch. "These straps plough my shoulder like a zull. If 'tis much further to your lady's home, Maister Darton, I shall ask to be let carry half of these good things in my innerds — hee, hee!"

"Don't you be such a reforming radical, Enoch," said Johns sternly. "Here, I'll take the turkey."

This being done, they went forward by the right-hand lane, which ascended a hill, the left winding away under a plantation. The pit-a-pat of their horses' hoofs lessened up the slope; and the ironical directing-post stood in solitude as before, holding out its blank arms to the raw breeze, which brought a snore from the wood as if Skrymir the giant were sleeping there.

II.

THREE miles to the left of the travellers, along the road they had not followed, rose an old house with mullioned windows of Ham-hill stone, and chimneys of lavish solidity. It stood at the top of a slope beside Hintock village street; and immediately in front of it grew a large sycamore-tree, whose bared roots formed a convenient staircase from the road below to the front door of the dwelling. Its situation gave the house what little distinctive name it possessed, namely, "The Knap." Some forty yards off a brook dribbled past, which, for its size, made a great deal of noise. At the back was a dairy barton, accessible for vehicles and live-stock by a side "drong." Thus much only of the character of the homestead could be divined out of doors at this shady evening-time.

But within there was plenty of light to see by, as plenty was construed at Hintock. Beside a Tudor fireplace, whose moulded four-centred arch was nearly hidden by a figured blue-cloth blower, were seated two women — mother and daughter — Mrs. Hall, and Sarah, or Sally; for this was a part of the world where the latter modification had not as yet been effaced as a vulgarity by the march of intellect. The owner of the name was the young woman by whose means Mr. Darton purposed to put an end to his bachelor condition on the approaching day.

The mother's bereavement had been so long ago as not to leave much mark of its occurrence upon her now, either in face or clothes. She had resumed the mob-cap of her early married life, enlivening its whiteness by a few rose-du-Barry ribbons. Sally required no such aids to pinkness. Roseate good-nature lit up her gaze; her features showed curves of decision and judgment; and she might have been regarded without much mistake as a warm-hearted, quick-spirited, handsome girl.

She did most of the talking, her mother listening with a half-absent air, as she picked up fragments of red-hot wood ember with the tongs, and piled them upon the brands. But the number of speeches that passed was very small in proportion to the meanings exchanged. Long experience together often enabled them to see the course of thought in each other's minds without a word being spoken. Behind them, in the centre of the room, the table was spread for supper, certain whiffs of air laden with fat vapors, which ever

and anon entered from the kitchen, denoting its preparation there.

"The new gown he was going to send you stays about on the way like himself," Sally's mother was saying.

"Yes, not finished, I dare say," cried Sally independently. "Lord, I shouldn't be amazed if it didn't come at all! Young men make such kind promises when they are near you, and forget 'em when they go away. But he doesn't intend it as a wedding dress — he gives it to me merely as a dress to wear when I like — a travelling dress is what it would be called in great circles. Come rathe or come late it don't much matter, as I have a dress of my own to fall back upon. But what time is it?"

She went to the family clock and opened the glass, for the hour was not otherwise discernible by night, and indeed at all times was rather a thing to be investigated than beheld, so much more wall than window was there in the apartment. "It is nearly eight," said she.

"Eight o'clock, and neither dress nor man," said Mrs. Hall.

"Mother, if you think to tantalize me by talking like that, you are much mistaken. Let him be as late as he will — or stay away altogether — I don't care," said Sally. But a tender minute quaver in the negation showed that there was something forced in that statement.

Mrs. Hall perceived it, and drily observed that she was not so sure about Sally not caring. "But perhaps you don't care so much as I do, after all," she said. "For I see what you don't, that it is a good and flourishing match for ye; a very honorable offer in Mr. Darton. And I think I see a kind husband in him. So pray God 'twill go smooth, and wind up well."

Sally would not listen to misgivings. Of course it would go smoothly, she asserted. "How you are up and down, mother!" she went on. "At this moment, whatever hinders him, we are not so anxious to see him as he is to be here, and his thought runs on before him, and settles down upon us like the star in the east. Hark!" she exclaimed, with a breath of relief, her eyes sparkling. "I heard something. Yes — here they are!"

The next moment her mother's slower ear also distinguished the familiar reverberation occasioned by footsteps clambering up the roots of the sycamore.

"Yes, it sounds like them at last," she said. "Well, it is not so very late after all, considering the distance."

The footfall ceased, and they rose, expecting a knock. They began to think it might have been, after all, some neighboring villager under Bacchic influence, giving the centre of the road a wide berth, when their doubts were dispelled by the newcomer's entry into the passage. The door of the room was gently opened, and there appeared, not the pair of travellers with whom we have already made acquaintance, but a pale-faced man in the garb of extreme poverty — almost in rags.

"Oh, it's a tramp — gracious me!" said Sally, starting back.

His cheeks and eye-orbits were deep concaves — rather, it might be, from natural weakness of constitution than irregular living, though there were indications that he had led no careful life. He gazed at the two women fixedly for a moment; then with an abashed, humiliated demeanor, dropped his glance to the floor, and sank into a chair without uttering a word.

Sally was in advance of her mother, who had remained standing by the fire. She now tried to discern the visitor across the candles.

"Why — mother," said Sally faintly, turning back to Mrs. Hall. "It is Phil, from Australia!"

Mrs. Hall started, and grew pale, and a fit of coughing seized the man with the ragged clothes. "To come home like this!" she said. "Oh, Philip — are you ill?

"No, no, mother," replied he impatiently, as soon as he could speak.

"But for God's sake how do you come here — and just now too?"

"Well — I am here," said the man. "How it is I hardly know. I've come home, mother, because I was driven to it. Things were against me out there, and went from bad to worse."

"Then why didn't you let us know? — you've not writ a line for the last two or three years."

The son admitted sadly that he had not. He said that he had hoped and thought he might fetch up again, and be able to send good news. Then he had been obliged to abandon that hope, and had finally come home from sheer necessity — previous to making a new start. "Yes, things are very bad with me," he repeated, perceiving their commiserating glances at his clothes.

They brought him nearer the fire, took his hat from his thin hand, which was so small and smooth as to show that his attempts to fetch up again had not been in

a manual direction. His mother resumed her inquiries, and dubiously asked if he had chosen to come that particular night for any special reason.

For no reason, he told her. His arrival had been quite at random. Then Philip Hall looked round the room, and saw for the first time that the table was laid somewhat luxuriously, and for a larger number than themselves; and that an air of festivity pervaded their dress. He asked quickly what was going on.

"Sally is going to be married in a day or two," replied the mother; and she explained how Mr. Darton, Sally's intended husband, was coming there that night with the bridesman, Mr. Johns, and other details. "We thought it must be their step when we heard you," said Mrs. Hall.

The seedy wanderer looked again on the floor. "I see — I see," he murmured. "Why, indeed, should I have come to-night! Such folk as I are not wanted here at these times, naturally. And I have no business here — spoiling other people's happiness."

"Phil," said his mother, with a tear in her eye, but with a thinness of lip and severity of manner which were presumably not more than past events justified, "since you speak like that to me, I'll speak honestly to you. For these three years you have taken no thought for us. You left home with a good supply of money, and strength and education, and you ought to have made good use of it all. But you come back like a beggar; and that you come in a very awkward time for us cannot be denied. Your return to-night may do us much harm. But mind — you are welcome to this home as long as it is mine. I don't wish to turn you adrift. We will make the best of a bad job; and I hope you are not seriously ill?"

"Oh, no. I have only this infernal cough."

She looked at him anxiously. "I think you had better go to bed at once," she said.

"Well — I shall be out of the way there," said the son wearily. "Having ruined myself, don't let me ruin you by being seen in these togs, for Heaven's sake. Who do you say Sally is going to be married to — a Farmer Darton?"

"Yes — a gentleman farmer — quite a wealthy man. Far better in station than she could have expected. It is a good thing, altogether."

"Well done, little Sal!" said her brother, brightening and looking up at her with a smile. "I ought to have written; but perhaps I have thought of you all the more. But let me get out of sight. I would rather go and jump into the river than be seen here. But have you anything I can drink? I am confoundedly thirsty with my long tramp."

"Yes, yes; we will bring something up-stairs to you," said Sally, with grief in her face.

"Ay, that will do nicely. But, Sally and mother ——" He stopped, and they waited. "Mother, I have not told you all," he resumed slowly, still looking on the floor between his knees. "Sad as what you see of me is, there's worse behind."

His mother gazed upon him in grieved suspense, and Sally went and leant upon the bureau, listening for every sound, and sighing. Suddenly she turned round, saying, "Let them come, I don't care! Philip, tell the worst, and take your time."

"Well then," said the unhappy Phil, "I am not the only one in this mess. Would to Heaven I were! But — I have a wife as destitute as I."

"A wife?" said his mother.

"Unhappily."

"A wife! Yes, that is the way with sons!"

"And besides" — said he.

"Besides! O Philip, surely ——"

"I have two little children."

"Wife and children!" whispered Mrs. Hall to herself.

"Poor little things!" said Sally involuntarily.

"His mother turned again to him. "I suppose these helpless beings are left in Australia?"

"No. They are in England."

"Well, I can only hope you've left them in a respectable place."

"I have not left them at all. They are here — within a few yards of us. In short, they are in the stable. I did not like to bring them indoors till I had seen you, mother, and broken the bad news a bit to you. They were very tired, and are resting out there on some straw."

Mrs. Hall's fortitude visibly broke down. She had been brought up not without refinement, and was even more moved by such a collapse of genteel aims as this than a substantial dairyman's widow would in ordinary have been moved. "Well, it must be borne," she said, in a low voice, with her hands tightly joined. "A starving son, a starving wife, starving children. Let it be. But why is this

come to us now, to-day, to-night! Could no other misfortune happen to helpless women than this, which will quite upset my poor girl's chance of a happy life? Why have you done us this wrong, Philip? What respectable man will come here, and marry open-eyed into a family of vagabonds!"

"Nonsense, mother!" said Sally vehemently, while her face flushed. "Charley isn't the man to desert me! But if he should be, and won't marry me because Phil's come, let him go and marry elsewhere. I won't be ashamed of my own flesh and blood for any man in England — not I!" And then Sally turned away and burst into tears.

"Wait till you are twenty years older and you will tell a different tale," replied her mother.

The son stood up. "Mother," he said, "as I have come, so I will go. All I ask of you is that you will allow me and mine to lie in your stable to-night. I give you my word that we'll be gone by break of day, and trouble you no further."

Mrs. Hall, the mother, changed at that. "Oh, no," she answered hastily, "never shall it be said that I sent any of my own family from my door. Bring 'em in, Philip, or take me out to them."

"We will put 'em all into the large bedroom," said Sally, brightening, "and make up a large fire. Let's go and help them in, and call Susannah." (Susannah was the woman who assisted at the dairy and housework; she lived in a cottage hard by, with her husband who attended to the cows.)

Sally went to fetch a lantern from the back kitchen, but her brother said, "You won't want a light. I lit the lantern that was hanging there."

"What must we call your wife?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"Helena," said Philip.

With shawls over their heads they proceeded towards the back door.

"One minute before you go," interrupted Philip. "I — I haven't confessed all."

"Then Heaven help us!" said Mrs. Hall, pushing to the door in calm despair.

"We passed through Verton as we came," he continued, "and I just looked in at the Dog to see if old Mike still kept on there as usual. The carrier had come in from Casterbridge at that moment, and guessing that I was bound for this place — for I think he knew me — he asked me to bring on a dressmaker's parcel for Sally that was marked 'immediate.' My wife had walked on with the children. 'Twas a flimsy parcel, and the paper was torn, and I found on looking at it that it was a thick, warm gown. I didn't wish you to see poor Helena in a shabby state. I was ashamed that you should — 'twas not what she was born to. I untied the parcel in the road, took it on to her where she was waiting in the Abbot's Barn, and told her I had managed to get it for her, and that she was to ask no questions. She, poor thing, must have supposed I obtained it on trust, through having reached a place where I was known, for she put it on gladly enough. She has it on now. Sally has other gowns, I dare say."

Sally looked at her mother, speechless.

"You have others, I dare say," repeated Phil, with a sick man's impatience. "I thought to myself, 'Better Sally cry than Helena freeze.' Well, is the dress of great consequence? 'Twas nothing very ornamental, as far as I could see."

"No — no; not of consequence," returned Sally sadly, adding in a gentle voice, "You will not mind if I lend her another instead of that one, will you?"

Philip's agitation at the confession had brought on another attack of the cough, which seemed to shake him to pieces. He was so obviously unfit to sit in a chair that they helped him up-stairs at once; and having hastily given him a cordial and kindled the bedroom fire, they descended to fetch their unhappy new relations.

III.

It was with strange feelings that the girl and her mother, lately so cheerful, passed out of the back door into the open air of the barton, laden with hay scents and the herby breath of cows. A fine sleet had begun to fall, and they trotted across the yard quickly. The stable door was open; a light shone from it — from the lantern which always hung there, and which Philip had lit, as he said. Softly nearing the door, Mrs. Hall pronounced the name "Helena?"

There was no answer for the moment. Looking in she was taken by surprise. Two people appeared before her. For one, instead of the drabbish woman she had expected, Mrs. Hall saw a pale, dark-eyed, lady-like creature, whose personality ruled her attire rather than was ruled by it. She was in a new and handsome dress, of course, and an old bonnet. She was standing up, agitated; her hand was held by her companion — none else than Sally's affianced, Farmer Charles Darton,

upon whose fine figure the pale stranger's eyes were fixed, as his were fixed upon her. His other hand held the rein of his horse, which was standing saddled as if just led in.

At sight of Mrs. Hall they both turned, looking at her in a way neither quite conscious nor unconscious, and without seeming to recollect that words were necessary as a solution to the scene. In another moment Sally entered also, when Mr. Darton dropped his companion's hand, led the horse aside, and came to greet his betrothed and Mrs. Hall.

"Ah!" he said, smiling — with something like forced composure — "this is a roundabout way of arriving you will say, my dear Mrs. Hall. But I saw a light here, and led in my horse at once — my friend Johns and my man have gone on to the Sheaf of Arrows with theirs, not to crowd you too much. No sooner had I entered than I saw that this lady had taken temporary shelter here — and I found I was intruding."

"She is my daughter-in-law," said Mrs. Hall calmly. "My son, too, is in the house, but he has gone to bed unwell."

Sally had stood staring wonderingly at the scene until this moment, hardly recognizing Darton's shake of the hand. The spell that bound her was broken by her perceiving the two little children seated on a heap of hay. She suddenly went forward, spoke to them, and took one on her arm and the other in her hand.

"And two children?" said Mr. Darton, showing thus that he had not been there long enough as yet to understand the situation.

"My grandchildren," said Mrs. Hall, with as much affected ease as before.

Philip Hall's wife, in spite of this interruption to her first rencontre, seemed scarcely so much affected by it as to feel any one's presence in addition to Mr. Darton's. However, arousing herself by a quick reflection, she threw a sudden, critical glance of her sad eyes upon Mrs. Hall; and, apparently finding her satisfactory, advanced to her in a meek initiative. Then Sally and the stranger spoke some friendly words to each other, and Sally went on with the children into the house. Mrs. Hall and Helena followed, and Mr. Darton followed these, looking at Helena's dress and outline, and listening to her voice like a man in a dream.

By the time the others reached the house Sally had already gone up-stairs with the tired children. She rapped against the wall for Susannah to come in and help to attend to them, Susannah's house being a little "spit-and-dab" cabin leaning against the substantial stonework of Mrs. Hall's taller erection. When she came a bed was made up for the little ones, and some supper given to them. On descending the stairs after seeing this done, Sally went to the sitting-room. Young Mrs. Hall entered it just in advance of her, having in the interim retired with her mother-in-law to take off her bonnet, and otherwise make herself presentable. Hence it was evident that no further communication could have passed between her and Mr. Darton since their brief interview in the stable.

Mr. Japheth Johns now opportunely arrived, and broke up the restraint of the company, after a few orthodox meteorological commentaries had passed between him and Mrs. Hall by way of introduction. They at once sat down to supper, the present of wine and turkey not being produced for consumption to-night, lest the premature display of those gifts should seem to throw doubt on Mrs. Hall's capacities as a provider.

"Drink bold, Mr. Johns — drink bold," said that matron magnanimously. "Such as it is there's plenty of. But perhaps cider wine is not to your taste? — though there's body in it."

"Quite the contrary, ma'am — quite the contrary," said the dairyman. "For though I inherit the malt-liquor principle from my father, I am a cider-drinker on my mother's side. She came from these parts, you know. And there's this to be said for't — 'tis a more peaceful liquor, and don't lie about a man like your hotter drinks. With care, one may live on it a twelvemonth without knocking down a neighbor, or getting a black eye from an old acquaintance."

The general conversation thus begun was continued briskly, though it was in the main restricted to Mrs. Hall and Japheth, who in truth required but little help from anybody. There being slight call upon Sally's tongue she had ample leisure to do what her heart most desired, namely, watch her intended husband and her sister-in-law with a view of elucidating the strange momentary scene in which her mother and herself had surprised them in the stable. If that scene meant anything, it meant, at least, that they had met before. That there had been no time for explanation Sally could see, for their manner was still one of suppressed amazement at each other's presence there. Dar-

ton's eyes, too, fell continually on the dress worn by Helena, as if this were an added riddle to his perplexity; though to Sally it was the one feature in the case which was no mystery. He seemed to feel that fate had impishly changed his *vis-à-vis* in the lover's jig he was about to tread; that while the gown had been expected to inclose a Sally, a Helena's face looked out from the bodice; that some long-lost hand met his own from the sleeves.

Sally could see that whatever Helena might know of Darton, she knew nothing of how the dress entered into his embarrassment. And at moments the young girl would have persuaded herself that Darton's looks at her sister-in-law were entirely the fruit of the clothes query. But surely at other times a more extensive range of speculation and sentiment was expressed by her lover's eye than that which the changed dress would account for.

Sally's independence made her one of the least jealous of women. But there was something in the relations of these two visitors which ought to be explained.

Japheth Johns continued to converse in his well-known style, interspersing his talk with some private reflections on the position of Darton and Sally, which, though the sparkle in his eye showed them to be highly entertaining to himself, were apparently not quite communicable to the company. At last he withdrew for the night, going off to the Sheaf of Arrows, whither Darton promised to follow him in a few minutes.

Half an hour passed, and then Mr. Darton also rose to leave, Sally and her sister-in-law simultaneously wishing him good-night as they retired up-stairs to their rooms. But on his arriving at the front door with Mrs. Hall a sharp shower of rain began to come down, when the widow suggested that he should return to the fireside till the storm ceased.

Darton accepted her proposal, but insisted that, as it was getting late, and she was obviously tired, she should not sit up on his account, since he could let himself out of the house, and would quite enjoy smoking a pipe by the hearth alone. Mrs. Hall assented; and Darton was left by himself. He spread his knees to the brands, lit up his tobacco as he had said, and sat gazing into the fire and at the notches of the chimney-crook which hung above.

An occasional drop of rain rolled down the chimney with a hiss, and still he smoked on; but not like a man whose mind was at rest. In the long run, however, despite his meditations, early hours afield and a long ride in the open air produced their natural result. He began to doze.

How long he remained in this half-unconscious state he did not know. He suddenly opened his eyes. The back-brand had burned itself in two, and ceased to flame; the light which he had placed on the mantelpiece had nearly gone out. But in spite of these deficiencies there was a light in the apartment, and it came from elsewhere. Turning his head, he saw Philip Hall's wife standing at the entrance of the room with a bed-candle in one hand, a small brass tea-kettle in the other, and *his* dress, as it certainly seemed, still upon her.

"Helena!" said Darton, starting up.

Her countenance expressed dismay, and her first words were an apology. "I — did not know you were here, Mr. Darton," she said, while a blush flashed to her cheek. "I thought every one had retired — I was coming to make a little water boil; my husband seems to be worse. But perhaps the kitchen fire can be lighted up again."

"Don't go on my account. By all means put it on here as you intended," said Darton. "Allow me to help you." He went forward to take the kettle from her hand, but she did not allow him, and placed it on the fire herself.

They stood some way apart, one on each side of the fireplace, waiting till the water should boil, the candle on the mantel between them, and Helena with her eyes on the kettle. Darton was the first to break the silence. "Shall I call Sally?" he said.

"Oh, no," she quickly returned. "We have given trouble enough already. We have no right here. But we are the sport of fate, and were obliged to come."

"No right here!" said he in surprise.

"None. I can't explain it now," answered Helena. "This kettle is very slow."

There was another pause; the proverbial dilatoriness of watched pots was never more clearly exemplified.

Helena's face was of that sort which seems to ask for assistance without the owner's knowledge — the very antipodes of Sally's, which was self-reliance expressed. Darton's eyes travelled from the kettle to Helena's face, then back to the kettle, then to the face for rather a longer time. "So I am not to know any-

thing of the mystery that has distracted me all the evening?" he said. "How is it that a woman, who refused me because (as I supposed) my position was not good enough for her taste, is found to be the wife of a man who certainly seems to be worse off than I?"

"He had the prior claim," said she.

"What! you knew him at that time?"

"Yes, yes. Please say no more," she implored. "Whatever my errors I have paid for them during the last five years."

The heart of Darton was subject to sudden overflowings. He was kind to a fault. "I am sorry from my soul," he said, involuntarily approaching her. Helena withdrew a step or two, at which he became conscious of his movement, and quickly took his former place. Here he stood without speaking, and the little kettle began to sing.

"Well, you might have been my wife if you had chosen," he said at last. "But that's all past and gone. However, if you are in any trouble or poverty I shall be glad to be of service, and as your relative by marriage I shall have a right to be. Does your uncle know of your distress?"

"My uncle is dead. He left me without a farthing. And now we have two children to maintain."

"What, left you nothing? How could he be so cruel as that?"

"I disgraced myself in his eyes."

"Now," said Darton earnestly, "let me take care of the children, at least while you are so unsettled. *You* belong to another, so I cannot take care of you."

"Yes, you can," said a voice; and suddenly a third figure stood beside them. It was Sally. "You can, since you seem to wish to," she repeated. "She no longer belongs to another. My poor brother is dead!"

Her face was red, her eyes sparkled, and all the woman came to the front. "I have heard it!" she went on to him passionately. "You can protect her now as well as the children!" She turned then to her agitated sister-in-law. "I heard something," said Sally (in a gentle murmur, differing much from her previous passionate words), "and I went into his room. It must have been the moment you left. He went off so quickly, and weakly, and it was so unexpected, that I couldn't leave even to call you."

Darton was just able to gather from the confused discourse which followed, that, during his sleep by the fire, this brother whom he had never seen had become worse; and that during Helena's absence for water the end had unexpectedly come. The two young women hastened up-stairs, and he was again left alone.

After standing there a short time he went to the front door and looked out; till, softly closing it behind him, he advanced and stood under the large sycamore tree. The stars were flickering coldly, and the dampness which had just descended upon the earth in rain now sent up a chill from it. Darton was in a strange position, and he felt it. The unexpected appearance, in deep poverty, of Helena — a young lady, daughter of a deceased naval officer, who had been brought up by her uncle, a solicitor, and had refused Darton in marriage years ago — the passionate, almost angry demeanor of Sally at discovering them, the abrupt announcement that Helena was a widow; all this coming together was a conjuncture difficult to cope with in a moment, and made him question whether he ought to leave the house or offer assistance. But for Sally's manner he would unhesitatingly have done the latter.

He was still standing under the tree when the door in front of him opened, and Mrs. Hall came out. She went round to the garden gate at the side without seeing him. Darton followed her intending to speak. Pausing outside, as if in thought, she proceeded to a spot where the sun came earliest in spring-time, and where the north wind never blew; it was where the row of beehives stood under the wall. Discerning her object, he waited till she had accomplished it.

It was the universal custom thereabout to wake the bees by tapping at their hives whenever a death occurred in the household, under the belief that if this were not done the bees themselves would pine away and perish during the ensuing year. As soon as an interior buzzing responded to her tap at the first hive Mrs. Hall went on to the second, and thus passed down the row. As soon as she came back he met her.

"What can I do in this trouble, Mrs. Hall?" he said.

"Oh — nothing, thank you, nothing," she said in a tearful voice, now just perceiving him. "We have called Susannah and her husband, and they will do everything necessary." She told him in a few words the particulars of her son's arrival, broken in health — indeed, at death's very door, though they did not suspect it — and suggested, as the result of a conver-

sation between her and her daughter, that the wedding should be postponed.

"Yes, of course," said Darton. "I think now to go straight to the inn and tell Johns what has happened." It was not till after he had shaken hands with her that he turned hesitatingly and added, "Will you tell the mother of his children that, as they are now left fatherless, I shall be glad to take the eldest of them, if it would be any convenience to her and to you?"

Mrs. Hall promised that her son's widow should be told of the offer, and they parted. He retired down the rooty slope and disappeared in the direction of the Sheaf of Arrows, where he informed Johns of the circumstances. Meanwhile Mrs. Hall had entered the house. Sally was downstairs in the sitting-room alone, and her mother explained to her that Darton had readily assented to the postponement.

"No doubt he has," said Sally with sad emphasis. "It is not put off for a week, or a month, or a year. I shall never marry him, and she will."

IV.

TIME passed, and the household on the Knap became again serene under the composing influences of daily routine. A desultory, very desultory, correspondence, dragged on between Sally Hall and Darton, who, not quite knowing how to take her petulant words on the night of her brother's death, had remained passive thus long. Helena and her children lived on at the dairy-house, almost of necessity, and Darton therefore deemed it advisable to stay away.

One day, seven months later on, when Mr. Darton was as usual at his farm, twenty miles from Hintock, a note reached him from Helena. She thanked him for his kind offer about her children, which her mother-in-law had duly communicated, and stated that she would be glad to accept it as regarded the eldest, the boy. Helena had, in truth, good need to do so, for her uncle had left her penniless, and all application to some relatives in India had failed. There was, besides, as she said, no good school near Hintock to which she could send the child.

On a fine summer day the boy came. He was accompanied half-way by Sally and his mother — to the Pack Horse, a roadside inn — where he was handed over to Darton's bailiff in a shining spring-cart, who met them there.

He was entered as a day-scholar at a popular school at Casterbridge, three or four miles from Darton's, having first been taught by Darton to ride a forest pony, on which he cantered to and from the aforesaid fount of knowledge, and (as Darton hoped) brought away a promising headful of the same at each diurnal expedition. The thoughtful taciturnity into which Darton had latterly fallen was quite dissipated by the presence of this boy.

When the Christmas holidays came it was arranged that he should spend them with his mother. The journey was, for some reason or other, performed in two stages, as at his coming, except that Darton in person took the place of the bailiff, and that the boy and himself rode on horseback.

Reaching the renowned Pack Horse, Darton inquired if Miss and young Mrs. Hall were there to meet little Philip (as they had agreed to be). He was answered by the appearance of Helena alone at the door.

"At the last moment Sally would not come," she faltered.

That meeting practically settled the point towards which these long-severed persons were converging. But nothing was broached about it for some time yet. Sally Hall had, in fact, imparted the first decisive motion to events by refusing to accompany Helena. She soon gave them a second move by writing the following note: —

[*Private.*]

"DEAR CHARLES, —

"Living here so long and intimately with Helena, I have naturally learnt her history, especially that of it which refers to you. I am sure she would accept you as a husband at the proper time, and I think you ought to give her the opportunity. You inquire in an old note if I am sorry that I showed temper (which it *wasn't*) that night when I heard you talking to her. No, Charles, I am not sorry at all for what I said then.

"Yours sincerely,

"SALLY HALL."

Thus set in train, the transfer of Darton's heart back to its original quarters proceeded by mere lapse of time. In the following July Darton went to his friend Japheth, to ask him at last to fulfil the bridal office which had been in abeyance since the previous January twelvemonths.

"With all my heart, man o' constancy!" said Dairyman Johns warmly. "I've lost most of my genteel fair complexion haymaking this hot weather, 'tis true, but I'll do your business as well as them that

look better. There be scents and good hair-oil in the world yet, thank God, and they'll take off the roughest o' my edge. I'll compliment her. 'Better late than never, Sally Hall,' I'll say."

"It is not Sally," said Darton hurriedly. "It is young Mrs. Hall."

Japheth's face, as soon as he really comprehended, became a picture of reproachful dismay. "Not Sally?" he said. "Why not Sally? I can't believe it! Young Mrs. Hall! Well, well — where's your wisdom!"

Darton shortly explained particulars; but Johns would not be reconciled. "She was a woman worth having if ever woman was," he cried. "And now to let her go!"

"But I suppose I can marry where I like," said Darton.

"H'm," replied the dairyman, lifting his eyebrows expressively. "This don't become you, Charles — it really do not. If I had done such a thing you would have sworn I was a d—— no'thern fool to be drawn off the scent by such a red-herring doll-oll-oll."

Farmer Darton responded in such sharp terms to this laconic opinion that the two friends finally parted in a way they had never parted before. Johns was to be no groomsman to Darton after all. He had flatly declined. Darton went off sorry, and even unhappy, particularly as Japheth was about to leave that side of the county, so that the words which had divided them were not likely to be explained away or softened down.

A short time after the interview Darton was united to Helena at a simple matter-of-fact wedding; and she and her little girl joined the boy who had already grown to look on Darton's house as home.

For some months the farmer experienced an unprecedented happiness and satisfaction. There had been a flaw in his life, and it was as neatly mended as was humanly possible. But after a season the stream of events followed less clearly, and there were shades in his reveries. Helena was a fragile woman, of little staying power, physically or morally, and since the time that he had originally known her — eight or ten years before — she had been severely tried. She had loved herself out, in short, and was now occasionally given to moping. Sometimes she spoke regretfully of the gentilities of her early life, and instead of comparing her present state with her condition as the wife of the unlucky Hall, she mused rather on what it had been before she took the first fatal step of clandestinely marrying him. She did not care to please such people as those with whom she was thrown as a thriving farmer's wife. She allowed the pretty trifles of agricultural domesticity to glide by her as sorry details, and had it not been for the children Darton's house would have seemed but little brighter than it had been before.

This led to occasional unpleasantness, until Darton sometimes declared to himself that such endeavors as his to rectify early deviations of the heart by harking back to the old point mostly failed of success. "Perhaps Johns was right," he would say. "I should have gone on with Sally. Better go with the tide and make the best of its course than stem it at the risk of a capsize." But he kept these unmelodious thoughts to himself, and was outwardly considerate and kind.

This somewhat barren tract of his life had extended to less than a year and half, when his ponderings were cut short by the loss of the woman they concerned. When she was in her grave he thought better of her than when she had been alive; the farm was a worse place without her than with her, after all. No woman short of divine could have gone through such an experience as hers with her first husband without becoming a little soured. Her stagnant sympathies, her sometimes unreasonable manner, had covered a heart frank and well-meaning, and originally hopeful and warm. She left him a tiny red infant in white wrappings. To make life as easy as possible to this touching object became at once his care.

As this child learnt to walk and talk Darton learnt to see feasibility in a scheme which pleased him. Revolving the experiment which he had hitherto made upon life, he fancied he had gained wisdom from his mistakes and caution from his miscarriages.

What the scheme was needs no penetration to discover. Once more he had opportunity to recast and rectify his ill-wrought situations by returning to Sally Hall, who still lived quietly on under her mother's roof at Hintock Abbas. Helena had been a woman to lend pathos and refinement to a home; Sally was the woman to brighten it. She would not, as Helena did, despise the rural simplicities of a farmer's fireside. Moreover, she had a pre-eminent qualification for Darton's household; no other woman could make so desirable a mother to her brother's two children and Darton's one as Sally —

while Darton, now that Helena had gone, was a more promising husband for Sally than he had ever been when liable to reminders from an uncured sentimental wound.

Darton was not a man to act rapidly, and the working out of his reparative designs might have been delayed for some time. But there came a winter evening precisely like the one which had darkened over that former ride to Hintock Abbas, and he asked himself why he should postpone longer, when the very landscape called for a repetition of that attempt.

He told his man to saddle the mare, booted and spurred himself with a younger horseman's nicety, kissed the two youngest children, and rode off. To make the journey a complete parallel to the first, he would fain have had his old acquaintance Japheth Johns with him. But Johns, alas, was missing. His removal to the other side of the county had left unrepaired the breach which had arisen between him and Darton; and though Darton had forgiven him a hundred times, as Johns had probably forgiven Darton, the effort of reunion in present circumstances was one not likely to be made.

He screwed himself up to as cheerful a pitch as he could without his former crony, and became content with his own thoughts as he rode, instead of the words of a companion. The sun went down; the boughs appeared scratched in like an etching against the sky; old crooked men with faggots at their backs said "Good-night, sir," and Darton replied "Good-night" right heartily.

By the time he reached the forking roads it was getting as dark as it had been on the occasion when Johns climbed the directing-post. Darton made no mistake this time. "Nor shall I be able to mistake, thank Heaven, when I arrive," he murmured. It gave him peculiar satisfaction to think that the proposed marriage, like his first, was of the nature of setting in order things long awry, and not a momentary freak of fancy.

Nothing hindered the smoothness of his journey, which seemed not half its former length. Though dark, it was only between five and six o'clock when the bulky chimneys of Mrs. Hall's residence appeared in view behind the sycamore tree. He put up at the Sheaf of Arrows as in former time; and when he had plumed himself before the inn mirror, called for a glass of negus, and smoothed out the incipient wrinkles of care, he walked on to the Knap with a quick step.

V.

THAT evening Sally was making "pinners" for the milkers, which were now increased by two, for her mother and herself no longer joined in milking the cows themselves. But upon the whole there was little change in the household economy, and not much in its appearance, beyond such minor particulars as that the crack over the window, which had been a hundred years coming, was a trifle wider; that the beams were a shade blacker; that the influence of modernism had supplanted the open chimney-corner by a grate; that Susannah, who had worn a cap when she had plenty of hair, had left it off now she had scarce any, because it was reported that caps were not fashionable; and that Sally's face had naturally assumed a more womanly and experienced cast.

Mrs. Hall was actually lifting coals with the tongs, as she had used to do.

"Five years ago this very night, if I am not mistaken"—she said, laying on an ember.

"Not this very night—though 'twas one night this week," said the correct Sally.

"Well, 'tis near enough. Five years ago Mr. Darton came to marry you, and my poor boy Phil came home to die." She sighed. "Ah, Sally," she presently said, "if you had managed well, Mr. Darton would have had you, Helena or none."

"Don't be sentimental about that, mother," begged Sally. "I didn't care to manage well in such a case. Though I liked him, I wasn't so anxious. I would never have married the man in the midst of such a hitch as that was," she added with decision; "and I don't think I would if he were to ask me now."

"I am not so sure about that, unless you have another in your eye."

"I wouldn't; and I'll tell you why. I could hardly marry him for love at this time o' day. And as we've quite enough to live on if we give up the dairy to-morrow, I should have no need to marry for any meaner reason. I am quite happy enough as I am, and there's an end o't."

Now it was not long after this dialogue that there came a mild rap at the door, and in a moment there entered Susannah, looking as though a ghost had arrived. The fact was that that accomplished skimmer and churner (now a resident in the house) had overheard the desultory observations between mother and daughter,

and on opening the door to Mr. Darton thought the coincidence must have a grisly meaning in it. Mrs. Hall welcomed the farmer with warm surprise, as did Sally, and for a moment they rather wanted words.

"Can you push up the chimney-crook for me, Mr. Darton? the notches hitch," said the matron. He did it, and the homely little act bridged over the awkward consciousness that he had been a stranger for four years.

Mrs. Hall soon saw what he had come for, and left the principals together while she went to prepare him a late tea, smiling at Sally's late hasty assertions of indifference, when she saw how civil Sally was. When tea was ready she joined them. She fancied that Darton did not look so confident as when he had arrived; but Sally was quite light-hearted, and the meal passed pleasantly.

About seven he took his leave of them. Mrs. Hall went as far as the door to light him down the slope. On the doorstep he said frankly, —

"I came to ask your daughter to marry me; chose the night and everything, with an eye to a favorable answer. But she won't."

"Then she's a very ungrateful girl," emphatically said Mrs. Hall.

Darton paused to shape his sentence, and asked, "I — I suppose there's nobody else more favored?"

"I can't say that there is, or that there isn't," answered Mrs. Hall. "She's private in some things. I'm on your side, however, Mr. Darton, and I'll talk to her."

"Thank ye, thank ye," said the farmer in a gayer accent; and with this assurance the not very satisfactory visit came to an end. Darton descended the roots of the sycamore, the light was withdrawn, and the door closed. At the bottom of the slope he nearly ran against a man about to ascend.

"Can a jack-o'-lent believe his few senses on such a dark night or can't he?" exclaimed one whose utterance Darton recognized in a moment, despite its unexpectedness. "I dare not swear he can, though I fain would." The speaker was Johns.

Darton said he was glad of this opportunity, bad as it was, of putting an end to the silence of years, and asked the dairyman what he was travelling that way for.

Japheth showed the old jovial confidence in a moment. "I'm going to see your — relations, as they always seem to me," he said — "Mrs. Hall and Sally. Well, Charles, the fact is I find the natural barbarousness of man is much increased by a bachelor life, and as your leavings were always good enough for me, I'm trying civilization here." He nodded towards the house.

"Not with Sally — to marry her?" said Darton, feeling something like a rill of ice water between his shoulders.

"Yes, by the help of Providence and my personal charms. And I think I shall get her. I am this road every week — my present dairy is only four miles off, you know, and I see her through the window. 'Tis rather odd that I was going to speak practical to-night to her for the first time. You've just called?"

"Yes, for a short while. But she didn't say a word about you."

"A good sign, a good sign. Now that decides me. I'll sling the mallet and get her answer this very night as I planned."

A few more remarks and Darton, wishing his friend joy of Sally in a slightly hollow tone of jocularity, bade him goodbye. Johns promised to write particulars, and ascended, and was lost in the shade of the house and tree. A rectangle of light appeared when Johns was admitted, and all was dark again.

"Happy Japheth!" said Darton. "This, then, is the explanation!"

He determined to return home that night. In a quarter of an hour he passed out of the village, and the next day went about his swede lifting and storing as if nothing had occurred.

He waited and waited to hear from Johns whether the wedding-day was fixed: but no letter came. He learnt not a single particular till, meeting Johns one day at a horse auction, Darton exclaimed genially — rather more genially than he felt — "When is the joyful day to be?"

To his great surprise a reciprocity of gladness was not conspicuous in Johns. "Not at all," he said, in a very subdued tone. "'Tis a bad job; she won't have me."

Darton held his breath till he said with treacherous solicitude, "Try again — 'tis coyness."

"Oh, no," said Johns decisively. "There's been none of that. We talked it over dozens of times in the most fair and square way. She tells me plainly, I don't suit her. 'Twould be simply annoying her to ask her again. Ah, Charles, you threw a prize away when you let her slip five years ago."

"I did — I did," said Darton.

He returned from that auction with a

new set of feelings in play. He had certainly made a surprising mistake in thinking Johns his successful rival. It really seemed as if he might hope for Sally after all.

This time being rather pressed by business, Darton had recourse to pen and ink, and wrote her as manly and straightforward a proposal as any woman could wish to receive. The reply came promptly: —

"DEAR MR. DARTON, —

"I am as sensible as any woman can be of the goodness that leads you to make me this offer a second time. Better women than I would be proud of the honor, for when I read your nice long speeches on mangold-wurzel, and such like topics, at the Casterbridge Farmers' Club, I do feel it an honor, I assure you. But my answer is just the same as before. I will not try to explain what, in truth, I cannot explain — my reasons; I will simply say that I must decline to be married to you. With good wishes as in former times, I am,

"Your faithful friend,
"SALLY HALL."

Darton dropped the letter hopelessly. Beyond the negative, there was just a possibility of sarcasm in it — "nice long speeches on mangold-wurzel" had a suspicious sound. However, sarcasm or none, there was the answer, and he had to be content.

He proceeded to seek relief in a business which at this time engrossed much of his attention — that of clearing up a curious mistake just current in the county, that he had been nearly ruined by the recent failure of a local bank. A farmer named Darton had lost heavily, and the similarity of name had probably led to the error. Belief in it was so persistent that it demanded several days of letter-writing to set matters straight, and persuade the world that he was as solvent as ever he had been in his life. He had hardly concluded this worrying task when, to his delight, another letter arrived in the handwriting of Sally.

Darton tore it open; it was very short.

"DEAR MR. DARTON, —

"We have been so alarmed these last few days by the report that you were ruined by the stoppage of ——'s Bank, that now it is contradicted, I hasten, by my mother's wish, to say how truly glad we are to find there is no foundation for the report. After your kindness to my poor brother's children, I can do no less than write at such a moment. We had a letter from each of them a few days ago.

"Your faithful friend,
"SALLY HALL."

"Mercenary little woman!" said Darton to himself with a smile. "Then that's the secret of her refusal this time — she thought I was ruined."

Now, such was Darton, that as hours went on he could not help feeling too generously towards Sally to condemn her in this. What did he want in a wife, he asked himself. Love and integrity. What next? Worldly wisdom. And was there really more than worldly wisdom in her refusal to go aboard a sinking ship? "Begad," he said, "I'll try her again."

The fact was he had so set his heart upon Sally, and Sally alone, that nothing was to be allowed to baulk him; and his reasoning was purely formal.

Anniversaries having been unpropitious he waited on till a bright day late in May — a day when all animate nature was fancying, in its trusting, foolish way, that it was going to bask out of doors forevermore. As he rode through Holloway Lane it was scarce recognizable as the track of his two winter journeys. No mistake could be made now, even with his eyes shut. The cuckoo's note was at its best between April tentativeness and midsummer decrepitude, and the reptiles in the sun behaved as winningly as kittens on a hearth. Though afternoon, and about the same time as on the last occasion, it was broad day and sunshine when he entered Hintock Abbas, and the details of the Knap dairy-house were visible far up the road. He saw Sally in the garden, and was set vibrating. He had first intended to go on to the inn; but "No," he said; "I'll tie my horse to the garden gate. If all goes well it can soon be taken round: if not, I mount and ride away."

The tall shade of the horseman darkened the room in which Mrs. Hall sat, and made her start, for he had ridden by a side path to the top of the slope, where riders seldom came. In a few seconds he was in the garden with Sally.

Five — ay, three minutes — did the business at the back of that row of bees. Though spring had come, and heavenly blue consecrated the scene, Darton succeeded not. "*No*," said Sally firmly. "I will never, never marry you, Mr. Darton. I would have once; but now I never can."

"But" — implored Mr. Darton. And with a burst of real eloquence he went on

to declare all sorts of things that he would do for her. He would drive her to see her mother every week — take her to London — settle so much money upon her — Heaven knows what he did not promise, suggest, and tempt her with. But it availed nothing. She interposed with a stout negative, which closed the course of his argument like an iron gate across a highway. Darton paused.

"Then," said he simply, "you hadn't heard of my supposed failure when you declined last time?"

"I had not," she said. "But if I had 'twould have been all the same."

"And 'tis not because of any soreness from my slighting you years ago?"

"No. That soreness is long past."

"Ah — then you despise me, Sally!"

"No," she slowly answered, "I don't altogether despise you. I don't think you quite such a hero as I once did — that's all. The truth is, I am happy enough as I am; and I don't mean to marry at all. Now may *I* ask a favor, sir?" She spoke with an ineffable charm which, whenever he thought of it, made him curse his loss of her as long as he lived.

"To any extent."

"Please do not put this question to me any more. Friends as long as you like, but lovers and married never."

"I never will," said Darton. "Not if I live a hundred years."

And he never did. That he had worn out his welcome in her heart was only too plain.

When his step-children had grown up, and were placed out in life, all communication between Darton and the Hall family ceased. It was only by chance that, years after, he learnt that Sally, notwithstanding the solicitations her attractions drew down upon her, had refused several offers of marriage, and steadily adhered to her purpose of leading a single life.

THOMAS HARDY.

From The Contemporary Review.

SOME NEGLECTED PERIODS OF HISTORY.

A STEP was taken not long ago with regard to the system of examination in one of the English universities which ought to be welcomed with joy and thankfulness by all to whom the rational study of history is a matter of any concern. It is perhaps more valuable as asserting a principle than because it is likely to work any great immediate results. But, as the assertion of a principle, it is invaluable. There is one university which has at last openly acknowledged the truth of the unity of history. For the first time a real school of history has been founded, a school which adopts the wise principle which Arnold laid down forty years back, but which has as yet found no follower in practice. A school has actually arisen at Cambridge in which it is possible to take up "ancient" and "modern" authors side by side. It is perhaps too soon to judge of the working of the school or of its details. But, at any rate, the beginning has been made; the true principle has been acknowledged, practically acknowledged, in the examination system of one of our great universities. No doubt the new school will have its struggles to go through; it is as yet but a tender herb, which may need some years of small rain to water it before it grows into a tree putting forth great branches. We must not despise the day of small things. All new schools, all new studies, must expect to be despised at first. There was a time when Greek was a new study, which had to fight its way against a Trojan opposition. New schools and studies are despised, as all discoveries, all reforms, are for a while despised. Lord Macaulay speaks of the fools of a period before recorded history, who objected to the introduction of the plough and of alphabetic writing. The line of their successors has never yet failed; and men who might at least be mistaken for members of the class have sometimes been seen even in the high places of universities.

The new tripos at Cambridge is a great step indeed in advance. It is the first attempt that has been made in English university teaching to grapple with the great facts of the history of the world. It is the first attempt to deal with the history of the world on a reasonable basis, to bind together branches of study which lose their chief meaning if kept apart from one another. Starting from the principle which the new tripos implies, it will for the first time be possible to deal with history as a whole, to bring out into its fitting prominence the great fact which is the centre of the history of the civilized world, but which, so long as history is unnaturally parted asunder into an ancient and a modern division, can never find its proper acknowledgment in either.

Looked at from the œcumenical standing-point, the history of Europe, as I have often striven to point out, forms one long and unbroken drama, of which Rome is

the one centre, the point to which all roads lead and the point from which all roads set forth again. In the usual division of "ancient" and "modern," it is impossible to look at Rome in its true position; there is no opportunity to look from a single point of view at the joining of the roads and at their parting asunder. There is no opportunity to look, in their relations to one another, at the process by which the Roman dominion was formed, and at the process by which, in seeming to fall asunder, it really started on a new life under new conditions. It might hardly be too much to say that, as what is called "ancient" history is commonly read, with the choice of authors which is commonly made, the Roman Empire, as such, is not studied at all. The bearings of its supposed fall on the modern world do come in for some kind of acknowledgment on the part of ordinary students of "modern" history; the process by which it came together is, as a rule, altogether left out by ordinary students of "ancient" history. Of course, this neglect is not necessarily involved in the division into "ancient" and "modern." It would be perfectly possible to stop at an arbitrary point in the history of the empire, and yet to read thoroughly and connectedly all that comes before that arbitrary point. By such a process, though the building would not be finished, the foundation at least would be laid. But, with the received system, not only are "ancient" and "modern" history kept apart, but "ancient" history itself is looked at only in morsels. In the long drama of the life of Rome there are two special acts — that is, there are two periods in the history of the world — whose interest surpasses that of all other periods. These are the periods at which I have already hinted as that of the joining of the roads and that of their parting asunder. That is, they are the periods when the Roman dominion came together, and the period when, to a superficial glance, it seems to have split asunder. The former comes wholly within the "ancient" range; the latter comes on the march of "ancient" and "modern." Yet, strange to say, while the latter does come in for some little recognition in ordinary study, the former, it is hardly too much to say, is passed by altogether.

Let us try to set forth the main features of these two great but neglected periods. The earlier answers mainly to the second century before Christ. The process by which the Roman dominion was formed begins earlier and goes on later; but it is in that century that its main features come out most strongly. The second period is longer and less easy to define, the more so as its definition would be different in different parts of Europe. It is essentially a transitional period, and something of a transitional character spreads over the whole time from the moment when the Teutonic races become seriously dangerous to the empire to the moment when they make the empire itself their own. That is, the period would reach from Marcus Aurelius to Charles the Great. This is a Western way of looking at things; in the East we should have to draw other chronological limits, and to speak of other invaders. And within this long time we might pick out some shorter periods, say the fourth and fifth centuries of our æra, in which the general character of the period comes out most strongly of all. This later period, its Western side at least, does draw somewhat more attraction to it than the other. The ordinary "ancient" or "classical" student, well informed, it may be, as to some earlier and some later periods, often altogether leaves out the period when Greece lost independence, when Rome rose to dominion — when, we should rather say, from the point of view of universal history, that a new whole began to be formed in which both Greek and Roman elements had their share.

The terms "ancient" and "modern" are thoroughly misleading when used to mark off two portions of history by a hard and fast line. Yet we may for the nonce use those dangerous words, if we are allowed to give them our own definition. We may take them as merely conventional ways of marking an earlier state of things in which the history of the civilized world falls wholly to the lot of the Greek and Italian nations, and a later state of things in which the Teutonic and Slavonic nations also step in to play their part. In both states of things the headship of the world has belonged to Rome; but the headship of Rome has taken different forms in the two periods. Over the older world Rome ruled by direct dominion; over the later world she has ruled, and still rules, by a power of influence which has outlived her direct dominion by many ages. The two periods then of special interest and instruction are the two that ruled that these two several forms of dominion should each in turn be the heritage of Rome. The first ruled that dominion over the then civilized world, the Mediterranean world, should pass to a single city of Italy. The second ruled

that the dominion of that city, as a political dominion, should pass away, but that its headship, in the form of moral influence, should abide, as far as we can judge, forever. The third and second centuries before our æra, the fourth and fifth centuries after our æra, are the two great times in which the destiny of civilized man was decided. They are thus times which, in the œcumenical point of view, are the very foremost of all times for instruction and interest. And the former of the two periods has the advantage over the latter, we may say over all other periods, of being recorded by a contemporary writer such as no other period ever knew. Polybios, and Polybios alone, fully knew the place of his own generation in the general history of mankind. He alone wrote the history of his own time as part of the history of all time. He alone wrote of days in which he was no small actor from a point of view which we have no need to shift, even after the wider experience of two thousand years.*

It was the second century before our æra which fixed the œcumenical character of Rome. It determined that Rome should become the centre of all later history by winning a position such as never fell to the lot of any other city or power in the world before or after. A long series of struggles in her own peninsula had made Rome the head of Italy. As such she became one of the chief powers of the world, the peer of the commonwealth of Carthage, of the kingdoms of Macedonia, Asia, and Egypt. But, like a power in modern Europe, she was only one great power among several; even after the war with Pyrrhos it would have needed a far-seeing eye indeed to foretell that Rome would ever extend her power beyond Italy, or at the most beyond those neighboring lands and islands which to us seem natural appendages to Italy, but which did not come within the definition of Italy as the name was then understood. It was the war with Pyrrhos which made it clear that Sicily could no longer form a system apart, and which suggested that it was a more natural appendage to an Italian than to an African dominion. The words attributed to Pyrrhos when he left Sicily well set forth the state of the case; he left the island as a battle-field for Rome and Carthage. The first Punic war appears in the writers nearest to the time as the "war for Sicily." That was in truth its issue; the cession of the Carthaginian possessions in Sicily to Rome, followed by the cession of Sardinia and Corsica, the Roman advance in the northern part of what soon began to be called Italy, left Rome in possession of all that now seems to be essential to the position of an Italian power, and of little else.

Rome and Carthage were now the two great powers of the West. There was as yet nothing to show that Rome would ever become the sole power of the West, still less that she would ever become a power in the East. That is to say, there was nothing to show it beyond the inherent likelihood, a likelihood yet stronger in those days than it is now, that a power which had become so great would become greater, and the likelihood that powers in the position of Rome and Carthage would be sure to find some new ground of quarrel. Setting aside these probabilities, amounting as they did almost to certainties, the power of Rome, as it stood at the end of the first Punic war, was a compact dominion, hanging well together, a power which, according to modern ideas, might go on for ages without further extension. But one series of events changed it from one of two great powers of the West into the single dominant power of the West; a second series of events made it the single dominant power of West and East alike.

This last process was the work of the earlier of our two periods, the period which made Rome in the œcumenical sense. Our second period might seem at first sight to have unmade Rome; in truth it made her afresh. By splitting her dominion asunder, it multiplied her centres of influence. It called into being a new Rome alongside of the old, each continuing in its own way the influence of Rome, one of them continuing for ages the direct heritage of her political power. The old Rome became the teacher of the nations which first broke her political power in pieces and then brought it together again in their own hands as the most precious of possessions. The new Rome became the teacher of other nations which could neither break her power in pieces nor yet grasp it as their own. The Teuton came to wear the crown of Rome in Rome itself; the Slave could at most wear an imitation of it in Ochrida or Skoupi. And if vast regions fell away alike from

* On the historical position of Polybios, may I be allowed to refer to what I said eleven years ago in my Rede Lecture at Cambridge, "Comparative Politics," pp. 311 *et seq.*, and earlier still in "Federal Government," i. 226? Since this paragraph was written, I have lighted on the appreciative and discriminating portrait drawn by Ranke, "Weltgeschichte," vol. ii., pp. 385 *et seq.*

the dominion and the teaching of either Rome, if Egypt and Syria were utterly lopped away, if Spain bowed for a long season to Semitic conquerors more abiding than Hamilcar and Asdrubal, if western Asia and south-eastern Europe fell under the still abiding rule of invaders more terrible than Mithridates and Chosroes, the loss was more than made up, as lands which had never formed part of Rome's elder political dominion were brought within the range of her moral influence. What the first period called into being, the unique position of Rome in the world, the second period preserved by giving it the only shape in which it could be abiding. No other kingdom or commonwealth before or after held the position to which Rome rose, that of being absolutely alone in the civilized world without peer or rival. All the lands and cities which had risen to partial power, Athens, Pella, Antioch, Alexandria, Syracuse, Carthage, Massilia, were all her subjects or dependencies. Her wars were no longer wars with States equal and like to herself, but wars, whether of aggression or of defence, waged against nations which entered the civilized world only by becoming her subjects or disciples. The second period ordered that those who failed to become her subjects, those who became to a great extent her masters, should also become her disciples. By this time, it must be remembered, Rome had wrought for herself a law from within, she had adopted for herself a creed from without. The influence of Rome now meant the influence of her law and of her creed, and the influence of her tongue as the instrument of both. Ataulf once cherished the thought that *Romania* should pass away, and that the world should become *Gothia* instead. He came to a better mind, and ruled that the Gothic sword should be the instrument of Roman law and culture.* So it has been ever since; the resolve of Ataulf is the very embodiment in words of the work of our second period.

The two periods again agree in this. The Rome that ruled the world was not a purely Roman Rome; it was a Rome which was largely brought under Greek influences, a Rome on which Greece had wrought a work almost as great as Rome was herself to work in after ages on the Teuton and the Slave. It is not too much to say that, wherever Rome conquered, she carried Greece with her. Now it was these two great transitional periods which settled, each in its time, the relations between Rome and Greece. The first period was marked by what to all appearance was the subjugation of Greece by Rome, what in truth was her political subjugation. The very essence and result of the period is that Greece and all the lands which had been in any measure Hellenized, all the lands whose dominant culture was Greek, should pass, in a political sense, within the range, first of Roman influence and then of Roman dominion. But in the point of view of œcumenical history, this very process was, as even a Roman poet could partly see, the entrance of Rome herself within the range of Hellenic influences of another kind. Rome had long had Greek subjects and allies in Italy, in Sicily, on the coasts of Gaul, and Spain. But they became subjects and allies of Rome through their geographical position; outposts of Greek life in the West, they came under the influence, they came under the dominion, of the great power of the West. The relation, the partnership so to speak, between Rome and Greece which created the culture of the "ancient" world, really began when Rome crossed the Hadriatic, and first won Greek subjects and allies on the Greek side of the gulf. When Rome won in Apollônia her first ally or dependency among Greek cities in the Greek peninsula, the march of events began which in the end translated Rome herself to the shores of the Bosporos. When the Macedonian kingdoms in Europe and Asia became, first dependencies, then provinces, of Rome, Rome took upon herself the function which had before been held by the successors of Alexander as the champion of the then civilized world against the barbarians of the north and of the further east. The fights of Kynoskephalai, of Magnêsia, and of Pynda, laid on Rome the duty which she discharged in after ages when successive emperors had to guard the frontiers of *Romania* against the incursions of the Slave, the Saracen, and the Turk. To discharge that duty as was needed, a new Rome, a Greek-speaking Rome, had to be called into being; and the calling into being of that

* The memorable declaration of Ataulf comes at the very end of the history of Orosius. I quote it in full, "Comparative Politics," p. 495. The essence is that Ataulf had once wished, "ut, obliterato Romano nomine, Romanum omne solum Gothorum imperium et faceret et vocaret, essetque. . . . Gothia quod Romania fuisset, fieret nunc Atthaulfus quod quondam Cæsar Augustus." He learns better and makes up his mind, "ut gloriam sibi de restituendo in integrum augendoque Romano nomine Gothorum viribus quæreret, habereturque apud posteros Romaniæ restitutionis auctor, postquam esse non poterat immutator." These words imply all later history.

new Rome is the most distinctive outward mark of our second period. Our two periods then, our periods of transition, of growth, of the expansion of old elements and of the reception of new, are closely connected with one another. Each wrought a different stage of the same work. The earlier period called into being the œcumenical headship of Rome: the later period determined the character which that headship should finally put on. One laid Greece politically at the feet of Rome, in order that Rome might become the disciple and missionary of the intellectual culture of Greece. The other translated Rome herself to Greek soil, and made the new Greek Rome the champion and missionary of the law and the dominion, for a while even of the speech, of the elder Latin Rome. In short, whether we look to the eastern or to the western side of European affairs, as we shall find the fact of the Roman dominion to be the central fact of all European history, we shall find that it was these two periods which determined what the history of that dominion should be. Rome could become mistress of all Europe only by putting on more or less of a Greek character, a character which grew and strengthened, till, in a large part of her dominion, Roman and Greek came to be words of the same meaning. So the Teuton and the Slave could not establish themselves within the Roman borders without becoming the disciples as well as the conquerors of Rome. The Teuton in the west could not do his share in the work without so largely putting on a Roman character as to call into being a third thing, a thing which we cannot call either Roman or Teutonic, but which has grown out of the union of the two, the later being of western Europe and its colonies, above all the being of the Romance nations, their mixed tongue, their mixed national life. Nothing answering to this took place in the East. The East, it must never be forgotten, has its Romance folk, its Romance speech, to show as well as the West, the folk and speech of that newborn kingdom which alone among the powers of Europe still cleaves to the Roman name. That is to say, wherever in the south-eastern peninsula Greek influences had not established themselves, Rome, old Rome, could exercise the same kind of influence which she exercised in the West. That particular kind of influence Greece seems never to have exercised. She could thoroughly Hellenize a people who had in them the power to be Hellenized; she could spread a rim, a veneer, of Hellenic culture over a land whose substance remained barbarian; she could, when she had become identified with Rome, become the model to nations which followed her in many things without adopting her tongue. But a thoroughly mixed people, a people formed out of Greek and Slavonic elements, in the same way in which the Romance nations are formed out of Latin and Teutonic elements, there has never been. There are many causes for this difference which would carry us too far from our present subject. In short, as was hinted some way back, the analogies which are suggested by our present subject are more perfect in the West than in the East. The Teuton played both sides of his mixed part, at once as conqueror and as disciple, far more thoroughly than the Slave.

Now it is hardly too much to say that all that comes before, between, after, these two ruling periods of history is but the making ready for them or the results that come of them. The earlier history both of Greece and of Italy is but the history of the days of making ready; it is the history of the process by which the two lands were schooled for their several shares in their joint dominion over mankind. While we dwell in the world of Thucydides, we are making ourselves at home with one of the elements which go to make up the wider world of Polybios. On the other side of the Hadriatic, where we have no Thucydides to guide us, we make our way dimly and feebly, by such imperfect light as we have, to some conception of the true nature and destiny of the other element. We learn what that Greece was which Rome was in one sense to conquer, and which was in another sense to conquer Rome. We learn less clearly what that Rome was which thus needed, by a twofold process, to take Greece into a partnership in her dominion. In the time which lies between the two destructive and creative periods, the time that is of the earlier Roman Empire, we mark the fusion of the elements out of which that empire was formed, the process by which they grew into the body which the second period was to make the later ruler and teacher of the nations. The second period past, we study its results in the whole latter history of the civilized world, that world which still is truly *Latinitas*, but which became *Latinitas* only by the Teuton becoming the missionary of his Latin master.

Then again, besides the two great visible periods of crisis, there are some other periods which are, though sometimes less conspicuously, periods of crisis in another way. They are periods whose work was to make the work of the two great transitional periods possible, specially to do so by clearing away some hindrance which stood in the way of their work. Thus the time of the early Roman Empire, above all the so-called Augustan age, seems at first sight like a moment of rest between the two stirring and creative times. The work of the earlier period seems to be over; the work of the later period seems not to have begun. And yet, from another point of view, the Augustan age itself is one of the periods of crisis, one of the periods which determine that the course of history shall be what it actually has been and not something else. It is this in a much deeper sense than its superficial aspect as the time when the commonwealth of Rome begins to change to the rule of a single man, first virtual, and then avowed.* That was the necessary result of the establishment of Rome as the ruling city of the world. The old municipal constitution of that city proved itself unequal to the task of ruling the dominion that it had won. Rome could abide as the mistress of the world only by ceasing to be mistress of herself. In the deeper and more œcumenical view, the Augustan age has an importance of another kind, in its likeness to a period with which at first sight it appears to have very little in common. It may sound like a paradox to say that the Augustan age stands to our second period in much the same relation in which the Punic wars, above all the great war with Hannibal, stands to the first.

At the wars between Rome and Carthage we have already had occasion to glance. The result of the first was to make Rome thoroughly the mistress of Italy by adding to her dominion the great islands which seem natural appendages to Italy. The second, after bringing her nearer to overthrow than she found herself at any other moment between Brennus and Alaric, ended by making Rome the dominant power in western Europe. The most prominent side of the Augustan age is certainly very different from this. At a superficial glance it is not easy to see any likeness between what seems to be the least stirring time in the whole Roman history, the days when the world seems to sleep unmolested under the Roman peace, and the days of deadly struggle, when Rome had to fight for her own being on her own soil. And yet these two periods, so widely unlike, act each in a strange way as forerunners severally of the two periods which we have marked out as the special times of transition. The wars with Carthage looked both backward and forward; they fixed Rome's position in the West; but they also, above all the war with Hannibal, opened the way for the days when Rome spread, first her influence, then her dominion, over the nations east of the Hadriatic. The earlier empire, the age of Augustus, opened the way for the days when Rome spread her influence, but not her dominion, over the nations east of the Rhine and north of the Danube. And in each case the way was opened by processes, which though in one sense they seem most opposite to each other, were in a wider view essentially of the same kind. In each case, before the great period of transition came, when it was as yet only foreshadowed, a blow was threatened which might have hindered the work of that period from ever being done at all. In the earlier case it was a blow struck at Rome; in the later case it was a blow struck by Rome. Rome, on the eve of her advance to the headship of the Mediterranean lands, was checked by the rivalry of Carthage, by the long campaigns of Hannibal in Italy. The first Punic war came when she had just begun her abiding relations with the Greek nation by establishing her supremacy over the Greeks of Italy. It was itself a war to determine whether Rome or Carthage should hold the headship of Sicily and the Greek cities of that island. The Hannibalian war came when Rome had just begun relations with the more immediate Greek world, when she had established herself as a power east of the Hadriatic, when, in becoming the protector of Apollônia, Epidamnos, and Korkyra, she had taken the first step towards her own translation to Byzantion. Rome was just beginning to stretch forth her hands towards the general dominion of Europe when the question came whether Europe should remain Europe at all. As things turned out, the Punic wars were a mere check to the progress of Rome; in Spain and Africa indeed they were not even a check,

* It might be more accurate to say, the merging of all the offices of the commonwealth in a single office. The imperial theory required that the imperial authority, the union of all earlier authorities, should be supreme and undisputed. It by no means required that that authority should be always vested in a single man. Hence the imperial office was so often held in partnership by two or more imperial colleagues.

but rather a step in that progress. In the relations between western and eastern Europe they were but an episode, a great and terrible episode, an episode which had great and abiding results, but still only an episode in the main tale. But had things turned the other way, had fortune gone for Carthage and for Hannibal, had Rome been overthrown or even seriously weakened, the history of the world must have been other than what it has been. The world-wide dominion of Rome could never have been reached, or could have been reached only by steps wholly different from those by which in the end it was reached. Such was the blow struck at Rome, a blow which, had it gone fully to its mark, would have been a blow indeed, not only to Rome, but to all that Rome represents in later history. Our admiration for the great Phœnician commonwealth, for the hero-brood of the Sons of Thunder, even for the foremost of that brood, for Hannibal himself, must not blind us to the fact that the men who fought for Rome against him fought in the same cause, in another stage of the same abiding struggle, as the men who fought at Marathôn and the men who fought at Tours.

So it was in the later time. Then Rome, instead of having a blow struck at her, herself struck a blow. It was a blow which, like that which had been struck at her, failed to go wholly to its mark; but it was one which, if it had so gone, might have changed the fate of the world, above all the destiny of our own race, forever. As the success of Hannibal might have hindered Rome from rising to European headship at all, so the full success of Drusus and Germanicus might have given her an European headship too great for the future history of mankind. It was the great day by the Teutoburg Wood which made our second period of transition possible, which opened the way for the whole later history of Germany, of Britain, and of America. Had Germany been incorporated with the then Roman Empire like Gaul and Spain, had Rome conquered Germany instead of Germany in after days winning the crown of Rome, all that the Teutonic race was to do in our second great determining period, all that was to follow as the result of that second determining period, would have been blotted out from the world's annals before it had won a place in them. As it was, Arminius, "deliverer of Germany," was the deliverer of mankind from a danger akin to the danger which overhung the world in the days of Hannibal. For the destined course of the world's history, it was needful at one time to check and to overthrow the enemies of Rome, it was needful at a later time to check, but not to overthrow, the power of Rome herself. In the wider view of history Scipio and Arminius hold places which strangely answer to one another. The victory of the one made that course of events possible which determined that the headship of Europe should pass to Rome. The victory of the other made that course of events possible which determined the final shape which the headship of Rome should take.

Now when we look at the general history of the world from this point of view, it certainly seems a strange thing that no periods should be so commonly, one might almost say so universally, neglected as the two which, beyond all others, directly determined the course of that history. There are no times which are so little known even to men who are fairly well informed as to other times. Men who would be ashamed if they did not know everything of the age of Thucydides, men who would be ashamed if they did not know at best the literature of the age of Augustus, are content to know nothing of the age of Polybios. Men who are at home in modern and even in mediæval history have often very vague notions of the age of Zôsimos and Procopius. Yet it sounds like attempting to finish the building without having laid the foundation to try to master even the mere literature of the Roman Empire without mastering the events through which, and the conditions under which, the empire came into being. It is much the same to try to master the history of the nations of modern Europe without mastering the transitional period in which some of those nations came into being, while others received an impulse which affected the whole current of their later life. And, from the purely Greek point of view, if we look at Greek history, not simply as the record of the Athenian democracy, but as the record of the Greek nation in its place in the general history of the world, it is impossible to overrate the importance of either period. No time is richer in political teaching than the age of Polybios. If his inestimable work — inestimable even in its fragments — taught us only the tale of the advance of Rome, it would be a possession for all time worthy to be set alongside of the earlier possession for all time. But he teaches us far more than this. If his political picture is less fresh than that of Thucyd-

ides, it is far more varied; it supplies far more direct analogies with modern times. In the age of Thucydides we see nothing but the Greek city-community — ruling, to be sure, whenever it has the chance, over other Greek city-communities — and the vast barbaric kingdom. Federal unions have not spread beyond the less advanced branches of the Greek nation; kingship worthy of the name is not the constitution of any State acknowledged as Greek. In the Greece of Polybios we come across a far more complicated state of things. The city-community, the democratic city-community, the maritime city-community, is still there; its place only is changed; we have to look for its most brilliant example no longer at Athens but at Rhodes. The federal States, now taking in the greater and more important part of continental Greece, are to be seen in their full development, the living forerunners of modern America and modern Switzerland, teaching lessons far more directly practical for our own time than any that the single city, aristocratic or democratic, can teach us. Kings too, and all that follows on the presence of kings, now play a great part even in the immediate Greek world. Asia and Egypt, under their Macedonian kings, though their Hellenism is a mere fringe or rim on a barbarian body, are still very different from Asia and Egypt under barbarian kings. They have become part of the civilized world, of the Greek world; the Seleukids and the Ptolemies play their part in that world, not as outsiders, but as members. Macedonia and Pergamon come nearer still; to these we cannot deny a place in the inner Greek world, alongside of Rhodes and Achaia. And no error can be greater than that of looking at these powers, alike kingdoms, confederations, and single cities, as petty States, worn-out States, or, as those who talk in that way would be more likely to put it, "effete States." We may perhaps wish that the diplomatist Aratos had been a better soldier, and the soldier Philopoimên a better diplomatist; but it was hardly an "effete" State which rose to the first place in Greece under their hands. All these States are physically far greater than the Greek States of the age of Thucydides; allowing for the different scale of the whole world, they rank with modern great powers; as long as they are left to themselves, they form a political world full of life and energy. If they seem small, it is not because they are such in themselves, but because a power had arisen by the side of them such as the world never saw before or after. No other power of the civilized world ever rose to such a position as that of Rome, and the speed with which she won it is not the least wonderful part of the tale. For her position in Italy she had to fight long and hard; for her position in the West she had to fight long and hard; but, once head of Italy, goes on to win the headship of the world almost at a blow. It took indeed some centuries fully to gather in the spoil; the empire was becoming an old institution before every land and city within its geographical limits had become formally incorporated with its political substance. But the practical work was done in a very few years, in the first dozen years or so of the second century B.C. After the overthrow of Philip and Antiochos, no part of the Greek world was as it had been before the second Macedonian war. A power had appeared unlike every other power which had before been seen, a power which at once changed friends and enemies alike into practical dependents. To conclude a friendly treaty on equal terms was as dangerous as to be overthrown in a great battle. It is wonderful indeed to look at the work of these few years. Rome steps into a world full of political and military life, and every one of its States seems stricken as it were with palsy at her first touch. They do not die at once; they are drawn within the range of the destroyer by a kind of fascination. And yet destroyer we should hardly say. If political life died out, life enough of other kinds lived on to make the conquerors of Greece quite other than they were before they began her conquest.

So it is also in our second period of transition. We apply very freely the words "decay," "decline," "fall," to the Roman Empire of the fourth and fifth centuries; and "effete" is the standing epithet of its eastern division, even when the mighty Macedonian dynasty goes forth conquering and to conquer from the foot of Ararat to the foot of Ætna. The abiding life of the Eastern Empire still seems to be to many minds the hardest of lessons; but we have just now more to do with the Western. The fabric of Roman power in the West seems to give way almost as suddenly at the touch of the Goth as the Greek political world of the age of Polybios gave way at the touch of the Roman. Julian could have as little foretold the days of Honorius or even the days of Valens, as Philopoimên, when he

led the charge of Megalopolis at Sellasia, could have foreseen the days when all that he could do would be to try to accept the bidding of Rome without utter loss of national dignity. Yet both the systems which seemed to give way really lived on in other shapes; the Roman became the disciple of the conquered Greek; the Teuton became the disciple of the conquered Roman. And, if Rome gave way almost as suddenly as Greece, Rome, even western Rome, recovered herself as Greece never did. The Rome of the popes was strangely called into being by the restoration of the imperial power in the sixth century. One can hardly fancy the part of Gregory the Great being played under a Gothic king. The part of the next Gregories, of Zachary, of the Hadrian and the Leo of Charles the Great, would have been clearly impossible. We might almost compare the times of Belisarius with times of which we have already spoken, with the time of Hannibal, the time of Arminius. An abiding Gothic rule in Italy would not have led to the general result of the ages of transition. The Roman Empire was to abide; ever in the West it was to live again; but it was by a Teutonic prince that its powers were to be wielded. The overthrow of the Goth was the needful condition of the imperial consecration of the Frank.

It is not a new task for me to plead the cause either of the age of Polybios or of the age of Procopius taken by itself. I have now tried to put their relation to one another and to the general history of the world more clearly than, so far as I know, they have ever been put before. I trust, in another article, to point out some instances of the way in which the events of our first period and of the times before it influenced the general state of things in the ages between our first period and our second. EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From The Fortnightly Review.

POSSIBILITIES OF BALLOONING.

FROM the days of Lauretus Laurus, Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon, the possibility of navigating the air has occupied men's minds. The last-named *savant*, who was born A.D. 1214, believed that, like the ocean, the atmosphere is a resisting body, and that extremely light vessels could float in it. He imagined and maintained that a large copper globe, very thinly constructed and containing fire, which would be lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, could be directed on a principle analogous to that of steering a ship. This idea, however, was nothing in comparison with that which occurred to the king Kai-Kaoos, as related by a Persian story-teller.* That monarch ordered a light framework to be constructed, javelins were thrust into each corner, goat's meat was bound to the points of the javelins, and eagles were attached by light cords to the framework in such a manner that their dinner was just beyond their reach. Kai-Kaoos took his seat; the eagles became hungry, began to flap their wings; this raised the frail woodwork, and up went the king, soaring through the realms of space. When at last the eagles grew tired, the sovereign in his aerial machine tumbled from the sky on some desert in China, where he perished from starvation. These two examples demonstrate that in and before the dark ages of the world's history, since the mythological days of Dædalus, men have been dreaming how they could emulate birds. Nothing, however, came of their poetic conceptions till Montgolfier made his experiment at Annonay in 1783.

A hundred years have passed since that date. It will be the object of this article to show whether we are one whit nearer the solution of the problem how to guide balloons than we were when De Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes made the first ascent; to indicate what has been, and what has yet to be, accomplished for science, and how movable captive balloons, attached to reconnoitring parties of cavalry, may be of great use in war. A very few months after Montgolfier established his fame, M. Charles ascended in a silk aerostat inflated with hydrogen. To him we owe balloons such as are now employed. It was M. Charles who, one hundred years ago, supplied himself with ballast to be used at will, with a valve to let out gas when required, with netting to surround the globe, and with a car suspended by ropes from the hoop. In fact, with the exception of a grapnel, its accompanying cord, and some other apparatus which will be alluded to later on, M. Charles's balloon was almost as completely fitted up as any aerostat which leaves the Crystal Palace grounds on a summer's fête-day. The next year a small gas balloon without car or passengers was inflated at Sandwich. Three hours afterwards it was found near Lisle, this being

* Astra-Castra.

the first aerostat that crossed the Channel. The attention of the whole civilized world was called to aerial navigation. Great things were prognosticated. Balloons were to eclipse stage-coaches and ships. Although a little progress has taken place, so far none of these prophecies has been fulfilled. Many endeavors were made to give direction to balloons by the aid of oars and paddles, but these attempts, although the aeronauts themselves frequently claimed success for them, proved on investigation to be worthless. Nor is this wonderful, considering that an aerostat for the conveyance of even two passengers is of enormous size, and contains about thirty thousand feet of gas. The effect of a pull of three or four pounds — the most that a man could obtain by rowing in such a thin element as the air — would be insignificant. To illustrate our meaning better, let us suppose a strong man standing on a machine which has a dial and a hand to show to a nicety any momentary variation in his weight, and let him take a large carriage umbrella and hold it open above his head. The hand of the dial will mark exactly his own weight and that of the umbrella. Let him then pull the umbrella with all his force in a downward direction, and the diminution marked on the dial will be found only to amount to a few pounds. Hence every attempt to steer balloons by manual force proved a failure, and although M. Giffard claimed to have succeeded in guiding an aerostat by means of screws set in motion by a steam-engine in the car, there is no proof that this has ever been accomplished. I may say that the preponderance of evidence is strongly in the other direction, for M. Giffard's experiment was made in 1852, and if he had been able to guide a balloon, his invention would certainly have been used by the friends of the beleaguered Parisians in 1870. One of the first endeavors made by aeronauts was to obviate the necessity of having constantly to throw out ballast. It must be remembered that, from the moment a free aerostat leaves the ground, there is either a waste or a deterioration of the gas it contains. The neck of the balloon is left open; through it passes a line which is attached to the valve above. As a consequence, common air is constantly mixing with the hydrogen and destroying its buoyancy. Again, as the globe rises the pressure of the atmosphere diminishes. A balloon only three-parts full on the ground, when a mile and a half high is already filled and losing gas; when it passes into a cloud, condensation or gas contraction takes place, and the globe begins to fall, the descent being checked by throwing out a weight of ballast equivalent to the lifting power of the gas expended. It is a very difficult thing to keep a balloon in the air many hours. With the action of the sun, which expands the gas, and with the cold and damp which contract it, the largest globe becomes speedily emptied of its original contents. This only applies to free aerostats. With a captive balloon it is different. The latter has no orifice or open neck, and there is sufficient space in its interior to allow for the expansion of hydrogen. It was determined to prevent, if possible, the constant loss of gas in a free balloon by a combination of the two systems, the Montgolfier and the Charles. The gas balloon was to have a small Montgolfier attached to it; when they began to descend, a fire in the furnace of the Montgolfier was to be lighted; the under globe would become inflated and relieve the upper aerostat of its weight. It was a very nice scheme on paper, but a highly hazardous one in practice, as it subsequently proved. The inventors gave no thought to the danger of allowing gas and fire to be in such close proximity. A spark from the furnace of the Montgolfier set a light to the inflammable air in the upper balloon, and the unfortunate aeronauts who made the first experiment perished.

Parachutes, now seldom used, were next invented. Garnerin, a Frenchman, had the courage to cut himself away from a balloon at an elevation of six thousand feet. His parachute oscillated violently, but reached *terra firma* in safety. Parachutes turned out to be of little benefit to aeronauts. To support a man they must be of considerable size and weight. If one of a party of aeronauts wished to descend from a balloon, there would be less gas expended in opening the valve of the globe and lowering the balloon to the earth than in lifting the parachute from the ground and in its subsequent release. Balloons, it may be mentioned, were used at Maubeuge and Fleurus with great success by the French Republican army, and in our own time at the siege of Richmond by the army of the North, whilst they were the only means by which the besieged Parisians could communicate with the outer world.

No improvements were made in aerostats for many years after the first ascent of M. Charles, not in fact until Mr. Green

made his celebrated journey to Weilberg. His balloon would hold eighty-five thousand feet of gas and raise about four thousand pounds, including its own weight and that of its accessories, which may be reckoned at one-fourth. Mr. Green conceived the idea of fastening a very long guide-rope round a windlass in his car. At night the aeronaut has no means of knowing his elevation save by an aneroid barometer, and if he were passing over a mountainous district he might, whilst believing himself to be several thousand feet above the ground, strike against a peak. The guide or trail rope, to which a small miner's lamp can be attached, points out this danger, for instead of hanging perpendicularly under the car, it appears at an angle caused by its dragging on the ground. Floating ballast was also taken, to be used when passing over water, thus avoiding loss of sand. A machine was invented by Mr. Green for warming coffee and other liquors, heat being developed by slaked lime, thus doing away with the risk incurred by lighting a fire in the car. The journey across the sea was performed satisfactorily, and after a voyage of about eighteen hours' duration — the longest time a balloon with passengers has ever been kept in the air — a safe descent was accomplished; the total distance travelled being about five hundred miles. Subsequent to this aerial journey there is little to note in the history of aeronautics until we come to the very remarkable ascents of Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher. They were the most interesting and useful that have ever been made, and proved of considerable value to the scientific world. Mr. Glaisher had long wished to ascertain the nature of the air at a great elevation. Many accounts have been penned by aeronauts of the extraordinary altitude they had attained, but little credence was given to their reports by men practically acquainted with the subject; for, to reach a high elevation, the balloon employed must be a very large one.

Mr. Coxwell, eager to facilitate the meteorological observations of Mr. Glaisher, constructed a balloon which would hold one hundred thousand feet of gas, or fifteen thousand feet more than the one with which Mr. Green had crossed the Channel. The leading objects to be gained were — first, a knowledge of the law of the decrease of the temperature in proportion to the elevation, and secondly, of the distribution of moisture throughout the atmosphere. A start was made from Wolverhampton, the balloon only containing sixty-six thousand feet of gas. An altitude was reached of nearly five miles; the temperature being sixteen degrees, the air very dry, and electricity positive. Another ascent was made in September the same year. At an elevation of one mile and three-quarters the aerostat, which was only two-thirds full of gas at starting, was quite filled. At three miles a pigeon was thrown out of the car; the air was so light that the bird could not fly, but fell like a stone. A second and third experiment of a similar kind were tried, but with the same result. Two other pigeons were in the car; one died, the other nearly so. When five miles high, symptoms of blindness were felt by Mr. Glaisher, whose last entry was thirty-seven degrees below freezing-point; he subsequently saw, but was unable to register, the barometer at ten inches, which would indicate a height of five and a quarter miles. Mr. Glaisher then became unconscious; the balloon continued rising rapidly, and Mr. Coxwell's reading, subsequently calculated by Mr. Glaisher's aneroid barometer, gave a height of six miles. Mr. Coxwell now felt faint, and on attempting to open the valve found that his hands were paralyzed, and had to pull the string with his teeth. Terrestrial sounds were heard at an altitude of three miles. We thus see that Mr. Coxwell has demonstrated that it is possible to exist up to the height of six miles. At the same time it must be remembered that both he and his companion had previously made somewhat similar ascents, and had accustomed themselves to the rarefaction of air met with at such an altitude. It must also be considered whether Mr. Glaisher's fainting-fit was caused by the attenuation of the atmosphere he was inhaling, or by the diminished pressure of the air upon his body.

Thirteen years after this ascent, MM. Tissandier, Spinelli, and Sivel started from La Villette to make similar experiments. The aeronauts carried with them three small bags filled with oxygen and air to inhale, so as to sustain life at high altitudes, whilst an aspirator, filled with essence of petroleum, which would not solidify owing to the fall of temperature, was suspended outside the car. This was to be set up vertically at an height of about ten thousand feet, for the purpose of injecting air into tubes of potassium intended for the determination of carbonic acid. Spinelli took with him his spectroscope, and in a sealed box, carefully packed in sawdust, were eight barometric test-

tubes to record the greatest height attained. A mistake was committed in filling the aerostat too full at starting, the result being that at an elevation of ten thousand five hundred feet gas escaped with force from its neck. At a height of twenty-three thousand feet Sivel felt oppressed, and inhaled a mixture of air and oxygen. More ballast was thrown out. The aeronauts, soaring higher, gradually became drowsy. At twenty-five thousand feet, M. Tissandier says, the condition of stupefaction which ensues is extraordinary; the mind and body weaken by degrees and imperceptibly; although conscious of it, no suffering is experienced. The vertigo of the upper regions is not an idle word; vertigo appears, and at the last moment annihilation. Suddenly the three aeronauts became insensible; a few minutes later M. Tissandier partly recovered, and found his two companions dead in the bottom of the car. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, his mouth open and full of blood; Spinelli's eyes were half closed, and his mouth was also bleeding. The question that now arises is, what caused the death of these two men? Did they perish owing to not being able to breathe the rarefied air, or owing to the diminished pressure on their bodies at so great an elevation? Was their death the result of a combination of these causes, or effected by their inhaling the gas which constantly streamed from the neck of the balloon? As to which hypothesis is correct it is impossible to say; but, judging from the experience gained by old and practical aeronauts, we are inclined to believe that the inhalation of gas which escaped from the balloon was the chief cause of the disaster. Anyhow, the question is undecided, and although the air has been explored up to an elevation of six miles, it appears to us that, with the aid of modern science, an ascent might be made to a much greater altitude and meteorological experiments conducted, with comparative safety to the aeronauts. A short time ago a helmet was invented by M. Fleuss containing oxygen and some purifying substances; with this helmet he can remain several hours under water without having communication with the air. This invention would settle the question as to respiration at high altitudes. The diminution of pressure on the body would be another difficulty, but that might be obviated by a dress containing air impervious to the atmosphere, and which could be contracted at the will of the wearer, so as to make up for the diminution of atmospherical pressure. Should such appliances be used, we firmly believe that, with a very large balloon having a capacity of two hundred thousand feet of gas, and which would be only a quarter full when leaving the ground, an altitude of from ten to twelve miles might be gained. The experiment needs a certain outlay. The balloon and apparatus would cost at least £1,500. In these days of enterprise and thirst for knowledge, how long will it be before one of our great scientific associations determines to make the trial?

It has been mentioned that aerostats have been frequently used in time of war. Up to the present, stationary captive balloons have been employed for this purpose, chiefly at the siege of Richmond, when a telegraph-wire was connected with the car, and the president, although many miles distant, knew what was going on at the scene of operations at the same moment as his general on the field of battle. In the last century it was shown that a captive balloon could be easily transported from place to place by means of ropes attached to infantry soldiers who marched on each side of the road towing the aerostat, which was suspended at an altitude of a few hundred feet. This mode of moving captive balloons might, we believe, be still further developed, particularly in unenclosed countries, and where there is little wind. Twelve well-trained horsemen could easily convey a balloon holding twenty-five thousand feet of pure hydrogen, and floating at a considerable altitude above them, at a rate of from seven to eight miles an hour. A staff-officer in the car could sweep the horizon with his field-glass for many miles, and obtain much important information in the shortest space of time. Had such a machine been employed at Tel-el-Kebir, the general in command would have known that there was a detached fort some distance in front of the enemy's lines, and the mistake made by the officer who surveyed the position a few days before the battle could not have occurred. Again at Teb, only the other day, a balloon reconnaissance would have been very useful. It was important to know whether the Arabs had entrenched themselves, mounted the guns taken from the Egyptians. This could easily have been ascertained by an aeronaut at an elevation of seven hundred feet above Fort Baker or even Trinkitat. At the same time he would have informed his general that rifle-pits had been constructed by the enemy, and could have told him their exact position. Since writing these lines we are glad to learn that

owing to the exertions of Captain Templar and Major Elsdale the Woolwich authorities have determined to establish a balloon corps. Better late than never, and should an autumn expedition leave these shores to relieve Gordon, a captive balloon manœuvred from the bank, or from a flat-bottomed boat, on the low-lying region along the valley of the Nile between Korosko and Khartoum, would enable an officer to scan the horizon for a considerable distance, to signal to stations in the rear, and would also diminish the employment of cavalry. In still weather a light Gardner gun might be used with effect from the car. It may be said that the position of the men directing the piece would be somewhat precarious, but it must always be remembered that a balloon is a very difficult object to hit, owing to the aeronaut who manipulates it being able at any moment to increase or diminish his distance from the earth. At the bombardment of Alexandria an aerostat might have been the means of the admiral learning the movement of the enemy's troops from the forts. This would at once have been detected by an officer in the car, whilst on a calm day it would be as easy to manage a captive aerostat from the deck of an ironclad as on land.

Much has been said as to the possibility of reaching the North Pole in a balloon, and the present writer has received numerous letters from people who declare that they can direct an aerostat. His reply to such communications is, that he will be very glad to make the gentlemen in question a present of £100 if they will select two places, twenty miles apart, go in a free aerostat from one spot to the other and return without anchoring the balloon or recharging it with gas, provided that they, on failing to do this, will give him £5 to assist a charity. Any person who subscribes to a scheme for reaching the North Pole in a balloon, with our present knowledge of aerostatics, cannot be practically acquainted with the matter.

So far as the solution of the problem how to navigate the air is concerned, we believe that balloons have done more harm than good. The attention of inventors has been diverted from what is probably the only feasible way to obtain the desired end — namely, the construction of a machine which, itself heavier than the atmosphere, will be able to strike a blow on the air in excess of its own weight. Machinery worked by steam is much too heavy for this purpose; electricity some day, perhaps, will be available. An engineer who has made electricity his study recently informed an assembly of gentlemen that, in the course of the next ten years, he believed it would be possible to compress enough electricity in a substance the size of an eggshell to drive an express train from London to Liverpool. Science has not arrived at this point yet, but who can tell, after the telephone, the phonograph, and the other marvellous discoveries of Edison, what it may do in the future? Inventors should never forget that a bird is heavier than the air, and that the bird flies because its strength enables it to overcome the difference between its weight and that of the atmosphere it displaces. To put the case in a nutshell, aerial navigation is a mere question of lightness and force.

FRED. BURNABY.

From The Spectator.

THE PRINCESS ALICE.

THE queen's object in publishing so much concerning the personal life of the royal family is incidentally explained in the course of this volume, and is, no doubt, fundamentally sound and wise. "You must remember," she writes to her daughter, concerning the memoir of the prince consort, "that endless false and untrue things have been written and said about us, public and private, and that in these days people will write and will know: therefore, the only way to counteract this is to let the real, full truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion; and then no harm, but good, will be done. Nothing will help me more than that my people should see what I have lost. Numbers of people, we know, have had their lives and memoirs published, and some beautiful ones: Bunsen's by his wife, Lord Elgin's by his daughter (very touching and interesting), Lord Palmerston's, etc.;" and the queen evidently wishes it to be widely known that the better members of the royal caste work no less hard, and have, on the whole, perhaps even fewer enjoyments, than the class of statesmen to whom she had previously referred. If this, the avowed motive for the publication of Sir Theodore Martin's memoir of the prince consort, was, as we suppose, also the motive for the publication of the present volume,* — by far the greater part of which consists of letters from the

* Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland; Biographical Sketch and Letters. With Portraits. London: John Murray.

princess Alice to the queen, which the queen must have communicated herself, — it will, we think, completely answer her purpose. For we find in it the memoir of a woman by no means strong in constitution, whose heart overflowed with the simplest and warmest domestic feelings, but whose sense of anxious responsibility for the duties of her position as the wife first of the heir to the grand duke, and during the last year and a half, of the grand duke himself, spurred her on to work to which she was physically unequal, and which appears to have done much towards wearing out a naturally feeble constitution. The princess says, in 1869, that she always looks back to her childhood and girlhood as "the happiest time of her life." "The responsibilities," she adds, "and the want of many a thing in married life can never give unalloyed happiness." And no doubt it was the responsibilities mainly which weighed on the princess; for to every responsibility she was most sensitive, the succession to the sovereignty at the end of her life having evidently cost her a vast deal more than it gave. She had not been grand duchess many months when she finds her appetite and sleep failing under the pressure. "Too much is demanded of me; and I have to do with so many things." The feeling of weariness and incapacity rapidly increases on her, and when the fatal outbreak of diphtheria came, carried off one of her children, and after she had nursed her husband and all the others through the dreadful disease, seized upon herself, her stamina was gone, and she had no vital force left to resist the attack. No one who reads this life and these letters can doubt that the princess was heavily weighted by her official responsibilities, and that she felt them precisely as the most conscientious and hard-working woman among the queen's subjects would have felt hers. If the queen wishes to make us realize how laborious and responsible are the duties of sovereigns, and how keenly, when they are conscientious at all, they feel those responsibilities, she has been quite right to sanction the publication both of the prince consort's memoir and of that of his daughter, the grand duchess of Hesse.

The princess Christian, in her pleasant and very modest preface, claims for the grand duchess of Hesse political opinions on the state of Europe "remarkable for breadth and sagacity of view." But no attempt is made to illustrate this political sagacity, of the existence of which, indeed, we should be disposed to feel some doubt. It was natural enough that the princess should share the Russophobia of 1877, and we find no fault with her judgment or sagacity for being swept away by it when many a strong man was swept away with her. But it was hardly so natural that an English princess, who knew what mischief the persecution of the Roman Catholics had done in England, and how fruitless of good, and how fruitful of vain passion, had been the outburst of panic against the Roman hierarchy in 1850, should sympathize with the attack on Rome which Prince Bismarck initiated, and which all the German States were disposed to approve, in the years which followed the Vatican council and the Franco-Prussian war. Evidently the princess did sympathize with that attack, and thereby showed that she was the simple, amiable woman, yielding at once to the natural influences of the society in which she moved, which in all things alike she shows herself to be. For there is certainly no proof of independence of mind and large sagacity in falling a victim to one of the greatest blunders in policy ever committed by shrewd statesmen. Now, the princess Alice had had special facilities for avoiding that mistake. But her gentle, feminine nature was too yielding to make head against the strong current of feeling in which she found herself. And we are far, indeed, from reproaching her for being what she was. Only we would rather take credit for her for feeling acutely all those responsibilities to which German opinion was disposed to attach the highest importance, than for her ability to criticise and resist the prevalent opinion of the time and place in which her lot was cast, whenever it happened to go astray.

What we have said is not at all inconsistent with recognizing a great courage, as well as a great gentleness and tenderness, in the princess Alice. During both the wars which disturbed her short career, it would have been impossible for any woman in her position, who suffered so keenly from the anxieties of the situation, to show greater intrepidity in meeting them than the princess displayed. During 1866 especially, when her country was engaged on the losing side, her letters, though they are full of a woman's terrors, are full also of a woman's resolve not to fail in her duty. She works as hard at the hospitals as though she were not fearing every day to lose her young husband in the war; and the leading part she took in the organization of a nursing system for the German army, which proved in-

valuable in 1870, began from the war of 1866, and was never remitted.

It is clear that the princess had a very impressionable intellect in relation to matters of the higher speculative thought, and to matters of faith. The impression made on her by Strauss, temporary as it was, was for the time deep; and it seems to have yielded finally only to the religious feeling which grief and maternal yearning excited in her after the death of her little son. In the mean time, she was not afraid to let the world know how deep an impression Strauss had made, — probably feeling that it would be cowardly to shrink from bearing the public imputation of opinions to which privately she had lent her sanction. Christianity in its more rationalistic types has no standing-ground which it can hold against pure rationalism. But the whole of the princess's dealings with Strauss, though they show how difficult she found it to defend a tender and pious kind of rationalism against the thoroughgoing rationalism of a strong man, are morally most honorable to her, and prove that she was determined not to get public credit for believing what at the moment she knew that she did not believe.

The tenderness and thoughtfulness of the princess are best seen, perhaps, in the letters which follow the loss of her little boy by a fall from a window in 1873. It would be hard, for instance, to find a more simple and beautiful illustration of the maternal spirit than is given in the following letter to the queen, written a year and a half later: —

I always think, that in the end children educate the parents. For their sakes there is so much one must do: one must forget oneself, if everything is as it ought to be. It is doubly so if one has the misfortune to lose a precious child. Rückert's lovely lines are so true (after the loss of two of his children): —

Nun hat euch Gott verlieh'n, was wir auch wollten thun,
Wir wollten euch erzieh'n, und ihr erzieht uns nun.
O Kinder, ihr erziehet mit Schmerz die Eltern jetzt;
Ihr zieht an uns, und ziehet uns auf zu euch zuletzt.*

Yesterday Ernie was telling Orchard that I was going to plant some Spanish chestnuts, and she said, "Oh, I shall be dead and gone before they are big; what a pity we had none sooner!" and Ernie burst out crying and said, "No, you must not die alone — I don't like people to die alone; we must die all together!" He has said the same to me before, poor darling. After Lenchen's [Princess Christian's] boys were gone, and he had seen Eddy and Georgy [sons of the Prince of Wales], his own loss came fresh upon him, and he cried for his little brother! It is the remaining behind the loss, the missing of the dear ones, that is the cruel thing to bear. Only time can teach one that, and resignation to a Higher Will.

* Now unto you the Lord has done what we had wished to do;
We would have train'd you up, and now 'tis we are train'd by you.
With grief and tears, O children, do you your parents train,
And lure us on and up to you, to meet in heaven again.

On the whole, this memoir is sure to excite to the full the kind of public interest and sympathy which the princess Christian in her preface evidently expects for it. It will not, we think, bear out the inference that the grand duchess of Hesse had any great political originality — though other letters not given might, perhaps, establish this — but it will bear out the conclusion that the princess was as tender, as courageous, as simple, and as refined, as true a wife, and as true a mother, as it was possible for a woman to be, and that as a member of the royal caste she was as genuine a working bee as even the most industrious of women, though born to earn her own livelihood, could have proved herself.

From The Spectator.

THE ORIGINAL AMERICANS.

PROFESSOR REVILLE, who delivered the Hibbert Lectures this year, has an exceptional power of condensing, and, so to speak, clarifying masses of information; and his discourses, considered as sketches of the ancient American civilizations, were exceedingly instructive. There are passages in them, especially the references to the hieratic systems and ancient creeds absorbed and superseded by the priesthoods of Mexico and Peru, whom the Spaniards found in possession of power, which, if not novel to experts in the subject, are new to more general students, and of this we would gladly hear much more. But the main intellectual interest of his argument, which was a little choked and concealed by his wealth of illustration, rests upon the immense assumption contained in his first lecture, which, he will perhaps pardon us for saying, requires a great deal of proof before it is finally accepted. M. Reville says, very truly, that as nothing would interest students of physics like intimate acquaintance with another planet, with its obviously original physical conditions, so nothing should more interest the student of the laws of mind. If he found among sentient beings in Mars that ideas had sprung up akin to those which have arisen among men on earth — identical supersti-

tions, similar religions, cognate views of the supernatural — he would be forced to the conclusion that such ideas were not self-derived fancies, but were results, natural or even inevitable products, of certain given conditions. Creeds would be shown to be growths, not inventions, — growths so natural and inevitable that the observer, knowing the conditions and the people, would almost be able to predict the leading characteristics of their faiths. If we were about to discuss that matter, we should not accept that statement as fully true; for it leaves out of sight the possibility that in both planets a few ideas may have been revealed and not have grown, and may have, by their overmastering force, produced a similarity which otherwise would not exist. If in Terra and Mars both, the idea of forgiving your enemies has been revealed and has mastered the more natural notion of vengeance, there will be in Mars as well as Terra an identity of religious conception as to duty in that matter, and consequently of observances intended to teach that duty, which otherwise could not exist. The idea is, however, sufficiently true and complete to serve as a basis for argument; and M. Reville proceeds to say that in America we have this separate planet, and that therefore the self-derived American creeds, the ancient creeds of the continent, can teach us even more of the laws in obedience to which creeds grow, than the better-known faiths of Europe and Asia. They are not borrowed results, but results which have come independently of any teaching from outside, and which must therefore be in some sense inevitable results. The human mind grows them wherever it is, and does not purchase, or steal, or borrow them. Granting the assumption that America is so separate as to be, for purposes of intellectual investigation, in the position of a new planet, that is a most interesting argument, and would justify severe and protracted investigation into the ancient American mind. But then, is that assumption true? Have we enough evidence to justify us in using so startling a theory, even provisionally, as a basis upon which we are to expend time and labor in pursuing an inquiry which after all may lead us nowhere? It is possible, of course, in the absence of knowledge, that the native Americans are autochthones, — that is, that wherever they came from, they were at one time in America so savage, so idealess, so nearly animals, that all their subsequent gains must be held to have been self-derived. It is also possible that they never possessed and, therefore, never lost the power of communicating with other races — as it is almost beyond doubt the Hindoos and the Maoris possessed and lost it; that they were never visited by foreigners, or that if so visited, they derived from those foreigners nothing which survived. All that is possible; but is it more than possible, or even possible enough to be accepted as provisionally true? The evidence we as yet possess is thin, but the little we have of it points rather the other way. Navigators have shown that vessels from farther Asia might drift to the coast of America, under certain conditions, with living people on board. Astronomers are puzzled by certain similarities in Asia and America in describing, for instance, the signs of the zodiac, which hardly suggest the studies of two sets of astronomers. It is scarcely possible to look at the ruins scattered over Yucatan without believing them to be of Asiatic workmanship, or, at all events, influenced by recollections of Asiatic workmanship, even if the celebrated "elephant's trunk," which some observers see carved on a ruin in Uxmal should be an accident, or an idea derived from the discovery by Indians of a buried mastodon, or possibly from tradition of the mastodon, as the latest traveller, Mr. F. A. Ober, who is disposed to assign extreme antiquity to these remains, recently suggested. Above all, there is the certainty that the civilized Indians, aware in some unaccountable way of their own escape from savagery, which so many nations have forgotten, with one consent ascribe their civilization to more or less miraculous strangers, who visited them, taught them, gave them order and ideas, and then went up to heaven. That tradition, which is universal, and so undisputed that it facilitated Spanish conquests, is surely a very strange one to spring up among unvisited autochthones, — who, moreover, we know as absolute matter of fact, were visited from the external world. It is as certain that vikings from Iceland reached the shores of America, as that they reached the shores of Scotland; or, to take a better illustration, as certain as that Brahmins once conquered, taught, and built in the island of Java. M. Reville will not question that Hindoos sailed to, conquered, and civilized Java, or that Hindoos now believe that feat impossible, or that all knowledge of navigation, foreign geography, and shipbuilding has perished among Hindoos. When we landed in India, they could as easily have conquered the moon as Java, and would have said so, nothing doubting; yet they did

conquer Java, and built there temples so vast that even earthquakes, as we saw the other day, only half destroy them. Why should not an incident like that, the marvellous strangeness of which so impresses all students of Javanese antiquities, have happened twice in the history of the world? Is it not a little over-courageous, in the face of such facts, to assume an indigenous American civilization as so fully proved, that it is of itself a grand contribution to the study of the natural religious development of the unaided human mind? That such development is a matter of the highest intellectual interest, we not only concede, but maintain; but it is not made clearer by assuming as data facts so uncertain as the separateness of early American civilization.

And this brings us to the smaller and more concrete object of this paper. Why do Europeans, and especially we English, who spend so much time in ransacking the history of the past, do so little towards the investigation of the early history of America? That work has hardly begun; it is, as M. Reville has pointed out, of extreme interest, not only to the historian and antiquarian, but to the thinker; and yet we do nothing to advance it. We explore Palestine foot by foot, chiefly to discover perfectly useless evidence that the historical portions of the Bible are substantially true, — as if anybody would have invented the cave of Machpelah; we are deeply and wisely interested in M. Mareotti's researches in Egypt; we explore, after some kind of fashion, the antiquities of India, forgetting in every new decade what we learned in the previous one; and we have measured the clam-mounds in Australia, to see how long fish-eating aborigines have lived on her coast. But we do nothing in America. Why? Because the Spaniards have done so much? They have done much more than is popularly believed in the way of collection, but they have done little compared with what remains to be done. They are not by nature good explorers, being persuaded that the early observers told the truth, which they probably did not; and they have a special difficulty in exploration — the profound distrust with which Indians regard them and their race. It is not they who will discover the Indian city with its still unbroken native civilization of which so many legends tell, and which may yet be found, not indeed alive, — that seems impossible, though the exploration of many Spanish-American states has been most imperfect; but, like Gour, or Mitla, or the old capital of Cambodia, dead, but undestroyed. Because it is the Americans' work? If it is, the Americans perform it very badly. They have settled nothing yet — not even the ages of the ruins they have examined, and are disputing at this moment, whether Mitla, with its monolithic halls, the photographs of which look as old as Stonehenge, is really three thousand years old, or only about three hundred. They do not use the right men as explorers, either. Braver, more patient, or more devoted men do not exist; but they one and all suffer from the American intellectual complaint, the absorption of the brain in America, and the consequent want of the power of comparison. The study needs to be commenced by men saturated with the old culture, and the old experience — younger Fergussons, in fact — to whom a sight of Mitla and Uxmal will not be merely an experience, but an experience recalling facts long known. The next man who sees the great temple at Mitla, which almost dazes the spectator with its inexplicable vastness and solidity, — there is a lintel in one chamber, which is a solid block of porphyry, nineteen feet long, which no native power now existing in America could raise to its place, and which no European architect would touch without hydraulic machinery, — ought to have seen both Egypt and India, and to have learned how other early peoples moved other blocks of stone. He ought, too, to know, what we believe no American explorer has ever known, all that the splendid Spanish collections can teach, and all the few and scattered accounts the early Conquistadores have left. And, above all, he ought to live among the Indians, to hear what their traditions are, and to excite their confidence in a way never yet attempted. We have a great respect for the last visitor to Mitla, Mr. Ober; but he, finding a mighty monolith in the temple, which, as Indians believe, gives death to all who embrace it, records with pleasure that "each of our party took particular pains to embrace that pillar most affectionately," to the horror of the Indians. That is not the spirit of true explorers. Why should not some English society or English millionaire do for Yucatan what has been done for Palestine; and if the secret cannot be torn from the ruins, at least collect the material on which alone investigation can be based? It would be worthy work to waste wealth on, even if we discovered that the American mind had received impacts from outside, — which would be so fatal to M. Reville's charmingly interesting theory.

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THE SOLITARY SINGER.

SWEET singer! — sweet to hear when only one
Among the thousand voices of the spring
Thou carollest — how sweeter far, alone
And all unrivalled, art thou wont to fling
The spell of music o'er the list'ning air
From yon drear spray by winter's blight left bare!

Say what the burden of that patient strain
Which answer seeketh none, but ever forth
Is poured, and by itself its own refrain,
Still echo'd, findeth — save that from the north
Responsive plainings through the leafless tree
Mingle, methinks, with thine in sympathy.

It cannot but be sad — a low-tuned sigh
For lost delights thy callow youth once knew,
When all the grove was blossom, all the sky
A smile above thee, and the glad hours flew
Unmarred from when thy notes brought in the day,
Till evening's hush was mellowed by thy lay.

It cannot all be sad — some sweet alloy
Of hope would seem to tremble through thy song,
And serve, when all thy mates are mute, to buoy
Thy heart, though clouds across thy heaven throng,
Though strewn all blossom, and the rude winds' brawl
Sounds the sad dirge of twilight's sombre fall.

Whate'er it be, clear-throated, soft, and low,
It woos the stern hour with a lulling tone,
According well with streams that whispering flow
Ice-muffled, with the sound of sere leaves blown
In rustling eddies 'neath their parent shade,
Where Autumn's glory by the wind is laid.

Chambers' Journal.

QUITS!

INDEED, they have not grieved me sore,
Your faithlessness and your deceit;
The truth is, I was troubled more
How I should make a good retreat:
Another way my heart now tends;
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

I found you far more lovable,
Because your fickleness I saw,
For I myself am changeable,
And like, you know, to like doth draw:
Thus neither needs to make amends;
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

While I was monarch of your heart,
My heart from you did never range;
But from my vassal did I part,
When you your lady-love did change:
No penalty the change attends;
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

Farewell! We'll meet again some day,
And all our fortunes we'll relate;
Of love let's have no more to say,
'Tis clear we're not each other's fate.
Our game in pleasant fashion ends;
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

Chambers' Journal.

SONNET TO LEIGH HUNT.

On hearing that Horsemonger Lane Gaol is to be converted into a Playground for Children.

DEAR freedom-loving poet, who here wrote
'Mid prison-bars "Descent of Liberty,"
And larger part of "Story Rimini,"
Beguiling saddest thoughts by taking note
Of winged fancies that unshackled float
Within a brain, a heart, a memory
Like thine, to bring consoling ministry
Akin to music from the wood-bird's throat,
Thy ever-hopeful spirit may rejoice!
The prison-bars are gone; the walls remain,
But only to enclose the merry voice
And active sports of childhood; now no chain
Save daisy-chain, or link of hand-in-hand,
While dance and play the happy little band.

MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

Athenæum.

'TWIXT MAY AND JUNE.

HERE let us rest and sing,
While the warm breezes blow
O'er sunlit pastures gay with all the flowers of spring,
Where dappled herds all day a-grazing go,
Or lie in shadow where the boughs hang low.

The year is in its prime,
No charm is overblown.
Ah, prithee stay thy sands, thy golden sands, old Time!
Pass on to other lands, till our young birds are flown,
Leave us and joy a little while alone!

What does thy haste avail,
When all for once goes well?
Old traitor, thou canst creep as slow as any snail
If a poor heart doth weep, or passing bell
Ring, for some vanished hope, the funeral knell.

Grant us a brief delay,
Now, when our souls are fain
With longing as we drink the summer hours away,
And, dreaming on the brink of heart-sweet pain,
Ponder the cuckoo's liquid low refrain.

Good Words.

From The Quarterly Review.

JAMES HOPE-SCOTT.*

THE writer of these volumes begins them with a short preface of apology, in which he has thought it his duty to explain to the public why Mr. Hope-Scott's life should be worth writing at all. We do not ourselves see that any such apology was necessary; and the diffidence which the biographer has felt about the interest of his subject, he had far better have reserved for his own manner of treating it. In saying this of Mr. Ornsby, we mean no sort of disrespect to him. He has had ample materials for his work; he has used his materials conscientiously; his style of writing is that of a scholar and a gentleman. The only faults we find with him imply no personal blame. They arise from an utter absence of any faculty for arrangement; and from a tendency, which in his position is equally natural, to regard his subject too exclusively from a Roman Catholic point of view. We are far more inclined, therefore, to thank him for what he has done, than to blame him for what he has been unable to do; and it will be our endeavor, in the course of the present article, to remedy his defects, rather than to dwell upon them.

We propose, accordingly, to set before the reader our own views of Mr. Hope-Scott's life and character, and, so far as is possible, to give a living picture of him; and instead of quarrelling with Mr. Ornsby over the way in which he has arranged his facts, we thank him cordially, at starting, for the laborious care with which he has recorded them.

Mr. Hope-Scott, in the popular sense of the words, can hardly be said to have been a very famous man; though his name, for various reasons, was much before the public. But there are many men whose fame has been far greater, and whose names are associated forever with the destinies and the literature of nations, whose private lives have far less significance, and throw far less light on the times which their public actions have influenced. Of these men it may be said that their lives are written in history. Of Mr. Hope-Scott it may be said, with equal truth, that history is written in his. In following, so far as we are able, the growth of his inner nature — the balance or the conflict in it of temperament, feelings, and principles, the thoughts that led to action, the action that led to thought, the consistent though troubled devotion to what is not of this world, together with a wide knowledge of, and a constant connection with, the world, both of affairs and of society, his close intimacy with many of the greatest men of the age, his influence on them, and their influence on him — in following all this in Mr. Hope-Scott's life, we seem to be looking into a kind of camera, which, in the circle of a single mind, shows us some of the greatest figures, and some of the greatest movements, of an epoch.

In our opinion, however, Mr. Hope-Scott's life supplies us not only with a study of general interest, but with a personal example of a singularly elevating kind; and we are particularly anxious, at starting, to record this opinion plainly, because, unless we did so, we are perfectly well aware that a large part of our readers might very naturally disagree with us. Our meaning lies on the surface. The innermost history of Mr. Hope-Scott's mind is the history of his progress from the Protestant faith to Romanism; and we can hardly wonder if the English public at large should find at first sight but little with which to sympathize, in the spectacle of what cannot but seem to them as a lapse from sense into superstition, and from intellectual day into intellectual twilight. We venture to think, however, that this natural view of the case need be in no way opposed to ours. We hold that for our sympathies to be enlisted by a man's spiritual life, we need be no means agree absolutely with the formal conclusions reached by him. When we happen to do this, no doubt our interest is deeper; but an interest and a sympathy can exist independent of all such agreement. We say this from no sectarian point of view; we are waiving, for the time being, all theological prejudice. We are appealing merely to those moral convictions and perceptions, which all religious men cher-

* *Memoirs of James Robert Hope-Scott of Abbotsford.* By Robert Ornsby, M.A. In 2 vols. London, 1884.

ish, and which all intellectual men respect. If man be a spiritual being at all, any attempt which is made honestly to follow the higher life amongst the calls and cares of the lower, to raise the latter to be a rational part of the former, and to find for such a union a theological or intellectual basis, is right so far as it goes, independent of the theological issue. We propose accordingly in what follows to treat all questions of faith, wholly without reference to our personal views regarding them; not to argue whether they are true or untrue, but merely to record the attitude of a certain mind with regard to them, and to show the steps by which they came to be to it symbols severally of truth or falsehood. We shall endeavor, in a word, to treat Mr. Hope-Scott's religious history, not, as Mr. Ornsby does, like a controversialist, but with the studied impartiality of the merely ethical student; and we conceive that we are making no unreasonable demand, if we ask the reader to approach it in the same spirit.

We trust, then, that our meaning will not be mistaken, if we say of a man who was notorious as a convert to Romanism, that he stands before us as one of the most prominent secular figures which have illustrated, during the last half century, the religious life of England. We say *secular* figures, and we lay stress on the word, because it is mainly to the fact of his secular character that this prominence we attribute to Mr. Hope-Scott is due. Within the ranks of the clergy it is, of course, needless to say that there are many others of more importance than he, such as Pusey, Hurrell Froude, Charles Kingsley, and Cardinal Newman; but Mr. Hope-Scott differs from these in having been essentially an active man of the world; and amongst men of the world we can name no one whose life is marked so deeply and distinctly with the traces of the religious struggles and the religious aspirations of his epoch.

In point of birth, he possessed what is perhaps the greatest advantage possible for a man of such powers as his. He came of a distinguished family, and he was not the heir to a fortune; and thus to the best qualities produced by a sense of inherited position he united the sense that, personally, he had his own position to make. His father, the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, one of the bravest and most intelligent amongst all the officers of his time, was a younger son of the second Earl of Hopetoun. Having entered the army in 1786, and having rapidly won the esteem and praise of his superiors, he was barely twenty-six when, in the action with the French at Buren, he received a wound which left him partially lame for life, and by which his right arm was completely paralyzed. The young man's services, however, had been of so signal a nature, that even his disablement marked for him a new departure in his promotion. He was appointed successively, during the four following years, governor of Tynemouth and of Clifford's Fort, lieutenant-governor of Edinburgh Castle, and deputy-adjutant to the forces under the Duke of York. Some years later he became deputy quartermaster-general, and about 1812 governor of the Royal Military College, which was first established temporarily at Marlow, and shortly afterwards removed to Sandhurst, at which place it was organized under his sole superintendence.

It was during Sir Alexander's short residence at Marlow that his third son was born — James Robert Hope, afterwards Hope-Scott. He was a child of singular beauty, much of which he inherited from his mother, especially — as is narrated by one who had seen him in his childhood — "the entire blackness of his hair, and the depth of his dark eyes." But more characteristic even than the child's face itself, was the expression it wore at times. The same observer, who knew all the family well, has said that the looks of none of them remained in after years in her mind so vividly as that of the little James at church, with "his eyes never lifted during the service, and his young head bent in reverential devotion."

He was not sent to school till he was nearly eleven years of age, but one of the most valuable parts of his education began when he was between seven and eight. Sir Alexander at that time retired from his post at Sandhurst (though he resumed

it subsequently at the Duke of York's request), and removed with his family for two years to the Continent — for the first year to Dresden, and for the last to Florence. During this period James developed one talent at least — a singular talent as a linguist; and when at Florence he was delirious from typhus fever, he surprised his attendants, whether French, German, or Italian, by instinctively speaking to each in his or her own language.

Returning home the boy saw a new phase of life. He was taken with his family to Hopetoun House, and was present at an entertainment, in its own way memorable, which his uncle, Lord Hopetoun, gave to George IV. A few months later he was sent to a school near Durham; in the following year he was transferred to another, at Greenfield, with a special view to his being prepared for Eton; and in the year following that he entered Eton itself. In his Eton career, so far as his studies went, there was nothing very remarkable. He acquitted himself fairly well, but his scholarship was not brilliant; and just before he was leaving Eton for Christ Church his tutor, who was much attached to him, was forced to own reluctantly that his construing was inaccurate, and that his composition was in poor taste, and confused. But though in point of academic distinction he was far surpassed by many of his inferiors, not only were there signs even in his unsatisfactory scholarship, which showed, as his tutor said, that there was something out of the common in him; but in other points, apart from the merits of the schoolboy, he was already a distinguished, and even a commanding figure. "His first appearance," said his tutor, "won my heart; for added to great beauty of face and person, was remarkable sweetness of expression, and more than usual grace of manner. At the time of his entrance he spoke Italian freely, and German with a peculiarly good accent; and even then evinced that niceness and correctness of taste in matters of art, for which he was so conspicuous in after life." Nor was this all. Not only did he thus exhibit in his boyhood the tastes and accomplishments, the charm and the self-possession, which are found as a rule only in the matured man of the world; but he had betrayed also, in his careless intercourse with his friends, such a quickness in argument, and such a fluency in speaking, that he earned upon one occasion the name of "Jem the lawyer."

Leaving Eton when he was about sixteen, he at once matriculated at Christ Church; but did not go into residence till some time later. He was something, as we have seen, of a man of the world already; and now, in the interval between school and college, the events of his life tended to make him more so. In company with his mother, and with his aunt, Lady Hampden, he went to Paris on a visit to the Duchesse de Gontaut, who was at that time honored with the care of the two royal children — the then heir to the throne, since called Henri Cinq (Comte de Chambord), and his sister Louise de Bourbon, afterwards Duchess of Parma. The Duchesse de Gontaut had private apartments in the Tuileries; and young Hope, who at once became her favorite, was constantly there received by her in company with her royal charges. Through her means he was presented at court, and became acquainted with the court circle; and there are some, we believe, still alive, who remember the sensation caused by the graceful boy from Scotland, in his antique court dress, and ruff — a costume now, as Mr. Ornsby says regretfully, known only in pictures and at the Vatican. Thus when the Etonian returned to England, and began his life at Oxford, he went to Christ Church as a freshman, with his memory enriched and with his manners polished by an experience, that now is no longer possible to any of us, of the last days of the *ancien régime* in France.

His career at Christ Church began with a marked social success. His first year at Eton had been a time of great misery to him; and the art of living with his schoolfellows he seems to have learnt but gradually. Before he left, however, he had become highly popular, and on entering Christ Church he was at once surrounded and welcomed by the most brilliant circle which that brilliant college

could boast. Amongst his special friends, the following may be mentioned: James Ramsay, subsequently Marquis of Dalhousie; James Bruce, subsequently Earl of Elgin; and the Hon. G. Canning, subsequently Lord Canning; all three of whom, by-and-by, were to be governors-general of India; Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, afterwards professor of poetry at Oxford, and many others. There was another undergraduate whom Mr. Hope knew then but slightly, but with whom, eventually, he was to be memorably intimate. That undergraduate was Mr. Gladstone. The foregoing were all Christ Church men. We may add to their number a few from other colleges: Samuel Wood, a brother of the present Lord Halifax; Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea; Sir Frederick Rogers, now Lord Blachford; and Roundell Palmer, now Earl of Selborne.

Such was the society into which, in his eighteenth year, James Hope was launched; and with a light heart he gave himself up to the pleasures of it. The strong religious feeling, which had marked him in his childhood, seems during his Eton days to have sunk somewhat into abeyance, and when he came to Christ Church to have no longer distinguished him. The delightful independence of his own position, the possession of his own rooms, and the excitement of his success in society, not unnaturally made the cup of life sparkle for him, and his bright nature was for a time satisfied with the succession of careless triumphs which the world so freely offered him. This state of happy exhilaration is vividly expressed by him in his letters of that date to his sister. "I know no luxury," he writes to her, "equal to the independence of 'one's own rooms,' except falling asleep after dinner, and one or two other similar indulgences. I can absolutely hardly sit still in them, but must needs go pacing up and down, and sitting on every chair in turn, to satisfy myself that I am actually lord and master." A few weeks later, in the same buoyant spirit, not untouched with something of a mundane cynicism, he gives us the following glimpse of his studies, and how he took to them: —

> Mr. Mills [he writes] has been pounding away at the origin of ideas, sensations, impressions, subjective and objective qualities, till he has thoroughly mystified all my undergraduate friends, who are, however, in general very much delighted with anything they can't understand. In his first public lecture he enumerated the advantages attending the study of philosophy, and from thence proceeded to give advice to those of his hearers who might early be called to the exercise of offices connected with their own blessed Constitution; and told them very impressively that, unless they applied themselves to useful knowledge, the lower classes would get over their heads; in short, that the scouts would become gentlemen commoners, and the bed-makers countesses, unless they could keep that start by education which they had gained by rank and affluence. He then proceeded to recommend a course of study, consisting of some hard Dutch authors, and wound up by a thorough knowledge of Blackstone's "Commentaries." His language is very beautiful, and I take his word for the philosophy being sound.

Of what his own reading was during his first year at Christ Church, and how far he put in practice Mr. Mills's beautiful philosophy, there are no traces left us; and we think it highly probable that there were not many to leave. During the following year, however, the case is different. Records then begin of a serious course of study; and we have many evidences, as Mr. Ornsby justly points out, that his deeper nature was slowly coming to the surface again. The world had satisfied him for little more than a year, and he began to be conscious of wants and longings beyond and apart from anything that he had found it able to offer him. Sir Francis Doyle describes this transition as follows: "A change came over him, and he fell into a condition of gloomy thought and self-introspection, the result of which was that he separated himself a good deal from his acquaintances, and lived with only a few men. I was one of these few; Charles Wordsworth, the Scotch bishop, was another; Mr. Leader, the *ci-devant* member for Westminster, was a third; Robert Curzon, the late Lord de la Zouche, was perhaps a fourth; and there may have been one or two more." Sir Francis goes on to observe "that this disquiet and dissatisfaction with life had not at that time assumed a distinctly religious character;" and there is evidence collected by Mr. Ornsby which would have led us to the same conclusion. It was the spirit of the philosopher rather than the spirit of the Christian that was beginning to trouble his mind with its sad and obstinate questionings, and bringing him face to face with the deeper problems of existence. The following verses, which were found in one of his note-books, not only display considerable literary merit, but form a singular fragment of moral autobiography. Their subject is the real-

ity or the non-reality of virtue, and though avowedly suggested by a chapter in Plato's "Republic," yet the thoughts contained in them were just as evidently a part of the young writer's own spiritual life: —

If in the fulness of satiety
I do obey the still small voice within,
And make my heart the altar of just thoughts,
What cometh, prithee, of this excellence?
For though the inward lining of my cloak
Be fair and honest, yet the outward show
May lie in seeming of iniquity,
And wrong its owner with the jealous world.
But if, refining one injustice, I
Can bear the semblance of what men should be
And yet be what they are — with either hand
Grasp the sweet private benefit of vice
And open meed of bold hypocrisy —
Who shall gainsay me? True, the mask may fall
And leave me naked. But who hopes the prize
Must meet the struggle, and unflinchingly
Face that which makes or mars him. To this end
We will raise up academies of vice,
And form us guilds of corporate deceit —
Our tongues with oily smoothness shall betray;
Our hands be ready when our cunning fails,
And force redress our bluntness. But the Gods —
Their purest nature of unsoilèd truth
Knows not deceit. Their all-eternal frames
May not be harmed by earthly violence —
Nor need they. Oxen buy immunity
And blood of goats atones for human gore.
Out of the portion of our wickedness
Will we frame spells of golden influence,
And cast them o'er their vengeance; and when Death
Drags us unwilling to his empty Hall,
Not one but oft-repeated hecatombs
Shall still the clamor of hell's angry jaw,
And win us from its impotent control.

During the same period to which these verses belong, there are other records which point to a similar story. His friends began to urge him to fix upon some profession. His mother was anxious that he should take orders in the Church of England; and in a letter which he wrote, though he did not send to her, he expresses himself upon this subject thus. If he took to the law, he said, which was the alternative present to him, he would be obliged to be either something or nothing; action of some sort would be forced upon him;

but in the Church [he went on] I may, if I feel so inclined (and I am afraid I should), spend a life which, without being positively bad, would be neither useful to others nor honorable to myself. On the other hand, if I should seriously bend my mind to the requisite perseverance, how much more severe must be that discipline which fits me for the Church than what is needed at the Bar. Not only the intellect, which is concerned in this profession, but the heart also, must be brought in obedience to right principles, and all the feelings of the individual regulated according to the duties of his ministry. How difficult a task this is I am daily made more sensible of, by the exertion which is necessary to combat even the weakest inclination. At the law, on the other hand, I feel an immediate necessity for application from the very nature of the pursuit. If I make any advance in it, to become idle and careless is impossible without losing the ground I have gained, which fact success renders galling, and which ambition will not for a moment admit.

A few months later, however, an event occurred which helped to bring him to a more vigorous condition of mind. Whilst he was staying alone at home, during the long vacation, to read, an old nurse of his, to whom he was much attached, was dying in the house of a painful and lingering illness. His heart was touched by this in a deep and unexpected manner; day by day he watched by the bedside of the sufferer, and rendered her every service that a son would have rendered to a mother. Such a close familiarity with the most solemn aspects of life had, as he said afterwards, a profound effect upon him, and forced him to reflect on the practical importance of religion, which of late, as he said also, had impressed him only as a theory. But his period of doubt and dejection was not ended yet. A few months later we find his friend, Mr. Leader, reproaching him with "having made up his mind to a state (for the present at least) of lethargy and apathy," and with regarding his life as a something "with which he hardly knew what to do." It is possibly owing to this unsettled and unhappy condition, that, much against the advice and the hopes of his friends, he decided the following summer not to read for a class. He settled this just at the end of term; and the moment the long vacation began he went abroad with his friend, Mr. Leader, who apparently hoped to rouse him by new scenes and society. The tour was not wanting either in pleasure or instruction; but if the aim of it was the cure of Hope's melancholy, so far as we can judge, it was only partly successful; and he himself concludes the short journal which he kept of it, with the regretful wish that he had travelled "to better purpose."

On his return to Oxford he did as he had resolved to do. He went in for the

pass examination only, and took his B.A. degree in November, 1832. He was now a little over twenty. The world was all before him; but he was still doubtful what part he would take in it. He again retired into himself, passing his days in solitude; and he beguiled his time with the study of various questions, beginning with homœopathy and ending with modern miracles. He had been thus situated for some three or four months, when the influence of his family, and his own personal popularity, combined to secure for him a fellowship then vacant at Merton. This piece of good fortune roused him into temporary good spirits. "The college," he wrote to his father, "is one of the prettiest; its gardens have a terrace, which for meditation and smoking a cigar beats any I ever saw. The society is the best in Oxford, and so is the cook. The income averages 200*l.*" His father, in answering this letter, promised him that, considering how college revenues varied, his income should not fall below 300*l.*, but at the same time reminded him that he would find this sum but small; that his position as a fellow obliged him to celibacy; and he urged him, on grounds alike of duty and prudence, not to yield himself to the pleasure of meditative idleness, but to nerve himself for exertion, and at once to choose a profession. The son answered that he knew his father's advice to be sound; that he felt it his duty by any "honest means" in his power to do something towards increasing his own livelihood; that he now chose definitely the law as his profession; that he would as soon as possible begin to study it under some special pleader in London; and that meanwhile at Oxford he would "attack Blackstone" by himself.

Excellent, however, as these resolutions were, during the next three years their practical results were small. It is true that he placed himself under an accomplished law-tutor, who, besides being eminent in his profession, was admirable in his private life; but though he won the respect and affection of this excellent gentleman, and displayed considerable diligence in the study of college statutes, his legal studies, as a whole, were fitful and unmethodical. Sometimes he would leave London to do some kindness for a friend; once he did so for the sake of a tour in Holland; and somewhat later, invited by his relative, Lord Haddington, he went off to Dublin on a visit to the vice-regal court. Meanwhile, through all these vicissitudes, his religious anxiety was steadily growing upon him. This was due to various causes. One was the restless working of his own mind; one, which we have mentioned already, was the thought of his old nurse's death-bed; another was the stir caused by the Tractarian movement, which, at the exact period we speak of, was beginning to trouble Oxford; and again, another was his mother's severe illness, and more particularly his eldest brother's death.

One result of this condition of things was, that his resolution to study for the bar was constantly crossed and paralyzed by doubts as to whether, after all, his real vocation might be not the bar but the Church. Then again, his desire to enter the Church was in its turn often paralyzed by fits of lassitude, the result of physical weakness; and then again, his mind would be stirred and stimulated by dreams of such ambition as only the bar would satisfy. Thus moved this way and that, he often felt, as he said in a pathetic letter to his father, "as an unprofitable and unhappy idler on the earth;" nor was it till after three years' wandering in this valley of doubtful shadows, that he finally decided as to what course he would take. Then, at last, after a long and doubtful struggle, and moved in part by reasons which we are not at liberty to glance at, he felt himself called to relinquish what he had cherished as his highest aspiration. He gave up all thoughts of the Christian ministry, as a career that Providence had not intended for him; and at last, with a steadiness which he had not known before, he began to give his attention once again to the law.

His life now began to assume a new complexion. In the summer of 1835 he accepted the office of deputy marshal, offered him by Judge Patteson, who was then going on the Welsh Circuit. It is true that his experience in the above capacity disappointed him, and he pronounced the Welsh Circuit to have been merely an idle jaunt; but no sooner was he once more settled in London, than he resumed attendance on his former legal tutor, and was soon prosecuting his studies, not with diligence only, but with interest. We soon find him writing that "his law was going on amazingly well;" that "he was acquiring a relish for it which he had once thought quite impossible;" that he dreaded a day which took him away from it "beyond all other inflictions;" that his only fear, in fact, was that he was "getting too fond of it;" that the charms of his work were making society seem vapid

to him, and that he wished he was never obliged "to dine anywhere but at the Travellers'."

This growing ardor in his professional pursuits, this exhilarating discovery of his own practical powers, did nothing to rob his mind of its deep religious character. Misgivings, indeed, for a time continued to haunt him that after all the Church was his true vocation, and that the present course he had chosen was not the better part. These scruples, however, were gradually set at rest. The conviction grew on him that the life of the professional man might, in its own degree, be consecrated as truly as the life of the priest; and indeed, though the Church of England recognized no such position, that he might, as it were, be morally in minor orders, separated from the world by a certain unacknowledged line, and cherishing an intention, if registering no vow, of celibacy. His theological opinions as yet were not fully formed. In early life he had been brought up amongst Evangelicals; but there are plain indications in what we have just recorded of how deeply his sympathies had been touched by the developing opinions of the Tractarians.

During the two or three years of which we are speaking, he lived, when in London, first in Stratton Street with Mr. Leader; then with his parents at Chelsea Hospital, of which Sir Alexander was by this time governor; and on Sir Alexander's death, in 1837, at his brother's house in Curzon Street. All this while, though not yet called to the bar, and having won no laurels publicly, he was already acquiring a kind of prophetic reputation, and his judgment began to be asked upon certain legal questions by men far older and of far more experience than himself. Moreover, as occasion allowed, he was, on principle, mixing in general society, and was extending his circle of friends and of acquaintances, including some whom he had met, though he had hardly known, at Oxford. Amongst these last was one who had formerly been a student at Christ Church, and had now blossomed into a Tory member of Parliament. He, meeting Mr. Hope, on some ground or other asked to be allowed to call upon him. Accordingly, one morning at Chelsea Hospital, whilst Mr. Hope was sitting surrounded by a litter of volumes, mostly "folios and books of grave appearance," the door was opened and his new friend entered. He was a young man, with marked and regular features, with a glow on his cheeks of health and abounding energy, with beautiful jet-black hair slightly shading his forehead, and clear and restless eyes glancing under protruding eyebrows. This visitor, in years long after, thus recorded his recollection of that visit: —

> Hope opened a conversation on the controversies which then agitated the Church of England, and which had Oxford for their centre. I do not think I had paid them much attention; but I was an ardent student of Dante, and likewise of St. Augustine; both of them had acted powerfully on my mind, and this was, in truth, the only preparation I had for anything like mental communion with a person of his elevation. He then told me that he had been seriously studying the controversy, and that, in his opinion, the Oxford authors were right. He spoke not only with seriousness, but with solemnity, as if this was for him a great epoch; not merely the adoption of a speculative opinion, but the reception of a profound and powerful religious impulse.

The writer of these words was none other than Mr. Gladstone; and such is the account given by him of his first visit to James Hope-Scott.

This visit was the beginning of an intimacy between these two distinguished men, which was broken, in one sense, only by the death of one of them; and Mr. Hope's life, for some time after this, was closely associated with that of Mr. Gladstone. In 1838 he was called to the bar; and he began to appear almost immediately before the committees of the Houses of Parliament. At the same time he began to be actively interested in various charitable and missionary societies; he assisted in the organization of some; he gave his money to many; and he endeavored to enlist in behalf of one the countenance of the Archbishop of Canterbury. But his "main occupation," as Mr. Gladstone records, lay at this time in another field — not in his work before committees, not in connection with societies for the propagation of the gospel, but in a scheme for reforming a certain other society which seemed to him, under Providence, to have the first claim on his care. This society was his own college of Merton. The same year in which he was called to the bar, the governing body of that college showed themselves, in a singular way, to have been touched by the religious revival around them. The warden and the fellows had become penetrated by a feeling that the spirit of the college statutes had been gradually lost sight of in the change of modern manners, and they resolved therefore that they would at least attempt some reform which

should put their lives more in accordance with the intentions of their founder. For this purpose the first thing necessary was a thorough examination of the ancient college documents; and the task by unanimous consent was committed to Mr. Hope. Here at last was a work that exactly suited him; he at once entered on it with enthusiasm, and "without doubt," says Mr. Gladstone, "he found in it at that period the peculiar work of his life." His work in London, to quote his own words, was "his kitchen-garden; his work at Oxford, his flower-garden. The first was to feed the last." For such a feeling there was indeed a particular reason. Having failed to convince himself that the Church was his true vocation, he found consolation in the sense that his present professional labors were in a special way consecrated by being devoted to the service of his college.

It is probable also that his spiritual life was being affected in a way of which he was then unconscious. His profound investigations into the mediæval collegiate system, and the admiration for that system that sprang up in his mind as he meditated over it during the intervals of his work, pacing the terrace in the Fellows' Garden at Merton, and watching the spring grow green in the Oxford elm-trees, seems to have given his mind an unperceived bent towards Rome, and, without disturbing his thoughts, to have silently converted his sympathies. Nothing of this, however, was then perceived by himself. He was a Tractarian of the staunchest and most sanguine kind, and all his dreams of the future were bound up with the Church of England.

We say he was sanguine, and we say he had dreams; but he was very different from most sanguine dreamers. Through all his enthusiasm, and through all his devotion, he was constantly remarkable for his sound and sober sense; and there is one remarkable occasion in which he showed this to the full. Whilst Mr. Hope was busy with his Oxford researches, Mr. Gladstone was busy in a somewhat kindred way. He was composing his disquisition, which Macaulay has made immortal, on "The State in its Relation to the Church;" and that work, which passed through various stages, was in each stage submitted to Mr. Hope's judgment. The correspondence between the two upon this subject is from certain points of view very interesting; and were Mr. Gladstone, not Mr. Hope, the main subject of our discussion, there are many passages in it which we should be disposed to quote. With regard to Mr. Hope, however, it will be enough to observe that, sympathize though he thus did with Mr. Gladstone's views in general, and with his aim in composing this treatise in particular, not a single loose argument eluded his notice, nor a single false analogy; and though offering his strictures with an exquisite tact and gentleness, he was as merciless a critic with a view to improving the work as Macaulay himself was with a view to discrediting it.

Shortly after its publication, Mr. Hope wrote to Mr. Gladstone thus: —

> The intercourse which I have had with you on this occasion, and the tone of mind in which your work has been conceived, carried on, and finally prepared for the world, and which I have had an opportunity of considering more closely than my previous acquaintanceship with you had allowed, have given me feelings towards you which are either not generally natural to me, or which have found few objects on which to rest; and I do not scruple to say that, in looking forward into that confused and dangerous period upon which we appear to be entering, there is no one upon whom I so much rely for guidance and encouragement, no one with whom I would so gladly act or suffer, as yourself.

What follows, again, is interesting as part of his autobiography: —

> My own plans of life are in their details uncertain, and liable to continual change; but in their principal design they are pointed towards one object — the service of the Church. To it I am bound by ties as a member of it, which is common to many; as a member too of one of its endowed institutions, which is a more particular obligation. Whenever, therefore, or wherever you may think that a willing laborer may be of use, you may reckon upon finding one in me.

The time, however, was now arriving when he was to make acquaintance with another friend, who was to influence his destinies far more powerfully than Mr. Gladstone, and who, as Mr. Gladstone himself has said, was the "one personal influence which alone ever seriously affected his career." In the year 1838, the time of which we are now speaking, there was published "The Remains of Richard Hurrell Froude." This book affected Mr. Hope so powerfully that he began, after its perusal, certain new habits of self-discipline. He made from it a collection of thoughts and ejaculations for his own devotional use, and was finally led by it to seek the acquaintance and counsel of the closest friend of its deceased author — John

Henry Newman. Mr. Hope asked permission to call on Mr. Newman in his rooms at Oriel, and the latter has since recorded his impressions of that visit. "I was," he says, "many years older [when he thus came to see me, unasked, unsought], yet he had that about him, even when a young man, which invited and inspired confidence;" and though those who saw him "but once, or at a distance," might be perplexed by "the lofty fastidiousness and keen wit which were natural to him," on those who saw him nearer there was no such effect produced; and Cardinal Newman adds, speaking from his own experience, that his "very presence" was almost irresistible.

This friendship, once begun, began soon to bear practical fruit. Mr. Hope and Mr. Newman had not been long acquainted, before they had started a plan of publishing a series of ecclesiastical articles in the columns of the *Morning Post*, which had then Tractarian leanings; and a year later, at Mr. Newman's request, Mr. Hope wrote in the *British Critic* a brilliant review of Mr. C. R. Ward's translation of the "Magdalene College Statutes." The two, meanwhile, had been further in active correspondence on a point which Mr. Hope had at that time much at heart — that the chancellorship of the University of Oxford should be filled by an ecclesiastical person. This, as Mr. Ornsby observes, was part of a line of policy which for a long time troubled the life of the university, "academical questions as they successively arose being all made by the Tractarians to turn upon their ecclesiastical bearings." "With this great current now in motion," he continues, "the stream of Mr. Hope's thought began perceptibly to mingle — the result of those studies in the universjty and college statues, and in mediæval Oxford generally, to which he had now for two years at least so ardently devoted himself."

His life during this period was passed between Oxford and London; he was still, to a certain extent, practising at the Parliamentary bar, and his letters are sometimes dated from the Travellers' Club, as well as from the quiet of Merton. It was at Merton, however, latterly that most of his time was spent, and a quasi-monastic life was getting an increasing hold upon him, when an event occurred which called him suddenly to a conspicuous place before the world. Ever since the year 1831 there had been going on in England a certain amount of agitation, due in great part though not entirely to the Dissenters, with reference to the revenues of the Church and the manner of their employment. As Mr. Ornsby well puts it, "the splendor of the cathedral services, subdued though it was in comparison with the Catholic ritual, the elaborate music, the wax candles, the stately architecture, the ample revenues, and the haughty exclusiveness of the great functionaries — all these things caused jealousy in a large section of the community outside the Anglican pale;" and even inside it there were some, urged by worthier feelings, who thought that the cathedral endowments might be plundered with advantage, and the spoils used to endow an increased number of clergy. Accordingly in the year 1840 there was brought forward in Parliament the "Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill," the object of which was to reduce the cathedral establishments to a minimum, and employ the money saved on work in neglected parishes. For this measure, which was eventually passed, there was, no doubt, much to be said. There was at the same time much to be said against it; and many excellent and unprejudiced men thought the good which it promised quite incommensurate with the evil. The Committee of Cathedral Chapters naturally did all they could to save themselves; and they paid a striking tribute to Mr. Hope's reputation by summoning him from the seclusion of Merton, to plead their cause as junior counsel before the House of Lords.

Mr. Hope was at the time only twenty-eight; and a sudden call to fulfil a task so important as this, at first almost overwhelmed him. His whole sympathies, however, were with the cause he was asked to defend; and putting behind him all feelings of nervousness, he set to work at Merton, to prepare his case with all the fulness possible. Few men, if any, in England, could have done what he did, or have brought such a wealth of learning to bear upon the subject; but his speech, when he came to deliver it, was characterized by far more than learning. It was lucid in arrangement, it was dignified in language, it was eloquent in utterance. Men who knew him well, and who always admired his abilities, suddenly saw him revealed in a new light; and discovered that they were listening to an orator. In the House of Lords the impression made was extraordinary. Mr. Gladstone, who was present on the occasion, has said that, though since then he has had forty years' experience of speeches, he has never

heard one "which by its solid as well as by its winning qualities more powerfully impressed him than this first speech of Mr. Hope's;" and Lord Brougham, not waiting to record his feelings as a memory, exclaimed aloud, the moment Mr. Hope ended, "That young man's fortune is made!"

A month had hardly passed after this prediction, when he was raised to one of the highest ecclesiastical positions which can be held in this country by a layman. He was appointed chancellor of the diocese of Salisbury; and though his Parliamentary business was beginning fast to increase, he found time for the fulfilment not only of the duties which the post imposed on him, but of others far more onerous which it only suggested.

At this time also he gave another proof of his energy. The proposed reforms at Merton, which he had worked so hard to forward, had for various reasons not come to much: but his old idea of what a college ought to be, still haunted his mind; and though he found that it was not to be realized at Oxford, an opportunity now occurred to him of realizing it somewhere else. The Episcopal Church in Scotland had early engaged the attention and the sympathy of the Tractarians, partly because its contrast to the surrounding Presbyterianism served to throw round it a certain semblance of Catholicity; and partly because, such being its situation, it was so miserably poor that it could scarcely support its clergy, and had little or no means of specially training men for its ministry. This condition of things was a frequent subject of conversation between Mr. Hope and Mr. Gladstone; and shortly after the appointment of the former to his chancellorship, the plan occurred to one or to the other of them of establishing in Scotland an Episcopalian college, in which a secular education should indeed be given, but the chief object should be the education of a Scotch priesthood.

This scheme, which was conceived in most serious earnest, resulted in the establishment of Trinity College, Glenalmond, an institution which Mr. Hope at first fondly dreamed might re-embody in these latter days the high monastic spirit of the early Oxford founders. Amongst others, Mr. Gladstone's father warmly sympathized with the project, and when matters had so far taken shape that it was necessary to select a site on which the future college should be built, he, his son, and Mr. Hope, set out together on a tour of inspection to compare several that had been suggested in the midland counties of Scotland. Mr. Gladstone relates that he has never forgotten the expedition: —

> As we rolled along [he writes] wedged into one of the post-chaises of those days, through various kinds of country, and especially through the mountains between Perth, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, it was a perpetual play — I might almost say roar — of fun and laughter. The result was the selection of the spot where the College now stands. I am ashamed to recollect that we were, I do not say assisted in reaching this conclusion, but cheered up in fastening on it, by a luncheon which Mr. Polton, the proprietor, gave us of grouse newly killed, roasted by an apparatus for the purpose on the moment, and bedewed with what I think is called partridge-eye champagne.

This passage, together with several others already quoted, is from a letter of Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Hope's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, which forms an appendix to Mr. Ornsby's "Memoirs," and he proceeds presently, in a few brief words, to give the sequel of the story, so far as Mr. Hope is concerned in it: —

> He labored much [says Mr. Gladstone] for the college; and had, if my memory serves, a great hand in framing the constitution, with respect to which his academic learning gave him a just authority. He labored for it at first in love and enthusiasm, afterwards in duty, at last perhaps in honor; but after a few years it necessarily vanished from his thoughts, and he became unable to share in facing difficulties through which it had to pass.

The meaning of this last foreboding sentence the reader will of course divine. It refers to that great change in Mr. Hope's religious opinions, which, though it did not fully declare itself till ten years later, was very soon to receive its first important stimulus. Such being the case, it is a matter of no small interest that circumstances brought him at this precise period face to face with that Church as a critic, which by-and-by he was to enter humbly as a convert, and that he has plainly recorded the impressions which, as a critic, he formed of it.

Shortly after his return from his Scotch journey with the Gladstones, he began to suffer from the pressure of overwork. Some sort of holiday being absolutely necessary, he went abroad for a time with his friend Mr. Badeley, and the two, after some stay in Germany, finally settled themselves at Rome. The idea of himself becoming a Roman Catholic had never as yet entered Mr. Hope's head. It is true

he regarded Romanism with none of the steadfast jealousy which was the attitude of Pusey and other High Churchmen. On the contrary, he approached it as a friend meeting a friend whom he admired cordially in spite of profound differences; and he showed a sympathetic interest in the Jesuits, and in especial he sought the acquaintance of the father-general of the society. But though from his interview with this distinguished man, as well as with others of the leading minds at Rome, he derived a sense that there was in the Roman system something of that wisdom and coherence of purpose which so powerfully affected the imagination of Macaulay, yet the material aspect and incidents of the religion he saw there produced an impression on him of a very different nature: —

The exterior [of Roman Catholicism, he writes] is most repulsive to me; and the good opinion with which Roman Catholics had elsewhere inspired me, has been considerably lowered at Rome. The mixture of secular and spiritual power is an evil which to a great degree will account for this, but still it must have its weight. Had I found Rome to be what it ought to be — to be equal to its pretensions, and such as its many fine institutions would enable it to be — I feel certain it would have made a very deep impression on me, even in spite of its doctrine. But as it is, I am half angry with it for looking so very like what Protestants describe it to be, and at the same time am glad that no greater goodness has been put in the way to tempt me.

To this we may add the witness of a friend who was in Rome at this time with him — Lord Blachford (then Mr. Rogers):

Though he had a fine taste in painting, and a cultivated pleasure in music and architecture, he was not, I think, much affected by the external magnificence of the Roman Church — rather the contrary. But what did affect him was the coherent system and organization of Rome, the exactness of law and doctrine, the completeness of theory, the careful adjustment of details, and the steady adherence to what was laid down. With these it made him dissatisfied to compare the loose "rule of thumb" procedure, which is characteristic of everything English.

We are grateful to Mr. Ornsby for having supplied us with this passage, because in a few and authoritative words it gives us the key to Mr. Hope's subsequent religious history. How it does so we shall see almost immediately. When Mr. Hope returned from Rome to England, events were occurring in connection with the English Church which, though now almost forgotten, were at the time causing the utmost interest and excitement, and which, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, "sensibly affected in its religious aspects the history of this country, nay, even the history of western Christendom." We mean the attempts made to establish the Bishopric of Jerusalem. Of these, and of their bearing on Mr. Hope's life, we cannot do better than let Mr. Gladstone himself speak. The following is from the letter, which we have already quoted, to Mrs. Maxwell Scott: —

Events were now (that is at about the time of Mr. Hope's return from Rome), events were now impending, which profoundly agitated not only what is termed the religious world, but the general mind of the country. I need not here refer to the unwise proceedings of great and ardent Churchmen, which darkened the skies over their heads, and brought their cause from calm and peaceful progress to storm, and in some cases to shipwreck. I do not think that, with his solid judgment, he was a party to any of those proceedings. They seem to have gradually brought about an opinion on the part of the ruling authorities of the English Church that some effort should be made to arrest the excesses of the party, and to confront the tendencies, or supposed tendencies now first disclosed, towards the Church of Rome, by presenting to the public mind a telling idea of Catholicity under some other form. . . . About this time Baron Bunsen became the representative of Prussia at the British Court. I remember that your father used to strike me by his suspicion and apprehensions of particular persons; and Bunsen, if I recollect right, was among them. That distinguished person felt an intense interest in England; he was of a pious and an enthusiastic mind, a mind of almost preternatural activity, vivacity, and rapidity, a bright imagination, and a wide rather than a deep range of knowledge. He was in the strongest sympathy with the then reigning King of Prussia, who visited England in the autumn of, I think, 1841. Sir Robert Peel, however loyal to the *entente* with France, had a strong desire for close relations of friendship with Germany; and the marriage of the Queen, then recent, told in the same sense. All these circumstances opened the way for the singular project of the Anglican Bishopric of Jerusalem, which I believe to have been the child of Bunsen's fertile and energetic brain, and which received at this particular juncture a welcome due, I think, to special circumstances such as those which I have enumerated.

Of the details of this project it will be well if we say a few words. The idea at the bottom of it, apart from secular politics, was this. The compact organization of the Roman and the Greek Churches was seen by statesmen to be of very great advantages to the members of those

Churches in the Levant and the Turkish empire generally; the idea accordingly suggested itself, that it would be a great advantage to the Protestants in those parts if they too could be united under some similar organization, and thus form a community which Turkey could recognize and respect. Accordingly the project entertained by the governments of England and of Prussia was, in its main points, as follows. There was to be a bishop at Jerusalem, alternately nominated by the two crowns, England paying half the cost of the foundation. This bishop was to preside over a Church composed mainly of English and German Protestants, but it was to include any others who were willing to join it. Candidates for ordination were, however, to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and those destined for German congregations had to prove, besides, their signature to the Augsburg Confession. German subjects were to be allowed their own liturgy, and the whole body was to be under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Curious as such a programme now sounds to us, a bill was actually passed in Parliament with a view of getting over certain technical difficulties that beset it; and what Mr. Gladstone has since called "this thoroughly fantastic scheme," was not only welcomed at first by politicians like Mr. Gladstone himself, but even met with the countenance, for a time, of theologians like Dr. Pusey; and Mr. Hope, owing to Dr. Pusey's influence, was induced to take part professionally in the preparation of some of the preliminaries, when an interview which he had with the Archbishop of Canterbury completely changed his views. That interview is thus described by himself in a letter to Sir Robert Inglis:—

> On the 18th you took me to Lambeth, where we had an interview with the Archbishop. In the course of the conversation you will doubtless remember these points to have occurred. . . . That I strongly urged his Grace to alter the second clause of the Bill, so as to free the Church of England from being styled "Protestant," a title which I said did not belong to it; that I also pointed out the great vagueness of the provisions in that clause as to the relations of the proposed bishop to the various denominations included under the word "Protestant;" that his Grace, in reply to the former objection, maintained that the use of the term "Protestant" was applicable to our Church; that, with reference to the second, he spoke of Jerusalem as a place in which the holders of all kinds of Protestant opinions might, he hoped, exist amicably together under the *protection* of the proposed bishop. Upon which I asked whether his Grace meant that, if a sectarian congregation were to desire to place itself under the protection of the bishop at Jerusalem, this would be permitted! To which (as nearly as I can remember) he replied, "Such a case is not likely to occur; but if it did, I should say, Yes!" Upon which both you and I exclaimed almost simultaneously that this was a more fitting office for a consul than a bishop.

We might follow Mr. Hope's narrative further; but what we have quoted will be, we think, sufficient. In it, especially in the last portion of it, is his whole religious history at this crisis in outline. What his connection with the scheme of the Jerusalem bishopric brought home to him, was the want in the English system of what he had so much admired in the Roman — a coherent authority in matters of organization; an authority which spoke with no uncertain sound, which upheld certain doctrines, and would lend no sanction to any others opposing them; an organization in which the bishops were the guardians of one set of opinions, not consular "Gallios," securing a free existence for all. How far it is reasonable to expect in any Church such an absolute authority as Mr. Hope's mind longed for, it is not our business to enquire. As we have said once before, we are waiving all such questions.

But it must not be supposed that the affair of the Jerusalem bishopric destroyed his faith in the Anglican position immediately. It gave that faith its first shock, it is true; but the shock was one whose full effects years of mental trouble were required to make him realize. He had one friend, however, who, judging him by the standard which they both afterwards adopted, was more quick-sighted than himself. The objections to the Jerusalem bishopric, which struck Mr. Hope generally, struck Mr. Newman's mind with a greater and more concentrated force; and they presently drew forth from him a public protest, in which, having declared that "the authority of the Church of England rested only on her being a branch of the Catholic Church," that "the recognition of heresy on her part would go far to destroy her claim to Catholicity," and that the primate of England, in consecrating a Bishop of Jerusalem, would be consecrating a bishop to recognize and to preside over heretics; he wound up as follows: "On these grounds, I in my place, being a priest of the English Church, and vicar of St. Mary-the-Virgin's, Ox-

ford, do hereby solemnly protest against the measures aforesaid, as removing the English Church from her present ground, and tending to her disorganization."

Not many months after this, Mr. Newman took occasion to make a public retractation of certain arguments he had used against the Church of Rome; and again, some months later, he resigned the vicarage of St. Mary's, and retired to Littlemore. Meanwhile, he was busy with the preparation of the "Lives of the English Saints," the volumes of which showed for the first time openly that there were many members of the Anglican Communion in sympathy with some of the most unpopular of the Roman ideas and doctrines — such as monasticism, the papal supremacy, and the continuance of miraculous powers in the Church.

All through this period Mr. Newman was in close correspondence with Mr. Hope, and the letters of the latter throw a curious light upon his history. We can see that he was mentally following in the steps of Mr. Newman, but he was following him at a distance; and he seems always, with a voice of painful anxiety, to be whispering to his friend not to go too far. The "Lives of the Saints," he suggests, might be so toned down as not to give offence to English Churchmen at large; in especial, a lighter touch might be used with regard to any beliefs or feelings on the saints' part, which were undeniably and exclusively Roman. Mr. Newman replied, however, with the characteristic question, "What! cannot the Church of England bear the lives of her saints?" Two years later, he had become a Catholic.

Why, since they started from such very similar premisses, Mr. Hope's Rome-ward development was so much slower than Mr. Newman's, it is not possible to say. One thing, however, is certain. The cause was not indifference. We mention this, and we do so with special emphasis, because the superficial observer might be tempted to an opposite conclusion. It is no doubt true, and it was observed by Mr. Hope's friends, that after the affair of the Jerusalem bishopric, his zeal for the Anglican Church, and his high hopes for its future, began to decline. He became reserved in speaking of such subjects; when a friend asked him something about his projected reforms for Merton, he replied that he had ceased to pretend to know what was good or what was bad for a college; and he gave presently a proof more important still of the changed way in which he was coming to regard his own position. At the same time he began to apply himself, with an ardor unknown before, to his business as a Parliamentary barrister, and it was precisely with the beginnings of his religious doubts, that we must date the beginning of his solid success professionally.

From these facts it would be easy to draw two inferences, either that doubt as to the Anglican position had made him indifferent to religion, or that the growing excitement of a brilliant and lucrative career had made him forget his doubts. Both are equally false. His increased application to business was so far from making him forget his doubts, that it was largely stimulated by a desire to seek relief from the anxiety which these doubts caused him — an anxiety so deep and so constant that, according to Mr. Gladstone, it seemed "to have weighed heavily on even his bodily health." Further — and in these days of so much complete scepticism, it is well to note the fact — this anxiety as to his own religious position never for a moment made his devotion lukewarm. His correspondence with Mr. Newman was as close as ever; he was one of the first to know the event of Mr. Newman's conversion; he was a constant communicant; and a careful and sympathetic observer has remarked how striking, when in church, was his simple but intense earnestness. Meanwhile, many of his friends, besides Mr. Newman, had gone over to the Roman Church; and the project of following them was daily presenting itself to his mind; but still he confessed he was wholly unable to decide whether that was the right course, or "a return to Anglicanism."

This last phrase is very significant. It occurs in a letter of his, dated in 1846; and it shows how far he had moved during the last few years. We have already alluded to some other proof he gave of the same fact. We must now explain our meaning. He had, as we have seen, during the days of his enthusiastic Anglicanism, come to conceive of himself as a semi-monastic character — vowed in some special way to the service of the English Church, bound to some rule of life stricter than that of an ordinary layman, and in particular to a state of celibacy. But now a change became apparent. His doubts of Anglicanism had been preying upon him for five years, and at the end of that period he surprised some of his friends, scandalized several, and delighted others, by the announcement of his engagement

to Charlotte Harriet Lockhart, daughter of John Gibson Lockhart, and granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. Writing to his sister, Lady Henry Kerr, he said that he had been long contemplating such a step as this; but that until he met Miss Lockhart, he had many doubts whether he should ever find a wife that would suit him. His young bride did more than dispel all these; and his brief married life with her, though marked with many sorrows, and ending early, brought to him a sunshine and happiness which he had never known before. Nor was he fortunate merely in these strictly personal relations. Much else combined to mark him as a fortunate man. He was now in the very prime of life; he was thirty-five years old; he was already making a magnificent income; there was every prospect of its continuing year by year; and he was fast rising to be the most prominent, respected, and admired member of his own branch of the profession.

Even now, however, he was not really at ease. The comfort found in marriage had done nothing to allay the religious anxiety that was still the canker of his peace; and, studiously reserved as he now became upon the subject, it was widely conjectured what direction his thoughts were taking. Mr. Gladstone in particular seems to have divined this; and there are certain letters of his which, if we read between the lines, are nothing but continued attempts to arrest his friend's course. But Mr. Gladstone was not alone in his discernment. Mr. Hope's presumed tendencies were matter of such notoriety that, when the final arrangements with regard to the college at Glenalmond were approaching, his name was left out of the Council by the Edinburgh Committee, and one of his closest ties to the communion he was so soon to leave was cut for him by others before he had himself left it. In his case, as in so many others, the lookers-on saw most of the game; for when on the eve of his marriage Mr. Lockhart, whose aversion to Rome was strong, questioned his future son-in-law as to his real opinion of that communion, he was solemnly assured by Mr. Hope that he had no intention of quitting the Church of England; and it was not till the excitement about "papal aggression," which arose in England in 1850, coupled with the judgment given the same year in the Gorham case, that all the thoughts and arguments that had been for nine years accumulating in Mr. Hope's mind suddenly assumed their final and compelling force, and made him see them, to use his own simile, "as though a veil had fallen from his eyes."

With regard to his conversion, which took place some three years after his marriage, Mr. Ornsby has preserved some very interesting letters, in especial one which Mr. Hope wrote to Mr. Gladstone, and to which Mr. Gladstone has touchingly alluded as "the epitaph of our friendship;" and one which he received from his father-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, full of regret, yet without one word of reproach in it. Regret, indeed, is a word too mild to express Mr. Lockhart's feelings. His son-in-law's conduct, says Mr. Ornsby, caused him a "deep sense of humiliation." Such being the case, it is a singular tribute to Mr. Hope's character that Mr. Lockhart wrote to him thus: —

> I am not so presumptuous as to say a word more on that step as respects yourself, who have not certainly assumed so heavy a responsibility without much study and reflection. As concerns others, I am thoroughly aware that they may count upon any mitigation which the purest intention and the most generous and tender feelings on your part can bring. And I trust that this, the only part of your conduct that has given me pain, need not, now or ever, disturb the confidence in which it has of late been a principal consolation to me to live with my son-in-law.

Nor do these sentiments seem to have undergone the smallest alteration, when his daughter shortly afterwards followed in the footsteps of her husband, though it caused him the most acute pain, and darkened the remaining years of his life.

Mr. Hope at the time of his marriage found Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, in possession of his brother-in-law, Walter Lockhart Scott; and since the young man had no inclination to live there, Mr. Hope shortly afterwards rented it from him. A few years later, on Lockhart Scott's death, it passed, in right of his wife, into his own possession, and he assumed the name of Scott in addition to his own. From that time forward it became his principal residence; and whenever he was released from his increasing labors in London, he spent there the larger part of his time.

And now, though many of his early dreams had been shattered, one, which had seemed the least likely of all, was actually fulfilled. In a letter written during his undergraduate days, when he was first seriously contemplating taking orders, he expressed his conviction that the two positions in which a man could be

most useful were that of the clergyman and that of the country gentleman; and "therefore," he added, "as the hall is beyond my reach," the best thing would be to attempt "the rectory." Subsequent events proved a curious comment on these words. The hall was his; and the rectory was forever an impossibility. But, in one respect at least, the views of his youth were verified by him. His own life as a country gentleman showed that he had not exaggerated the power for good which that position can give a man. Admirable, however, as was his life at Abbotsford, and wide-spread as were the effects there of his constant and solicitous kindness, if we would see him as a landlord in his most remarkable light, we must turn to another locality. In 1854 Mrs. Hope-Scott lost her father, who died at Abbotsford. Far from strong as she was, the event preyed upon her spirits, and some change of scene for her began to be eminently desirable. At about this juncture it came to Mr. Hope-Scott's knowledge that a certain estate was for sale in the western Highlands; and partly with the view of providing his wife with a change of scene, partly owing to a fact connected with the estate itself, he became the purchaser. A more beautiful and attractive place it would be hard to find in Scotland. Even now, so far as communication goes, the district in which it lies is one of the remotest in Britain. Oban, the nearest railway station, is fifty miles distant; and the village of Salen on Loch Sunart, which is, as it were, its port, is even now approached by a steamboat only three times a week. We know no part of the Highlands where the scenery is so wild and beautiful, and which so deeply impresses and dwells so long in the imagination. Its endless alternation of wood, of mountains, and of moorland, its constant surprises of wide and tortuous water, of rocky rivers, of sleeping fresh-water lochs, and of creeks carrying far inland the salt and the sound of the sea, all this makes most even of Scotch scenery seem monotonous by comparison. But even more attractive than the scenery are the traditions and the character of the people. Opposite the house which Mr. Hope-Scott built on the property, stands the ruined castle of the last Clanranald of the Isles; at the head of Loch Shiel, by which the property was bordered, a tower marks the spot where Charles Edward unfurled his banner; and a few miles away, amongst the woods of Kinloch Moidart, an old house is approached by an avenue under which the young Pretender walked maturing his plans of battle. In this district, if anywhere, there still lingered something of the traditional Highland spirit. The whole population was Catholic, having never known the Reformation; and the priest, whose name was a household word in every cottage, was connected not remotely with men who fell at Culloden.

It was this fact of the population being Catholic that finally decided Mr. Hope-Scott on making the purchase; and he was thus already in sympathy with his tenantry before he came to know them. On arriving amongst them, however, he found them wretchedly poor and neglected. In many parts there was a total absence of roads; the crofts were small; agriculture was but little understood; a bare subsistence was often very difficult to procure; the cottages were nothing but miserable turf cabins; and even the building that did duty for a church was roofed with dilapidated thatch. Mr. Hope-Scott, with the happiest mixture of judgment and energy, at once set himself to the work of improvement. He began by constructing a system of roads, which brought to numbers of the tenantry an immediate increase of wages. He then gave his attention to their own condition; endeavoring by every means to raise their standard of comfort, and doing all he could to help them to realize it practically. It was impossible at once to build new houses for every one; though this even he seems at first to have contemplated; but to all who were willing to build for themselves, he offered not only the materials free of charge, but some 10*l.* or 12*l.* to assist in paying the masons. Thus much he did for all; for the poorest tenants he did still more. He lent them money to increase their stock of cattle, or to tide over losses caused by illness or accident; and though, to encourage amongst them a spirit of independence, he invariably *lent* the money, and never professed to give it, yet when at the end of a successful season the borrowers came to repay it to him, it was his invariable custom also, either to return it to those who brought it, or to desire that it should be passed on to some other poor person in difficulties. This system of active and thoughtful benevolence continued till towards the close of his life, when, not without deep regret, he saw reasons for parting with the property. The regret, however, was modified by one circumstance. The purchaser was his friend and connection, the late Lord

Howard of Glossop, who not only shared in his judgment and benevolence, but so emulated him in the exercise of them, that shortly before his lamented death last year, he had the satisfaction to hear that, in the opinion of the Crofters' Commission, this estate, on which there had been such wretchedness, was one of the best managed in the Highlands.

As is the case with so many other men, the main incidents of Mr. Hope-Scott's career, though not its main usefulness, are to be found in the period prior to his having, as is said, settled in life. By the time, or shortly after the time, of his marriage with Miss Lockhart, he had chosen his part both in religion and in the world; and in a certain sense his course thenceforward was a straight one. Still even here there are incidents left to chronicle, which either show his matured character, or else helped to mature it. His sunniest years were those which he first spent at Abbotsford, in spite of the shadows thrown over them by the death of Mr. Lockhart, and the fact of his first child being still-born. The success of his career as a barrister in London, the perfect sympathy and deep attachment of his wife, and the birth by-and by of a daughter, all combined to make those years a period of true happiness. Unfortunately, however, it was not to continue long; and the end was really begun at the very moment when it seemed completest. One of the dearest wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Hope-Scott had been for a son, who should bear the name and perpetuate the line of Sir Walter Scott. In 1857 such a son was born; and the year afterwards a second daughter. Neither of the children, however, had proved strong; Mrs. Hope-Scott had never really recovered from the effects of the first confinement; and three months had hardly elapsed after the last before the mother and both infants were gone, and Mr. Hope-Scott was at Abbotsford a widower, alone with his eldest daughter, then a fragile little girl of six, but in whom and her children the line of the great Sir Walter is now happily continued.

This sudden desolation that fell on him, for a time completely stunned him. He gave up all his business as a barrister, and sought seclusion and sympathy, partly with the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel, partly with his brother-in-law and his sister, Lord and Lady Henry Kerr, who were then living at Tours. Gradually, however, by a persistent moral effort, he recovered his self-possession and tranquillity. We have already spoken of him as a poet, and have quoted some of his early verses. The same mode of expression which he was driven to by the doubts of his youth, he again had recourse to, to chronicle the sorrows of his manhood: and the following lines in memory of his two children form the best record we can have of his dejection and of how he conquered it: —

My babes, why were you born,
Since in life's early morn
Death overtook you, and before
I could half love you, you were mine no more?

Walter, my own bright boy,
Hailed as the hope and joy
Of those who told thy grandsire's fame,
And looking, loved thee, even for thy name.

And thou, my Margaret dear,
Come as if sent to cheer
A widowed heart, ye both have fled,
And, life scarce tasted, lie amongst the dead.

. . . . . .

Then oh, why were you born?
Was it to make forlorn
A father who had happier been
If your sweet infant smiles he ne'er had seen?

. . . . . .

Yes, you were born to die;
Then shall I grudging sigh
Because to you are sooner given
The crown, the palm, the angel-joy of Heaven?

Rather, O Lord, bestow
On me the grace to bow
Childlike to Thee, and since above
Thou keep'st my treasures, there to keep my love.

Fortified by the spirit which these verses breathe, a year after his bereavement Mr. Hope-Scott returned to his work, and he was soon again in the full swing of business — a figure at the bar as brilliant and commanding as ever. Three years later he married a second time. The bride was Lady Victoria Fitzalan Howard, eldest daughter of the late, and sister of the present Duke of Norfolk. By her he had several children, and under her influence his former spirits revived again; but with regard to this union, which concerns so many persons still living, it is beyond our province to speak except in the slightest way. Mr. Ornsby on this point has shown extreme taste and delicacy; and we feel ourselves bound to an even greater reticence.

Shortly after his second marriage, the health of his eldest daughter, never strong, began to give great anxiety: and it being thought necessary that she should spend every winter in the south, Mr. Hope-Scott

bought an estate at Hyères, where as regularly as possible, during the next seven years, he resided with his family, while the cold season lasted in England. Many men, when living out of their own country, think they have left their duties to their poorer neighbors behind them. Mr. Hope-Scott was not one of these. He was no less active on his French estate than he was in the Highlands or at Abbotsford; he took the most practical interest in the details of his Provençal farm — in the culture of the olive, the fig, the vine, and the almond, in the manufacture of oil and wine, and in the rearing of rabbits and poultry. His singular facility as a linguist here stood him in good stead; and in addition to winning the hearts of the peasantry by his kindness, he astonished them also by the ease and the correctness with which he spoke to them, in their vernacular, each on his own industry.

These winter retreats to Hyères were not only successful as regards his daughter's health, but were of great service to Hope-Scott himself, and comparatively short as his life was, it can hardly be doubted that they did much towards prolonging it. Ever since he began his career at the bar in earnest, his great temptation had been to overwork himself. His early indolence, which he had so bravely conquered, had been succeeded by a passion for labor, which urged him to the other extreme, and with which he did not find himself so able or willing to combat. His friends, amongst them Cardinal Manning, often and earnestly warned him of the danger of such excessive application; and they represented to him exercise and relaxation as a duty; but in vain. On reaching home when his day's pleading was over, he would often drop into a chair, as though almost dead with weariness, and fall then and there into the most profound sleep. Sometimes at dinner, in the midst of uttering a sentence, his voice would fail him, and his eyes close suddenly; sometimes he was carried to bed, almost torpid with exhaustion. Such being the case, had it not been for his periods of enforced quiet, his health would almost certainly have broken down sooner even than it actually did. This was early enough. The loss between 1868 and 1870 of two dear and very early friends, hastened an illness that was in progress from other causes. By the beginning of the latter year, Mr. Hope-Scott could no longer conceal from himself the fact that his condition was becoming critical; and he at last learnt from his physicians that he had functional disease of the heart; though he was told at the same time that any sudden ending to it was very far from probable. He now began seriously to think of retiring, and actually did give up a certain number of causes; but the difficulty he felt in proceeding with this step throws a strong light on his character in his mature manhood. "I own," he said to a friend, "I dread giving up. It is almost like the excitement of racing, and the reaction would be so strong, and life so flat, when such an interest is lost, and the stimulus is over."

Events, however, soon forced on him the decision which he was himself so unwilling to arrive at. Just at this crisis in his life a son, the blessing he had so long wished for, was given to him; but Lady Victoria, whose health had for years been feeble, never recovered from her confinement, and in a few days she died. Mr. Hope-Scott, who was of a sanguine nature that could never realize danger till the calamity had actually fallen on him, received a shock on this occasion from which he never rallied. The morning after his wife's funeral he told a friend that "his disease had made a stride." On that very night he sent for his confidential clerk, he altered his will, he destroyed quantities of his papers, and set his house in order, as though he were a dying man.

He now definitely retired from business, and said good-bye to an active life forever. Most of his time thenceforward, which was not indeed long, he spent at Abbotsford, and found occupation for a year or so in preparing for the press an edition of Lockhart's abridgment of his own life of Scott. Connected with this there is one interesting incident. We have seen how strong, in earlier life, had been Mr. Hope's friendship for Mr. Gladstone. We have seen how Mr. Hope's letter to him, in which he announced his conversion to Catholicism, had been felt by Mr. Gladstone to be the "epitaph" of that friendship; and though some years back, when he was in the height of his fame and vigor, Mr. Gladstone had made affectionate overtures to him to become his fellow-worker in politics, the only result had been that Mr. Hope-Scott had regretfully declared his inability to be the political partner of one, who was choosing associates with aims different from his own, who would not look beyond the demands of the moment, and who was deliberately closing his eyes to the "paulo-post-futurum." But now, preparing this life of Scott, it was to Mr. Gladstone that his thoughts reverted; and to the friend whom he had so loved in his youth, and

from whom he had so separated in his middle age, he dedicated what was practically the last work of his life.

During the whole time he was engaged upon it, his health had been steadily failing. In the spring that followed its completion, it became necessary to take him to Bournemouth, where for a short while he rallied. In the July following he came to Abbotsford, where he had the great pleasure of a fortnight's visit from Dr. Newman; and during that happy period of intercourse between the two friends, there was little to suggest how near was their final separation. Dr. Newman, however, had hardly left for a day, when Mr. Hope-Scott began once more to droop. In October the heart-affection became so much worse, that he seemed for a time to be in immediate danger; and though still very weak, he was, as soon as possible, removed with the utmost care, and by easy stages, to London.

There he lingered for some months longer, sometimes apparently on the point of death, sometimes well enough to sit in the library with his little children, and to see his more intimate friends; and it is recorded of him that through all this trying time, pain never for a moment made him irritable, nor did the solemn prospect before him for a moment cloud his cheerfulness. This state of things lasted till the end of April, 1873. On the 28th of that month there was a sudden change for the worse. Sir William Jenner, Sir William Gull, and Mr. Sims, held a consultation and gave but little hope. The following morning he received the last sacraments; and that evening at seven he died.

Mr. Ornsby, writing as a Roman Catholic and for Roman Catholics, naturally dwells much on the intensity of Mr. Hope-Scott's faith and of his absolute reliance on the Church in whose arms he had found a refuge. On this fact, so far as it is connected with Roman Catholicism, it is obviously not our part to dwell. But setting aside all theological differences by which men of one religion are separated from men of another, we cannot better conclude this necessarily imperfect notice, than by recording how, after death, his whole features underwent a curious transformation; how it seemed as though all the beauty of his early youth had returned to them; and how on the worn man's face, as the lid of the coffin darkened it, was the same expression that had been noticed so long ago on the young child's, kneeling in Sandhurst Chapel.

From Temple Bar.

A MYSTERIOUS DWELLING.

THIRTY years have rolled away since I established myself as a notary in the old maritime and commercial city of ——, where my maternal grandfather, and great-grandfather—influential merchants — had dwelt for the previous fifty years. The house I had selected for a residence was situated between two others, totally unlike each other. On one side stood a picturesque, cheery habitation, resounding with children's merry voices; on the other, a massive and gloomy dwelling, whose narrow, hermetically sealed windows displayed a goodly array of spiders' webs. The paint on its walls and on its entrance door had long since disappeared. The bronze handle and the lion's-head knocker were covered with verdigris. Although situated in the centre of a bustling thoroughfare, this house remained silent as death. All through the day the stillness was unbroken, no signs of life were visible within; but at night, when all else was at rest, rumor said that something moved about its rooms.

At the back of the house a long building jutted out into the garden. The upper portion of this wing — the only part I could see, in consequence of an unusually high wall which divided the two properties — was pierced by a row of large windows. I made up my mind that this had once been a ballroom, for when the sun shone full upon the dusky windows, silken draperies, faded and threadbare, were distinctly visible.

It was commonly supposed that this mysterious dwelling was inhabited by a very old woman named Jansen, the widow of a wealthy merchant who had been dead many years. People believed in the existence of Madame Jansen, although no one had ever seen her. More than once in the early morning, before the work-day life had begun in the busy city, an old woman, who sold edibles at the street corner, had been seen to knock at the door of the deserted house. On these occasions the door opened on the chain, a wrinkled hand and arm protruded into the old woman's basket to take what was needed, and then the arm was withdrawn, the door closed softly, and all was silent as before.

These rumors served to heighten the mystery immensely. My vocation as notary often took me among people who professed to know a great deal about Sievart Jansen and his widow; and these stoutly maintained that Madame Jansen

was dead, that she had only survived her husband a few months, and that she lay buried at his side. I once had occasion to search the archives of the Tribunal. In my search I stumbled across Madame Jansen's will, duly signed and sealed according to the legal formula. I saw at a glance by this document that my suspicions had been correct, and that Madame Jansen was not only still living, but had dealings with the outer world. It was only by idle gossip that she had been buried all these years.

According to custom, my wife and I called on a Monsieur and Madame Vörbist, who lived on our right. Our conversation seemed naturally to turn in the direction of the occupant of the house on my left; and after saying that I considered it unsociable to avoid an uninviting-looking dwelling, both my wife and myself said that we intended to pay our respects in that direction also. At these words my friends laughed in our faces.

"You will never get in there," said Monsieur Vörbist, "for years, I believe, no one has crossed the threshold. The old lady keeps house all by herself, no one knows how; and even if you contrived to force an entrance, your politeness would be ill requited."

"But," I observed, "I am informed, on unimpeachable authority, that she gives a quarter of her fortune to the town, and the remainder to a local charity. Such generosity raises her high in my esteem; she cannot be wholly unapproachable."

My neighbor shook his head dubiously.

"That may be true," said he, at length, "for she had her hands tied by her husband's will. But, after all, what is this charity? The object of her generosity is an institution which pauperizes and makes worthless those who might otherwise become useful citizens. This richly endowed charity is for old soldiers and sailors, and the institution is so shamefully managed, that it benefits only the most idle and dissolute. Its foundation is due to a brother and sister who were both wealthy. The brother was a retired major, and I never heard much good of him; the sister was the widow of a sea-captain. They had no children, and spent the last few years of their lives in a large house situated on an eminence beyond the North Gate. You may still see, in front of that house, groups of these pensioners, carousing with shameless impudence on the proceeds of a charity to which they have no just claim; and if you care to watch them, you will see them drink, and will hear them swear at harmless folk, in a manner which disgusts all respectable people. It is to such a crew that the bulk of your neighbor's fortune is devoted."

I felt indignant at this waste of precious bounty, and only hoped that the description was overdrawn. At the same time the mysterious benefactress became more and more interesting to me, and I resolved to make her acquaintance.

"The old lady must be a character indeed! I think we will risk a visit," said I laughing.

"We wish you every success," said Monsieur and Madame Vörbist, and so we parted.

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We were not admitted. In response to our knock the house door opened just far enough to insert a hand, but there it stopped, held fast by the chain on the inside. I tapped again, and heard the echoes die away in the long passages. Just as I was on the point of knocking for the third time, my wife checked me.

"Don't you see that everybody is laughing at us?"

And, in truth, so it was. The passers-by seemingly enjoyed our discomfiture, and had many pleasant things to say to each other at our expense.

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The summer was drawing to a close. Autumn had begun to whisper of the dread things in store for us. One day my wife and I went down into the garden to collect the apples which lay scattered about the grass. After a time I set a ladder against a fruit-laden tree, which I proceeded to mount, while my wife steadied with her foot and hand the somewhat rickety contrivance. The tree stood close beside the high wall which separated our garden from the Jansen property. Just as I was ascending, I heard a noise as of a stone thrown against the wall, at the same moment our tortoise-shell cat came floundering helplessly down, and crouched tremblingly at our feet. I was so much surprised at signs of life issuing from a garden where hitherto silence had only been broken by the faint rustling of leaves, that I resolved to mount my ladder high enough to look over the wall.

Never before had I seen such a crop of tangled briars and weeds! Not a vestige of either flowers or vegetables, not a trace of a path anywhere! Huge stones lay scattered about just where they had fallen, and the sombre foliage of the deadly nightshade predominated over all.

Above this wilderness a few fruit-trees

reared their heads, and I saw under one of them the crouching figure of a diminutive woman bent almost double. She was dressed in an old-fashioned black silk gown, worn and faded, while on her head she wore a Leghorn hat, from which a white ostrich feather trailed dismally. The tangled weeds rose higher than her knees, and I had some misgivings lest she would disappear altogether before I had time to catch a glimpse of her features. Suddenly she raised herself, and seized a basket fastened to a stick, which she had probably dropped in order to stone my cat.

Although the old woman seemed to move with difficulty, she vigorously shook the branches of the tree, and managed to collect some fine pears, which she dropped one by one, and with great solemnity, into her basket. I watched her attentively, while my wife, with the characteristic impatience of her sex, tried to make me descend, by shaking the ladder in a provoking manner. I contrived to remain firm, however, by grasping a strong branch with both hands. At this moment the old lady, who had turned round to gather some fruit which had previously escaped her notice, caught sight of me. She was visibly startled, and remained motionless. From under her large hat shone two black eyes, which lit up every other feature in her wizened face; as they were fixed upon me, I felt a momentary sensation of shame. While she scrutinized me I also studied her, and discerned traces of past beauty, marred by a profusion of false curls. I raised my hat by way of salute, — I was embarrassed, and hardly knew what else to do. To my surprise the wizened old lady returned my bow, and curtsied low after the manner of our great-grandmothers. At this moment my wife again shook the ladder, and to such purpose that I was forced to descend.

"I have paid our visit to Madame Sievart Jansen," said I.

On the following morning an old woman, the same that sold the edibles at the street corner, brought us, with Madame Jansen's compliments, a basket of fruit, hoping that I would accept them as a sample of her jargonel pears, which had always been considered excellent.

We were very much surprised. The fruit was delicious. Shortly afterwards I told my right-hand neighbor of the incident.

"It is a sure sign that her end is near," said he solemnly, "unless, indeed, you possess a mysterious charm," and he glanced comically at me from head to foot.

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One morning I started on a pilgrimage which my conscience told me ought to have been made long ago. As I trudged along alone my thoughts reverted to my childhood, until I almost forgot the present in the past. My memory carried me back to my father's house, wherein a few steps led from the corridor to an isolated chamber which had been built out into the garden. Even at this great distance of time I never see that room in my dreams otherwise than bathed in sunshine, and bright in the radiance of flowers. Its occupant was a fine and gentle old man, my mother's father, who, after a stormy and adventurous life, had come here to end his days in peace. How often had he told me stories of his native town which he had not seen since his boyhood! His descriptions were so minute that I was soon familiar with the arrangement of the house, its staircases and passages; and one day, to please him, I made a plan of it.

"If ever you are in these parts," said he, placing his hand on my head, "do not fail to visit that house."

Then he suddenly rose, and opened a cabinet where he kept his treasures.

"Look!" he said, holding up a miniature mounted in silver, "that was my playmate; she lived next door to us. From the gable of her house hung a dried shark's skin. Her father was a sea-captain." As I gazed at the miniature my face lit up with genuine admiration. I saw before me the semblance of a young girl of rare beauty, and was struck by its simple charm, and the sweet expression which beamed from those wondrous eyes.

"Does it please you?" asked my grandfather. "Here she is painted in her bridal attire. Ah! you should have seen her — that little brown head! — when she was at your age!"

And he told me many things about his pretty playmate which interested me exceedingly.

"Her father was often absent on his voyages. When he came from across the seas he would bring her quantities of toys, ornaments, bright scarves, and other things. He was very good to her. She had quite a formidable collection of strange gold and silver pieces, of which she was very proud. In the garden we passed the long summer days, on the steps of a quaint summer-house which her father had constructed for her out of an

old boat; we built castles in the air, and here she would spread out her rich collection of coins for me to see and admire. Ah! my poor little brown mouse! That was the name her father gave her. And yet," continued the old man, following the train of his thoughts, "when she was clothed in her Greek robe, with colored feathers in her hair, she looked more like a bird of paradise than a mouse, and one almost expected to see her fly away. I remember that there was a figure of Fortune over the door of that summer-house, it was the figure-head of a ship; behind that figure was her favorite place. She would climb up somehow, and spend hours there with a Chinese parasol over her head."

While I thought over these things I began to realize my supineness in having passed so many months in my grandfather's native town without attempting to find the scenes of his boyhood. I searched various quarters of the town in vain, and was about to retrace my steps, when suddenly I saw through an open doorway, at the far end of a courtyard, a shark's skin suspended in air.

The house seemed to have passed just as it was from the hands of its former proprietor to its present one. On its roof veered a weathercock in the form of a ship, which suggested the vocation of its quondam owner, and I knew that the house of my grandfather should have been beside it. Alas! there was no house there now, nothing but disorder, caused by the *débris* of walls, and the gaping ruins of cellars and basements. My heart sank at the thought that, after all, I had arrived too late. My eyes wandered aimlessly over this desolate place, where once a little world had existed for my forefathers. I entered the courtyard. Before me stood the well where my grandfather had told me he had been let down in one of the buckets. I then climbed to the top of a heap of rubbish, from whence I could see into the neighboring garden. In the centre was a little summer-house — the same of which I had so often heard — and the wooden figure of Fortune was still standing, her cheeks red as poppies, and a string of blue beads twisted around her yellow hair. The tangled wealth of ivy, which covered the walls of that summer-house, must have been there in those halcyon days when the little madcap mounted by its tendrils to the Fortune's back, and silently watched her companion searching the garden for her in vain!

As I gazed at this relic of the past, I remembered the words with which my grandfather ended his story.

"Even then she was pitiless," he murmured with a sigh, "even *then* without pity."

When, in due course, the precious miniature came once more into my hands, my father told me that this fair girl had not only been my grandfather's playmate as a child, but the engrossing love of his manhood. In after years, when he had established himself as a merchant at Antwerp, they met once more. Alas! they quarrelled. With hopes shattered, and pride humbled, my grandfather accepted a situation in an American firm, and did not return to Europe until he was middle-aged. More than this my father could not tell me.

Slowly I turned homewards, my fancy picturing a bright face adorned by long brown curls, and methought I saw the child seated at the back of that figure of Fortune playing with her golden coins. As I walked along, the scene changed, and I saw her in the full glow of beauty, clothed as a bride, driving my poor grandfather to seek his fortune in the wide world.

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Winter had come. The cold north wind swept howling over the ice-bound earth. I had just heaped an armful of wood on the fire when my friend the burgomaster was announced. He told me that our neighbor, Madame Jansen, had just been found, more dead than alive, upon the staircase of her house.

"The old miser only warms herself with the green sticks from her orchard," said the burgomaster; "and at night, when honest folk are asleep, she crawls down to her cellar to count her gold."

"So they say," I murmured.

"Certainly, it must be so," he continued, "for there she was, crouching down in a corner of the stairs, grasping a dark lanthorn in her bony hand. The worst of it is, that she is come to life again; but, according to the commissaire de police, her reason is quite gone."

"Well, my dear sir, and what can either you or I do in the matter?"

"Don't you see that in her present state she might do herself some mischief? I shall have to nominate a guardian over her and the money which she has been hoarding. You are just the man for that; I shall appoint *you*."

I did not like the duty. "She has no money. All her legacies have been arranged under the will of her late husband."

"That is the question," interrupted the burgomaster; "that point is not very clear. She may yet make some absurd will. She *must* be taken care of. Will you undertake to do the best for her?"

There was no escape, and I was obliged to promise the burgomaster that I would call that very day on the strange old woman.

As my friend was leaving, I inquired from him what sort of man Sievart Jansen was.

"Not good for much," he replied. "He was a *bon viveur*, and for that matter, so was she. I was quite young when he died, but I remember a good deal of revelry proceeding from that house, a great deal of drinking and singing. She was very much admired by the young men in society, and being rich, she could afford to entertain them. But it did not last long. Youth and beauty vanished, and instead of clinking the wineglass, she had to be satisfied with the ring and glitter of her golden crowns."

With these words the burgomaster departed.

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This time I had no difficulty in getting into the house. A nurse from a neighboring hospital ushered me to Madame Jansen's room. A strange scene presented itself. On the chairs, whose coverings hung in shreds, were scattered articles of clothing, old bonnets, saucepans, and other culinary utensils, mingled with scraps of food. Spiders' webs hung from the ceiling, and stretched across the curtainless windows. The windows had apparently been closed for years. When the nurse drew aside the heavy curtains of the huge, old-fashioned bed, a sound like the clanking of a chain was audible, and I saw a large bunch of keys firmly held by a shrivelled hand. A lean form, enveloped in a soldier's ragged cape, tried to raise itself on the pillows. A small, wrinkled face gazed into mine, while a shrill voice shrieked discordantly, —

"Turn out that witch."

Madame Jansen made an effort to strike the nurse with her keys. But a moment later the sick woman sank back helpless on her pillows.

"You are come to inquire after my health, sir?" she said in softer tones, "and I thank you for your neighborly attention. But *this* person," and then she raised her voice again in anger — "this person, who thrusts herself upon me, is only come to watch me."

"But you have met with an accident; your state of health requires care," I said soothingly.

"I have no need of a nurse," she replied sharply. "Last night they tried to rob me. There were strange sounds in the basement. Masked figures crept through the garret windows, and all the bells in the house pealed."

"All the bells!" said I. "That would have been a most unusual proceeding on the part of *thieves*."

"I tell you," cried the sick woman with rekindled energy, — "I tell you, all the bells rang! My nephew, who is at the head of the police, is far too stupid to catch the robbers. He came here, and tried to persuade me that I had been dreaming. Ha, ha! He would have liked it better if I had dreamt my will also."

I knew that her nephew was burdened with a large family, and that his salary was small, so I tried to enlist her sympathy mainly on the score of the relationship subsisting between them.

"Your nephew is, of course, one of your heirs," said I interrogatively.

"My heirs?" she exclaimed disdainfully. "No, no, my dear sir. My heirs are those whom I am at liberty to choose, and I have chosen them."

She then explained, with evident satisfaction, the provisions of her will.

"But," said I, "that charity is already amply endowed."

"Is that your opinion?" she muttered. "No matter, it is my will. I desire these old pensioners to have something better to drink than vile potato brandy. After my death they shall taste Jamaica rum that has crossed the line three times."

"And your nephew's large family?"

"Yes, yes," she said petulantly, "they increase and multiply in the confident hope of living on my fortune. But I" — and she now spoke with much bitterness — "I have no children."

"Will you not, at all events, make a codicil assigning a small portion of your fortune to these poor girls?"

"Poor girls!" she cried, as her old head shook pitilessly, and her frame trembled with excitement. "They shall not have a groschen, *not a groschen*."

At these words she sank back exhausted, and I gazed in horror at this poor wreck, broken by age, apparently subsisting on the strong passion of hatred. I hesitated a moment, and then plucked up courage to say, —

"What have you against your nephew? Has he offended you?"

"Me? Oh dear, no!" she replied.

"Quite the contrary. No sooner had he received his appointment than he came here to pay his respects," — and then added with bitterness, "to look up his inheritance of course. Though I had never seen him before, he called me 'dear aunt;' but I saw through him. He brought his eldest daughter with him. Her name is Matilde — a grand lady — quite a grand lady, I assure you! They must be rich people, my nephew and his daughters. She wore a dress trimmed with rich Valenciennes, and a cameo brooch was fastened at her throat. She hoped, doubtless, that I would fall in love with her baby face. Her little mouth was so sweet and innocent, it was hard to believe that roast chickens, little *grives*, and many other delicacies were all put into it!"

She shook her head meditatively, recalling, perchance, her own past life. Suddenly she turned towards me, and, with a strange light in her eyes, which seemed to have been borrowed from her buried youth, cried passionately, —

"Look at me, look at me! I also have been beautiful."

I was for a moment taken aback at the sight of her shrivelled form, held erect as a torch, among the pillows. But the large eyes had already become dull and fixed.

"You would not think so now, for I am old," she whispered. "Death is very near — but the nights, oh! those nights! Then must I wander about without ceasing; it is fortunate indeed that my house is so large."

"You are suffering from want of sleep," I said; "that is a consolation elderly people often woo in vain."

But she only shook her head.

"No, no, my dear sir. I keep myself awake by main force — by main force, I tell you. I am afraid of the old Scythian; but only when I am asleep — he has so often taken folk by surprise then! But he shall not catch me yet. The town authorities would be glad to hear of my death. Bah! I believe they wish to place me under restraint. By the way," she exclaimed, glancing suddenly and suspiciously at me, "you are also an official, my friend?"

I nodded. Then, with her eyes still fixed intently on mine, she exclaimed, —

"Have they charged you with a mission to my house?"

After a moment's hesitation, I resolved to tell her the truth.

"They feared that your weak state of health might necessitate some kind of guardianship."

At these words she started.

"Weak!" she cried piteously. "No, no, not weak! I am rich, very rich, they think, and they want to rob me; but I will barricade my house, even though I die of hunger inside."

So saying, she seized the bed-curtains, and tried to put her feet to the ground. She must get up; she must show me how strong she was.

I called the nurse, and we both did our best to soothe her. I came round the bed and stood facing her, the light full upon me. Something in my appearance seemed to steady her, for she grew calm and listened attentively to my words. I told her that, in my opinion, there was no need for personal guardianship, but that the strange manner in which she had hoarded her wealth suggested a certain administrative incapacity on her part, and concluded by offering to find some trustworthy person who would invest her fortune to the best advantage.

I noticed that, while I spoke, she never took her eyes from me, and regarded me with that searching look which I had before observed in the garden.

"Some one of trust! Who is there?" she repeated several times with evident agitation.

At length she exclaimed hurriedly, —

"You — you may do so if you like."

I was astonished.

"But, Madame Jansen, you forget; I am a stranger to you."

She examined me attentively for a while, and then said, —

"No. You are a young man, but I know that you would not deceive a poor, helpless old woman."

I reflected a moment. Was *this* due to the charm for which Monsieur Vörbist had given me credit? Be that as it may, I readily gave my consent, on condition that the transfer of power into my hands be made in the presence of a lawyer, and I asked her to fix the day and hour. She made no reply, but kept fast hold of my hand, and when at length I rose to leave her, she seemed to drop it with reluctance. I asked whether she would like me to send a doctor, who would help to re-establish her strength. At these words she looked into my eyes, as though hoping to find some confirmation of the sympathy she detected in my voice, and then, holding up her left hand, of which two fingers were closed and paralyzed, she exclaimed with a hoarse laugh, —

"Behold the work of the celebrated Dr. Nicolovius! No, no, my friend — no doc-

tors for me; they are all quacks. I know my own constitution better than any one else."

With these words my task for that day was ended.

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PART II.

On the second day after my visit, the old lady was able to leave her room. I called, and brought a notary to endorse the stipulated contract. We were conducted to the third floor by the nurse, who opened a door guarded by an iron bolt and bar. Madame Jansen was seated at a table in this dingy room, employed in folding and marking small packets of bank-notes. Each of these notes was of great value. All along the wainscot lay bags of crowns, the bags being mostly made from remnants of silk dresses. The old lady was as reserved to-day as she had been garrulous on the previous occasion. Her trembling hands placed each bag in turn before us, as with a sad, fixed stare she watched us count the crowns, seal the bags, and number the tickets. The inventory of silver and bank-notes kept us employed until long after sundown. We finished our work by the feeble flicker of a rushlight which had been stuck into the centre branch of a massive silver chandelier.

The last bag was full of crowns stamped with the effigy of Christian IV. These coins were not only very scarce, but had the reputation of being free from alloy. As coins, they were worth even more than their intrinsic value. When we had sealed up this bag, I asked Madame Jansen if there was not something more.

She started nervously, but said drily, —

"Is not that enough, my friend?"

"Are there no gold pieces, madame?"

"Gold? People never pay me in gold."

We had now completed our task; the inventory was finished, and the old lady affixed her name to it with a trembling hand. The titles were placed in a strong box, of which I kept the key. It was arranged that both the box and the money were to be removed to my house early on the following morning. We bade Madame Jansen good-night, and left her.

When I reached the street, I remembered having left a silver pencil-case behind me. With a few words of apology to my friend, I turned back, and ran quickly up the stairs. I knocked at the door, and, without waiting for an answer, entered the room. To my surprise, I saw, by the feeble rays of the rushlight, Madame Jansen still seated at the table, holding in one hand an empty purse of red silk, while, with the other, she endeavored to hide a heap of gold which was spread out before her. On seeing me, she uttered a piercing cry, and bowed her head over the treasure. Then, suddenly, she lifted up her hands supplicatingly, and cried, —

"Oh! leave me this! It is my sole consolation."

Then she rose, seized my hand, and drew me to the door, beyond which the great staircase was lost in gloom.

"It is all empty," she said. "All darkness and solitude! I have only my gold! Oh! do not take it. The long nights are so lonely!"

"I have no right to take what you do not give me," said I; "though the plaything is costly, you are rich enough to afford it. Good-night."

So saying, I picked up my pencil-case, and hurried from the stifling atmosphere of that room into the crisp night air.

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It was spring. The larch woods which bordered our little bay wore all the brightness and freshness so peculiar to the month of May.

During the past few weeks an intimacy had sprung up between us and the family of the chef de police. His eldest daughter, Matilde, had evinced a romantic attachment for my wife, a devotion reciprocated with true feminine fervor. It would have been strange indeed if this innocent young girl, with her deep blue eyes, had not fascinated us both, and we encouraged her to visit us as often as possible. But we perceived that an unaccountable vein of sadness stole over her at times, which contrasted painfully with her otherwise joyous and artless nature. Her grief was certainly deep — but, as she never for a moment broke her reserve, we could only sympathize in silence. It was Sunday morning. The sun shone in all his glory, and the blue waters of the Föhrde glittered enchantingly at our feet. We had arranged to make an excursion across the bay, and had invited several friends to join us. Before eleven o'clock we were all on board, and gliding merrily over the sparkling waters.

At one end of the boat a group of girls and young officers were carrying on a desultory conversation; Matilde was not amongst them. She was leaning against the mast, her graceful figure swaying with every motion of the boat. Never had she seemed to me more beautiful as she stood alone under the blue canopy of heaven,

the wind stirring her dress and hair, and her eyes gazing sadly over the bay towards the wooded shore. Something in her manner attracted me towards her. "Matilde," said I softly, "would you like to inherit a fortune?"

She looked at me for a moment in mute astonishment, and then said sadly, —

"Why do you ask? I suppose that every one would be glad to inherit money, though I confess that I have not much hope of anything of the kind."

The town we were leaving behind us stood out bold and clear in the far distance.

"Look," said I, "do you see, among those low buildings, that high, sombre house? A poor woman lives there who, even on such a day as this, knows nothing of blue skies or sunshine."

"I see the house," replied the girl. "Who lives there?"

"An aunt of yours and your father's."

"Oh! that woman!" replied Matilde disdainfully, with a shrug of the shoulders. "She is not my aunt. My grandmother was only her cousin. We went to call on her once." And then, shaking her head, continued, "No. I should *not* like to inherit *her* fortune."

"Are you so sure of that?" said I, looking steadily into the depth of those eloquent eyes. She did not wince, but a sudden flush overspread her face, and her eyes lost their lustre. After a pause she said composedly, —

"Well, yes. Perhaps I *should*, after all."

I saw that a dream of possible happiness had dimmed her eyes with tears. That dream, she thought, could never be realized. I had been told that she had given her heart to a young officer, and that poverty was an insuperable bar to their marriage.

I now understood it all.

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One morning I received a message from Madame Jansen begging me to call upon her. I lost no time in obeying the summons, and found the house door unfastened, a circumstance which surprised me, as the nurse had been dismissed more than a month previously.

In spite of the heat of that June day, I found the old woman pacing up and down her room, leaning heavily upon her stick. She wore a grey cloak buttoned to the chin, and on her head a black lace bonnet adorned by a red rose. Her false curls hung negligently around her face without the least attempt at deception.

"I wish to consult you on a grave matter," she said solemnly. "I am told that the daughter of a rich merchant is engaged to marry a count. Now, I do not see why my niece should not also win a coronet."

"I do not see, madame, how, without money ——"

"I have power to alter my will."

Madame Jansen seemed to be full of this new notion. She walked briskly up and down the room, talking to herself rather than to me.

At length she paused, and, looking at me, said, —

"There must surely be a starving count *somewhere* in this town who would be willing for a little money —— My niece — she is not to be despised. During the short visit she paid me I noticed that she was beautiful. She seems to have had a good education, and there is that about her which reminds me of my own youth. Yes, I will leave her a princely fortune."

I was much surprised, but said nothing. It would be best, I thought, to let things run their course. After the death of Madame Jansen, Matilde would be a free agent. With millions of thalers in her lap she might defy everything; choose a husband for herself; and let the shadowy count fade into thin air.

Madame Jansen begged me to prepare by the following morning the necessary documents for a revocation of her previous testaments. "Time presses," she said. "My niece is so beautiful, she will be engaging herself to some one in her own sphere of life; we have no time to lose. Next week I shall open my reception-rooms. Monsieur le Comte shall be invited. I will present him to my niece, and as to my nephew, the chef de police, he shall do the honors." At the bare prospect of such a thing the old lady rubbed her hands, "Come with me, my friend," she continued, "come up-stairs, I want you to see everything with your own eyes."

See then drew from under the mattress of the bed a large bunch of keys, and thrust her bony hand through my arm. In this manner we slowly ascended the stairs leading to the first floor.

The key grated in the lock as with difficulty we opened the door of the large ballroom. Its furniture was of the angular kind which found favor in the last century. On the faded yellow satin coverings of the chairs and sofas I noticed a design symbolic of human vanity — ruined columns joined by garlands of

roses. Round the cornice rolled the sleepless Aurora on a chariot of fire, supported by cherubs, fair maidens, and armed warriors. In the embrasures of the windows lay legions of dead moths, and the floor was thick with dust. Two crystal chandeliers jingled at every footfall; and the red draperies of the windows shed a rich color over this scene of departed glory. My attention was suddenly arrested by two full-sized portraits; one was that of an elderly man with a round, sensual face, and small eyes; the other was a beautiful young womnn in the vestments of a Bacchante. From her shapely shoulders fell a white tunic, while in her raven black hair — which was clipped over the brows — a crimson ribbon was entwined. The joy of life seemed to be reflected by those eyes, which appeared to follow me at every step I took. I saw in this portrait the original of my grandfather's miniature — line for line the same — only larger and lifelike! In that young face there was an infinite store of magical attraction. A light tap on my shoulder recalled my wandering thoughts; Madame Jansen was smiling placidly at my side.

"It must have been a good likeness," she said presently, "although people thought that the artist had not quite caught the fairness of my complexion, or the bright sparkle of my eyes."

"Is it *your* portrait?" I asked.

"And whose else could it be? The celebrated Gröger of Hamburg painted it when I was first engaged to be married. My husband paid six hundred ducats for the pair."

So absorbed was I with the strangeness of the situation, that when she spoke I started. It all seemed so unreal. Could this haggard creature at my side be really the heroine of my grandfather's romantic story?

"Have you been to Antwerp?" I asked suddenly.

"Have I ever been to Antwerp?" she echoed. "Ah! indeed, and in the flower of beauty too! My father owned three of the largest vessels in the port. We spent six weeks there."

And she paced up and down the long room, leaning on her stick, growing more and more animated as her memory rekindled the glories of the past.

"We lived a strange life there!" she exclaimed suddenly. "A Russian squadron was at anchor in the offing, and the officers gave dances on board their ships. They soon found out that there was a beauty on board my father's ship, whose equal they could not have found had they swept the Netherlands. I was soon their welcome guest, and in time became the queen of their fêtes."

At these words she struck the floor so sharply with her stick, that the crystals of the chandeliers jingled.

"They would come ashore to fetch me in a barge dressed with flags. Among these officers there was a Greek prince named Constantine Paléologus, the last descendant of the Byzantine emperors. He would never resign the privilege of lifting me into the boat, and of placing me comfortably among the silken cushions. We could only converse in French. He called me 'Rose du Nord.' Oh! with what loving care he spread the rugs for my feet! In those moments how brightly the sea, the sky, and my black eyes sparkled! They were all at my feet, the prince, the officers, and the sons of noble German families who were studying at Antwerp. But I repulsed them all, and I still rejoice at it."

I looked at her in blank amazement. What vanity was embodied in that recital! The cape had slipped from her shoulders and lay disregarded on the floor at her feet. Without speaking, I picked it up and wrapped it around her. She gazed at me for some time in silence. Her wrinkled cheeks were slightly flushed, which brought into greater relief her age and frightful thinness. At length, in a voice so sweet that it did not seem to come from those shrunken lips, she said, —

"Do you know, my friend, why I had confidence in you, and, from the first, in you only?"

As I did not answer, she continued, —

"Because I noticed in you a resemblance — a likeness. Among the young merchants of Antwerp there was one whom I had known a long time. Young man," she continued, in a strange, sad voice, "have you ever seen a woman repulse, with her eyes wide open, that which should have been her greatest happiness? I don't know why I repulsed *him*. He was as handsome as the pictures of St. John. Perhaps he was not rich! No, he was not rich. *He* was richer." And she pointed at the portrait beside hers.

"That is your husband, I suppose?"

Madame Jansen smiled bitterly, and then continued her self-examination: —

"Perhaps he was not good?" This time there was no bitterness in her smile. "Yes, he *was* good, and that was perhaps the reason why I repulsed him. And he

loved me! I know that he secretly had a copy of my portrait made, and then betook himself to the New World. But that is a long, long time ago," she murmured, and continued to walk up and down the room. Suddenly she stopped.

"Ah! if only I knew whether he were still alive! He, or his children, or even his grandchildren!"

At these words she dropped her stick, and joined her hands as though in prayer; she trembled in every limb.

A feeling of intense pity crept into my heart, and I was about to speak. I had it on my lips to tell her that I could bring a souvenir of the friend of her youth. Nay, that I myself was his grandson! But her voice checked me.

"Oh! if I but knew this thing, I would leave nothing to my pretty niece. He, and none other, should be my heir."

These words closed my lips, and when she mentioned my grandfather's name I pretended not to understand her. Madame Jansen sighed, and her eyes wandered round the room.

"How well preserved everything is here!" she continued in her usual affected manner. "Let us settle this affair of the will. But mind, my friend, let us have no strangers in the house. The husband of the old woman who comes here daily, and her grandson, can be witnesses; they are quite stupid enough for that."

"If you really wish to revoke your will in favor of Matilde, madame," I said, "you had better give me the necessary instructions. It will take time to draw up a proper document, and time, as you know, has often tampered with the best resolutions."

As I spoke I drew out of my pocket a blank sheet of paper, upon which I scribbled the following words, —

"This is to certify that, being of sound mind, it is my will and pleasure to revoke every previous testament which I may have made in favor of others, and to bequeath the whole of my worldly possessions, without exception, unto my niece Matilde Alten, eldest daughter of Henri Alten, at present chef de police in the city of ——"

Having affixed a date to this document I handed it to her for signature. She looked at me for a moment in evident perplexity, and I saw in her eyes the strange light which had puzzled me more than once. I drew a chair towards her, and offered my pencil. Her hand did not shake as she took it, and signed the codicil, which I witnessed in due form.

"To-morrow," I said, "we will draw up a formal document. I will bring the necessary witnesses, and this paper shall be destroyed."

She made no reply, and took my arm. I noticed that this time she leant on it as though afraid of falling. She was so feeble that I almost carried her down-stairs. On reaching the ground-floor she contrived to drag herself to the front door, and as I emerged into the street, I heard her fasten the chain.

. . . . . .

Early on the following morning I was seated at my desk drawing out the codicil according to the directions I had received. While thus employed, my wife came in and told me that strange noises had been heard during the night in the house of Madame Jansen.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The servants say that they heard sounds as though heaps of money had been upset on the ground."

"What nonsense they talk!" said I. "Why, the poor old woman has not so much as a bag of crowns in the house. She has but a handful of gold coins — mere card-counters — to upset. Servants are always imagining all kinds of impossible things."

I was rather annoyed, because I did not wish people to get it into their heads that the house was worth robbing, which I feared might be the result of such idle talk.

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and an old woman stood on the threshold.

"Something must have happened to Madame Jansen," she said. "At six o'clock I knocked as usual, but could get no answer. I tried again at seven, but no answer; this time I knocked so loud that people came out of their houses to see what was the matter." I rose quickly, and left the house. When I got into the street, I found that a neighboring locksmith had been summoned; I requested him to open the door, and that done, to force the chain, which was fastened on the inside. We entered the room on the ground-floor. The scene before us is not easily described. Wardrobe and cupboard had been dragged away from the walls; the bed taken to pieces; the mattress and pillows strewn about the floor; the large mirror between the windows was hanging by one loose support, and threatened every instant to come down with a crash. Strange things, indeed, had happened during the night. The floor was

strewn with thalers; and in the midst of this confusion lay the old soldier's cloak beside a bag from whence the thalers had come. The locksmith bent down and picked up the cloak. A rigid form was huddled beneath it, the lifeless body of the little old woman!

The winning, graceful child who had wound herself round my grandfather's heart imperishably, the fascinating young woman, redolent with health and beauty as in the picture up-stairs, lay at my feet in hideous deformity, friendless and unmourned.

After the funeral an official visited the house for the purposes of inspection. In the cellar, and behind the wainscot even, quantities of valuables were found; but the red silk purse with the strange gold pieces had disappeared forever.

The new will not having been signed, made me feel anxious as to the validity of the document which I had induced Madame Jansen to sign. As might have been expected, a vigorous attempt was made to invalidate the codicil, but that attempt happily failed.

Public opinion, which had long been adverse to the institution in whose favor the original document had been signed, seized upon this incident with avidity. The institution was subjected to a rigorous examination. A committee of citizens was appointed to report upon its administration, and, as a result, a thorough reform was determined on. The idle vagabonds who had hitherto infested the public highways were restricted within proper boundaries, and as time wore on, its pensioners dwindled to about six brave men who richly deserved its bounties.

. . . . . .

Now that fortune smiled upon Matilde, the world smiled also, and of her many admirers one only held aloof. Nothing would induce him to come forward. Matilde, as a penniless girl, he had loved. To him, Matilde as an heiress was quite a different person. But I knew the story, and, as I had been instrumental in making her wealthy, I resolved to help her to marry the man she loved.

I contrived, one evening, to bring them together at our house.

It was summer-time. The air was soft, and the sweet moonlight lit up the garden where I had climbed the apple-tree, to pay my first visit to Madame Jansen. I took Matilde's hand, and led her to the foot of the tree.

"Look!" I said. "Yonder is the ball-room where, if *she* had lived, you would have met your husband."

"My husband?"

"Yes." And I told her exactly how it all happened. "If *she* had lived, Matilde, you would never have married the man who still loves you with all his heart and soul."

"And who is he?"

"I will send him to you."

Before Matilde had time to stop me I was gone.

. . . . . .

In due course the old house was reopened. The faded curtains were replaced by gorgeous hangings. The bats, and the spiders, much against their will, were driven to seek shelter elsewhere.

Matilde and her husband — the happiest people in the town — are still living, and can verify my story if need be.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FASHIONABLE PHILOSOPHY.

SCENE — *A London Drawing-room.* TIME — 5 *o'clock* P.M.

The afternoon tea apparatus in one corner of the room, and Lady Fritterly *on a couch in another.* The Hon. Mrs. Allmash *is announced.*

Lady Fritterly. How too kind, dear, of you to come, and so early, too! I've got such a lot of interesting people coming, and we are going to discuss the religion of the future.

Mrs. Allmash. How quite delightful! I do so long for something more substantial than the theologies of the past! It is becoming quite puzzling to know what to teach one's children; mine are getting old enough now to understand about things, and one ought to teach them something. I was talking about it to that charming Professor Germsell last night.

Lady F. Well, I hope he is coming presently, so you will be able to continue your conversation. Then there is Mr. Coldwaite, the celebrated Comtist; and Mr. Fussle, who writes those delightful articles on prehistoric æsthetic evolution; and Mr. Drygull, the eminent theosophist, whose stories about esoteric Buddhism are quite too extraordinary, and who has promised to bring a khoja — a most interesting moral specimen, my dear — who has just arrived from Bombay; and Lord Fondleton.

Mrs. A. Lord Fondleton! I did not know that he was interested in such subjects.

Lady F. He says he is, dear; between ourselves — but this, of course, is strictly *entre nous* — I rather think that it is I who interest him: but I encourage him, poor fellow; it may wean him from the unprofitable life he is leading, and turn his mind to higher things. Oh! I almost forgot, — then there is my new beauty!

Mrs. A. Your new beauty!

Lady F. Yes; if you could only have dined with me the other night, you would have met her. I had such a perfect little dinner. Just think! A poet, an actor, a journalist, a painter, a wit, and a new beauty. I'll tell you how I found her. She really belongs at present to Lady Islington and myself; but of course, now we have started her, all the other people will snap her up. We found that we both owed that vulgar upstart, Mrs. Houndsley, a visit, and went there together — because I always think two people are less easily bored than one — when suddenly the most perfect apparition you ever beheld stood before us; an old-master dress, an immense pattern, a large hat-rim encircling a face, some rich auburn hair inside, and the face a perfect one. Well, you know, it turned out that she was not born in the purple — her husband is just a clerk in Burley's Bank; but we both insisted on being introduced to her — for, you see, my dear, there is no doubt about it, she is a ready-made beauty. The same idea occurred to Lady Islington, so we agreed as we drove away that we would bring her out. The result is, that she went to Islington House on Tuesday, and came to me on Thursday, and created a perfect furor on both occasions; so now she is fairly started.

Mrs. A. How wonderfully clever and fortunate you are, dear! What is her name?

Lady F. Mrs. Gloring.

Mrs. A. Oh yes; everybody was talking about her at the duchess's last night. I am dying to see her; but they say she is rather a fool.

Lady F. Pure spite and jealousy. Yet that is the way these Christian women of society obey the precept of their religion, and love their neighbors as themselves.

[Lord Fondleton *is announced, accompanied by a stranger.*

Lord Fondleton. How d'ye do, Lady Fritterly? I am sure you will excuse my taking the liberty of introducing Mr. Rollestone, a very old friend of mine, to you; he has only just returned to England, after an absence of so many years that he is quite a stranger in London.

[Lady Fritterly *is "delighted." The rest of the party arrive in rapid succession.*

Mrs. A. Dear Mr. Germsell, I was just telling Lady Fritterly what an interesting conversation we were having last night when it was unfortunately interrupted. I shall be so glad if you would explain more fully now what you were telling me. I am sure everybody would be interested.

Lady F. Oh do, Mr. Germsell, it would be quite nice of you. And, Mr. Drygull, will you ask the khoja to ——

Mr. Drygull. My friend's name is Ali Seyyid, Lady Fritterly.

Lady F. Pray excuse my stupidity, Mr. Allyside, and come and sit near me. Lord Fondleton, find Mrs. Gloring a chair.

Lord F. [*aside to* Mrs. Gloring]. Who's our black friend?

Mrs. G. I am sure I don't know. I think Lady Fritterly called him a codger.

Lord F. Ah, he looks like it, — and a rum one at that, as our American cousins say.

Mrs. G. Hush! Mr. Germsell is going to begin.

Mr. Germsell. Mrs. Allmash asked me last night whether my thoughts had been directed to the topic which is uppermost just now in so many minds in regard to the religion of the future, and I ventured to tell her that it would be found to be contained in the generalized expediency of the past.

Mr. Fussle. Pardon me, but the religion of the future must be the result of an evolutionary process, and I don't see how generalizations of past expediency are to help the evolution of humanity.

G. They throw light upon it; and the study of the evolutionary process so far teaches us how we may evolve in the future. For instance, you have only got to think of evolution as divided into moral, astronomic, geologic, biologic, psychologic, sociologic, æsthetic, and so forth, and you will find that there is always an evolution of the parts into which it divides itself, and that therefore there is but one evolution going on everywhere after the same manner. The work of science has been not to extend our experience, for that is impossible, but to systematize it; and in that systematization of it will be found the religion of which we are in search.

D. May I ask why you deem it impossible that our experience can be extended?

G. Because it has itself defined its limits. The combined experience of humanity, so far as its earliest records go, has been limited by laws, the nature of which have been ascertained: it is impossible that it should be transcended without violation of the conclusions arrived at by positive science.

D. I can more easily understand that the conclusions arrived at by men of science should be limited, than that the experience of humanity should be confined by those conclusions; but I fail to perceive why those philosophers should deny the existence of certain human faculties, because they don't happen to possess them themselves. I think I know a rishi who can produce experiences which would scatter all their conclusions to the winds, when the whole system which is built upon them would collapse.

Mrs. G. [*aside to* Lord Fondleton]. Pray, Lord Fondleton, can you tell me what a rishi is?

Lord F. A man who has got into higher states, you know — what I heard Mr. Drygull call a transcendentalist the other day, whatever that may be. I don't understand much about these matters myself, but I take it he is a sort of evolved codger.

Mrs. A. Oh, how awfully interesting! Dear Mr. Drygull, do tell us some of the extraordinary things the rishi can do.

D. If you will only all of you listen attentively, and if Mr. Germsell will have the goodness to modify to some degree the prejudiced attitude of mind common to all men of science, you will hear him as plainly as I can at this moment beating a tom-tom in his cottage in the Himalayas.

[Mr. G. *gets up impatiently, and walks to the other end of the back drawing-room.*

D. [*casting a compassionate glance after him*]. Perhaps it is better so. Now please, Lady Fritterly, I must request a few moments of the most profound silence on the part of all. You will not hear the sound as though coming from a distance, but it will seem rather like a muffled drumming taking place inside your head, scarcely perceptible at first, when its volume will gradually increase.

Lord F. [*aside to* Mrs. G.] Some bad champagne produced the same phenomenon in my head last night.

Lady F. [*severely*]. Hush! Lord Fondleton.

[*There is a dead silence for some minutes.*

Mrs. G. [*excitedly*]. Oh, I hear it; it is something like a woodpecker inside of one.

D. Not a word, my dear madam, if you please.

Lady F. [*after a long pause*]. I imagine I hear a very faint something; there it goes — boom, boom, boom — at the back of my tympanum.

Lord F. That's not like a woodpecker.

Mrs. G. No; it seems to me more like tic-tic-tic.

Mrs. A. How too tiresome! I can't hear anything. I suppose it is on account of the rumble of the carriages.

Lord F. [*whispers to* Mrs. G.] I hear something inside of me; do you know what?

Mrs. G. No; what?

Lord F. The beating of my own heart. Can't you guess for whom?

Mrs. G. No. Perhaps the rishi makes it beat.

Lord F. Dear Mrs. Gloring, you are the rishi for whom ——

Mrs. G. Hush!

Lady F. There, it is getting louder, like distant artillery, and yet so near. Oh, Mr. Drygull, what a wonderful man the rishi must be!

D. Yes; he knew that at this hour today I should need an illustration of his power, and he is kindly furnishing us with one. This is an experience which I think our friend over there [*looking towards* Mr. Germsell] would find it difficult to classify.

G. Fussle, have the goodness to step here for a moment — [*points to a woman beating a carpet in the back yard of an adjoining house*]. That is the tom-tom in the Himalayas they are listening to.

F. Well, now, do you know, I don't feel quite sure of that. I was certainly conscious of a sort of internal hearing of something when you called me, which was not that; it was as though I had fiddlestrings in my head and somebody was beginning to strum upon them.

G. Fiddlestrings indeed, — say rather fiddlesticks. I am surprised at a sensible man like yourself listening to such nonsense.

F. [*testily*]. It is much greater nonsense for you to tell me I don't hear something I do hear, than for me to hear something you can't hear. You may be deaf, while my sense of hearing may be evolving. Can you hear what Lord Fondleton is saying to Mrs. Gloring at this moment?

G. No, and I don't want to.

F. Ah, there it is. You won't hear

anything you don't want to. Now I can, and he ought not to say it; look how she is blushing. Oh, I forgot you are short-sighted. Well, you see, I can hear further than you, and see further than you. Why should you set a limit on the evolution of the senses, and say that no man in the future can ever hear or see further than men have in the past? How dare you, sir, with your imperfect faculties and your perfunctory method of research, which can only cover an infinitesimal period in the existence of this planet, venture to limit the potentialities of those laws which have already converted us from ascidians into men, and which may as easily evolve in us the faculty of hearing tom-toms in the Himalayas while we are sitting here, as of that articulate speech or intelligent reasoning which, owing to their operation, we now possess?

G. Pardon me, you do not possess them, Mr. Fussle.

Lady F. Mr. Fussle, might I ask you to take this cup of tea to Mrs. Allmash? Mr. Germsell, it would be too kind of you to hand Mrs. Gloring the cake.

F. [*savagely*]. We will continue this conversation at the Minerva.

Mrs. A. [*apart to the* khoja]. Oh, Mr. Allyside, I am so glad to hear that you speak English so perfectly! I want you to tell me all about your religion; perhaps it may help us, you know, to find the religion of the future, which we are all longing for. And I am so interested in Oriental religions! there is something so charmingly picturesque about them. I quite dote on those dear old Shastras, and Vedas, and Puranas; they contain such a lot of beautiful things, you know.

Ali Seyyid. I know as little, madam, of the Indian books you mention as I do of the Bible, which I have always heard was a very good book, and contained also a great many beautiful things. I am neither a Hindoo nor a Buddhist, — in fact, it is forbidden to me by my religion to tell you exactly what I am.

Mrs. A. But indeed I won't tell anybody, if you will only confide in me. Oh, this mystery is too exquisitely delicious! Who knows, perhaps you might make a convert of me?

Ali S. [*with an admiring gaze*]. Madam, you would be a prize so well worth winning, that you almost tempt me. The first of our secrets is that we are all things to all men, until we are quite sure of the sympathy of the listener; then we venture a step further.

Mrs. A. How wise that is! and how unlike the system adopted by Christians! You may be sure of my most entire sympathy.

Ali S. The next principle is — but this is a profound secret, which you must promise not to repeat — the rejection of all fixed rules of religion or morality. It really does not matter in the least what you do: the internal disposition is the only thing of any value. Now, as far as I understand, you have already got rid of the religion, or you would not be looking for a new one; all you have to do is to get rid of the morality, and there you are.

Mrs. A. [*with an expression of horror and alarm*]. Yes, there I should be indeed. Oh, Mr. Allyside, what a dreadful man you are! Who started such an extraordinary doctrine?

Ali S. Well, his name was Hassan-bin-Saba — commonly know among Westerns as the "Old Man of the Mountain." His followers, owing to the value they attached to murder as a remedial agent, have been known by the name of the "Assassins."

Mrs. A. Oh, good gracious!

Lady F. My dear Louisa, what is the matter? You look quite frightened.

Ali S. Mrs. Allmash is a little alarmed because I proposed a new morality for the future, as well as a new religion.

Mr. Coldwaite. Excuse me; but in discussions of this sort I think it is the most important that we should clearly understand the meanings of the terms we employ. Now I deny that any difference subsists between religion and morality. That any such distinction should exist in men's minds is due to the fact that dogma is inseparably connected with religion. If you eliminate dogma, what does religion consist of but morality? Substitute the love of humanity for the love of the unknowable — which is the subject of worship of Mr. Germsell; or of the deity, who is the object of worship of the majority of mankind — and you obtain a stimulus to morality which will suffice for all human need. It is in this great emotion, as it seems to me, that you will find at once the religion and the morality of the future.

G. From what source do you get the force which enables you to love humanity with a devotion so intense that it shall elevate your present moral standard?

C. From humanity itself. I am not going to be entrapped into getting it from any unknowable source; the love of humanity, whether it be humanity as existing, or when absorbed by death into the

general mass, is perpetually generating itself.

Mrs. A. Then it must produce itself from what was there before; therefore it must be the same love, which keeps on going round and round.

Lord F. A sort of circular love, in fact. I've often felt it; but I didn't think it right to encourage it.

Lady F. Lord Fondleton, how can you be so silly? Don't pay attention to him, Mr. Coldwaite. I confess I still don't see how you can get a higher love out of humanity than humanity has already got in it, unless you are to look to some other source for it.

C. Why, mayn't it evolve from itself?

G. How can it evolve without a propulsive force behind it? The thing is too palpable an absurdity to need argument. You can no more fix limits to the origin of force than you can destroy its persistency.

Lord F. [*aside*]. That seems to me one of those sort of things no fellow can understand.

G. All you can say of it is that it is a conditioned effect of an unconditioned cause. That no idea or feeling arises, save as a result of some physical force expended in producing it, is fast becoming a commonplace of science; and whoever duly weighs the evidence will see that nothing but an overwhelming bias in favor of a preconceived theory can explain its non-acceptance. I think my friend, Mr. Herbert Spencer, has demonstrated this conclusively.

C. Pardon me; do I understand you to say that the mental process which enabled Mr. Spencer to elaborate his system of philosophy, or that the profound emotion which finds its expression in a love for humanity, are the result of physical force alone?

G. He says so himself, and he ought to know. His whole system of philosophy is nothing more nor less than the result of the liberation of certain forces produced by chemical action in the brain.

D. Then, if I understand you rightly, if the chemical changes which have been taking place for some years past in his brain had liberated a different set of forces, we should have had altogether a different philosophy.

G. The chemical changes would in that case have been different.

D. But the changes must be produced by forces acting on them.

G. Exactly: a force which has its source in the unknowable produces a certain chemical action in the brain by which it becomes converted into thought or emotion, into love or philosophy, into art or religion, as the case may be: what the nature of that love or philosophy, or art or religion, may be must depend entirely on the nature of the chemical change.

Lord F. [*aside to* Mrs. Gloring]. I feel the most delightful chemical changes taking place now in my brain, dear Mrs. Gloring. May I explain to you the exquisite nature of the forces that are being liberated, and which produce emotions of the most tender character?

Lady F. [*sharply*]. What are you saying, Lord Fondleton?

Lord F. Ahem — I was saying — ahem — I was saying that we shall be having some Yankee inventing steam thinking-mills and galvanic loving-batteries soon. What a lot of wear and tear it would save! I should go about covered with a number of electric love-wires for the forces to play upon.

F. I think this matter wants clearing up, Mr. Germsell. Why don't you write a book on mental and emotional physics?

Mr. Rollestone. I would venture with great diffidence to remark that the confusion seems to me to arise from the limit we attach to the meaning of the word employed. It may be quite true that no idea or emotion can exist except as the result of physical force; but it is also true that its effect must be conditioned on the quality of the force. There is as wide a difference between the physical forces operant in the brain, and which give rise to ideas, and those which move a steam-engine, as there is between mind and matter. Both, as Mr. Germsell will admit, are conditioned manifestations of force; but the one contains a vital element in its dynamism which the other does not. You may apply as much physical force by means of a galvanic battery to a dead brain as you please, but you can't strike an idea out of it; and this vital force, while it is "conditioned force," like light, heat, motion, and matter, differs in its mode of manifestation from every other manifestation of force, even more than they do from each other, in that it possesses a potency inherent to it, which they have not, and this potency it is which creates emotion and generates ideas. The fallacy which underlies the whole of this system of philosophy is contained in the assumption that there is only one description of physical force in nature.

G. No more there is. Why, Mr. Spencer says that the law of metamorphosis,

which holds among the physical forces, holds equally between them and the mental forces; but mark you, what is the grand conclusion at which he arrives? I happen to remember the passage. "How this metamorphosis takes place; how a force existing, as motion, heat, or light, can become a mode of consciousness; how it is possible for aerial vibrations to generate the sensation we call sound; or for the forces liberated by chemical changes in the brain to give rise to emotion, — these are mysteries which it is impossible to fathom."

Lord F. [*aside to* Mrs. Gloring]. What a jolly easy way of getting out of a difficulty!

D. Of course, if you admit such gross ignorance as to how it is possible for aerial vibrations to generate the sensations we call sound, I don't wonder at your not hearing the tom-tom in the Himalayas we were listening to just now. If you knew a little more about the astral law under which aerial vibrations may be generated, you would not call things impossible which you admit to be unfathomable mysteries. If it is an unfathomable mystery how a sound is projected a mile, why do you refuse to admit the possibility of its being projected two, or two hundred, or two thousand? Under the laws which govern mysteries, which you say are unfathomable, if the mystery is unfathomable, so is the law, and you have no right to limit its action.

R. To come back to the question of a possible distinction in the essential or inherent qualities of dynamic or physical forces. There is nothing in the hypothesis which may not be reasonably assumed and tested by experiment; and before any man has a right to affirm that there is only one quality of physical force in nature, which, by undergoing transformation and metamorphosis, shall account for all its phenomena, I have a right to ask whether the hypothesis that there may be another, has been experimentally tested. It would then be time for me to accept the conclusion that there is only one, and that it is an unfathomable mystery how this one force should be able to perform all the functions attributed to it.

G. I admit that the forces called vital are correlates of the forces called physical, if you choose to call that a distinction; but their character is conditioned by the state of the brain, and it comes to the same thing in the end. The seat of emotion as well as of thought is the brain, and it entirely depends on its chemical constitution, on its circulation, and on other causes affecting that organ, what you think, and feel, and say, and do. People's characters differ because their brains do, not because there is any difference in the vital force which animates them.

R. You might as well say that sounds differ because their aerial vibrations differ, but those vibrations only differ because the force makes them differ which is acting upon them. They don't generate tunes, but convey them. And the result, so far as our hearing is concerned, depends upon what are called the acoustic conditions under which the vibrations take place. Just so the brain possesses no generating function of its own; it deals with and transmits the ideas and emotions projected upon it according to the organic conditions by which it may be affected at the time, whether those ideas and emotions are produced by external stimuli, or apparently, but only apparently, as I believe, owe their origin to genesis in the brain itself. In the one case the brain is vibrating to the touch of an external force, in the other to one that is internal and unseen, just as the air does when it transmits sound, whether you see the cause which produces it or not; and the mystery which remains to be fathomed, but which I do not admit to be unfathomable until somebody tries to fathom it, is the nature of those unseen forces.

G. How would you propose to try and fathom it?

R. By experiment: I know of no other way. The forces which generate emotions and ideas must possess a moral quality: the experiments must therefore be moral experiments.

G. How do you set to work to experimentalize morally?

R. As the process must of necessity be a purely personal one, carried on, if I may use the expression, in one's own moral organism, I have a certain delicacy in attempting to describe it. In fact, Lady Fritterly, if you will allow me to say so, as the whole subject which has been under discussion this afternoon is the most profoundly solemn which can engage the attention of a human being, I shrink from entering upon it as fully as I would do under other circumstances. If people begin to want a new religion because it is the fashion to want one, I venture to predict that they will never find it. If they want a new religion because they can't come up to the moral standard of the one they have got, then I would advise them to look rather to that unseen force within

them, which I have been attempting to describe to Mr. Germsell, for the potency which may enable them to reach it.

Lady F. Indeed, Mr. Rollestone, we are all exceedingly in earnest. I never felt so serious in my life. Of course this London life must all seem very frivolous to you; but that we can't help, you know. We can't all go away and make moral experiments like you. What we feel is, that we ought all to endeavor as much as possible to introduce a more serious tone into society. We want to get rid of the selfishness, and the littlenesses, and the petty ambitions and envyings, and the scandals that go on. Don't we, Louisa, dear? And you can't think how grateful I am to Lord Fondleton for having given me the pleasure of your acquaintance. I hope I may often see you; I am sure you would do us all so much good. You will always find me at home on Sunday afternoons at this hour.

Mrs. A. It is so refreshing to meet any one so full of information and earnestness as you are, in this wicked, jaded London. Please go on, Mr. Rollestone; what you were saying was so interesting. Have you really been experimentalizing on your own moral organism? How quite too extraordinary!

Lord F. [*aside to* Mrs. Gloring]. By Jove! I had no idea old Rollestone could come out in this line. He is a regular dark horse. I should never have suspected it. He will be first favorite in London this season, and win in a canter.

C. You will excuse me, Mr. Rollestone, but I really am interested, and I really am serious. It was with no idle curiosity that I was waiting to hear your answer to Mr. Germsell's inquiry, as to the nature of the moral experiment necessary to test the character of this unseen force.

R. I can only say that any experiment which deals with the affectional and emotional part of one's nature must be painful in the extreme. There is, indeed, only one motive which would induce one to undergo the trials, sufferings, sacrifices, and ordeals which it involves — and that is one in which you will sympathize: it is the hope that humanity may benefit by the result of one's efforts. Indeed, any lower motive than this would vitiate them. I will venture to assert to Mr. Germsell, who is so sceptical as to the existence of any other quality in that force, which he can only fathom so far as to know that it is physical, that I will put him through a course of experiment which will cause him more acute moral suffering than his brain could bear, unless it was sustained by a force which by that experimental process will reveal attributes contained in it not dreamt of in his philosophy.

G. I have no doubt you could strain my mind until it was weak enough to believe anything, even your fantastic theories. Thank you, I would rather continue to experiment with my own microscope and forceps than let you experiment either upon my affections or my brains.

F. [*aside to* Mr. Rollestone]. You could not make anything of them even if he consented — the former don't exist, and the latter are mere putty — but I can quite understand your desire to begin *in corpore vili.*

Lord F. [*aside to* Mrs. Gloring]. Allow me freely to offer you my affections as peculiarly adapted to experiments of this nature.

R. It has always struck me as strange that men of science, who don't shrink from testing, for instance, the value of poisons, or the nature of disease, by heroically subjecting their own external organisms to their action, should shrink from experimenting on that essential if remote vitalizing force, which can only be reached by moral experiment, and disorder in which produces not only moral obliquity and mental alienation, but physical disease as well.

F. Thus a man may die of apoplexy brought on by a fit of passion. Cure his temper, and you lessen the danger of apoplexy; that, I take it, is an illustration of what you mean.

R. In its most external application it is; the question is where his bad temper comes from, and whether, as Mr. Germsell would maintain, it is entirely due to his cerebral condition, and not to the moral qualities inherent in the force, which, acting on peculiar cerebral conditions, causes one man's temper to differ from another's. It is not the liberated force which generates the temper. For that you have to go farther back; and the reason why research is limited in this direction is not because it is impossible to go farther back, but because it must inevitably entail, as I have already said, acute personal suffering. Nor, as these experiments must be purely personal, and involve experiences of an entirely novel kind, is it possible to discuss them except with those who have participated in them. One might as well attempt to describe the emotion of love to a man whose affections had never been called forth. If I have alluded to them so fully now, it is because

they justify me in making the assertion, for which I can offer no other proof than they have afforded to me personally, that a force does exist in nature possessing an inherent spiritual potency — I use the word for lack of a better — which is capable of lifting humanity to a higher moral plane of daily living and acting than that which it has hitherto attained. But I fear I am trespassing on your patience in having said thus much.

Lady F. Oh no, Mr. Rollestone; please go on. There is something so delightfully fresh and original in all you are saying, I can't tell you how much you interest me.

G. [*aside*]. I know a milkmaid quite as fresh and rather more original. [*Aloud, looking at his watch.*] Bless me! it is past six, and I have an appointment at the club at six. So sorry to tear myself away, dear Lady Fritterly. I can't tell you how I have enjoyed the intellectual treat you have provided for me.

Lady F. I thank you so much for coming. I hope you will often look in on our Sundays. I think you know that these little conversations are so very improving.

G. You may rely upon me; it is impossible to imagine anything more interesting. [*Mutters as he leaves the room.*] No, Lady Fritterly, this is the last time I enter this house, except perhaps to dinner. You don't catch me again making one of your Sunday collections of bores and idiots. What an insufferable prig that Rollestone is!

F. [*aside to* Drygull]. Thank heaven, that pompous nuisance has taken himself off!

D. [*aside to* Fussle]. I don't know which I dislike most — the Pharisee of science or the Pharisee of religion.

R. If, then, you admit that the human organism not only cannot generate force, but that the emotions which control the body are in their turn generated by a force which is behind it, but which is dependent for its manifestation on its own special conditions, as well as those of its transmitting organic medium, I venture to assert that experiment in the direction I have suggested will prove to our consciousness that the moral or spiritual quality of the original invading force is a pure one, and that the degree of its pollution in the human frame is the effect of inherited and other organic conditions; and the question which presents itself to the experimentalist is, whether by an effort of the will this same force may not be evoked to change and purify those conditions. Indeed the very effort is in itself an invocation, and if made unflinchingly, will not fail to meet with a response. Much that has heretofore been to earnest seekers unknowable will become knowable, and a love, Mr. Coldwaite, higher, if that be possible, than the love of humanity, yet correlative with and inseparable from it, will be found pressing with an irresistible potency into those vacant spaces of the human heart, which have from all time yearned for a closer contact with the great source of all love and of all force. It is in this attempt to sever the love of humanity from its Author that the Positivist philosophy has failed: it is the worship of a husk without the kernel, of a body without the soul; and hence it will never satisfy the human aspiration. That aspiration is ever the same; it needs, if you will allow me to say so, Lady Fritterly, no new religion to satisfy its demands. If the world is of late beginning to feel dissatisfied with Christianity, it is not because the moral standard which that religion proposes is not sufficiently lofty for its requirements, but because, after eighteen hundred years of effort, it has altogether failed to reach that standard. Christianity seems a failure because Christians have failed — have failed to understand its application to everyday life, have failed to embody it in practice, and have sought an escape from the apparent impossibility of doing so, by smothering it with dogmas and diverting its scope from this world to the next. It will be time to look for a new religion when we have succeeded in the literal application of the ethics of the one we have got to the social and economic problems of daily life. It is not by any intellectual effort or scientific process that the discovery will be made of how this is to be done, but by the introduction into the organism of new and unsuspected potencies of moral force which have hitherto lain dormant in nature, waiting for the great invocation of wearied and distressed humanity. There can be no stronger evidence of the approach of this new force, destined to make the ethics of Christianity a practical social standard, than the growing demand of society for a new religion. It is the inarticulate utterance of the quickened human aspiration, in itself a proof that these new potencies are already stirring the dry bones of Christendom, and a sure earnest that their coming in answer to that aspiration will not be long delayed.

D. Of course, I entirely disagree with

you as to any such necessity in regard to the moral requirements of the world existing. You must have met, in the course of your travels, that more enlightened and initiated class of Buddhists, with whom I sympathize, who are quite indifferent to considerations of this nature.

R. And who were too much occupied with their subjective prospects in Nirvana, to be affected by the needs of terrestrial humanity.

D. Quite so.

Mrs. A. And, Mr. Allyside, I am afraid you are equally indifferent.

Ali S. I am certainly not indifferent to the discovery of any force latent in Christendom which may check the force of its cupidity, and put a stop to the *exploitation* and subjugation of Eastern countries for the sake of advancing its own material interests, under the specious pretext of introducing the blessings of civilization.

C. You have certainly presented the matter in a light which is altogether new to me, Mr. Rollestone, and upon which, therefore, I am not now prepared to express an opinion. I should like to discuss the subject with you furthur privately.

R. It is a subject which should never be discussed except privately.

Mrs. A. Now, I should say, Mr. Rollestone, on the contrary, that it was just a subject you ought to write a book about. You would have so much to tell, — all your personal experiments, you know; now do.

F. Take my advice, Mr. Rollestone, and don't. You would have very few readers, and those who read you would only sneer at what they would call your crude ideas; and indeed, you will excuse me for saying so, but I am not sure that they would not be right.

Lord F. I quite disagree with you, Mr. Fussle. If Rollestone would write a book which would put a stop to this "religion of the future" business, he would earn the gratitude of society. Do you know I am getting rather bored with it.

F. Not if he introduced instead a latent force, which should overturn all existing institutions, and revolutionize society — which it would inevitably have to do if we were all coerced by it into adopting literally the ethics of Christianity, instead of merely professing them. Why, the Sermon on the Mount alone, practised to the letter, would produce a general destruction. Church and State, and the whole economic system upon which society is based, would melt away before it like an iceberg under a tropical sun. I don't mind discussing the religion of the future as a subject of interesting speculation; but, depend upon it, we had better let well alone. It seems to me that we — at least those of us who are well off — have nothing to complain of. Let us trust to the silent forces of evolution. See how much they have lately done for us in the matter of art. What can be pleasanter than this gentle process of æsthetic development which our higher faculties are undergoing? With due deference to Mr. Rollestone, I think we shall be far better employed in cultivating our taste, than in probing our own organisms in the hope of discovering forces which may enable us to apply a perfectly unpractical system of morality, to a society which has every reason to be satisfied with the normal progress it is making.

Mrs. G. Indeed, Mr. Rollestone, I agree with you a great deal more than with Mr. Fussle. I should like to call out a higher moral force in myself — but I should never have the courage to undergo all the ordeals you say it would involve; I am too weak to try.

Lord F. Of course you are, — don't! You are much nicer as you are. Why, Rollestone, you would make all the women detestable if you could have your way.

R. I don't think there is any immediate cause for alarm on that score.

Mrs. A. [*rising*]. Dearest Augusta, I am afraid I must run away: thank you *so* much, for *such* a treat. [*All rise.*] Mrs. Gloring, we have all been so deeply interested, that we have scarcely been able to exchange a word, but I hope we shall see a great deal of each other this year. I have a few people coming to me to-morrow evening; do you think you can spare a moment from your numerous engagements? Lady Fritterly and Lord Fondleton are coming; and perhaps, Mr. Drygull, you will come, and bring Mr. Allyside. Mr. Fussle, I know it is useless to expect you; and I cannot venture to ask Mr. Rollestone to anything so frivolous. But perhaps you will dine with me on Thursday — you will meet some congenial spirits.

R. Thank you, but I fear it will be impossible, as I leave London to-morrow. Good-bye, Lady Fritterly. Forgive me, an utter stranger, for having so far obtruded my experiences upon you, and for venturing finally to suggest that it is in our own hearts that we should search for the religion that we need; for is it not written, "The kingdom of heaven is within you"?

From Temple Bar.

HENRY GREVILLE'S DIARY.

WE all like to get behind the scenes, and to get the secret history of events. Tommy Hill carried this feeling to such extremes that he looked down the area to see what his friend was going to have for dinner, and Bishop Burnet carried his curiosity even to impertinence; but without rendering ourselves liable to the rebukes the bishop brought on himself, we all of us have to admit that we have more or less of the questioning spirit within us. Therefore it is that memoirs like those of Charles Greville have such an interest. This is why we await with impatience the diary of Croker, and in a lesser degree why we enjoy the diary of Henry Greville.

The worst part of it is, that we are bound to confess that in proportion to the malice or, to speak more mildly, the knowingness of the diarist, is our interest in his record. Lady Granville, who met Hodgson, Byron's friend, at Stoke, said Hodgson was "like Charles Greville, only good." On the faith of this we should expect the diary of Charles Greville to be more piquant than that of Mr. Hodgson had the latter kept one, and been placed in circumstances to know everything, as Greville was.

Henry Greville did not stand in the same fortunate position as his brother, nor had he the same shrewdness, we imagine, but nevertheless he was an intelligent man, mixing in the best society, and aware of much that was going on. He seems to have been a man of considerable taste, to have had a love and appreciation of music, and to have gathered around him, as his friends, some of the first *artistes* of the day. He it was who seems to have urged Mario to enter upon the stage when his fortunes were at a low ebb, and he it is who tells us that there was nothing in Grisi except the beautiful woman, great actress, and splendid singer. Both Grisi and Mrs. Siddons, with all their beauty and their powers of acting, were yet persons of no interest whatever off the stage.

Henry Greville seems to have kept a sort of lazy diary, writing when the fit was on, and leaving great gaps when it was not. Better so a hundred times than a conscientious record of every and any event. The result is, his diary is so interesting that you might, if time permitted, read it through at a sitting. There is little of value in it arising from the author's observations, not much perhaps absolutely new, but it has the same effect as if a pleasant fellow was sitting at your table after dinner and recalling the principal events and characters of your early life. You like to hear of them again, to have them revived briskly and brightly with occasional anecdotes which you had not heard, or which you had been fortunate enough to forget. You feel, too, a great liking for the man who was evidently a thorough gentleman in the truest and largest sense of the word.

His anecdotes illustrative of Louis Philippe's character strike us as the most interesting in the work, and entirely corroborate the low estimate we cannot help forming of this unfortunate monarch. He altogether lacked the dignity of a king. His cousins who preceded him were much more kingly, especially Charles X. and Louis XVIII. Talleyrand told Mr. Greville that Louis XVIII. was very agreeable, talked remarkably well on all subjects, and was very well informed, and had certain authors at his fingers' ends, particularly Horace; whilst Charles X. had excellent qualities, but little understanding, though he possessed a certain grace of expression, and an air of truth in what he said. When asked what he, Talleyrand, thought of Louis Philippe, Talleyrand replied: "The France of to-day lacks dignity. This is why the king, who also lacks it, suits her." He subsequently added: "The present Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe's son) had inherited from his father the gift of the gab, and great facility of expression."

Louis Philippe was always an intriguer. He intrigued for the crown of Spain. He intrigued against his cousins, but whilst Louis XVIII. took his measure and never trusted him, Charles X., who was a gentleman and man of honor, unfortunately did. Henry Greville went as a member of the diplomatic corps to the Tuileries on the birthday of the king, and heard the king read his reply to the felicitations offered to him. "He has," says Greville, "a remarkably clear and agreeable enunciation, but his manners though courteous, I might almost say, obsequious, are *roturier* and vulgar." His queen, on the contrary, is "full of dignity and amenity." Of this noble woman, united to so inferior a husband, Greville elsewhere remarks: "The queen's manner is the perfection of royal dignity and benevolence combined, it is the dignity that cannot be assumed — *that of the heart.*"

On one occasion the king acted as showman at Versailles.

"The king," says Greville, "performed

the part of *cicerone* with great *unction*, and seemed to have no awkwardness, in showing us the apartments in which were hung huge portraits of Charles X. and all his family, and amongst others, one in which he is represented as making his entry into Paris, escorted by the present king Louis Philippe, as Duke of Orleans, who is painted as riding by his side."

Sir Robert Peel was of opinion that Louis Philippe had no alternative course to the one he took in 1830, and that his disapproval of all Charles X. did, pointed him out as the natural successor to the throne. Yes, just as the opposition of Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury point them out as the successors of Mr. Gladstone. But the Duke of Orleans was not bound to put *his* opposition *en évidence*, and had he been a high-minded man, would not have done so.

The last few years of Louis Philippe's reign were signalized by his scandalous perfidy in the matter of the Spanish marriages. Bulwer, writing from Madrid to Greville, says: "The sort of mess we have got into, has only been what I have foreseen, but nobody could quite credit the treachery and audacity of our dear allies."

The Princesse de Lieven was a great power in her day with whom the Duke of Wellington had to reckon, and who had amongst her admirers Guizot, the statesman and father of the Doctrinaires, a race of politicians, of whom, alas! for our punishment, we are just now having a taste in England. Guizot, says Henry Greville, "excited great ridicule by the manner in which he dances attendance upon her (Madame Lieven), being constantly seen carrying her footstool into her opera-box." Madame de Lieven was greatly scandalized by the Marquis of Normanby, the gay author of "Matilda," declining to attend the reception at the Tuileries on the occasion of the presentation of the Corps Diplomatique to the Duchesse de Montpensier, just after the success of Louis Philippe's chicanery and faithlessness in the Spanish marriages. Normanby was right, because, though etiquette might point to the payment of a customary respect, Louis Philippe had been playing the artful game of representing England's protest against the Spanish marriages as a mere formality, and if Normanby had attended, this idea would have got abroad and been believed. Madame de Lieven wished to save her dear friend Guizot, and to make out that his policy was successful and honest. The protest of England she felt was to Guizot the protest of a gentleman against a dirty trick, and Madame de Lieven perceived that a stigma would be left upon Guizot, unless English opposition could be explained away. She got hold of Lord Brougham, and wished him to take Guizot's side in Parliament. Guizot had many good points, and was in the main a well-meaning man, but, alas! that trick cannot be explained away, and he is involved in the disgrace of it.

A day or two after the public reception of the Corps Diplomatique, Lord Normanby paid his respects to the Duchesse de Montpensier, who could hardly speak a word of French, but who was very pretty, according to some, but according to Greville not so. The French government was delighted, and Madame de Lieven much relieved, and so the affair dropped into its place in history, where it lies embedded for the benefit of the historic student.

Madame de Lieven was in the fashion of those days, and hated Lord Palmerston, as most foreigners did. His habit of being an Englishman first, and anything you like afterwards, did not please her; and she told Charles Greville that she was astounded at the influence Lord Palmerston wielded over the English government and people. "Really," she said, "it would seem as if the fate of Europe very much depended upon which side of the bed Lord Palmerston got out." There is no chance of such an expression in regard to England being used nowadays, the question of "jambe, droite ou gauche" is at Berlin now.

Louis Philippe used to speak with great bitterness of Lord Palmerston,* and he lost no opportunity of turning him into ridicule. "Don Enrique (a very plain man) was at the Spectacle, and the king showed him to Lord Cowley, quoting Lord Palmerston's words laughingly, 'the only fit husband for Queen Isabella;'" and then Greville adds, "He is a hideous little monster." "The *Times* and *Spectator*," says Mr. Greville, "write down Lord Palmerston," and for some years one or two leading journals gave great offence to Englishmen abroad by their persistent attacks upon Lord Palmerston, notably in the Baron Gros case. Thiers says of Madame de Lieven, "qu'elle était une

* Lord Palmerston had said in 1846, "Louis Philippe had better look out that the Spanish marriage doesn't cost him his throne." Madame Lieven said, "What does this mean?" In 1848 she received her answer, and Louis Philippe was an exile.

sotte et une bavarde, une menteuse," and adds that the king, whatever Charles Greville thought of him, was "un poltron." This, it must be remembered, was before the flight of Mr. "Smith" in 1848. Still it must be admitted in earlier days the king showed courage enough. He had been repeatedly shot at, but always bore himself well on those occasions. His disposition was kindly, and he was in opposition to his ministers in his wish to save Fieschi, one of the boldest of scoundrels.

When it came to the end in 1848, Louis Philippe had lost nerve. He was no longer young, and his moral force had been lessened by his playing fast and loose in the Spanish marriages. He had weakened his self-respect, and in the hour of danger it broke under him. He sent for Guizot and insinuated his retirement. Guizot, to do him justice, was a man throughout. He was at the king's service to stay or to go, so the king accepted his resignation which the king had suggested to him. Louis Philippe then sent for Molé, Montpensier pressing the king to abdicate, being himself as frightened as the king. "Abdiquez, sire, abdiquez," said Montpensier. Then it was that the sexes were changed, and that queenly woman and womanly queen, who "in the midst of all the tumult alone preserved her presence of mind and dignity, was heard to say, 'Mon ami, ne quittez jamais votre poste, mourez plutôt en roi.'"

The history of the Revolution of 1848, though not given in full, is picturesquely told in this interesting diary, which abounds in good stories.

The following one of Talleyrand we have read before, but we were glad to meet it again in Mr. Greville's diary.

"Talleyrand made me laugh very much by a story against M. de Narbonne, who was anything but amusing. One day he and the prince were driving together in the Pont-Neuf, and M. de Narbonne was particularly tiresome, when suddenly they saw a man who was walking along yawn violently, upon which Talleyrand said to M. de Narbonne, 'Ne parlez donc pas si haut, on nous entend.'"

Talleyrand hated the Doctrinaires as much as Napoleon did. Lord Clanricarde asked Talleyrand if M. de la Redoute were not "un Doctrinaire." "Oui," said Talleyrand, "c'est à peu près cela. Il est bien ennuyeux, n'est-ce pas?" "Parfaitement," said the prince, "c'est un esprit arreté avant d'être arrivé."

In November, 1834, Henry Greville sees at the Italian Opera House in Paris "a brown-looking old hag." This lady, this withered creature, was once a beauty, painted by Isabey, attached to the court of Napoleon, attending on his mother, witty, beautiful, and graceful, and no other than Madame d'Abrantès, whose lively memoirs have had a renewed life within the last year. Fresh beauties had succeeded her, and on the same occasion Greville remarks the presence of two who were "very pretty," in their turn perhaps to be quizzed by a future Greville, when their brown days come.

At Lady Clanricarde's one evening in December 1834, Brougham and Talleyrand converse on Fox. Talleyrand said "he had known Fox intimately, that he was the best fellow in the world, wrote the most charming letters, and spoke French *à merveille*. His favorite study was Madame de Sévigné." One day Talleyrand saw a volume of her letters lying amongst all the classical authors, ancient and modern, in Fox's room; and on Talleyrand's expressing his surprise at finding her in such exalted company, Fox said, "Why, her letters are perfect models of every kind of eloquence."

"Talleyrand asked," said Greville, "if Fox had not been 'très occupé de Madame Siddons.' 'Oh, no,' said Brougham, 'that's impossible; one might as well be interested in the sea as in Mrs. Siddons.' She was too great in her way to inspire love. The East India Company might aspire to her, nothing less." This reminds us of some story of Sydney Smith's, who was told that a very stout lady was about to be married. "Impossible," said Sydney Smith, "a man might marry a section of her."

Talleyrand appears in an amiable light in these volumes, and we have several glimpses of him, but none equal to Haydon's. "I met," says Haydon, "that patriarch of dissimulation and artifice, Talleyrand, but once and once only, but I shall never forget him. He looked like a toothless boa of intrigue, with nothing left but his poison. To see his impenetrable face at a game of whist, watching everybody without a trace of movement in his own figure or face, save the slightest imperceptible twitch in the lip, was a sight never to be forgotten. It was the incarnation of meaning without assumption."

Mr. Greville tells a capital story of Mademoiselle Mars.

"Soon after the Restoration, she appeared on the stage wearing a tricolor ribbon, which so enraged the *parterre* and the Gardes du Corps, that she was

obliged to take it off and apologize on the spot. 'Ces canailles de Gardes du Corps,' she was heard to mutter, which they hearing, very foolishly sent one of their officers on the following morning to demand an apology. She was in bed when he arrived, but her maid went into her room to announce him, leaving the door open, when Mademoiselle Mars cried out, 'What is it?' 'Madame, it is one of the officers of the Garde du Corps, who particularly wishes to speak to you.' 'Tell him,' she answered, 'that Mars * has nothing whatever to do with the Gardes du Corps.'"

Louis Philippe about the time of the Spanish marriages was much annoyed by the outspoken condemnation of his conduct by our press, and he sent over a M. Bacourt to try and allay its violence. So ignorant are foreigners of the fact that only such of our papers can be tampered with as are not worth the pains. Yet though this was and is the case, our provincial press, inaccessible to monetary approaches, is in other ways largely at the mercy of the manufacturers of opinion. Our clever Radicals have hit upon a device for the manufacture of thunder, which at first imposed considerably upon people. The *mot d'ordre* goes forth to a certain number of Radical provincial papers to write in a certain sense, while these papers are supposed to speak spontaneously the opinions of their subscribers. Thus we will suppose that the House of Lords is to be attacked because of their opposition to the Franchise Bill. The Radical papers in different parts of the country, instructed from headquarters, loudly proclaim that the people are impatient for the Franchise Bill, and that they eagerly demand the abolition of the House of Lords for its opposition to the national will, all which is probably the clever invention of some clever fellow in London or Birmingham. Louis Philippe, it is clear, did not know how to go to work, but resorted to the coarser method of trying to manipulate the press, which was quite useless, and so M. de Bacourt returned a wiser, and probably not a poorer man.

To revert to Mr. Greville's leaves, Alexandre Dumas, and a host of literary men and artists, are pleasantly mentioned in them, most frequently with a good story attached to each. Thus we hear of Mario, Bellini, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Pasta, of Fanny Kemble and Mrs. Sartoris, of Rogers, Byron, and Moore, with anecdotes too numerous to quote, and for which we must refer the reader to the diary itself. But one of Dumas we cannot resist quoting: "Alexandre Dumas and Lievenne, a French actress, were both summoned as witnesses in a trial which took place at Rouen. Alexandre Dumas, when called upon to give his name and condition, replied in a pompous voice, 'Alexandre Dumas, and I should call myself *homme de lettres*, if I were not in the country of Corneille.' On the same question being put to Lievenne, she said, 'I am Lievenne, and I should call myself maid if I were not in the town where they burnt them.'"

Mr. Greville notes in this diary the manner in which some of the press ran down Lord Palmerston on so many occasions. Lord Palmerston kept us out of war, at any rate, into which the pugnacious peace party frequently land us. But the fact is, that there was no love lost between the Radicals and Palmerston. The latter would have heartily agreed with Mr. Twining, whose "Recreations of a Country Clergyman" all should read who are on the look-out for a pleasant volume. Mr. Twining says: "A man who likes levelling in society, *selon moi*, has as bad taste as a man who likes a level country. For my part, I would not wish to live upon the surface of a wash-tub; give me your ups and downs, moral and physical." Of this opinion evidently is Lord Sherbrooke.

"We are about," he says, "to exchange certain good for more than doubtful change; we are about to barter maxims and traditions that have never failed for theories and doctrines that have never succeeded. Democracy you may have at any time. Night and day the gate is open that leads to that bare and level plain, where every ants' nest is a mountain and every thistle a forest tree. But a government such as that of England is the work of no human hand. It has grown up by the imperceptible aggregation of centuries. It is a thing which we can only enjoy, which we cannot impart to others, and which, once lost, we cannot recover for ourselves."

"I soap my hands of it," * seems the cry of all but a few, and drifting is the order of the day. Hence the audacious come to the front, and a dozen bold men rule ten thousand timid ones. However, we have not yet quite arrived at the con-

* James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," asserted that Mars was not the real name of the actress, but "only a *nom de guerre*."

* The exclamation of a Frenchman in England, in one of Francillon's best stories, "Strange Waters."

dition of the Frenchman, who cried out, "We must have three hundred heads!" He turned out to be a hatter.

Madame Lieven was in London on the 10th of April, 1848, the day when the middle classes rallied round the government, and enrolled themselves *en masse* as special constables. Madame de Lieven told Mr. Greville that "the love of order manifested throughout England, must have a great effect in Europe." No one was more pleased at the preparations made against him than Feargus O'Connor, who felt that in the mob around him he had worse than a white elephant on his hands. When the constable tapped him on the shoulders to tell him that he might hold his meeting but mustn't march, he was greatly relieved, and shook both hands of the constable with great warmth. He thought the constable had come to arrest him.

We will close this brief notice of a very amusing book with a good story of Louis XVIII.: "When Louis XVIII. returned to France, and Fouché was his minister of police, the king asked Fouché whether during his (the king's) exile, he had not set spies over him, and who they were. Fouché hesitated to reply, but on the king insisting, he said: —

"'If your Majesty presses for an answer, it was the Duc de Blacas to whom this matter was confided.'

"'And how much did you pay him?' said the king.

"'Deux cents mille livres de rente, sire.'

"'Ah, so!' said the king, 'then he has played fair; we went halves.'"

This king was fit to live, and had very little mentally of the later Bourbon about him.

From Belgravia.

MOONLIGHT AND FLOODS.

THE floods were out at Wendelthorpe. Boats were moving hither and thither in the lower-lying streets, and out in the open country, field after field was changed to a lake. From amidst the waters rose a solitary farmhouse, black against a darkening sky. The surging flow heaved and tossed and struck heavily upon it; here was no languidly spreading expanse, but the hurry of the swollen river rushing impatiently forward and rising in its impatience higher and even higher. At an upper window six persons were gathered, watching the motions of a light that came and went slowly, and seemed to be drawing nearer by degrees. The group was made up of the farmer, his wife, their three children, and a young man who was the eldest daughter's lover. The light was manifestly approaching, the dark shape of a boat became distinct, they heard the dip and splash of oars; at last the boat paused in the lee of the house, and their rescue was secure. It could be seen now, in the light of the lantern, that there were several persons in the boat, and that one of them was a woman.

A voice called upward to those within, "How many are you?"

And a voice called downward in reply, "Six."

To that answer followed a moment of silence.

Then, amid the sound of the water, came up the words, "We have only room for four."

"Shall you be able to come back for the others?" asked the farmer.

Again followed a pause, brief, but sufficient to foreshadow the coming negative.

No, hardly, it was getting too dark and too dangerous.

Within were quick questionings and denials, a half-heard debate, caught and lost again between the ominous beating of the rising floods. By daybreak the house-top would scarcely be left above water, even if the walls should be strong enough to hold out so long.

"Jack and I will stay," said the farmer at last.

"If Jack stays, so will I," answered the clear voice of his daughter.

Then a man rose in the boat and said, "There is no woman who would say that for me, and so let me stay."

The others in the boat looked at him as he stood leaning one hand against the wall. He was a stranger who had reached Wendelthorpe only that afternoon, and had volunteered his services at the starting of the boat.

The woman sitting in the stern moved a little and said, "I will stay, too;" and all eyes turned back to her. Her they knew. She was the new mistress of the village school, a grave young woman, and reported eccentric.

There was no remonstrance from the boat, only a slow, ruminating surprise; from above, indeed, came protests, but faint and quickly overruled.

A window was opened in a lower story; the two entered upon a landing that was already flooded, and went quickly upward.

Warm, broken thanks met them, and eager promises of return in the first hour of dawn. Then, from the upper window, the two watched the embarkation of the six, heard their shouts of thanks and of farewell, then the dip of the oars, and felt at their hearts a sudden blank. They stood side by side, watching the wavering progress of the departure and the wavering reflection of the shaken light. At last, when the boat was far away, and no dim echo reached them of its sounds, they turned towards each other and towards the inner room. The room had, in the interval, grown nearly dark, and as they turned this way they heard the flap of the water, like a step, on the staircase.

"Have you any hope of their coming back in time?" asked the woman.

Her companion answered, "No;" and she saw through the darkness that he shook his head.

"Nor have I," said she.

They stood aimlessly, looking into the fast darkening room. They had no occupation but to await the coming up of the water, and they were strangers who had never so much as beheld each other's faces by full daylight. The wind and the water went sweeping by outside, and in the house were ghostly sounds of doors and windows stealthily tried and shaken.

"Had we not better go up to the attic while we can?" asked the man by-and-by.

She assented, and they went inward to the dark core of the house. The inky solitude below was full of creakings and rustlings; above shone a square of yellow light, revealing a steep ladder. A lighted lantern had been left for them in the attic, together with food and warm wrappings.

"I will fetch the lantern," said he, and swung himself quickly upward.

She stood below, holding fast to the side of the ladder. His quick step sounded above her head; the light shifted and brightened, she saw his face in a quick illumination; then the light whirled towards and beyond her, down, down, into the darkness and crashed upon the stairs. Her breath stood still; she had a sickening feeling of being left alone. Assurance of her companion's safety reached her, however, in the form of an imprecation, checked, indeed, but hearty, uttered about two feet above her.

"The handle of the lantern was loose," said he, as he came to her level. "I'll go down and fetch it up."

"No, don't! it is too dark. Please don't! let us go up."

She had found his arm in the darkness and held him back. In the darkness, which was much the blacker for that brief interposition of light, they made their way into the attic, and crossing it carefully, afraid of the low roof, afraid of unseen stumbling-blocks, afraid of returning upon the yawning aperture, made their way to the grey square of the window. Here they found a large box upon which they sat down. They spoke but little; there were so few things left worth utterance in such an hour as this. By-and-by, as their eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, they discerned the general character of their surroundings. There was a table near them with food; there were boxes and bundles and a couple of old pictures, brought up hither apparently when the tide began to rise. In the middle lay the black square through which they had made entrance; at the far end a rough heap of straw was dimly distinguished, and from this came restless gnawings, scrapings, and rustlings, causing the woman to shrink and shudder.

"I suppose they are rats," she said once, when the sounds grew louder.

"I suppose so; do you mind very much?"

"No, if we could only see them."

Again for a while they were silent, hearing the little sounds within and the ever-increasing sounds without.

At last the man stood up, and passing his hand across his face said, "Oh! this is very cold-blooded! They used to torture witches so, fixed to a stake, when the tide was coming up."

He moved to and fro impatiently, and stood still by the table.

"Could you not eat something?"

"No, thank you."

He broke himself a piece of bread, and, returning to the window, ate a few mouthfuls. He pushed open the lattice and leaned out.

The water was rising rapidly, and was already washing on the window of the room below. He turned back towards her a face of dismay; hers as she sat within the room was not clearly visible, but her attitude was calm and undisturbed. He sighed and came back quietly to sit beside her. But his quietness was of short duration. He asked, after a few minutes, "Would you not like to go out upon the roof? We shall have to do it sooner or later, and I don't think we should feel quite so much imprisoned."

"Oh yes, let us go. Is there a trap-door?"

"I don't think there is. I looked just now. But I can get up through the window — the roof is close above — and then I can help you."

He set his foot on the window-sill, and thrust his head and shoulders through the narrow opening. "Oh yes, it is quite easy. But how it blows! We had better have some of those shawls."

She brought them and handed them out, watched him draw himself up, and then mounted in her turn from box to window-ledge, and, reaching her hands upwards, found herself lifted safely to the summit.

The surge of wind and water was terrific; her hat was blown away at once, and she was blinded by her hair. When she had freed her face, and drawn up her shawl over her head, she was able to perceive that the roof was formed of two long parallel gables, and that between them, at each end, a stack of chimneys rose from a solid platform. They went forward to the more sheltered group, and sat down on the block of brickwork at the base. They had before them the wide, desolate expanse of waters; below them torrents ran thundering between dwelling and outhouses; and in the pauses of the cannonade that beat the walls, and of the rushing and rending sounds within, they heard a southern wind drifting with sighs between the chimneys. There was no token of life, no light, no sound of hope. Yet they felt a sense of relief and freedom in being here, where they could see and know what was befalling.

"Oh, this is better!" said she, and lifted up her face to breathe the fresher air.

"One would say," said he, watching the dark cameo of her face, as it detached itself from the straight line of masonry, "that you had a kind of enjoyment of all this."

"In a sense I have. There is so much space and power. And there is the feeling of having for once put action and responsibility out of one's hands. There is nothing now which it can possibly be one's duty to do."

"You don't feel any fear of death, then?"

"I fear it physically, of course — the actual drowning and choking — ah, don't let us talk of it. But at least we shall have had this hour of freedom and rest."

"I could bear it better," he returned, "if there were any element of struggle. To sit still in a cage until death chooses to come and put an end to you — that's horrible!"

She turned towards him and seemed to consider his point of view until it became hers, for she shuddered and said, "It is horrible!"

There was silence again between them for a little while. Again, when her face was bent forward, he was able to watch its outline. Surely she was younger than he had supposed.

"What made you stay?" he asked suddenly. She hesitated a little.

"What made *you?*"

"I hardly know, more than what I said — that nobody cared much whether I did or not, and that I did not care much myself. But I am older than you, and I have had about as much out of life as it will ever give me."

"I don't think that it need be a question of age how much one's life is worth. Mine did not matter to any one, either; and it was not very easy or hopeful for myself. I had wanted so much, and had to learn that I must do with so little. Of course it is not noble to care so much about one's own petty happiness, but oh! one does care! And then, all at once, here was a way of escape, not selfish, but to help happier people, and — it seemed the key to everything when you stood up in the boat and said that you would stay."

"Yet," said he, "I could not help wondering, as we stepped out, whether what we were really giving to those young lovers was only time to lose their love for each other, even in remembrance. For death can only destroy the future, but life can destroy the past, too."

"Are you sorry, then, that you stayed?"

There was a little note of mockery in the question, or his conscience created it.

"No; it seemed the thing to do. One can but act in the present. And even if a man could know certainly that death would keep their love for them, and life would lose it, he could hardly bring himself to say, 'Then let death come.' It takes Apollo to give death when he is asked for the best gift. But yet, what a chance for two lovers to have died together so!"

She drew a rather deeper breath and made no spoken answer.

Down at the far horizon the late moon was rising, vague and cloudy. A ghostly light, bringing in its wake mysterious shadows, spread slowly as the moon drowsily lifted herself, and dropped the mists from her shoulders. The man, looking down, in this clearer light, to the water, started and said, "It is coming up much faster."

She stooped and looked. Then their eyes, lifting, sought each other. Both faces were pale in the moonlight. On both sat the human shrinking from this upward crawling fate. Yet it was something to see each other.

"How long is it to morning?" she asked.

He drew out his watch, but there came a cloud across the moon and they had to wait.

"It is just past twelve," said he.

"Perhaps they will come out by moonlight."

"Perhaps," said he. But neither of them had any trust in the hope.

He had seen in the moment when they looked at each other that she was indeed younger than his first supposition, though hardly so young as his second. She might be five-and-twenty. It was not the face of a girl. She had returned to her former position, and now, leaning back against the chimney, lifted up her face to the sky. Her eyes were closed and her lips drawn in. There was but time to look once before the lips curved again to a smile, and the eyes opened to a calm gaze.

The man sitting by her heard the changing and deepening tone of the water as it came up and up.

"You are too young for this," said he abruptly.

His voice had changed and deepened like the tone of the water.

"No, no," she answered after a moment. "Don't trouble about me."

"I do trouble about you. It's horrible! horrible!"

She again kept silence for a little space; then she said: "When I heard you say — that — in the boat, and get up to stay, I felt, suddenly, as if it was a cruel thing not to stay with you, too — as well as to save them."

She had been obliged to speak the last words loudly; for the wind rose suddenly and fiercely, and the shock of the water broke noisily on the walls. And as she ceased came a terrible crash; the whole building creaked and swayed; there were heavy splashes in the water, and water spouted over them as they caught and clung to each other. Long hair was blown before his face. They held each other fast, panting and trembling. She freed a hand, and drew aside her hair. There was a sound of water, running, trickling, and dropping. The calm moon, pursuing her leisurely pathway, passed out from behind a cloud, and showed them that the platform at the other end of the house had given way, and the stack of chimneys opposite had fallen.

"If it had been these!" said she.

They crouched nearer together, each still holding to the other. The fear in each mind now was the fear of being divided, of losing all human companionship. The waters were rising faster, rising, as it seemed, with a malignant, hungry joy.

"It can't be long now," said the man.

"No," said she.

There were a few more lifelong moments in which they sat silent, breathing hard. The wild gust of wind abated; the moon found a wide, open archway among the clouds; the face of the waters grew by comparison still again.

"And so," said he, "it was for me you stayed, and even at the end I can't go away in peace without pulling down some one else. And you, who stayed, are a stranger, and we shall die here together, strangers. Oh, the irony of this world! All my life I have been solitary and deserted. It has been my fault — no doubt it has been my fault; and now life is over. It's all too late, and there's no time."

She remained silent, and the monotonous pulse of the water throbbed below.

"But if, by any miracle, we should be saved, at least we know each other now," said he.

"Do we? Well, the depths, perhaps, of each other, but not the shallows. If we were to be saved, we should feel like friends till we came to land, and then you would go your way, and I mine; and if we were to meet once a week for a twelvemonth, we should speak to each other at first, and then we should nod and smile, and by-and-by we should pass and take no notice. No, what knowledge or friendship we have, does not belong to this life!"

"You believe, then, in another?"

"It is hardly that I believe in another life, so much as that I can't believe in death. We could not be capable of so much, and desirous of so much, and nothing come. We have not half enough. I feel so much, much more. No, I am not afraid. There's more."

He in his turn was silent. Perhaps he forbore, out of pity, to put forth a word against her hope; perhaps in his soul, too, a like hope, which he had taken to be long dead, began to stir and murmur.

The moon had put on, minute by minute, a fuller glory; it was illumining an

arch of clouds, and beyond the arch lay measureles liquid, lucid depths. She looked, and pointed upward. The full glow shone on her face. He saw in her dark eyes a slow ineffable softening; in all the lines of her features breathed a spirit of exultant reception.

"The open doorway of infinity," said he, fitting to this radiance its apt poetic description, but without anything of the poet's rapture or belief. Her lips moved to a recognizing smile.

"And can you look up to that and despair?" she asked.

"That has no voice for me. It is too far off, too silent, too unmoved. That glory may come back, as serene, to look down on my drowned face. But you have come to die with me. What hope there is in life or death, you have shown me. I don't know that it is lasting or that it is good for much; but such as it is, it comes from you."

Again the water came rushing over the fallen chimneys, and they looked out in momentary apprehension. But the sudden torrent subsided, and the waters went on rising again slowly as before.

He then quietly proceeded: "One thinks of life as the life one has known. To-night a glimpse has come to me of something that seems to make life worth going on with. It may be life on the other side of a division; I can't tell. I don't want to be carried back into the old life, but I do want life — the life that I nearly saw just now, when we thought that our time was upon us. And I have found you, standing with me upon the brink. We do not know each other, you say; we are not friends, and we can't be. I don't know. I only know that I would neither go on nor back, alone."

Her hand, which still clung to his arm, trembled, and was withdrawn, and in the next moment stole softly into his.

They sat quite silent, and the endless night drew on. Memories rose before each of them of hopes and dreams that had once been all in all, and now were small and faint and immeasurably distant. Around them, rising always, surged the persistent waters. Now and again gusts of wind awoke suddenly and brought a sweep of waves over the submerged masonry.

Presently, oozing drops began to creep between the chimneys behind them.

"We must go up higher," said the man.

They quitted their sheltered nook, and mounting, stood upon the platform of brickwork. The wind flung itself upon them in fury. They clung to the chimneys and to each other, and for a few minutes stood so, battling strenuously to keep their foothold.

The man cried out suddenly, "Oh! if there were only some place for you! It is too hard a death for you. I am so sorry for you."

And even while he spoke the water was up about their feet, snatching and dragging at them.

"I am not sorry," she answered. "And oh, no! it is not hard; it is the best moment life has ever brought me!"

Her voice was blown away as it crossed her lips. It was only because they were uttered at his ear that he could hear her words. And his, of reply, the winds snatched and carried away forever. The time of words was over. There was nothing now but hard-drawn breath, and the vain struggle of resistance, and then, a placid moon, shining over a waste of floods.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

From All The Year Round.

ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

THE nomad instinct is strong in human nature, and ought naturally to be strongest amongst those Magyars who, not many centuries ago, were a nation of nomads. The marvel, therefore, is not that Arminius Vambéry should have been an enthusiast in wandering, but that, beginning life as he did, he should have been able to wander to such good purpose. For he had absolutely no advantages to start with.

Nobody could have been more heavily handicapped for life's race. His family was very poor; and his father dying when he was a babe, his mother married again, hoping the stepfather might be helpful in bringing up her first husband's orphans. She was disappointed; and the elder children were turned adrift as soon as they were able to do anything. Arminius, being lame, was kept at home till he was twelve, and so got some schooling, his wonderful memory and his love of languages astonishing his masters. He used even to learn by heart long pieces of Latin, of which language he as yet knew nothing; but all his school aptitude did not save him from being apprenticed to a ladies' dressmaker, a light business suitable to a lame lad.

This, however, was too much for him. "When I had got so far," he says, "as to

be able to stitch two bits of muslin together, a feeling overcame me that Dame Fortune had something better in store for me."

He ran away, and got the village innkeeper to take him as boot-cleaner, supernumerary waiter, and tutor to his only son. This could not have been very pleasant work; especially when, boy-like, he got zealous about his pupil's advancement, and the lad, older and stronger than his teacher, gave him a good thrashing. He held on, however, till he had saved the vast sum of eight florins, and then he put himself to the gymnasium of St. George, near Pressburg.

His life there was hard enough. His eight florins he spent in books, and lived on the charity of seven families, who each gave him once a week a dinner, and also a big slice of bread for breakfast and another for lunch. For clothes he had the cast-off suits of the richer boys; but, instead of snubbing or neglecting him, his professors took extra pains with one who had passed second in the head form in Latin, and who soon began to talk Latin with fluency. Before long he learnt all that was to be learned at St. George's, and at the age of fourteen moved to Pressburg, and entered himself at the high school. This was a rash step. There were no kind families there who, knowing all about him, were willing to give him meals. He had, like some of the traditional Greek philosophers, to work half-time as a servant that he might go to school the other half. Then he tried pupils — "the she-cooks, chambermaids, and other individuals thirsting for knowledge." One can well believe that "every stone of the pavement of that beautiful town by the blue Danube, could it but speak, might tell some tale of misery that I endured there. But youth," he says with that cheerfulness which is the key to all his success, "is able to bear anything and everything." All this time he was combining hard work, such as would have made most Jacks very dull boys indeed, with abundance of play. His fare was bread and water; yet he grew up sturdy, getting quite the better of his lameness, and was "the life and soul of all fun and mischief in the schoolroom and out of it." When the holidays began, off he went, without a kreutzer in his pocket, on a ramble to Vienna, or Prague, or some other notable place. When he came up with a wagon or carriage he would begin a good-humored talk, and so make sure of a lift. At night he always made for the parsonage of the nearest village, and began to talk Latin to the priest. This ensured him bed and board and a trifle to carry him on his road, and, "by a few neatly turned compliments to the housekeepers, I generally succeeded in having my bag filled with provisions for the next day." On this he moralizes in his peculiar English, quaint from the very pains which he takes with it: "Truly politeness and a cheerful disposition are precious coins current in every country; they stand at a high premium with young and old, with men and women; and he who has them at his disposal may very well call himself rich, though his purse be empty."

Besides what he learnt at school he was, all this time, teaching himself. When he began a new language he was never satisfied till he could learn a hundred words a day. At sixteen he knew Greek and Latin, French, German, and Slav, besides his native Magyar; and then he at once fell upon the other branches of the Aryan family — the English, Danish, and other Germanic tongues; the Russian, Servian, and the rest of the Slavonic languages. "It was all vanity," he says. "I had no idea of ever making use of all this knowledge." He had meant to be a doctor or village lawyer; but he found he could master a language so easily and get so praised for his proficiency, that he went quite out of the groove. By-and-by people got tired of his spoutings of poetry of all nations, gesticulating at the same time in the most emphatic manner. It was whispered that he was off his head, and his enthusiasm cost him his place as teacher. Nothing daunted, he at once took up Turkish, which is as much akin to Magyar as, say, Dutch to Danish. He could not afford a dictionary, and so had to blunder on through a little selection-book with literal translations in German. So slender was his stock of words that he sometimes found out he had been wrong all through after he had patiently worked through a big volume.

At last, however, he was able, being then in his twentieth year, to read and understand a short Turkish poem; and then he would tarry no longer, but, getting help — he does not tell us how — from Baron Joseph Eötvös, he started for Galacz with little more than a knapsack bursting with books.

A man who can talk a dozen languages must always be a somebody amid the polyglot crowd that fills the deck of a lower Danube steamer; and when the dinner-

bell rang, one of his admirers was pretty sure to get hold of the youthful prodigy and bring him a ticket. Failing this, Arminius would hang about the kitchen reciting Tasso or Petrarch — the cooks are almost all Italians — and thereby winning a good plate of macaroni, followed by a slice of meat. The "Mille grazie, signore," with which this was received meant, he tells us with perfect *naïveté*, "May I come again in the evening?" "Come whenever you like," would be the laughing reply, and so he lived well, at no cost to himself, all through the voyage.

After Galacz he devoted himself chiefly to Turks, talking whenever he had the chance, and watching with breathless attention their demeanor at prayers, even to the motion of their lips as they shaped the to them unintelligible Arabic words. The Turks received him very graciously — he always has a good word for this much-abused people. They had a notion that the Magyars were ripe for conversion *en masse* to Islam, and they fancied that this very intelligent youth might be the first fruits. He had the best of it during a storm; for, while his Ottoman friends filled the brief intervals of their seasickness with appeals to Allah, he looked at it all through a halo or poetry, thought of Camoens, and Byron, and Tegner's Frithjof, and talks of the ship "dancing up and down the mountain-like waves like a nimble gazelle."

But, despite a carpet which a Turk had given him, he got chilled to the bone with the cold rain, and could not walk about, owing to the heap of ropes, arms, baggage, and prostrate forms. Aft it was all clear, with only one passenger parading in solitary grandeur. "How to get hold of him?" Arminius looked, and, guessing at his nationality, began repeating the "Henriade." The bait took; it was so *bizarre* to hear Voltaire's lines coming from among a heap of Turks. The first-class passenger edged nearer, and soon began talking. He was a Belgian secretary of legation, and the young Hungarian found his friendship very useful by-and-by.

At first life was rather hard in the Turkish capital. His Hungarian hat attracted an exiled compatriot, who shared with him his one room. "I couldn't sleep," says Vambéry, "and all of a sudden I became aware that now one, and again the other of my boots were moving about by themselves." "Do sleep!" groaned his friend in reply to his repeated questions. "It's nothing but rats playing." Before long he got rather better quarters at the Magyar (exiles') club. They lent him the tricolor for a coverlet, the secretary saying: "Friend, this flag has fired the hearts of many; wrap yourself up in it; dream of glorious battlefields; maybe it will keep you warm too." But a man must eat as well as sleep, and happily Arminius had many strings to his linguistic bow.

He soon found a German who wanted to learn Danish, and began reading Andersen with him. Then a rich young Turk came to learn French, or rather to play at learning it, and next our Hungarian was installed in the family of Hussein Daim Pasha, as teacher of his son, Hassan Bey. It was the very thing he wanted. "Oriental quiet and Turkish comfort, the dignified and patriarchal air of the whole house," were in striking contrast with his beggarly quarters at Pera, and there was a worthy old Anatolian *vekilkhardj* (majordomo) who taught the novice how to sit, yawn, sneeze, and carry his head and hands with propriety. A Bagdad mollah, too, Ahmed Effendi, "a man of rare gifts, vast reading, ascetic life, and boundless fanaticism," took him in hand, thinking that, as his pasha called him Reshid (the bravely discreet), he must be very near conversion. By him he was taught Persian, and gradually shaped into a thorough Asiatic. Ahmed had been all through the Crimean war as a *ghazi* (warrior zealot), fighting bareheaded and barefooted, always to the front, never laying down sword and lance, save when, five times a day, he said his prayers.

No wonder such intercourse strengthened Vambéry's boyish longing to see the far East; and no wonder he liked the Turks, for in what other European capital, in the year of grace 1860, would an unknown, poverty-stricken stranger "have won his way, solely by dint of his eagerness to learn, and his willingness to teach, to the most distinguished circles"?

"In the West there are plenty of protectors and patrons, but the easy affability of Turks in high position, the utter absence of all pride or overbearing superciliousness, are here wholly wanting." Your Turk, whatever be his faults (and they are many), is a practical believer in that equality before God of which we talk so much. He likes wealth, because it brings pleasures; but the want of it never makes him think the less of a man who has really something in him.

But learning how to behave as a Turk, and how to talk as a Persian, did not fill up all his time. He kept translating and

sending to the Hungarian Academy portions of those voluminous histories which the sultans, who always took a chronicler about with them, have left behind. He became philological, too, and sought, by studying eastern Turkish, to get at the mother tongue of the Turanian Magyar; and with such success that the grateful Hungarian Academy made him a corresponding member, and offered him a thousand florins (paper; only six hundred in silver) to help him on his journey to central Asia. They also gave him a grand Latin letter of recommendation to all sultans, khans, and beys, which he prudently left behind in Stamboul, and after spending six months and nearly half his six hundred florins in visiting shrines, interviewing Bokharist pilgrims, and otherwise fitting himself to support the character of a hadji (holy pilgrim), who, having done Mecca and the holy places of the West, was now anxious to visit those in the far East, he started, his Turkish friends doing all they could to dissuade him, backing up their picture of the dangers of the way with the prayer, "Allah akillar" (God lend him reason). Of course, he did not confide his whole plan to them. They got him firmans for his route through Turkish territory, and private recommendations to the Turkish embassy at Teheran; and that far, at any rate, he was to travel in state as Reshid Effendi. His effendiship stood him in good stead, enabling him to frighten off the Kurds who were hungering to spoil his Armenian fellow-travellers. Much as he likes the Turks, he never blinks the fact that their provincial government is horrible. In an Armenian village he asked: "Why don't you get help from the governor of Erzeroum?" "Because he's at the head of the robbers. God alone, and his representative on earth, the Russian tzar, can help us." And such a Russophobe as Vambéry would not have added, "The poor people were certainly right in this," had he been able anyhow to persuade himself that they were wrong.

Persia, with its bazaars full of all the varied throng of Eastern life; its people, so polished on the surface, yet so savage below; its ruins; its mystery-plays, at which the spectators change in a moment from loud laughter to weeping and beating their breasts; delighted him immensely. He saw Ispahan, now sadly decayed, the huge meidan, where Shah Abbas used to review his troops, empty, yet the population cultured, "the shoemakers, tailors, and little shopkeepers knowing by heart hundreds of verses of their best poets." What a strange thing for one who had narrowly escaped being a man-milliner at Pressburg, to be going about capping lines of Saadi and Hafiz with tradesmen at Ispahan and Shiraz! At this latter place he half threw off the Turk, finding a Swedish physician, whom he at first mystified by coming to him as a mollah sent for his conversion. "I know what that means, good mollah," said the Swede, offering him a few piastres; and on their being indignantly refused, he added: "Well, I can't afford any more. You are harder to satisfy than most of your sort." This led to an explanation, and to a close three months' friendship, during which Shiraz suffered severely from an earthquake, and its wine-bibbing, excitable mob, thinking Heaven was angry with them for letting infidels live in their midst, came very near tearing down the Swede's house and killing its inmates. It is notable, by the way, that, just as an Englishman in one part of Germany is often taken for a German of another part, but never succeeds in escaping detection in the most rural part of northern France, so, while Vambéry easily passed himself off as a Turk among Turcomans and Tartars, the sharp-sighted Persian villagers were always finding him out. They never betrayed him, though, "for, such is their Shi-ite hatred of the Sunnite central Asians that nothing pleases them more than to see them imposed upon." No wonder they hate the Sunnite faith, for not only do its Turcoman professors harry their villages and carry them into slavery, but also they destroy the grand remains at Persepolis and elsewhere — for which the modern Persian, though he attributes them all to Solomon and Djemshid, has great reverence. The Turcoman, on the contrary, often breaks down a grand column for the sake of the few ounces of lead with which the stones are bonded together.

After a very pleasant time at the Teheran embassy, our traveller started in good earnest as a hadji. He had taken care to make friends with all the Tartar pilgrims who passed through the city, and so deeply impressed were they with his kind attentions — doubly kind to men who were ill looked on by the Shi-ite natives — that a rumor soon got about of his being a veritable dervish in disguise. Hence he was warmly welcomed by a band of specially holy (and unsavory) Tartar dervishes on their way back from Mecca, and the hardest trial that befell him all through was to

submit to the embraces of these filthy, vermin-eaten saints.

The country between Teheran and Khiva is in great part desert — not all the dull sort of desert we think of, for those primeval seas had their rocky borders, which rise like a succession of Cheddar cliffs out of the sand, and make part of the way very romantic. Saints though they were, our party had more than their share of desert, owing to the need of giving a wide berth to the Tekke Turcomans — of whom the Russians have since given a good account — these people being such desperadoes that the proverb says: "They would sell the Prophet himself if they got hold of him."

Wherever they went, the saints were in high repute, the blessed dust of Mecca and Medinah being supposed to cling to them, and to do those who touched them almost as much good as if they had made the pilgrimage themselves. They were never in want of such food as the nomads had to give. Good store of everything filled their scrip, just as it did that of the barefooted friar in the old song. One khan at Gomuthtepe had, alone and on foot, captured three Persians, and driven them eight miles into slavery. They were sold while the holy men were there, and a tithe of the price was religiously handed to them.

These Turcomans are not Mongols. One might take them for Norsemen, "with their manly forms, short riding-coats, blue eyes, defiant looks, and fair hair falling in curls on their shoulders."

It was anxious work, in the most dangerous parts, travelling "in the pitchy darkness," the camels being tied nose and tail to prevent any breaking away. By day they rested, partly because of the heat (it was May), partly because by day there was more fear of being attacked. In one place they came upon some ruins, which the Turcomans believe to be those of the Kaaba, which a lame blue devil (ancestor of the Goklen tribe) kept pulling down as fast as it was built. Wherefore Allah moved it to Mecca. And ever since there has been bitter war between the Goklens and the rest of the Turcomans. Once or twice they were terribly off for water, and once, indeed, would have perished had not the kervanbashi (caravan-leader) come upon a cache which he had stored away on a previous journey. Another time they were half the night in a salt quaking bog, not daring to move for fear of getting swallowed up. This was unpleasant, for the pungent soda smell made their heads dizzy. Before they got to Khiva the sand was so hot that even the most hardened had to fasten leather round their feet. A Russian army which crossed the same place ten years later found the thermometer rise to one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit in the sun. Khiva, with its gardens, and cupolas, and towers, looked beautiful after the weary desert; but it was disquieting to hear that the khan was sharper than ever upon strangers — had quite lately, with no fear of England before his eyes, made a slave of a Mahomedan prince from India, who had come there on his travels. Arminius, however, was not to be daunted. He went in with the rest, singing telkins (hymns) as lustily as if they had been a party of Salvationists, the people pressing round to kiss their tattered rags, offering them bread and dried fruit, and greeting them with "Aman essen gheldinghiz" ("Happily arrived"). With his knack of making friends everywhere, our traveller went straight to one Shukrullah Bey, who had been ten years ambassador at Stamboul, and when asked, "What, in Allah's name, can have made you leave Stamboul, that earthly paradise, to come to these wilds?" he fearlessly replied, "I'm a dervish of the Nakishbend order, and my pir" (spiritual chief) "sent me to the Bokhara shrines. A murid" (novice) "is bound, you know, to obey his pir's commands." He was not found out, though he had twice audience of the khan, whom he blessed in true pilgrim style, coupling his blessing with "thanks to Allah that the sight of his Majesty's blessed beauty more than made up for all the dangers of the journey." His Majesty's appearance was not prepossessing. "Every feature betrayed the debauched, dull-minded, inhuman tyrant; eyes sunken, lips pallid-white, voice shaky." And when we read of the sacks of heads, the bringers of which received robes of honor, and the eye-gouging and other fearful tortures on the old men of three hundred Turcoman prisoners (the younger were sold as slaves), enacted before Vambéry's eyes, we cannot feel altogether sorry that the Russians have got hold of Khiva.

From Khiva to Bokhara there was more desert, but with a Kalenter Khane (inn for dervishes, who are the same as our Arabian Nights' friends, the Calenders) every now and then, and Tartar villages here and there, in one of which a fair was being held on horseback, a mounted milk-seller managing to pour a drink down her mounted customer's throat. A Kirghiz

woman, whom they asked how she liked this wandering life, said: "We must move about, as sun, stars, and everything are doing — only the dead and idle mollahs" (clergy) "like you can stay in one place."

At Bokhara they had lodging in a spacious tree-shaded convent, in plan much like a college at Oxford or Cambridge, and, as the emir has no more power over the convent than the mayor of Oxford has over the colleges, Vambéry felt safe. He was struck with the beauty and wealth of the bazaar, and the concourse of all kinds of men who thronged it. During his whole stay in this dervish-ridden city he was persecuted by spies, whom, however, he set at defiance, always taking the chief seat as a dervish should, and gaining great respect among the people by his fine rosary and big turban. Worse than the spies were the rishte (*Filaria medinensis*), a threadlike worm that forms under the skin, and has to be pulled out to the length often of several yards, and woe betide you if it breaks in the process. I remember reading of something of the sort in South America, but not so bad as the rishte.

One grand difference between Khiva and Bokhara was, that at the former everybody was lavish of gifts. The khan wanted to give Vambéry twenty gold pieces, but he replied: "A dervish must not be cumbered with worldly wealth." He then begged to offer an ass for the journey. "That I will accept," said the Hungarian; "but let it be a white one, so that I may fitly visit the holy places." At Bokhara everybody was glad to listen to their hymns and prayers, but no one gave them a single coin. Hence, after a little more than a fortnight, they pushed on to Samarcand, no longer through the desert, but through fields and past populous villages. Here there are over one hundred shrines to be visited, among them the mosque of Timur, with the great green stone on which was his throne. Indeed, Samarcand, possibly the oldest city in the world, is full of grand buildings, mostly decaying, but some of them quite new, for it is still a great centre of holiness — a place where merit may be won by building a mosque or a college for dervishes, or by restoring a tomb. The emir, who lives half his time at Bokhara, half at Samarcand, was a pleasing contrast to him of Khiva, very pleasant to look on, but very suspicious. Vambéry had a bad quarter of an hour during his audience; but he dexterously disarmed suspicion, and managed to get, instead of the death-warrant which he feared, a robe of state and a sum of money. And now there were two courses open to him. He could either return by Yarkand, Thibet, and Cashmere, even taking Komul and Pekin on the way, or he could get quickly back to Teheran by way of Herat. I cannot understand how, being so far on the road, he should have turned his back on all the wonders of China. Probably he feared, what his fellow-dervishes feared for him — want of means; among the heathen Chinee he could not hope for anything to fill his pilgrim's scrip. It was hard work saying good-bye to his fellow-dervishes; his heart, he tells us, nearly broke at having to practise double-dealing on men who, in perils of all kinds, had proved themselves real friends. They handed him to a party who were going by way of Herat to Mecca, and "all crying like very children," he set out, being joined on the march by a whole caravan of Persian slaves, returning home after being ransomed by their friends.

The sad stories of these people — a father giving his all to buy his son, and then father and son being fallen on by another horde when they were almost at their village; a son coming to buy his mother, who was priced at twenty gold pieces, and finding the sum suddenly raised to forty, because the captors found the ransomer was a son and speculated on his filial affection — are enough to make us thankful that Russia is putting a stop to these horrors. Saddest of all was the man who had lost wife, sister, and six children. Wearily, for over a year, he sought them through Khiva and Bokhara; and when he found their whereabouts, wife, sister, and two youngest children had died of hardship; and of the four surviving children, the two elder had blossomed into beautiful girls, and were therefore far above his means to buy back, and he had to be content with only two of his family. And yet there is a deal of kindness in these Turcomans. One night, after having been for hours reading aloud their own heroic ballads to a group of these wild children of the desert, Vambéry fell asleep, and was awakened by a scorpion-bite on his toe. He screamed out, and the Turcoman lying next him at once bandaged his foot till he nearly cut into the flesh, and began sucking the wound as if he would suck off the joint. When he was tired another took his place, and another, and this probably saved his life, though he was so maddened with the pain — scorpions are worst in the dog-days —

that they had to tie him to a tree to keep him from dashing his head against the ground. Money now began to run very short, our dervish had turned most of his into needles, knives, glass beads, etc., to be exchanged with the Uzbeks for bread and melons. These wares filled half his bag, the other half being full of precious manuscripts, picked up in Bokhara. What told most on his purse were the heavy passenger-tolls, especially that which the Afghan customs collectors made them pay. Herat was a city in ruins, having just been sacked by Dost Mahomed. Here he was all but discovered by Yakub Khan, then a lad of sixteen, to whom he presented himself — pushing the fat vizier aside and sitting, dervish fashion, close to the prince — in order to get a little journey-money. His journey thence to Persia was the hardest stage of all. It was bitter frost, his clothing was of the scantiest, and to his appeals for a horse-rug, the hard-hearted Afghans of the caravan which he had joined would say, like La Fontaine's ant to the poor grasshopper, "Dance, hadji, and thou wilt get warm." At Meshed he got back to civilization, and met with an English friend. Here he found that nobody would believe him to be a Stamboul man, they were all certain he was a Bokhariot, so perfect had his central Asian speech become by continual practice. Back in Teheran he had some amusing experience of the universal official rapacity. The shah gave him the Order of the Lion, a poor silver plate, which he was allowed to keep, but the costly shawl which accompanied it the minister seized as his perquisite. Presents of game, shot by the royal hand, used to be made to the Corps Diplomatique, the bearer always expecting a good reward. These became so numerous that the ambassadors decided not to receive any but what were certified by the minister of foreign affairs. For a time this abated the annoyance, but soon it began again. It was then found that the minister issued false certificates on condition of sharing the profits, and the shah was highly amused at this mode of taking in the foreigners.

At last Vambéry got back to Europe, and came straight to London, as being the best place for publishing his books, and the chief centre of geographical activity. Here he was made a lion, but he did not like it half so well as being the honored friend of pashas, and hadjis, and ghazis in Stamboul. He went back to Hungary as fast as he could, and getting a professorship at the Pesth University, with a modest salary of one hundred pounds a year, gave up his wanderings and became a great authority in politics and in languages. His political books are a little out of date, the march of events, the advance of Russia, have fulfilled his prophecies; but Mr. Fisher Unwin has done good service in publishing his travels. The story is a most remarkable one, not the least wonder about it being the perfect command of English which the polyglot writer shows.

From The Academy.

DR. GOODFORD.

CHARLES OLD GOODFORD, D.D., PROVOST OF ETON.

IT would ill become a journal like this to pass over in silence the death of any scholar who had attained so distinguished a position as that of provost of Eton. It is doubly well to say a few words on Dr. Goodford's death, because special knowledge of the man was confined to a comparative few, and because in days of unrest and change we are apt to forget those whose main work in life has been ended some years before the life itself is closed.

It is forty-three years, almost to a day, that the present writer, entering Eton somewhat later in "the half" than the gathering of the school after Easter, became a pupil of Mr. Goodford, then one of the younger masters. He gained a friend with whom cordial relations continued to the last, while for some years circumstances brought him into a very special nearness and intimacy with his former tutor, then head-master, enabled him to know better than most a somewhat reserved and cautious man, and developed a respectful liking into a sincere affection. It has seemed a duty to place on record somewhat of the character and life of his friend.

Charles Old Goodford, born in 1812, the younger son of Mr. Goodford, of Chilton Cantelo, near Yeovil, himself an Eton man, was entered at an early age as a King's scholar at that school. He became in due time scholar and fellow of King's, Cambridge, and a master at Eton while still an undergraduate. This was, however, of no importance, since there was no selection possible of men based on their standing in the class lists. King's College at Cambridge, as New College at Oxford, had the privilege of

presenting its men for degrees without the university examinations; and Mr. Goodford, with many others, was therefore unable to prove in the schools the soundness of the scholarship he had gained, as full and excellent in his case as it was lacking in some others who had passed through the same training and attained the same position.

Young as Mr. Goodford was on becoming a master, and even when in a year or two he had charge of a large and important house, succeeding his tutor, Mr. Wilder, who still survives him as a fellow of the college, he never gave his pupils the impression that he was a young man. There was about him a grave and stately dignity, which the plainness of his features and want of grace in his person never impaired; there was a gentlemanlike and high-bred tone about all that he said and did, from which a strong west-country accent did not detract. Forty years ago, accent and dialect were less conformed than now to a London pattern, and it may be doubted if it be a gain to the language to have so far smoothed away linguistic differences. As a tutor, Dr. Goodford had few equals. Accurate, painstaking, patient, always ready to invent, or reproduce from others, little aids to memory for grammatical niceties, insisting on accuracy and painstaking in his pupils, they came to know that difficulties must be faced, not shirked, and to conform in a degree to their tutor's standard. He was in the habit of stating paradoxes, which at the time he meant, as, if a boy made a mistake, "Did you look out that word, Jones?" "No, sir; please, sir, I thought ——" "Never think till you are in the sixth form — till then, look out *every* word." This is said, however, of boys who had some turn at least for work, some intellect to cultivate. No man knew better than he did that there were some boys who could not write themes and do verses, for whom Latin and Greek would ever remain dead languages, whose only reading through life would be the sporting papers, for whom the advantages of Eton, if any, were that they should become a shade less loutish than Tony Lumpkin, the native growth of too many west-country homes. A large proportion of his pupils came from his own county and those adjacent. When such lads were under his charge he did not attempt the impossible or break his heart over their dulness; he let them be, minimizing in such ways as he could their harmful example. To a responsive boy he showed boundless zeal, allowed him to borrow books from his own excellent library, explained or laid down a course of English literature, encouraged the study of modern languages and mathematics — in those days no part of school work. There are many of his pupils who feel that they owed to him their first introduction and stimulus to whatever literary culture they now possess.

As a form-master he was not so good. The real work of Eton was then generally done in the pupil room; the school lesson was often treated as a mere repetition to see if the work were correctly known, illustration or explanation being purposely left on one side. Boys used to think that Goodford slept through most of the lessons as fourth-form or remove master — he certainly always closed his eyes — but he woke into immediate vigor and liveliness at the sound of a mistranslation or a false quantity. It is but fair to teachers of those distant days to record that there were other masters who took a different view of the school work, and that the lessons given, for instance, by Carter, the present fellow of Eton, and Cookesley, a true genius, however perverse and erratic, were no mere hearing of tasks, but real and brilliant teaching. And Goodford as head-master, when he took the sixth-form boys, who are to a large extent emancipated from tutorial supervision, showed himself the able and scholarly teacher, sound if not always inspiriting, his pupils had known him to be

As a house-master Goodford was eminently liberal and kind. He was, perhaps, too unsuspicious, too eager to believe in all boys the moral excellence which had been his own as a boy, and to hope for amendment where it was hopeless. He kept many a pupil in his house in this trust, when a more far-seeing and rigid kindness would have demanded removal. Hence there was a time when the tone of his house was indifferent, because he never thought that any evils could exist beyond the trivial ones, which he scented out with extreme vigilance, of an occasional rubber of whist in the evening or a stealthy cigar behind a hedge.

In 1853 he became head-master in succession to Dr. Hawtrey, then elected provost, and the school at once felt the good effects of the change. Few more graceful *éloges* of a public man have ever been written than that on Hawtrey in Mr. Maxwell Lyte's "History of Eton," which is said to have proceeded from the pen of one long an assistant master under him, and which carries great weight. But

there is another side. Hawtrey, who began his head-mastership as an eager reformer, had grown reactionary after twenty years of work. Rightly confident of the efficiency of his own reforms, he could not see that more still were needed; his teaching had become mechanical and his discipline lax. He gave those who were in his form the impression of a tired man who had had too long a tenure of office. But this does not contradict the more enthusiastic feeling about him when he was in his prime, an able and energetic head-master. The details of changes introduced by Goodford would not interest any at this day, but they were many and far-reaching. It is not true, though it has been so said, that in any intellectual matters his instincts were conservative. He aimed at a very complete reconstruction of the system of teaching; he made discipline a reality, while he abolished many vexatious shams which had needlessly restricted liberty. If his plans were but imperfectly carried out, the fault was not his, but Provost Hawtrey's; for the provost had a veto on almost everything done at Eton, while the head-master, and not the provost, was ostensibly responsible. Goodford always maintained that in school matters the head-master should be alone responsible; that there was no more friction in the working of the school than really existed was owing to the new head-master's patience, persistence, and loyalty — always a most distinguishing characteristic.

The work of head-master is unquestionably less laborious than that of a tutor, and places more time at his disposal. *Dr.* Goodford, as he now became, used his leisure time for greater study. He was one of those fortunate persons who could rise early and go to bed late. He had two rooms which composed his library, and used them alternately, descending as soon as he rose in the morning to light his own fire in that which had been tidied for him the night before, that it might burn up while he was dressing. He was rarely in bed after half past five, and for a long period timed his rising by the step of a laborer who passed under his window at that hour on his way to work at Slough. He then warmed a cup of cocoa in an Etna, and sat down to hard work at German or Italian, both of which languages he studied deeply and thoroughly after he became head-master. Of all literature in all languages known to him he was a most diligent student, as conscientious with himself as he had been with his pupils in earlier days. Holding his own views, those of a moderate High Churchman of the pre-Ritualistic school, he had the widest toleration for those of others, and he read with delight and large acquiescence Professor Jowett's essay on the interpretation of Scripture in "Essays and Reviews." In these studies he followed learning for learning's sake, and made her her own great reward; for he never wrote, or apparently desired to write, anything but his sermons — unless the edition of Terence, which he printed to give as a "leaving book" to his sixth-form boys, be considered an exception. The sermons were well written; but he was a singularly monotonous and ungraceful reader; the eloquence of Jeremy Taylor would have been destroyed had it been delivered by the provost.

When Hawtrey died, the Public Schools Commission was preparing; Goodford was in the vigor of his life, and took the greatest interest in the work of the Commission, looking forward to it to aid his own and other reforms. He had no desire to quit the post he filled so well, and his nomination by the crown to the provostship was an unmitigated distress to him. Lord Palmerston, who knew nothing of Eton politics, had named him to the queen, as it afterwards appeared, solely because he thought, erroneously, that he was following invariable precedent; and Goodford acquiesced because he would not harass her Majesty, then recently left a widow, by giving her the trouble of another selection. His exceeding loyalty led him to do violence to his own feelings, and take an office which shelved him, which he did not want, and which he could ill afford. The death of his elder brother, which not long after gave him possession of the family estates, seemed then far distant, and the renunciation of about two-thirds of the income he had had as head-master was a sign of the loyal and obedient spirit which always characterized him.

His successor's rule was as narrow and pedantic as, however thwarted, his own had been large and liberal. Whatever was done by Dr. Balston to meet the demands of the time was grudgingly and unwillingly performed. So far as in him lay, he undid whatever of reform had been introduced. It is, however, but fair to say that the office was forced on Dr. Balston, and that he gave it up, as he said he should, at the end of six years. He was a stop-gap, and perhaps too modest to regard himself in any other light. And no doubt great allowance must be made for

a man who had already retired, and who was dragged from the leisured conservatism of the Eton cloisters to take a post which he did not like. The fact yet remains that he filled it ill. There were those who, knowing how much Hawtrey had done to neutralize Goodford, hoped that Goodford as a reforming provost might neutralize Balston. But they little knew the consistency and logical honesty of the provost. To one who expressed this hope he said, in effect: "How can I possibly interfere? Do you not know that for nine years I have constantly said that the head-master ought to be independent of the provost in all school affairs? How can I stultify myself, how unsay what I have said, and violate this principle to carry out what I wish? To uphold the head-master is in the long run the best, as well as the most honest, policy." But he knew he was laid by; the Public Schools Act made him a mere chairman of a Governing Body the majority of whom know no more of the real working of Eton than if they were Hindus. To them also he was loyal; and, if he grew more and more conservative, it was as perhaps the only mode of preserving the old traditions of Eton, and retaining the continuity of the school, without which, as it seems to many, reform would be of scant value. The provost's course in Dr. Balston's time has naturally been continued under the colorless *régime* of Dr. Hornby, of which we need not here speak.

For many years Dr. Goodford's health had been far from good. He kept up his old studious habits, but the want of a regular occupation laid on him from outside irked him, and perhaps made him less able to resist the encroachments of illness. The foundation of the complaints from which he died dated, however, from a chill contracted many years since, when on a wet day he gave his overcoat to a lady on the outside of a coach. He long suffered acute pain at times without complaining.

With the provost will pass away a host of old-world legends of Eton. He and his father before him had excellent memories, and the recollections of the two combined, and as related by the son, went far back into the last century. He was a good narrator; and his "after-dinner talk, across the walnuts and the wine," would bring vividly before the hearers the fellows of old days, whose very ghosts can now scarce care to haunt the cloisters which belong to a mere Governing Body.

This is no place to speak of the provost's happy family life, save to say one word of sympathy with those who have lost a tender husband, father, and friend. Those admitted to the inner circle of Dr. Goodford's companionship were probably few; he was a man of domestic rather than expansive affections. And of late he has been known less than of old in a changing Eton — more, perhaps, in Somerset as a squire and country rector, though his nook of Somerset is still remote from the larger world. But all who knew him, even in a slight degree, saw in him a man of sincere piety, probity, humility, and truth; those who were his pupils knew the true scholar and man of letters, the kind, indulgent guide and friend.

From All The Year Round.

EARTHQUAKES IN ENGLAND.

An earthquake is looked upon as a startling item of domestic news, although there is no very good reason why it should be, seeing that our tight little island has experienced its fair proportion of such visitations since our ancestors were frighted out of their propriety in 1101, by what William of Malmesbury calls "a horrid spectacle," when buildings, high and low, were lifted up throughout the land, only, however, to "settle as before."

Twelve years afterwards, a shock was experienced at Shrewsbury and Nottingham, but it does not appear to have been felt elsewhere, excepting so far as the rivers were concerned. Men passed over the Trent dry-footed. The Thames was fordable at London Bridge, and most of the larger rivers sank very low; the chronicler recording that a hard winter, with pestilence, murrain, and famine, followed thereupon. In the succeeding year another earthquake interrupted building operations at Croyland, the new work at the church there giving way, and the old walls cracking and bulging so badly that they had to be shored up till the edifice was roofed in.

Just before Easter in 1185, Holinshed tells us that there chanced a sore earthquake through all parts of the land, the like of which had not been heard of in England since the beginning of the world, for stones that lay couched fast in the earth were removed out of their places, houses were overthrown, and the great church at Lincoln rent from the top down-

wards. Strangely enough, the last-mentioned calamity is unnoticed by the local historians, who speak of the earthquake as a blessing to the city, by its clearing away a multitude of ruinous old hovels, which were a disgrace and danger to the place.

St. Valentine's Day, 1247, was made memorable by an earthquake doing much damage in London. In September, 1275, the town of Glastonbury was shaken into ruins, and upon St. Mary's Day, 1361, an earthquake, extending through all England, "greatly 'gan the people all affraye, so dreadful was it then and perilous." Twenty-one years later came the earthquake of 1382, when Harding saw

Castles, walls, towers, and steeples fyll,
Houses, and trees, and crags from the hill.

It happened on the 21st of May, and was followed by a violent commotion of the waters on the coast, the ships in harbor being driven against each other with great violence. A song-writer of the time says:

When this earth quok,
Was none so proud he n'as aghast,
And all his jollity forsook,
And thought on God while that it last.
And as soon as it was overpast,
Men wox as evil as they dead ere;
Each man in his heart may cast,
This was a warning to be ware.

Forsooth this was a Lord to dread,
So suddenly made men aghast;
Of gold and silver they took no heed,
But out of their houses full soon they past.
Chambers, chimneys, all to-barst [burst],
Churches and castles foul 'gan fare;
Pinnacles, steeples, to ground it cast,
And all was for warning to be ware.

So far, we have not met with a single instance of earth-opening, but in 1571, according to Burton: "The earth, near Kinaston, Herefordshire, began to open, and a hill called Marclay Hill, with a rock under it, made at first a mighty bellowing noise, which was heard afar off, and then lifted itself up to a great height, and began to travel, carrying along with it the trees that grew upon it, the sheepfolds and sheep abiding thereon at the same time. In the place from whence it removed it left a gaping distance, forty feet wide and eighty ells long. The whole field was nearly twenty acres. Passing along, it overthrew a chapel standing in the way, removed a yew-tree growing in the churchyard. With the like violence, it thrust before it highways, houses, and trees; made tilled ground pastures, and again turned pasture into tillage." Three years later, the counties of Yorkshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, and Gloucestershire experienced a shaking, but little harm was done.

Elizabeth's reign was as notable for its great earthquakes as its great men, great deeds, and great events. On the evening of the 6th of April, 1580, London was frighted by a severe shock. All the bells of Cockaigne, from the great bell of Westminster downwards, clanged loudly and discordantly as the amazed citizens rushed in terror from their abodes. The churches were emptied of their congregations in no time; the audiences streamed out of the playhouses; and the Templars, leaving their meal unfinished, ran out into the street, knives in hand. Part of the Temple Church was thrown down. Loosened by the vibration, scores of the stones of St. Paul's fell into the churchyard; and stones falling from Christ Church killed an apprentice and a servant-maid. So great was the consternation created that the queen ordered the issuing of a form of prayer for the occasion, which everybody was enjoined to use before retiring for the night. No second shock, however, was felt in the capital; but the towns on the Kentish coast experienced four in the space of ten hours. At Sandwich, four of the arches of St. Mary's Church were rent asunder. At Dover, part of the castle-wall was cast down, and portions of the cliff tumbled into the sea. Matters were as bad the other side of the Channel, the town of Montpellier suffering such damage that Queen Bess urged "the principal gentlemen of certain counties" to contribute liberally to the relief of those "of the religion" dwelling there — "God's merciful warning by the late earthquake being an extraordinary admonition to Englishmen to act with true Christian sympathy towards the calamity of the afflicted."

Shakespeare probably had this earthquake in his mind when making Juliet's nurse fix the date of the weaning of her charge by remembering, "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years."

For more than a century England remained undisturbed by any internal convulsion worth noticing, but on the 8th of September, 1692, a shock was felt in the home counties, especially at Sheerness, Sandwich, Dover, and Deal, the thick walls of the castle at the last-mentioned town being so shaken that the whole building was expected to come down. Evelyn, who was dining at Wotton, in Surrey, at the time, says: "None of us at the table were sensible of any motion,

but the maid, who was then making the beds, and another servant in a garret above her, felt it plainly; and so did my wife's laundry-maid here at Deptford; and generally, wherever they were above in the upper floors, they felt the trembling more sensibly. In London, and particularly in Dover Street, they were greatly affrighted." The shock came during the hour of "high change," and the merchants rushed incontinently from their congregating places; the people left their houses to seek safety in the open streets, which were crowded with a terror-stricken throng, some of whom fainted from sheer apprehension. No serious damage resulted either in town or in country, but the authorities improved the occasion by enforcing the laws against drunkenness, debauchery, and using of profane oaths with greater strictness than they had done before the earthquake frightened the population into believing that the world was coming to an end.

In the opening months of 1750, the weather-mongers were puzzled by having to undergo tropical heat, and Londoners were alarmed by evening skies of fiery red, betokening, they thought, some impending calamity. Their fears were justified by a smart earthquake shock about noon on the 8th of February, making Westminster Hall tremble to its foundations, shaking houses in Holborn and Chancery Lane, and causing dwellers near the Tower to think an explosion had occurred there. Exactly a month afterwards, between one and two in the morning, the earth had another shivering fit. "I had been awake," wrote Horace Walpole, "and had scarce dozed again, on a sudden I felt my bolster lift my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted nearly half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in frightened out of his senses; in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighborhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done. There has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much earthenware. It has nowhere reached above ten miles from London."

The alarm in town was intense; nothing else was talked of or written about. Dr. Sherlock made it the theme for a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand copies were sold in two days. Pastors told their flocks the earthquake was a judgment on the city for its manifold sins, and the women at least believed them. Shrewd traders turned it to profitable account by selling earthquake gowns, for the women to wear while sitting out of doors at night; a quack got rid of his earthquake pills; and Turner, the china-dealer, having had a vase cracked by the shock, doubled the price of the set.

While the excitement was at its height, a soldier of Lord Delawarr's troop, turning prophet, announced a third and more destructive shock for the 5th of April. The "upper ten" were seized with an uncontrollable desire to visit their country houses, seven hundred and thirty outward-bound coaches passing Hyde Park Corner in three days, while all the roads out of London were crowded with vehicles of all sorts on the fourth day. Ladies of quality went beyond the ten-mile circuit for the night, to play cards, intending, Walpole suggested, to return next day to look for the bones of their husbands and families in the rubbish. One heroic lady came up from the country that she might die with her friends. Those who stayed at home and went bravely to bed, were disturbed by reckless revellers shouting, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!" Nothing came of the prediction, and the unlucky seer was sent to Bedlam, although his wife assured Lord Delawarr that if he would have him examined by a sensible man, the trooper would be found to be perfectly sane. Before the country folk had done laughing at the cockneys, they had reason for becoming serious on their own account. Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight experienced a shock on the 18th of March; Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Flintshire coming in for one in April; in May Dorsetshire was similarly disturbed; Somersetshire's turn came in July; that of Lincolnshire in August; the series being completed on the last day of September by a violent shock felt through Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Suffolk.

Earthquake shocks were experienced in one part or another of England in 1852, 1859, 1860, 1863, 1868, and 1871, with no worse effects than the oscillation of a few buildings, the rattling of window-frames, and shaking of tables and chairs. Even less alarming was the slight trembling of the earth felt at the little East Anglian village of Plendon, towards the end of February of the present year; the precursor of the most destructive earthquake yet known in English annals, if

older chroniclers told all there was to tell. The ten seconds' disturbance of the morning of the 22nd of April, 1884, was felt from London in the south, to Leicester in the north, extending so far west as the town of Northampton. In London nothing more serious than the stoppage of a clock, and the shaking of a building here and there, came of it, but the people of Colchester and the villages about it will long remember how their houses were unroofed, their chimneys overthrown, and their streets encumbered with the débris of dwellings suddenly rendered uninhabitable. Such destruction of property, from such a cause, is something new in England, and calculated to shake one's faith in future immunity from even worse visitations of the same nature.

From The Spectator.

WILD FLOWERS OF IRISH SPEECH.

[To the Editor of the Spectator.]

Sir, — It by no means follows that the quaint remarks of our peasantry, which never fail to amuse an Irish audience, should be equally appreciated by an English reader; hence the following specimens are offered with the utmost diffidence. Such as they are, however, they have at least the merit of being original, and not manufactured. It may also be added that they are drawn almost exclusively from a neighborhood where the friendly relations between gentry and peasantry have been as little disturbed of late as in any other quarter of Ireland.

The excellent education received in the national schools only tends to foster the florid turn of speech which seems to be ingrained in the Celt. This inborn tendency leads them to incorporate in their vocabulary the imposing polysyllables met with in the course of their reading, with results that are often truly comic. A well-known agent in the neighborhood I speak of had occasion to borrow a pony from a farmer. "Ye may have him, an' welcome, sor," said the man, adding, "but ye must use him very ēcŏnŏmēcally." We were never certain whether there was an intentional joke in the statement of his claim by an eccentric neighbor who, asserting that his donkey had been killed by our mastiff, sought compensation for what he called its *assassination*. I well remember how puzzled we were for a while when an old protégé of ours, who combined a literary turn with considerable skill in trout-fishing, came with a request that we would spare him "a condim shsographee." By this we discovered at last that he meant a condemned, *i.e.* useless, geography-book. Single words often assume a curious sound from the native habit of pronouncing them as written, as in the case of *sword*, where the *w* is sounded; from the intrusion of a parasitic letter, as "yer wortship," "a *shoot* of clothes;" from the inability to pronounce an initial "th," as in *tatch*, *troat;* or from grotesque mispronunciation, as in "pumptually," for punctuality, "brekquest," for breakfast.

As an instance of the last, I may give the remark made to me by a car-driver, a great "charácther" in our parish, who, in describing some steep cliffs, stated that "if ye looked down over the edge, ye'd be very apt to get a sudden *stagnation* in yer head." He evidently thought the word had much the same meaning as staggers. Some of their sayings are highly graphic. Expressing my fear of a downpour to a boatman, I was reassured by the remark, "Och, 'tis only a shmall drhop of perspiration out of the clouds." This same gift, however, of picturesque and descriptive speech has been of late years a notorious obstacle in the way of obtaining correct information on the burning question of the day. The clever car-drivers have been one of the curses of the country. In fluency and humor they are so far in advance of those in the same walk of life in England, that these qualities have been taken as the measure of their accuracy; and their stories have only too often been regarded as trustworthy evidence by correspondents, commissioners, and visitors. They have a word to say on every subject, and their version of a disputed question has often been adopted as correct by strangers, to the utter neglect of the maxim, *Audi alteram partem*. A Killarney guide once described the winter employment of his class as the invention of stories to entertain the English and American tourists with during the next summer, a characteristic confession which many visitors will hear without surprise.

The following anecdote will serve as a specimen of the power of repartee possessed by this tribe. A gentleman, overhearing a car-driver asking an exorbitant fare of an unsuspecting foreigner, expostulated with him on his audacious misstatement of the tariff, concluding with the words, "I wonder you haven't more regard for the truth." "Och, indeed, thin, I've a great dale more regard for the truth

than to be dthragging her out on every palthry occasion," was the reply.

The Irish bull flourishes in Munster as freely as in the other provinces of Ireland. By far the best exponent of this form of speech was a country doctor, now, alas! gathered to his fathers. In mental habit he was a true lineal descendant of Sir Boyle Roche. Though hardly calculated to satisfy a logical mind, his expressions were often exceedingly picturesque and effective. Conversing with a friend about the high rate of mortality then prevailing, he remarked, "Bedad, there are people dying who never died before!" What an admirable result was here obtained by merely substituting the indicative for the conditional mood,—to put it from the grammarian's point of view. Speaking of a neighbor who was a daring rather than an expert mariner, he related how his yacht had "stuck *fast and loose* in the mud." Again, at a meeting of churchwardens, when it was debated whether the pew of a gentleman who had seceded to Revivalism should be retained for him or not, the doctor urged that it should, adding as a reason, "'Tis unbeknownst but one of his ancestors might want it." Perhaps for concentrated inaccuracy of statement nothing can surpass the following sentence, which occurred in an account of a burglary given in an Irish newspaper: "After a fruitless search, all the money was recovered, except one pair of boots." Surely Mr. Matthew Arnold will not quarrel with the lack of lucidity which gave this and the following to the world. Our most famous jig-dancer came by his death in a faction fight at a village fair. An inquest was held, at which a verdict was brought in that he met his death *by the visitation of God under suspicious circumstances.*

There is a great deal of unconscious humor in the description of their sufferings given by rustic patients who go the rounds of the houses of the gentry when afflicted with any disorder that does not lend itself to the rough-and-ready treatment of the dispensary doctor. On the principle also that prevention is better than cure, they will occasionally come and beg for drastic medicines when they are in good health. A few years back a gentleman came to reside in the south of Ireland who had retired from the army medical service. As he was known as Dr. ——, though he no longer practised, the peasantry took advantage freely of his skill and good nature, and his doorsteps were beset every morning by a crowd of sufferers, real and imaginary. Some of his experiences were highly entertaining, so grotesquely graphic were the accounts his patients gave of their complaints. One applicant for relief informed him that he had *a great bilin' in his troat, and his heart was as if ye had it in yer hand, and were squeezin' it.* Another, who declared that, *saving your presence, his shtomach had gone to the wesht of his ribs*, must have been an interesting pathological study. A third was *throubled wid conthráry spits tangled round his heart*—in other words, with an accumulation of phlegm. We have had melancholy evidence in late years of the savagery underlying the often genial exterior of the Irish peasant. This I say to prepare my readers for the following rather grisly anecdote. A couple of years ago our friend was visited by a woman whose nose had been bitten in a fight at close quarters by another virago. Apropos of this, an Irish servant was overheard to exclaim, "Och! to think she'd ate the mate raw!" As stated above, when they are ill, our peasant neighbors go the rounds of the country houses, convinced, so far as remedies go, that there is safety in numbers. Their commonest form of complaint is what they call "an oppression" on the heart or chest, and for this they almost invariably demand some *chirup, i.e.* syrup. The connection between the disorder and the remedy demanded is not always very obvious. A small and ragged gossoon took up his stand on our doorstep this summer, and when interrogated as to the motive of his coming, replied, "Please, mam, me mother's lying down, an' I want some tay and sugar." Sitting at my writing-table, I overheard the following appeal made by a barefooted woman in a voice of dolorous pitch: "Please, your honor, I'm Kate Shea, that lives up by Mrs. Welch's, an' I'm in great disthress. I fell down yesterday, an' bruk five of me ribs under me right breast, an' for the blessing of God, could ye spare me a thrifle." A few years back we were constantly visited by petitioners, nearly always girls, for a *dthrop of castor oil*, nominally to ease an oppression or other internal malady, but really for application to the hair. This we learnt from independent sources, as well as from the request of one fastidious damsel that we should put some scent in it.

Malaprops, often closely related as they are to bulls, are not specially confined to Irish soil. A quiet young English lady was overheard the other day by the writer

asking an Oxford undergraduate where he was going to spend his Christmas *vacuum*. Still, it is by no means improbable that Sheridan's famous creation had an Irish prototype. The following remark, made by the old doctor mentioned above, may serve to conclude for the present these specimens of Irish speech. Alluding to a recent and mysterious event, he devoutly exclaimed, — "The ways of Providence are unscrupulous!" — I am, sir, etc., MILESIAN.

From The Athenæum.

FIVE LETTERS OF POPE.

King's College, London, May, 1884.

THE kindness of Mr. J. O. Hanson permits me to print the following letters of Pope. The originals, he informs me, have been in possession of his family "a great many years."

JOHN W. HALES.

Twitenham, Feb. 12.

SIR, — I ought before this to have thankd you for yr Present, & to have desird you to convey my acknowledgments to Sir Luke Schaub. Madam Dacier has not done me ye honour I expected as a Critick, in answering any observations I had made; but has attackd me as a Poet only in two or three of my Similes, which is a tender part, (for every body knows nothing is so dear to a Poet as his Simile's). Her two greatest objections to my Preface, the curious who would be willing to search for 'em will not be so happy as to find there; being only in that French Translation of it which she saw. So that if I should be ambitious of recanting my errors, I could only make satisfaction to my French readers, which I apprehend to be very few, if any. Wt indeed most concerns me is her last period, in which she seems both angry & merry (so far I like it very well), but she concludes, that because I sometimes own Homer not to be ye Pope, that is not to be infallible; therfore I must think myself wiser & so correct him. And consequently that I must be qualified to Reform all mankind, and be at the Head of the Government. Upon wch she cries out —

Voila une grande Ressource pour l'Etat!

This only, Sir, I do not like, & think proper (to you who are a sort of a Minister, & to all my Friends of the Office) to enter my Protest agst such suggestions, especially at this time, when I am told people blame me for having seen a Book. And such a Book (God knows) as I had no more thoughts of Correcting than of Homer himself. But I'll say no more of that Book, only surely you flatter us Poets, when you say 'tis we that give immortality: Alas! 'tis you Secretaries, are the men to make Books immortal!

I believe you have heard I had thoughts of translating ye Odyssey. I won't tell you whether tis my mortification at Madam Dacier's, or at any other's displeasure that has made me put a sudden stop to my Friends' eagerness in ye affair. But I desire you to tell Mr. Tickel, I was three times to wait on him to ask if he had no view of that design himself, before I would actually ingage in it. And I yet will certainly desist from it, if he will Faithfully promise for himself, or if his Superiors will but ingage for him that he will do Homer this justice? I wish you could exhort him hereto, for ye honour & safety of ye Protestant Religion & Establishment, which otherwise (according to M. [*sic*] Dacier) a Papist may do much damage to. I did not think I had such Talents in Politicks, but I will now begin to look about me since I am thought so capable of great affairs, by ye consent of two nations.

Pray assure all our Friends of ye office of my Services & good intentions toward ye all, when I am Premiere [*sic*] Ministre. Particularly remember me to Mr. Stanyan, & desire him *not to forget his Servant Jacob*, who seems to me in tribulation, & not mindful of ye text wch admonishes Booksellers patiently to Bear one another's Burdens. I wish He & you could spare a Sabbath-day, to see my Plantations and Edifices. I wish you both all success in your own, & am very much Sr

Your affectionate humble Servant,

A. POPE.

Endorsed: To Mr. Buckley at his house in Little Britain, London.

Dr SIR, — I hope you have by this time the present I orderd you, of all I am worth, that is my workes. It is a very poor return for yr Thuanus, or indeed for many friendly offices you have always been ready to do me. It was meerly an unwillingness to give you trouble, that hinderd my doing myself ye Service of desiring yr assistance in printing this book. As it is, it has cost me dear, & may dearer, if I am to depend on my Bookseller for my Reimbursement. If it lye in your way to help me off with 150 of them (wch are not to be sold to the Trade at less yn 18s, or to Gentlemen than a Guinea) it would be a service to me, a Bookseller having had the conscience to offer me 13s a piece, & being modestly content to get 8s in ye pd himself, after I have done him many services. Another, quite a Stranger, has taken 100 at 17s, but I want to part with ye rest.

I lye at Ld Oxford's, where a line from you will find me. I make you no apology, for I have a true affection for you. Dr Sr,

Your faithfull humble Servant,

April 9th, 1735. A. POPE.

Endorsed: To Mr. Buckley at his house in Princes Court, near Storye's, Westminster.

Dr Sr, — As One Instance (& I wish I could give you many) of my Desires to be serviceable to you, I have had ye Articles examined betwixt Lintott & me, as to what I promisd of

ye use of ye copper ornaments, Initials & Tail-pieces, for your Work. I am very certain they are wholly in my power. Therefore I have written to him an order to deliver ym to you; upon yr going or order for them. But as he is a Grand Chicanneur, I wd not have you tell him for what Book: and as he is a great Scoundrell to me, I wd willingly have him receive ye small punishment of imagining I am printing with you Something of my own, for which he has (upon Rumours, for I never converse with Him) lately been importuning me, and receivd no other answer than a very true one, that I wd never imploy him more.

I am, with sincerity, Dr Sir,
Your obligd & affectionate Servt,
A. Pope.

Twit'nam, June 16.

Endorsed: To Sam. Buckley, Esq., in Little Britain, London.

Dr Sir, — I was glad to hear you got well home. I hope all health will attend you till we meet again wch I fear will now not be till after my Rambles in ye Country. I send you this very extraordinary answer of Tonson's to ye Letter I sent him, & you saw. I wish you'd tell me what I shall reply? My question surely was a very fair one; & I proposd to do him no sort of injury. I think the whole Race of Booksellers were created to set off one Man, who has to himself all the honour and probity of ye Trade, and I'm mighty sorry he is a Bookseller no longer. I know nothing yt can be done for ye encouragemt of Learning, but to oblige him to resume his first profession.

Adieu & believe me sincerely, Sr,
Your faithfull & affect: Servant,
A. Pope.

Twickenham, 17 Aug. 1735.

Twitenham, Feb. 2d.

Dr Sir, — I am very much obligd to you for yours of ye 30th. How to thank my Ld Townshend in a proper way, I know not; but my way of thanking You, must be to beg yr View of my Gardens, & to take a view of yours, that we may put each other upon new projects, wch I take to be ye True Felicity of all Planters: The Season now advancing, I shall soon call upon you to fix a time for this — Tho you have made me a Compliment (and still a greater, in joining my Lord Townshend to it), yet I don't intend to give you your Full Swing that way: you must allow me in my turn, Some pleasure of ye same kind, by yr accepting ye Book you talk of subscribing to. I hope in a few days to find you, & assure you how much I am, Sr,

Yr most faithfull Servt,
A. Pope.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE ABANDONMENT OF WIND-POWER.

Sir William Fairbairn, in his well-known book "Mills and Millwork," dismisses the subject of windmills in thirteen pages, and much of this scant notice is occupied with an antiquarian rather than an engineering inquiry into the history and birthplace of windmills; proving that even ere he wrote, the "Wind" age had merged and lost itself in its all-powerful successor the "Steam" age. The gist of the matter is thus summed up by Sir William: "It is more probable that we are indebted to the Dutch for our improved knowledge of windmills, and wind as a motive power; and it is within my own recollection that the whole of the eastern coasts of England and Scotland were studded with windmills, and that for a considerable distance into the interior of the country. Half a century ago, nearly the whole of the grinding, stamping, sawing, and draining was done by wind in the flat counties; and no one could enter any of the towns in Northumberland, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, or Norfolk but must have remarked the numerous windmills spreading their sails to catch the breeze. Such was the state of our windmills sixty years ago; and nearly the whole of our machinery depended on wind, or on water where the necessary fall could be secured. These sources of power have nearly been abandoned in this country, having been replaced by the all-pervading power of steam. This being the case, wind as a motive power may be considered as a thing of the past, and a short notice will therefore suffice." Thus Sir William Fairbairn dismisses the subject.

The "English Windmill Epoch," as it may be termed, reached its zenith between the middle of the last century and the close of the first quarter of our own. During this period, Andrew Meikle, John Smeaton, and Sir William Cubitt lived and worked; and to this period belong all the experiments and literature concerning windmills which we possess; for since this period, the introduction of steam has resulted in an almost entire abandonment of wind-power, save in certain cases, to which we shall presently refer. The advantages undoubtedly possessed by wind over steam as a prime mover — economy in first cost, very low working expenses, and great simplicity in construction — are more than counterbalanced by the uncertainty experienced in its employment. Cases, however, there now are in which wind-power is employed, and with appreciable advantage, or it would, as elsewhere, have been superseded. From Guernsey, a large export trade is carried on in granite, from quarries situated in

the northern and eastern parts of the island. These quarries, sunk in some places to great depths, are invariably drained by small four-armed windmills, erected on timber uprights, and actuating bucket-pumps. Driven by the constant sea and land breezes, these little mills, dotted about over the landscape, have small difficulty in draining the quarries of the accumulated rainfall, which, owing to the comparative absence of springs and streams, is the only source of flooding. Should a calm render the pumps idle, a few weeks' accumulation of rain does not hinder the quarrymen; whilst a cessation of wind for even a week is a very rare occurrence.

Turning to the flat eastern counties of England, the visitor to Lowestoft, Yarmouth, or Lincoln will find windmills largely employed in the drainage of the fen districts. The main drain through the fields is carried between high banks, and is at a higher level than the fields themselves. The flood-water on the fields is raised into these drains by large scoop-wheels, actuated by windmills. Here, however, steam begins to make its appearance, and an occasional tall chimney marks the presence of a small beam-engine, whose owner wishes to be indepen dent of Boreas in draining the fields around. The advantages to be derived from a combination of wind and steam have frequently been urged, on the ground that a saving of fuel is effected by using wind-power when possible, steam-power being available in case of calm. This arrangement, though undoubtedly possessing the advantages claimed for it, involves a larger outlay of capital, together with augmented complication in construction, and has in consequence never met with much favor.

To those who delight to indulge in prophetic engineering speculation, the future of wind-power in connection with electricity will afford an ample field. The power developed during storms might be stored in an accumulator, to be used during calms; by this means eliminating the element of "uncertainty," the prime cause of the disfavor into which wind as a motive power has fallen. In conclusion, though it is not unfrequently the custom to declaim against the neglect of wind as a prime motor, there are, as has been shown, many cases where it can be and is advantageously employed; and though it is undoubtedly certain that its more extended use would be accompanied by results of economic value, it is yet equally certain that a return to wind as a chief prime mover would be as retrogressive as a return to sailing-vessels, to the exclusion of our modern steam-driven craft.

From The Antiquary.

THE COINS OF VENICE.

WHEN we look at the coins struck in the darkest ages by nations infinitely less advanced than the republic, they almost compel a belief that Venice must have had some sort of money several generations before the probable or approximate date of any now known. It is surely remarkable enough that, in the continual process of dredging the lagoons under government inspection in the days of the old republic, numismatic relics should not have been exhumed even in abundance; and it is extremely likely that excavations undertaken on the spot would bring to light some valuable and authentic examples of the primitive coinage. According to a passage in the chronicle of Dandolo, Rodolph, king of Italy, in the year 926, "declared that the doge of Venice had the power of coining money, because it appeared to him that the ancient doges had continually done this." Now, it is exceedingly important to remember that this is not a license to strike money, but a declaration that the doges had long done so, and had the right; for the mere sanction of a weakly established potentate such as Rodolph might not have been of much real utility, when an extended recognition of the currency was even more important to the republic than the leave to issue one on her own account. The question arises, What was this money which the ancient doges issued? The answer must be, We do not certainly know. The Venetians, from the sixth to the ninth century, entitled to the privilege of a separate mint, had a comparative abundance of models before them. They might have copied and improved the Lombardic types, as Charlemagne did. It was open to them to imitate the Byzantine coins, like the Merovingian moneyers; or, with regard to the old Greek and Roman pieces in all metals, there was no difficulty in reproducing them with a few necessary changes of detail. But what course was actually pursued remains at present a profound mystery, and a ninth-century coin of the Frankish type in half-a-dozen varieties appears to be the whole salvage of tons upon tons of metal im-

pressed with recognized characters within the verge of the Ducal Palace for a duration of time more than equal to the period between the fall of the Heptarchy and the rise of the Tudors. The little coin to which allusion has just been made is what was, at least subsequently, known as a *denaro*, corresponding to the denier of mediæval France in size, weight, and value, but differing in all particulars from the Roman *denarius*. It is of base metal, weighs eighteen grains in an average state of preservation, and equals in dimensions an English sixpence. The *denaro* occupied the same position in the primitive monetary system of Venice as the *denier* among the Franks and the silver penny in England. It was the only circulating medium in Venice till the twelfth century, in France till the Carlovingian era, and in England till the reign of Edward III. But in all these countries, though in the republic to the largest extent, a great amount of Byzantine and other foreign money was freely taken in payment; and we have, besides, to consider that the mediæval system of taxation and trade had a tendency to retard, rather than to stimulate, the development of a metallic currency. The moneys of all countries were probably at one time by sufferance legal tender; and among the Italian republics generally the coinage was apt to acquire an international character. A merchant merely asked in payment of his goods something tangible which would enable him to go back into the market and enter into new purchases. Thus it happens that in ancient Venetian documents foreign currency is mentioned just as familiarly as if it had been that of Venice itself. At the same time, precautions were necessary in the reception of more or less considerable sums in foreign specie, to secure proper weight and genuine money; and from a rather obscurely worded clause in the coronation oath of Giacomo Tiepolo (1229) it is not very dangerous to infer that some system of assay was carried on by a department of the executive, to check abuses in importations, and to regulate the standard at home.

A PEEP AT GHENT. — The busy Belgian city can boast of two great industries. Within the walls, the principal occupation is weaving, and without the walls, plant-growing obtains much attention for commercial purposes. Lace-making, bleaching, and the manufacture of machinery employ many hands, but the staple industries are represented by mills and nurseries. In rambling about one soon exhausts the larger lions, such as the noble bell-tower, the ugly cathedral (which is rich in artistic wealth within), the sumptuous Gothic frontage of the town hall, and the very picturesque Church of St. Jacques. The Zoological Garden and the Botanic Garden are poor things in themselves, but respectable by comparison with others that are poorer. But being located for a season in a little city of this sort, one who fails to gain knowledge and enjoy life must be made of bad stuff. I think the proper frame of mind for all times and seasons is one that regards every event as an opportunity — it may be for doing good, or for avoiding evil, or for learning something, or for enjoyment apart from all gains and losses. In walking about Ghent, a Londoner is amused by the excessive amount of outdoor marketing that goes on. There are markets everywhere, and the productions vary with the days and the places. In the course of one hour on one day I passed through half-a-dozen open-air markets, all of them, in their way, agreeable save one, and that was in the Square of St. Jacques, where a beautiful edifice is very seriously damaged, in the eyes of an æsthetic visitor, by the booths and stalls and placards that fill all the field of view on or near the ground level. Each market has its peculiarities — it may be fish, or boots and shoes, or vegetables, or flowers. But there are two special articles of sale to be seen everywhere — eggs and rabbits. In a street next the Hôtel de Ville eggs are sold in vast quantities, being tumbled out of country baskets on every hand, all so clean and bright that one might suspect they were made of ivory. As for the rabbits, you do not often see them in bulk, but they appear everywhere in detail. In walking through a narrow street one day, four men in succession passed me, and each carried a pair of newly killed rabbits. The men were as nearly alike as peas out of the same pod, and the dead rabbits, stretched out on rods, were, of course, of the same complexion. These are the so-called "Ostend rabbits." They are raised in kitchens, cellars, outhouses, garrets, wherever room can be found for them, and they represent the "peasant proprietor" in a certain sort of way; although, to be sure, the rabbits belong rather to the town, as the very clean eggs belong rather to the country. Certain higglers gather up the rabbits from all quarters, and they go to Ostend, whence they are despatched to the English markets, and, cheap as they are to a hungry Londoner, there is a profit of about one shilling per rabbit on the business of transferring them from producers to consumers.

Gardeners' Magazine.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE LOVER'S MONOLOGUE.

LOVE rules everything that is:
Love doth change hearts in a kiss:
Love seeks devious ways of bliss:
Love than honey sweeter,
Love than gall more bitter.
Blind Love hath no modesties.
Love is lukewarm, hot and cold;
Love is timid, over-bold;
Loyal, treacherous, manifold.

Present time is fit for play:
Let Love find his mate to-day:
Hark, the birds, how sweet their lay
Love rules young men wholly;
Love lures maidens solely:
Woe to old folk, sad are they!
Sweetest woman ever seen,
Fairest, dearest, is my queen;
And, alas, my chiefest teen!

Let an old man, chill and drear,
Never come thy bosom near;
Oft he sleeps with sorry cheer,
Too cold to delight thee:
Naught could less invite thee.
Youth with youth must mate, my dear.
Blest the union I desire;
Naught I know, and naught require,
Better than to be thy squire.

Love flies all the world around:
Love in wanton wiles is wound:
Therefore youth and maid are bound
In Love's fetters duly.
She is joyless truly
Who no lover yet hath found!
All the night in grief and smart
She must languish, wear her heart:
Bitter is that woman's part.

Love is simple, Love is sly;
Love is pale, of ruddy dye;
Love is all things, low and high:
Love is serviceable,
Constant and unstable:
Love obeys art's empery.
In this closed room Love takes flight;
In the silence of the night;
Love made captive, conquered quite.

'TO FLOWER O' THE THORN.

THE blithe young year is upward steering;
Wild winter dwindles, disappearing:
The short, short days are growing longer;
Rough weather yields, and warmth is stronger.
Since January dawned, my mind
Waves hither, thither, love-inclined
For one whose will can loose or bind.

Prudent, and very fair the maiden;
Than rose or lily more love-laden;
Stately of stature, lithe and slender;
There's naught so exquisite and tender:
The Queen of France is not so dear;
Death to my life comes very near,
If Flower o' the thorn be not my cheer.

The Queen of Love my heart is killing
With her gold arrow pain-distilling;
The God of Love, with torches burning,
Lights pyre on pyre of ardent yearning:
She is the girl for whom I'd die;
I want none dearer far or nigh;
Though grief on grief upon me lie.

I with her love am thralled and taken,
Whose flower doth flower, bud, bloom, and waken;
Sweet were the labor, light the burden,
Could mouth kiss mouth for wage and guerdon!
No touch of lips my wound can still,
Unless two hearts grow one, one will,
One longing! Flower of flowers, farewell!

Academy. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Note. — These songs are translated from the *Carmina Burana.* The originals are in Latin, of the twelfth century.

BEFORE SAILING.

LEAN closer, darling, let thy tender heart
Beat against mine that aches with heavy woe,
Drop thy quick woman's tears to soothe thy smart,
Ah me! that I could ease my sorrow so!
But men must work, sweetheart, and women weep,
So says the song, so runs the world's behest;
Yet time will pass, and tender comfort creep
With hope in company unto thy breast.
Now ere we part, while yet on lip and cheek
Close kisses linger, clinging, passionate,
There is a farewell word love fain would speak,
A tender thought love labors to translate
In earnest words, whose memory through the years
Shall calm thy soul, and dry thy dropping tears.

If in thy garden when the roses blow,
Or by the shelter of thine evening fire,
In any winter gloom, or summer glow,
Thy soul floats seaward with a fond desire
(Fonder and stronger than thy tender use),
Think thou, "One longs for me across the foam;"
And if, sweet-falling like the evening dews,
A special peace enfolds thine heart and home,
Then say thou, dear, with softly-bated breath,
"In some lone wilderness beyond the sea,
Whether in light of life, or gloom of death,
My lover's spirit speaks to God for me!"
Kiss me, beloved, without doubt or dread,
We are not sundered, though farewell be said.

All The Year Round.

From The British Quarterly Review.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

THE interesting volumes which we would here introduce to such of our readers as have not already made acquaintance with them describe a character as to which there will be, we imagine, but a single opinion. Concerning the intellectual rank of Frederick Maurice opinions will differ, and the verdict of posterity cannot as yet be anticipated. But as a spring of moral influence, all parties will join, we presume, with a singular unanimity, in the place they would assign to him. An anecdote,† not included in these volumes, but which seems to us an epitome of a large part of that which they contain, may be given here as setting before the reader what that place was to those who knew him. About forty years ago, five Cambridge men were talking over a recent execution, previous to which the chaplain of the gaol had spent the whole day with the condemned man; and all agreed that there were very few persons whose presence at such a time and for such an interval would not add a new horror to death. The conversation then turned on the choice which each would make, in the last hours of life, of a companion to accompany him to its utmost verge, and it was agreed by all five that each should write down the name of the person he would choose. The five papers, when opened, were found to contain a single name — that which heads this article. If they had been fifty instead of five, supposing they had all known Maurice, we should imagine that the result would have been the same. The appeal which the Laureate makes to the spirit of one who is gone before ‡ would have been made to him, where it was possible, by almost every one who ever knew him. "In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment," his neighborhood, his influence, was that to which all who had ever known it would turn as to a spring of the strength they should need, and throughout life it was a type of all that was associated with that strength. And the instance of this being felt by a chance group of young men, not bound to him by any special tie, seems to gather up in a graphic form all that it is most important to remember about him. We are disposed to give this record of his life a welcome all the warmer because of what has appeared, to some of those who have been eagerly expecting it, an unseasonable delay. We learn from the preface that an even longer delay would have been prescribed by a literal adherence to Mr. Maurice's own views; and while we are not sorry that circumstances have somewhat curtailed the interval which he thought should elapse between a man's death and his biography, we give the heartiest concurrence to the principle that a biography should be distinctly separated from an obituary notice. Every word addressed to readers who are interested in a man because his bust is just put up in the Abbey, is so much loss for posterity. The more of such readers that Colonel Maurice has lost (if he has lost any), the better for all the rest. And even those who peruse the obituary notice most eagerly want something different after a lapse of years: the expressions which to others have become exaggerated, have lost all adequacy for them. Their loss would be imperfectly described by any words written before it was possible to compare life with him and life without him. Colonel Maurice has done well in awaiting a time when he might address readers who have begun to regard his subject through the mellowing vista of years, and in those new proportions assigned it by the grouping with characters and events visible only from a distance. Doubtless some eyes that would have perused his work most eagerly are now closed forever. But, "si quis piorum manibus locus, si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ," then assuredly those whom death has cut off from a perusal of this volume have learnt its meaning more fully elsewhere. The hope felt by the wise among the

* *Life of Frederick Denison Maurice.* By his Son, F. MAURICE. Macmillan and Co.

† The anecdote is given on the authority of Lord Houghton.

‡ Be near me when I fade away
To point the term of mortal strife;
And on the last low verge of life,
The twilight of eternal day.

heathen becomes a vivid reality in those who can claim no particular wisdom, as they remember Frederick Maurice. And if those who are gone are no losers by the delay, those who remain are great gainers. They may now revive dear memories, and expand familiar knowledge, from a record not marred by haste, nor by that assumption of interest and knowledge in the hearer — characteristic of a biography written specially for disciples — which in reality unfits it for all readers who care for literary excellence, and which tells too much or too little for every one. In addressing the wider circle who approach his subject as a stranger, the biographer best consults the interests of that narrower audience whose knowledge he rather revives than supplies, and the present volumes may be recommended with equal confidence to both. There is no need to recommend the book to those who care for Maurice's writings — to which indeed it may be regarded as an addition; it is little more than an arrangement of his correspondence, with a slight connecting link of narrative. But it will also find a wider audience; the character it reveals is one which will come home with fresh power to many who have not been attracted by any published utterance from his mind. It will interest no one who does not care to ascend into a loftier region than that of the gossiping every-day world; but to those who can breathe this higher atmosphere, it is one of the most interesting biographies of our time.

It will be felt by those who turn to this memoir as to a precious record of their own past that the years which have elapsed since the life it commemorates was closed have made it, in some respects, less easy to take an impartial view of the dead. We often speak of "the work of time" as if it tended to remove the sense of loss; but a great loss grows with the years. Of course the ordinary view has its truth. There is plenty of justification for those who say that the dead are soon forgotten. Nevertheless, it is also true that they are remembered with most appreciation when their loss lies far behind us. This, which is true of every one who has strongly influenced another human being, is in some ways specially true of Frederick Maurice. The years which have elapsed since he left us have defined his place, and done nothing to fill it. Others have thrown more light than he on the intellectual difficulties which beset the aspiring spirit — others have entered more into the individual training which is hidden in every human history. But he, more than any other teacher of our time, was possessed by such a certainty of God's being, and of his relation to man's spirit, that in comparison the evidence appeared to him weak of any facts which could be recognized only through the outward and fallible senses. All that ordinarily goes by the name of knowledge was therefore to him interesting and valuable mainly as an illustration of truth more absolute than itself. He manifested to all that it was possible so to realize our relation to God that anything else might more easily appear matter of doubt than this; and whilst he was among us this faith was spread abroad by a sort of contagion; it was believed by many because it was discerned by him. Since he died, the need for some such incarnate expression of a filial attitude in humanity has grown with every year. The assertion that such a filial attitude is impossible has been elevated into a dogma, and accepted by the representatives of the intellectual world; while the representatives of the religious world are weakened by its influence, though they try to repudiate it, and express a timid hope where he uttered a conviction certain as a memory. How often, when confronted with the withering power of confident negation, have those who can recall the glad triumphant accents in which he repeated the Creed, longed to hear once more that tone of half surprise, that curious hurry almost as of a sudden relief, as if every time those words were repeated he awoke afresh to the conviction and delivery of some wondrous message new in its infinite meaning every day. And these miss that influence all the more because they have missed it so long.

An account of his influence not only begins with a description of his theology, but is almost involved in such a description. His attitude to man was transpar-

ently dependent on his belief in God; the social aspect of his nature reproduced and illustrated the central facts of its deepest relation; the strength of both was identical, and so was any weakness discernible in either. It is the main object of this sketch to bring out the connection between the two, and such a preliminary outline of his life as may be necessary is easily condensed into a few sentences. His life, contained within the first three-quarters of our century — than which he was younger by five years — was spent, after his boyhood, almost entirely in London; his curacy near Leamington (1834–36), with which his clerical career began, and his professorship of moral philosophy at Cambridge (1867–71), which closed his life, being the only exceptions. Hardly any clergyman equally important in the history of religious thought ever failed to attain some higher dignity in the Church, no one ever did more to avoid all possibility of such an event. There are men who are quite indifferent in the face of promotion, and passive as to all that concerns it, but he set himself against it as if he had been his own spiteful enemy. "If ever I am to do anything for the Church it must be in some subordinate position," he wrote to his brother-in-law, Archdeacon Hare, when the latter urged him in 1843 to become a candidate for the principalship of King's College on Dr. Lonsdale becoming Bishop of Lichfield. "The moment I am tried in another, I shall have the mortification of hearing principles which I hold most sacred derided from the feebleness of the person who should be the practical expounder of them" (vol. i. 356). "I am sure you meant the letter in the *Pall Mall* most kindly," he wrote in 1870 to a friend (the late Bishop of Argyll) who was trying to bring forward his claim to a canonry or a deanery, "but may I be permitted to say that the only part of it which gave me real pleasure was the announcement that there is a 'vow registered in heaven' against my promotion. . . . The prime minister would, I think, be utterly wrong if he promoted me" (vol. ii. 616, 617). His three London posts — the chaplainships at Guy's Hospital and at Lincoln's Inn, and his incumbency at Vere Street — represent a modest progression; the last being a living of some £500 a year. By its situation in the focus of a medical neighborhood, it may have somewhat brought back his early associations with Guy's Hospital, and it certainly affords one of the congregations which a clergyman desirous of intellectual sympathy might most wish to address. These changes contain all that can be said of his life contemplated merely from the outside, while the long list of his works contains the record of an industry which it does not exhaust. The education of women, now so popular and fashionable an interest, takes its rise from his exertions at a time when Tennyson's "Princess" threw a shadow of absurdity over the notion of a female college; while the closely allied project of colleges for working men was set by him on an equally firm basis, if not equally rapid in its extension; and the co-operative movement, now so successful, must be associated with the societies set up by him in 1849.* His part in the controversies of the day was an important one; he has left his trace on the popular theology in its deliverance from the dogma of endless misery; but this is the part of his history we feel least tempted to dwell upon. He was, in controversy, often vehement, sometimes irritable, and not always just. If he had been more conscious of his own importance, we believe he would have avoided some of these errors; but we have no desire to hide his faults, and must confess that they came out in that part of his literary activity of which the world knew most. It was not, however, the most characteristic, nor the most fruitful part of his activity; and although his work must be judged as a whole, we hasten to that part of it which we believe to be as much more abiding as it was more full of an actual revelation of his own character; only leaving it as our suggestion that his biographer would so far follow our example, in the probable contingency of his bringing out a smaller edition, as to condense

* In none of these cases, we believe, was the *idea* absolutely original to him. But all practical importance was so entirely due to his effort that we let the words stand as conveying substantial truth.

largely his account of the Jelf and Mansel controversies. But we feel in all that the background supplied to our previous knowledge throws a softening light over much that seemed harsh, and by reminding us of what it is now so difficult to remember, Maurice's strange, sincere opinion of his own unimportance, enables us for the first time to judge fairly of his polemic attitude.

The significance of his Unitarian parentage, which has sometimes been misinterpreted, cannot by any reader of this biography possibly be overlooked.

I have [he says in a letter to his son, vol. i. 13] been ashamed of my Unitarian origin, sometimes from mere vulgar, brutal flunkeyism, sometimes from religious or ecclesiastical feelings. These I now perceive to be only one degree less discreditable than the other; they almost cause me more shame . . . For I now deliberately regard it as one of the greatest mercies of my life that I had this birth and the education which belonged to it . . . It has determined the course of my thoughts and purposes to a degree that I never dreamed of till lately (*i.e.*, within the last ten years of his life).

And again (p. 41) —

The desire for Unity has haunted me all my life through; I have never been able to substitute any desire for that, or to accept any of the different schemes for satisfying it which men have devised. . . . I find in the Trinity in Unity the centre of all my beliefs. But strange as it may seem, I owe the depth of this belief in a great measure to my training in my home.

It does not seem strange to us. Not only does the positive portion of the first faith remain, but the positive portion of the new takes a different meaning from having been once doubted, or at least from having been seen against a background of denial. The belief in three persons in one God may be held as the most arid dogma, as devoid of all import for human interests as some speculation on the fourth dimension; and this is the aspect which it has generally worn, both to those who have never doubted and to those who have never believed it. But when from this misty void there emerges to the spirit of man the true meaning of divine relationship, as the ground of human relationship, then this mysterious dogma is discovered to be at once the most practical of all moral principles, and the clue to man's highest ideal. The event by which each one of us owes our relation to a human being is then seen as the temporal expression of some relation independent of time, and all which this relation at its best can develop and express in humanity, as the reflection of some transcendent reality which existed as a type of human rightness before a human being was created. Human relation then takes a new meaning. We are taught, as Colonel Maurice says his father was (vol. i. 127), "to look upon the order of God as founded on relationship." Kindred ceases to be a mere accident of time — it is an outgrowth of something eternal. Goodness becomes in a new sense divine. He who looks up to a Heavenly Father apart from any Divine Son, may indeed feel his own tenderness to his sick child a feeble copy of that which has appointed every detail of his own career; but when he comes to any exercise of conscience and will to which we should properly give the name of virtue, when he is called upon for loyal submission, for patient endurance, for heroic resignation, he must of necessity feel that he is called upon to develop a goodness original to humanity, an independent rightness which has no pattern in the Divine Being. This was the heresy against which Maurice always protested — sometimes, we venture to think, with unsuitable hardness and vehemence. But all his positive statements of the truth seem to us full of priceless meaning.

I seem to see myself in a double mirror [he writes to his mother in 1831: vol. i. 130] one human, one divine. I could not have seen my image in one unless I had seen it also in the other. The self in both was equally disgusting, but then when I could feel a reflection back, faint comparatively in the one, strong and permanent in the other, all became true and real again, and I have felt a happiness at times which is almost new to me. . . . It seems to me that all relations acquire a significance, and become felt as actually living and real, when contemplated in Him, which out of Him, even to the most intensely affectionate, they cannot have.

It is very difficult to drain away the effect of whatever is hackneyed in such language, and make it felt as an utterance of definite truth, truth larger than the intellect, and therefore incompletely grasped by it, but still truth as distinct in its meaning as some assertion about the physical world. That it was so to Maurice was in some measure due to the fact, not that he had ever been a Unitarian — for that, as his son says of him (vol. i. 64), he never could have been after the time at which a child's expression of faith is simply the reflection of words put into his mouth —

but that he had to make his convictions clear against a background of Unitarianism, and justify them to Unitarians.

But hitherto we have spoken rather of a dualism within the Divine Being than of a Trinity, and it is possible to go so far and no farther. Those who stopped here (and some dear to Frederick Maurice did stop here) seemed to him to lose a part of truth just as vital as that which they accepted. He would have declared that the influence of a Holy Spirit was as much a fact in the moral life of humanity as was the work of a Divine Son; and it was a part of his conviction that the age in which we are living is in some deep sense the dispensation of the Spirit. We are anxious to make this assertion emphatic, and yet we are unable to add that this part of his faith was set forth with the same force as that on which we have just dwelt, or that it had the same influence on his whole being. We would allow ourselves a few words of explanation. All human relation is, must be, in some sense mirrored in divine relation when once we admit that *divine relation* is an expression with any meaning. The Divine Son gives a new sacredness to the bond by which parents and children are united into one family, but there is another bond which, as we see it in human beings, is in some respects the polar opposite of this. A true parental feeling knows no preference; not that father or mother can love many children exactly alike; but, in proportion as the brooding parental instinct, attracted in any special degree rather by need than by merit and shared without being diminished by any adopted child, changes into a friendship moulded by common tastes and heightened by special approbation, it ceases to be in any special sense a type of the relation of God to man. But the Scriptures recognize a type of the divine relation to man in other human relations than that of fatherhood. That intimate knowledge of every idiosyncrasy which Prophet and Psalmist declare in their yearning cry is among human beings associated only with preference — a preference which cannot share the inclusiveness of parental love without shocking the deepest instincts of our nature. "Thou knowest my thoughts long before" is an expansion, not of any filial confidence, but of another kind of intimacy altogether. And it is that closeness of union among human spirits from which each man or woman must exclude all but one, which is felt, perhaps, the least inadequate type of the union between the human and the divine spirit. The limitation which is of the very essence of the human relation, which it becomes something hateful by losing, can be no part of a relation between the human spirit and God. And yet there is so much in this individual relation to a divine Spirit which recalls it, that it seems to belong to the same region of silence and mystery, and it would be as unfitting as it would be difficult to elaborate with any attempt at logical distinctness the meaning which we would express in saying that as there is a common relation to God in his Son, so there is a selective relation in the Holy Spirit — selective not in the sense that it includes some and excludes others, but in the sense that it demands an equal and similar predominance, and that in some natures it becomes a subjective reality, while others never are awakened by any part of their experience to a knowledge of what it means.

We are not aware that these brief suggestions contain any single statement which Maurice would have denied. But they refer to a region he entered without sympathy, and they are made here as explaining whatever was defective in his influence. He had a great shrinking from whatever was individual, whatever might be regarded as an idiosyncrasy. We can fancy that at some time of his life he must have been peculiarly impressed by the dangers of an individualizing type of religion, of any kind of effort to track the dealings of God in those facts of life which are true of one person and not of another. And we may say of him, as he was fond of saying of every thinker, that he would have escaped this characteristic limitation if he had been truer to his characteristic principle. If he had held more firmly to his own strong belief that choice of this or that man or race for any especial privilege was an election of one for the sake of all, he would have felt more interest in any impartial attempt to discover the meaning of these peculiar appointments in individual or national destiny. A person whom he reverenced, and whose appearance in these volumes will form one of their strong attractions to a few readers — Thomas Erskine of Linlathen — was once asked by a friend what he regarded as the peculiar element in the history of the Hebrew race; in what sense the narrative of the Old Testament seemed to him inspired more than any other truthful history was. "The history of the Hebrew race," he answered, "is the type of the history of an individ-

ual soul in a sense that no other history is." We are sure that Frederick Maurice believed that also; yet it would have been very difficult to put the statement into words that he would have agreed with, and the reminiscence is introduced here in order to give definiteness to our endeavor to describe a gap in his religious teaching. The moment this statement or any statement that pointed out peculiarities in the religious history of a nation or an individual became more than a brief hint, there was something in it that repelled him. Hear him, for instance, criticising Alexander Knox to the present Sir T. Acland:

> The only way in which I can venture to speak of him except in the way of humble respect is as to the effect he produces on myself. . . . Contemplating him in this light merely, I should be inclined to complain of a dangerous tendency to esoterism and exclusiveness; not indeed to sectarian exclusiveness, from which he is quite free, but to a kind far more attractive, plausible, and snaring. I cannot meditate upon the "Our Father" of the Lord's Prayer . . . or upon the words "to the poor the gospel is preached," or upon the words "I am a debtor to Jew and barbarian, bond and free" . . . or upon the idea of the Catholic Church, without perceiving that there is something in his all individualizing spirituality — graceful and exquisite as I confess it to have been — which is not strictly after the mind of Christ (vol. i. 171).

Surely an "all individualizing spirituality" sets no limit to the influence which reaches each *as* an individual. The sentence is a fair specimen of that confusion of individuality with exclusiveness which blurred a good deal of his teaching.

Every reader will remember the "bed-ridden woman" who was always being introduced to us as the infallible arbiter of spiritual problems perplexing to the minds of scholars and profound thinkers, generally in order to rebuke the pride of our intellect, but nearly as often that she might reflect upon our spiritual exclusiveness. Why, one was tempted to ask, was an ignorant pauper more of a specimen of catholic humanity than any one of Maurice's readers? The instance that recurs to the present writer most forcibly of spiritual joy *was* a bed-ridden woman, quite as strongly contrasted in her intellectual condition with schoolman and scholar as Mr. Maurice could have desired. But are we obliged to say that because God gives this joy to an ignorant pauper, he gives it to all? that nothing but a mere exercise of choice is needed to awaken it in every one of us? It seems to us, that to say this is to be unjust to some of the purest and even some of the holiest of those who have ever sought the truth.

This horror and dread of the region of idiosyncrasy was shown in many ways. It impressed his character with a certain monotony. It seemed occcasionally to take from spiritual truth something of its inwardness. For instance, there is an interesting reference in the life* of his friend, Samuel Clark, to a conversation in which, in answer to a quotation of the text, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," he replied, "And in a very important sense it may be said 'the kingdom of England is within you.'" There are few persons who would not feel it somewhat disappointing to have to believe that these senses were the same. It narrowed his intellectual sympathies to some extent. "X—— psychologizes too much," we remember his saying; not the least meaning that there was anything bad in the psychology *as* psychology, but only as one might say that so and so walks or reads too much. In any other region of truth no one would have been more indignant at this kind of mere quantitative criticism. But it was not only his literary sympathies which were thus artificially narrowed. Where this fear of individualism did him most injustice was that it sometimes made him, the most sympathizing of men, repulse those who sought his aid, and who felt, on such occasions, like an invalid who, having described his disease to a physician, is informed with much emphasis that fresh air is a necessity to good health. This kind of general statement, in answer to an individual expression of difficulty, gives an impression of want of interest that is more chilling than any dissent, and even than a good deal of disapproval. The impression was most misleading in regard to him, but it was quite inevitable. Every one who has his horror of meting out divine truth with any attentive consideration of human peculiarity, every one who, as it was said of him by one who knew him well, "touches the concrete as a bird dips its wing into the water," must sometimes appear unsympathizing. And this same feeling was a little evident in his whole social attitude. Who that ever knew it has forgotten his greeting — that eager stooping movement, that outstretched hand, that sweet smile, that fulness of unaffected

* A modest but valuable little memoir, full of most instructive references to Maurice, and which might well be read as an appendix to the present volumes. Macmillan, 1878.

sympathy in the inquiries after all whose welfare was a matter of peculiar interest to the person whose hand he grasped? They recur with the assurance that he who remembers them stood face to face with one ready to open his arms to all mankind, hailing a brother in the most insignificant of its members, and needing for a special attraction actually nothing but the discernment of some need that he could meet. And then this sudden sense of delightful glow would be succeeded by a little flatness, a sense of slight embarrassment, a minute's awkward consideration what there was to say. It was not that he was dwelling in the depths, and social intercourse recalled him to the surface. It was that he was dwelling in the universal, and social intercourse recalled him to the particular.

But as we write the words, how much crowds on the memory that seems to make the ungracious limitation false!* No sympathy was ever more sustaining than his. If in intellectual perplexity his aid was sometimes disappointing; in all personal trial, in every variety of affliction and distress, his neighborhood was indeed "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Could those who heard the words that made pain seem so wonderfully less painful now recall them, apart from the look and voice that gave them some wonderful, untransferable meaning, they would perhaps be hindered from repeating them by finding how simple they were. Yet now, after the lapse of long years, some such simple utterances must recur to many with the associations of a vista heavenwards opened from the depths of hell. "I know it well," he always seemed to say; "I have so erred, so failed, that bitterness is no stranger to me." And ever afterwards the trouble in which he had appeared as a neighbor was touched with hope. And then, too, if ever he became aware of having disappointed a seeker, with what marvellous humility he sought out the applicant and strove with keen self-accusation to remove the sense of repulse. He says (vol. i. 266) in a letter —

My own nature is very prickly and disputatious, but it has caused me such bitter present pain from the conflicts into which it has brought me with others, and such remorse in the retrospect, that I hope I am now become more watchful and determined, as far as in me lies, to live peaceably with all. One can find enough that is not good and pleasant in all; the art is to detect in them the good thing which God has put into each, and means each to show forth.

A vehement nature, combined with a certain sluggishness of attention to the exact shade of meaning in the view opposed, does produce a very prickly, disputatious effect, no doubt, and is sometimes more irritating for the moment than actual unkindness. It is in looking back on a life that one sees how different the two things are.

And then, although this distaste for exact focussing of individual attention must be confessed to have weakened his influence with some persons, there can be no doubt that in a man so wonderfully gifted with a power of sympathy, and unprovided with the average power of self-defence from unreasonable claim, this dread of any individual religious intercourse, anything that savored of religious direction, was a necessary barrier against much that was perplexing and unsuited to form a part of the work God had given him to do. Every one, we presume, who had ever known him would feel that his most marked characteristic, as compared with men of equal distinction, was his wonderful humility. The least famous of mankind is not more accessible than he was. There was never with him any of that latent sense of "my valuable time," "my important claims," which is felt behind so many well-chosen phrases of defence in men of mark. An allusion here (vol. ii. 289) to the way he would hurry to the roof of an omnibus to make way for some old apple-woman in the rain must have recalled to many of his friends the annoyance which they remember feeling, after having expressed some trifling wish in his presence — an address to be found in the Court Guide, or a letter to be taken to the post — at seeing him take upon himself the service they would have deputed to a servant or a schoolgirl. If, with all this abounding liberality, this wonderful power of sympathy, and the exquisite respectfulness which made even rebuke from his lips — if only it was not indignant — gracious and soothing, there had not been a certain zone of chill around the most intimate part of his nature, his life would have had no shelter and no rest.

His dread of all individualizing atten

* For instance, some such reminiscence as that expressed by Samuel Clark in the little memoir we have quoted: "F. D. M. was instructive," writes Mr. Clark in 1835, "in showing me that I was wrong, and *reintroducing me, so to speak, to myself — the self of reality and childhood.*" Mr. Clark was the Quaker to whom the first edition of "The Kingdom of Christ" was addressed.

tion became, on one side of his nature; a dread of judging, for which all who have in any degree learnt from him must always feel deeply thankful. "Of all spirits," he writes to his mother (vol. i. 129), "I believe the spirit of judging is the worst, and it has had the rule of me I cannot tell you how dreadfully and how long." Words which surely must have been true, for he could have made no insincere confessions; but they must have meant something that ordinary minds cannot enter into. Worldly, easy-going men give an impression of indulgence almost as great as his, so long as their own personal comfort is not concerned; but a standard so high, and a judgment so lenient, we have rarely seen in man or woman. He may, indeed, be said to have united the woman's aspiration to the man's leniency, and it was difficult when one came in contact with either of these things to remember the existence of the other. But it must be added, that to the dread of judging his fellows in their ordinary dealings with each other, perhaps carried to excess, might be traced the exaggerated vehemence in his condemnation of their theological position where he thought it wrong, which may prevent the world from appreciating this part of his character. The spirit of judging may clamor for Christian baptism and enlist itself under Christian banners just as any other natural impulse may — as no one knew better than Maurice. Still it must always remain an impressive lesson to have known one man who united his lofty moral ideas to his indulgent judgment of individuals; and all the more because he was quite capable of severity, while severity to individuals could cost so much to hardly another human being as it did to him.

His desire for unity will be found the clue to every relation of his life, in its strength and its weakness. As it brought him to a belief in which he escaped the division of God's goodness and man's goodness which he found among the Unitarians, so it fixed his position among those who shared with him that belief. It is illustrated in what we discover from these volumes to be an important part of his mental history — his relation to the High Church party. Perhaps the most distinct thing we can say about him which should be free from all risk of misconception in a mere external estimate, is that he was emphatically a man of no party. Yet if we were forced to give him any party name, we should feel it least misleading to call him a High Churchman. And half a century ago this would have been still more true. His Oxford years (1829–1832) found him at a much later than the usual undergraduate age; and one whose splendid poetic shrine will preserve the memory of a life of brilliant promise to all generations — Arthur Hallam — then wrote of him that "the effect which he had produced on the minds of many . . . will be felt, both directly and indirectly, in the age that is upon us" (vol. i. 110). The High Church party, then in their early spring, must have joyfully hailed such a possible member; and the bitter disappointment he felt at the breach with them shows that to some extent the hope must have been shared by him. (See an interesting account of "A Walk to Clapham," vol. i. 186, which reads almost like an allegory of some Pilgrim's Progress to the antipodes of Puseyism.) Almost every doctrine they held could be stated in a form in which it would appeal to his strongest sympathy, and also in one in which it roused his uttermost repugnance. Sacramentalism was to him as vital a truth as sacerdotalism was a heresy: it would no doubt have been possible so to state the first belief that it should appear to him a dangerous superstition, and the second that it should take the aspect of a truth (though that would have been more difficult); still it remains true that the first was associated with all that attracted his sympathies, and the second with all that roused his fears and stirred his indignation. All sacramental theory, as laying stress rather on a symbol than an emotion, contains a protest against that individualizing tendency which he so greatly mistrusted; and although it is not necessarily guarded against exclusiveness, nothing can, in its essential meaning, be more universal than a doctrine expressed through the symbolism of food and of cleansing. Whatever brings these into prominence discourages all introspective tendencies, and leads us away from all that concerns the difference between one person and another. No doubt it may become merely external, but the negative advantage of the doctrine holds good even then. Sacredotalism, on the other hand, was abhorrent to him on many grounds. He was the Jeremiah of his age — the priest who arose against the priesthood; and we have often wished that in judging them he had been forced into the indulgence which always came into his tone when he exchanged "we" for "they." A few words he once said, in answer to a remark on a different subject, threw a

strong light on his hatred of priestly assumption. A friend was speaking not of the faults of clergymen, but of the small connection that there appeared between a spirit of exalted piety and a high moral code — of the apparent feebleness, in short, of religion to mould the character, so that its influence should be perceptible to the secular world. "Oh yes," he said, in a tone of mournfulness his hearer will never forget, "there are no words that more come home to me than those of Chrysostom, 'I marvel how a priest can ever escape damnation.'" He could not hear of a high ideal of holiness without thinking of a priestly ideal, nor of a guilty failure in commonplace secular rightness without thinking of priestly failures. The true priestly ideal was so lofty a one in his eyes, that in actual life he was forever turning to the priestly standard as the type of all in humanity that was weak, and hollow, and even hypocritical. He was, we think, often unjust to his order. He never could forget that he was one of them; they all came under the shadow of his self-accusation. He laid to their account much of the popular rejection of Christianity, which had no more to do with the faults of the clergy than it has with the faults of the papacy. He started with the belief that the craving after God is as natural to humanity as the craving for air or light is, and he inferred that where this craving was changed to repulsion it was the fault of those who in the eyes of the people represented the messengers from a divine world. And thus a certain personal exaggeration mingled with his horror of any priestly claims, and that which was most obviously characteristic of the High Church party was also the beacon light that at once diverted the course of his voyage.

His relation to them must be regarded from yet another point of view. It is most important with all men, and above all with one of his tendency, to take up the unpopular side, to remember what current opinion formed the background to their teaching; what form of error seemed to them dangerous. To the reader of our day there may seem a somewhat extravagant fear in the minds of all contemporary opponents of the earlier High Church movement of our century. But in the interval between the French Revolutions of 1830 and 1848 it was the form of religion which was interesting and fashionable, and its power was mighty, not only over its loyal subjects, but also over its successful rebels. They felt its influence long after they had repudiated its authority. He would trace that influence in the minds of such men as J. A. Froude with a certain indulgence for whatever weakness he connected with its source. "You must expect these views of truth," he would say in effect, "from men who have been taught their early creed, and who have repudiated it." He had still a lively sympathy with the early creed, and also with the recoil from it; and both feelings will be brought home to the readers of these volumes more forcibly than by his published teachings. No one can read the earlier letters in the first volume without perceiving how strongly he was inclined towards asceticism. In the matter of fasting, we are informed (vol. ii. 290), his practice was strictly in conformity with High Church views, though so carefully hidden that many of his friends will learn it here for the first time; and there was a deep craving in his nature after everything of the nature of penance, sometimes taking a somewhat comic form — as once when, in a discussion on corporal punishment at schools, he lamented that he, being brought up at home, had never experienced it. We see the strong influence both of this attraction and repulsion when we turn to his attitude towards the Evangelicals. What is best in them is exactly that individualizing tendency which he so peculiarly dreaded; but on the other hand, Evangelical doctrine roused a feebler protest in him than High Church doctrine did, because his opposition towards it was diluted by the fact that the Evangelicals were on the losing side all through the years of his mature life. "That is to say, you have seen the High Church party in blossom, and the Evangelicals run to seed," he once answered some one who spoke against them; and the words give a clue to his attitude to the High Church party that should never be lost sight of. In no circumstances could he ever have been found among their representatives. Nevertheless, if we must speak our mind, we confess that the least misleading view of his position in the Church would be attained by one who should specially consider his relation to High Church ideas and beliefs without ever forgetting that his chief dread was that spirit of priestly assumption which a High Church party must always be inclined more or less to encourage.

And, on the other hand, the most misleading view of his position seems to us to be that, generally accepted, which connects him with the party known as the

Broad Church. He is not so far away from Cardinal Newman as he is from Dr. Jowett. Couple him with the first, and you contemplate a striking antagonism; couple him with the second, and you can only say, "Here are two English clergymen who have both influenced their time." All that is most characteristic of Broad Churchmen is the exact opposite of what characterizes him. They may be described as the transition forms between the old and the new orthodoxy; they have inverted the old distrust of physical science, and take an attitude of extreme respect towards all eminent students of nature, to whose teaching they give a religious form, and thus set up a kind of *modus vivendi* between two parties who divide between them the strength of the past and of the future. It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more remote from all that engaged his sympathies. He was not in sympathy with the old orthodoxy; he would, if he could have understood it, have been still less in sympathy with the new orthodoxy, and he hated a compromise. The convictions most deeply grounded in truth seemed to him to change to falsehood when they stiffened into orthodoxy. The creeds were held by him with an absolute conviction; we deliberately believe that no Churchman of this century pronounced them with such fulness of meaning, such depth of feeling, as he did. Nevertheless, he thought it possible that they should be used as the label of a set of opinions that were as far from the truth as the denial of every word contained in them. "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" And even where this label was attached to doctrines which embodied nothing he considered false in itself, still the mere fact that the revelation of God should be supposed capable of shrinking to the compass of something that man could hedge round with logical formulæ, and define as "sound doctrine" or "safe opinion," this of itself was to his mind fatal error. And thus, though we believe that the early Fathers and the Protestant Reformers would both have recognized him as the most orthodox of his generation, he was in fact at issue, during the greater part of his life, with that which it recognized as orthodoxy.

When we turn to the new orthodoxy — to give the body of authoritative opinion grounded in the teaching of physical science and openly hostile or contemptuous to theology, a name which, ere long, none will be able to refuse to it — we are on ground which certainly cannot be said ever to have been the object of his attack, because he hardly came within sight of it. How he regarded it from a distance we learn from these volumes. "Every hope I had for human culture," he says in a letter which, among many other interesting characteristics, is memorable as being almost the last thing he ever wrote (vol. i. 183) "was based on theology; what sympathy, then, could I have" (he means at the time of publishing "Subscription no Bondage") "with the Liberal party, which was ready to tolerate all opinions in theology, only because people could know nothing about it, and because other studies could be pursued much better without reference to it." If he had stopped there we should all have felt that he had described the Broad Church party quite as definitely as it is possible to describe a very heterogeneous body of men; but he goes on (pp. 183, 184): "The Liberals feel, and I feel, that we are not a step nearer to each other in 1870 than we were in 1835. They have acquired a new name. They are called Broad Churchmen now, and delight to be called so. But their breadth seems to me to be narrowness. They include all kinds of opinions. But what message have they for the people who do not live upon opinions, or care for opinions?" It is a most significant fact that that question, asked concerning that body of whom he is popularly supposed the founder, should be the last sentence ever published from the pen of Frederick Maurice.

A general opinion, such as that which connects Maurice with the Broad Church, need not be true, but must be plausible. Perhaps it is sufficiently accounted for by the mere fact that he and they both rejected the popular belief which the opponents of Christianity are wont to represent as its central dogma — that of an endless hell. All that the lay world knew of him at the time that his name was most before the public, was that he had been turned out of his chair in King's College for denying everlasting punishment, and they did not take the trouble of going into his disquisitions on the meaning of the word *ἀιώνιος*, or of understanding what it was that he denied or asserted. And there is no doubt that this event was an important crisis in the theological development of our country, or that it did throw him for the time into the same group as the Liberal party in the Church. That is the way men get labelled. But nothing is more fallacious than such grouping. It

is an utter misconception of Maurice's whole moral attitude to associate him with the judgment commemorated in an epigram which describes a certain judge as abolishing eternal punishment when he approached the end of his earthly career. Even what is undeniable in such an association is misleading. It suggests a view of evil, now becoming extremely popular, as a mere unripeness of the moral being, which would be as untrue of him as it would be of Augustine or of St. Paul. And also it suggests a notion that religion is a sort of spiritual insurance against the risks of futurity, which was no less foreign to his mind. He was singularly opposed to the latter doctrine. We say singularly in the literal sense; we cannot call to mind another religious teacher who so consistently refused to contemplate the world beyond the grave. So much was this the case, that we learn from this memoir (vol. ii. 537) it was even possible to doubt of his belief in a future life. But when all this is conceded, it still remains that he made it possible to declare, within the Church of England, that there is no reason to consider death as producing any change in God's attitude to his creatures; and not all the confusions connected with this fact should lead us to ignore its importance. Those who can look back to religious teachings before him and after him will feel, as perhaps no words can convey to those who only know the latter, the vast change that has come over the whole spirit of Christian thought since a belief in the doctrine of Christ ceased to be associated with a belief that this and that sharer of the daily meal and the daily task would, by a false step on a river's brink or the start of a frightened horse, be cut off from all hope forever. And whatever Maurice believed, he disbelieved that. He never said he disbelieved eternal punishment. But that God's love should pursue the sinner in this world, and would cease to open any vista of fatherly welcome to him when an accident or an illness dissolved his connection with the body, was what he disbelieved with all his soul. And it was a new event and a most important omen that one should disbelieve this to whom the invisible world is real.

But we may say more than this to account for the fallacious opinion which ranks Frederick Maurice among that party which we have described as the transition form between the new and the old orthodoxy. The standard of "right opinion" in our day has migrated from the inward to the outward world. Now we can recall no thinker of our day, except Carlyle, who was so entirely indifferent to theories about the outward world, and to facts also. It has often been said since he died — and he thought it of himself — that what he cared for was fact. His reverence for fact is one of the few claims made for him which he was ready to make for himself. It is strange, but perhaps it is not unparalleled, that the only moral claim which the humblest of men should make for himself should be one that the verdict of an impartial posterity should set aside; but in this case we cannot doubt that it will be so, and it seems to us so important that those who remember a man with gratitude and love should not blur all ethical distinctness in the attempt to justify their devotion, that we will risk much that we deeply value in order to explain our adherence to this negative judgment. Of course there is an important sense in which every high-minded and honorable man has a reverence for fact, and in that sense it was eminently true of Maurice. He had more horror of falsehood than all but a very few men amongst those that have ever lived. And then, again, *fact* may be opposed not only to *falsehood*, but to *theory*; and this also he had a great dread of. His "craving after fact" was to himself and his disciples a part of his horror of systems, a healthy and useful feeling in some respects, and certainly a characteristically English one. He always regarded all philosophy through the atmosphere of biography, and from being much less ready to judge men's acts than their beliefs sometimes fell into what we should call the superstition of regarding the latter region as less a revelation of God's judgment than the former is; while his views of philosophy were thus presented under a peculiarly human and living aspect which has brought them home to many who could have received them in no other form, and his "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy" was once described by a man who had been brought up to regard his books as anathema maranatha, as "the first book that had ever made him feel there was a living man behind it." But a hatred of lies and a dread of theories do not make up a reverence for facts. And nothing was more unlike the impartial intellectual receptivity which belongs to a reverence for fact than the strongly *selective* attention which characterized his mind. It is not enough to say that the spirit of disinterested accuracy—we mean, of course, disinterested in the sense of

being detached from every interest except that of accuracy itself — was not characteristic of him. It is perhaps the only virtue he could not appreciate. His spirit felt the neighborhood of a great truth as a mighty magnet, and, in the rush with which he would turn towards it, all sense of relevance was submerged. He did not the least blame those who, like the scientific men of our day, *altogether* neglect the central facts of our spiritual existence; he simply let them alone. But when he came upon any speculations occupied on the borderland, he was always intolerant of those who could not treat difficulties as mysteries. He invariably mistook importance for relevance. We are not wishing that he had been different in this respect; so far as it was a weakness in his mind, it was the shadow of that which was its greatest strength. But now to ignore this deficiency — still more to regard it as an *efficiency* — this is not required by justice to him, and it is prohibited by justice to others.

His position on this ground will be best understood by remembering him in connection with the great thinker to whom we have just compared him. Both Thomas Carlyle and Frederick Maurice were entirely indifferent to all those facts — the bulk now of what people call knowledge — which concern the outward world and the framework of man's bodily organization. It would have been, we suppose, impossible for any man much younger than these two to have exercised so vital an influence on our time and drawn from it so little of that which is its dominant and absorbing interest. The two thinkers are, in this respect, landmarks of thought; they will blend for the eye of the historian with many an object intermediate between them and him, but they themselves belong to the kingdom of which they mark the limit. They have no place on the domain ruled by the ideas of our time. So much may be said of both, and in many respects their position seems to us a comparable one; but we go on to a quality in which Maurice was more distinguished from Carlyle than he was from many other men, when we speak of the influence exercised by his extreme humility on all his views. The very fact that he personally had no interest in any subject, that he was completely ignorant of it, seemed at times a sort of claim, on behalf of that subject, for the kind of reverence that he gave to whatever was not himself. We recall a curious instance of this kind of reverence in a lecture which he gave on "Mental Philosophy" more than thirty years ago. After speaking of the senses as the inlets of knowledge, he went on somewhat to this effect: "It would no doubt be a great help if I could enter here on the physiology of the subject, and describe the mechanism by which our knowledge of the outer world is conveyed to us; but this my own ignorance prevents my being able to do." To our mind this speech explains his whole attitude towards physical science. He knew nothing of it, cared nothing for it, *therefore* it was probably a most important introduction to the study of the truth which was his one absorbing object of contemplation. Perhaps he never perceived — perhaps he never admitted into that part of his mind where facts become the clue to principles — the point quite obvious in his lifetime, startlingly more obvious now, that the study of science did actually divert those among his contemporaries who gave themselves up to it from any interest whatever in that ultimate truth. It was enough for him that they were students of *a* truth, though a truth that did not interest him, to secure his belief that they must be in some way nearer than he to *the* truth, which manifests itself in many forms and speaks so many different languages. He was thus cut off from all hostility to the anti-theological movement of our day, partly by not understanding their point of view, and partly by not believing in it. So far as it originated in a study of the outward world he was consciously and respectfully ignorant of it; so far as it resulted in a passionate denial of the inward world he was incapable of conceiving of its possibility. He was quite alive to the fact that the thought of God might rouse very different feelings in the human heart, that it was a spring of dread no less than of love, and of dread that shaded off into horror. But the possibility that it should mark out a region in which one had simply (like the member of Parliament quoted by Mr. Leslie Stephen) "no interest whatever," was as completely hidden from him as the chemical rays of the spectrum from the eye which rests on its last delicate hues.

His relation towards the aggressive, dogmatic science of our day was very nearly the same as Charles Darwin's attitude towards its aggressive, dogmatic theology. Charles Darwin once showed a Christian friend a paragraph in MS. on the religious instinct, with a request for criticism, in exactly the same spirit that Mr. Maurice would have done to a scien-

tific friend if he had ever had occasion to write anything about science: "This is something you have gone into and I have not; should you say this is the right version of the matter?" Every successor of Darwin has been more or less hostile to theology. Every predecessor of Maurice was more or less hostile to the spirit of impartial scientific investigation. We cannot say that Maurice's neutrality towards the spirit of impartial scientific investigation was quite as absolute as Darwin's towards theology, but it would be so trifling an exaggeration that we are tempted to make it for the sake of clearness. Even thus weakened the distinction is a very great one. The ideal teacher of our time would recognize this antagonism; to attempt to say how he would deal with it would be out of place in a review of the life of Maurice. But the next best thing for a teacher, after understanding completely that movement of thought to which he is most antagonistic, is to ignore it completely. And Maurice did ignore it almost completely. He was saved from any real antagonism to that movement of thought which is vaguely called Darwinism, by understanding it as little as a traveller newly arrived in some distant land understands the purport of its most idiomatic and hurried conversation. He knew that science was an interest to many men. He thought that faith was the yearning of all men. He felt, therefore, that he was dealing with truths of universal interest, and since he unfortunately could not illustrate them with truths of partial interest, he had nothing to do with these latter truths but to leave them on that platform of respected obscurity which they occupied for his gaze by the mere fact of his being ignorant of them. His temporary abandonment of this position was the only thing about his career we are tempted to regret; but even taking it into account, we may say that few clergymen of the Church of England were in so favorable a position to meet the great shock given a quarter of a century ago with the first stir of the great movement that has since been associated with the name of evolution.

Of course this attitude towards science was his weakness as well as his strength, although, on the whole, it enabled him to make his message distinct to his kind. So far as it was indistinct, we think it was because he departed from this attitude and entered on a region to which no inward instinct led him. But it is obviously a weakness, in some sense, for a teacher to be ignorant of the intellectual currents amid which he has to steer, and towards the close of his life his influence was very much narrowed by this ignorance. Its most injurious effect, however, was this. Among the young who were attracted by his influence there must have been many who, seeing that he confronted the intellectual difficulties of their day, and that they made no impression on him, thought he had solved them. They yielded themselves up to him with the belief that they had found a guide who would lead them through a tangled maze to a distant refuge. They saw that he found this refuge accessible, or at least they saw that every other sojourn was a mere excursion; and they supposed, therefore, that he could show them the way through the only path by which they could reach it. When, at the first experience of real perplexity, they found that he was not accompanying them on their road, they were seized with a not unnatural disappointment. They came to regard him — to use his own words of those who took a similar attitude with regard to Butler — "with what can only be described as a bitter discontent." They recoiled from the faith associated with what they fancied a disingenuous and ill-kept promise; and seeing how firm was his confidence in that *beyond*, which he found so near and they so inaccessible, deemed the difficulties *he* could not solve insoluble, and the region where he had promised them a home a chimera. And hence it has come to pass that some men who have been learners from one whose life was an exhibition of the power and meaning of Christianity intelligible to a peasant, and impressive to the most profound scholar, are to be found in the ranks of those who have most decidedly turned their backs on the truth he showed, not only with his lips, but with his life, and that the most shallow and careless attack that was ever made on him came from one who had known something of him and come near him personally at one time.

We have said that his was a monotonous nature. It seems impossible to put our meaning into other words; his nature was certainly the contrary of various. But the associations of the word are misleading. It does not seem applicable to a very profound and a very impressive character. And there was certainly in him a striking union of opposites in some directions. Some, for instance (we have cited such a case in a note), would feel all we have said of his dread of what was indi-

vidual refuted by the memory of his friendship, though it will be accepted as true on the whole by those who knew him best; and, indeed, a union of opposites is the characteristic rather of a deep than of a many-sided nature. We cannot pass over a striking instance of this union of opposites, in his attitude towards all physical evil. He regarded sickness as the shadow and type of sin, and yet as in some sense a spiritual privilege, a channel of some spiritual lore which every man was the poorer for lacking. It is instructive to observe how often a feeling becomes influential in proportion to its contradictoriness. We are unable entirely to agree with either member of this antithesis. But, still, any one who can believe *both* these things — and Maurice did believe both most firmly — has a spring of wonderful power in dealing with the sick. He is on the side of the physician. He looks on illness as something to be fought against, not only in the sense that every one must so regard it, but more specially as the work of an evil, disorderly influence, the antagonist of God the deliverer. This is at times (not always) a helpful point of view to the sufferer. Illness is a source of such varied misery, and of misery sometimes so little obviously connected with any physical cause, that the invalid does indeed at times find himself in contact with an evil influence — something that has to be resisted and abhorred, not merely endured. And then at other times that opposite view of illness expressed in the Visitation Service for the Sick — a view which discovers in all bodily sufferings the hand not of an evil spirit, but of a Father, chastening his children that they might be partakers of his holiness — this is also neeeed, and more needed, by many a lifelong sufferer. And by nothing is it reinforced so strongly as by Maurice's strong sense of pain as the *teacher*. He looked upon these helpless invalids on their couch as privileged learners, standing far nearer to the teaching of the Heavenly Father than he who stood beside them and strove to echo back some part of the instruction which he could convey to them only as an echo. How it could be possible that pain should be both the channel of a special teaching and also the work of the devil was a problem which some passages in his sermons show to have come quite clearly before him, and a letter here (vol. ii. 258) shows that he recognized an apparent contradiction in his own views; but it was to his mind a mark of truth to contain an apparent contradiction, and he seems to have felt always as if a contradiction were explained when both its members were distinctly stated. He never troubled himself to find the meeting-point — never even could quite understand the position of those who were trying to do so.

This, we should say, more than any of the grounds which his son has touched on in a valuable and suggestive chapter (vol. ii. 526) — though there is much to ponder on in all of them — was the reason of his being felt obscure. His sentences are all perfectly clear. We cannot remember one that any attentive reader would have the slightest difficulty in understanding, so far as the *words* went, on a first perusal. What made his whole drift hard to follow was that, sooner or later, his reader or hearer had to surrender for a time the belief that logical coherence was the test of truth. There is always in any sustained reasoning of his, a gap to be crossed, where no logical bridge is possible, and his follower must trust to the wing of his strong imaginative faith. Perhaps, for instance, it would be possible to append to every criticism given in this article some single quotation from his writings which should make it appear erroneous. He was at home only in the region of premises. But apparent contradiction is a test of truth hardly less certain than real contradiction is of error, and it is worth while following a leader who is sometimes blind to the latter fact if he is always alive to the former. At all events, no one will understand Maurice who does not accept this as the constitution of his mind. We would connect the statement with what we have said of his indifference to science. Of course we do not mean that "the laws of thought as thought" — to take the definition of logic which Maurice himself preferred (it is that of Sir William Hamilton) — are applicable only on physical ground. But a complete moral truth never looks quite coherent from the outside, as a complete physical truth does. And whatever weakness there was in Maurice's distrust of logical completeness, there was a great strength in that of which it was the mere distorted consequence — his determination to keep that faculty in man which lays hold on what *is*, unshackled by the more fallible decision of the faculty of inference. The habit of mind of which this resolution is a part is not favorable for controversy. But all that widens sympathy prepares the mind for the apprehension of truth.

We have compared him to his contemporary, Carlyle, and we think that many peculiarities of his nature would come out more clearly if the two were associated. But the thinker whose neighborhood does most to explain him is neither a contemporary nor a countryman. The Socratic element in his mind has never yet been appreciated. Especially in his feeling about words he is most explicable to one who is fresh from the Socratic dialogues. The resolution, often so apparently perverse and irritating, never to accept the popular nomenclature apart from some definite standard — a resolution sometimes really degenerating into verbal quibbles — the endeavor constantly to seek for the true meaning beneath the slovenly average misconception, was an exact reproduction of the aim of every dialogue in which Socrates takes part. And it is also an endeavor which, in spite of all that we have said of his want of the scientific instinct, may be called truly scientific in spirit. Nevertheless it was as often hurtful as helpful to him, because it was mixed with a feeling that is essentially unscientific. It is an indispensable preliminary of every discussion that people should give up using words to which they attach no definite meaning, and much is to be learned from etymology; but we spoil the contribution which the history of language brings to the elucidation of truth when we allow ourselves to regard it as the key to truth. However natural was this habit of mind in a Greek who knew no language but his own, it is wrought up with the abandoned belief that language is the photograph of existence, instead of being the mere shadow of thought — a belief against which Maurice has left us some forcible protests, but of which he has also provided many striking illustrations. But we are trying to understand rather than to judge this tendency of his mind, and it was a part of his relation to one of the mightiest and most elevating minds which has ever swayed the history of thought.

We have introduced this notice with an anecdote, forcibly bringing home to the hearts of all who have ever entered into the meaning of what he taught the influence he exercised on the spirit that confronts the invisible world. That influence is gathered up in his own commentary on the words of the dying Hooker, "I go to a world of order" — his assertion that that sober anticipation more harmonized with the yearnings that turned towards that mysterious future than all the rapturous death-bed utterances which are more common. Now the words seem to blend with his own at a like summons, "I go to life, and not to death." The world beyond the grave was not so much the object of his spoken contemplations as it has been of most holy men. His son reminds us — and, incredible as it may seem, the confusion is not inexplicable — that there were those who even questioned his faith in a future world. We recall a little fact which throws some light on the mistake. He was once spending the evening at the Carlyles' when the conversation turned on the death of a priest who had fallen a victim to his devotion to the sick of his own faith, and a discussion arose as to the degree in which the anticipation of a future life was a spring of such devotion. Maurice's view of that question will not be doubtful to any one who ever knew him. The word "heaven," in any sense of a *future* condition, was one of an odd little group, including "the soul," "religion," etc., which acted on him as the traditional red rag on a bull. To the surprise of the auditor of the discussion, it was Carlyle who on this occasion took the orthodox view. "It's a great influence, the future life; we must not make light of it," he said. Perhaps if he who then seemed to make light of it were now among us, in the maturity of his power, he would be converted to the sense of a fuller meaning in that warning. Not to a more firm belief in the future life, for truly that is impossible. He does not believe it now more than he believed it then. But it might be that if he knew more of the current of thought that, strong before he left us, is irresistible now, he would have been brought to a stronger belief in the *present* life — the life that belongs to the seen and the outward, the life that satisfies, the life that quenches the thirst for God. If one should arise who united this belief to his message, he would be the teacher of the age. But to imagine such a combination is, perhaps, to suppose things united in this imperfect world whose union is kept for that which shall end so many a divorce, and in which it must be the fervent belief of every one who has learnt from him that he has learnt more and taught more than in that fragment of his being which can be commemorated in a memoir.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TEDDY TELLS.

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day."

ADDISON.

OUR readers will bear in mind that Lady Fairleigh's summons to her brother took him to town on the very Thursday morning that Teddy Lessingham returned from his secret mission to Clinkton — the mission which had been undertaken at Whewell's instigation, or rather at his command and beneath his pressure; and now, while the gallant young stranger, who had thus appeared and disappeared as by magic before Bertha Tufnell's admiring eyes, had left behind him an impression that was as agreeable as it was stimulative and curiosity-inspiring, he with very different sensations — indeed, with but one thought and one desire fillng his mind — was hurrying southwards with all the speed he could, only anxious to disburden his overcharged bosom of its oppressive and momentous contents.

The two quondam friends passed each other on the way, for the train which bore Challoner up from Overton whistled into the London terminus just as that which bore Teddy down whistled out; but little did either think how near the other was.

Teddy had returned from the north the night before, too late to proceed home then and there, as he would fain have done, for the last stopping train had gone, and it was imperative that he should go by a stopping train, as he was careful to explain to all who would listen; and accordingly, after the twentieth assurance that none of the kind required would leave before morning, he had made himself snug at a good hotel, had enjoyed an excellent dinner and night's sleep, and had so far indeed bent to circumstances as to consider that the second morning train down would do well enough for him. The first was really too early; they were not early people at the Hall, and our young friend was invariably the last to appear at the breakfast-table, — so that, ardently as he now burned to get back, to confront the traitor who had ousted him from Matilda's side, and who now in his turn was to be justly served by being himself hurled from that high place, 9.30 was too much: nobody could be up and dressed, and breakfasted, and started by half past nine o'clock on a winter morning — a dull, foggy, worst kind of winter morning too, warm as an oven and oppressive as a feather-bed.

At eight he had been called, and had decided the point with a promptitude engendered by habits of ease; and another excellent hour's snooze, and the comfort of dressing by daylight instead of by gaslight, had been his reward.

Once on the alert, however, Teddy was brisk enough — so brisk indeed, that, long before it was needful, he was pacing the railway platform from which he was to start, whiling away the time by every means ingenuity could devise; restlessly consulting his watch every few minutes; investigating bookstalls, questioning porters, and getting himself entangled among trucks and luggage as the hour of departure approached.

Refreshed with his trip, his attention diverted by new scenes, new faces, and on the whole new thoughts, he was another man altogether from what he had been during the last few days; and now, literally aglow with information and indignation — but indignation of a kind that was endurable compared with the sullen torments lately undergone, which none had shared, and none had even seemed to see — he almost forgot, in the magnitude of his embassy, the importance it cast upon himself, and the ignominy upon his rival, that his great piece of news, with all its details and variations, might not be quite so delightful for Matilda to hear as for him to tell.

So rapidly had his own feelings towards Challoner changed, with such a sudden crash had they fallen from the utmost heights of warmth and ardor to the lowest depths of dislike and distrust, that, as was usual with him, the latter, the present state of mind, had entirely swept away all recollection of the former.

Challoner was now odious to him; no name was too bad for such a scoundrel; there was nothing he would not believe of him, no fate he would not prophesy for him.

In epithets, muttered denunciations, and imprecations, his wrath found vent with an ease and satisfaction that only needed an audience to make it complete; and with his sister for that auditor, the prospect as he drew near the old, familiar country-side made him scarce able to tolerate the slightest delay.

Yes, Matilda would listen to him now. He had something to tell her now that would make her give him an audience, whether she would or not.

She would listen and he would unfold

all. How amazed she would be! How she would stare when she heard where he had been, and with whom, and for what purpose!

"Yes, I went to the place, and ascertained the facts, and there can be no doubt on the subject," he imagined himself saying. "Whewell said I was the proper person to go, and so I was. Brothers are the people to interfere in affairs of this kind; and Overton is no good — he is not the sort of fellow at all to know what to do. Whewell put me up to it, (she thinks a lot of Whewell), and as soon as I saw my way clear I was off. You need not be afraid: I understood what I was about; I was as sharp as anything, and managed it all beautifully, — and now, what do you say to me? Am I not," etc., etc., etc., when of course she would caress him and thank him, and he would be her own Teddy once more.

But that Matilda would *mind?* That he was about to stab her to the heart? That he must pause and turn the knife aside, and blunt its edge, and soften its cruel stroke? Poor childish creature! the idea never so much as occurred to him.

With the utmost eagerness he now made his way on foot to the Hall by side paths and short cuts, which greatly curtailed the distance, and with complacency he discovered that it was only a little after half past two by the large stable clock as he rounded the corner, and almost ran up to the front door. Matilda seldom if ever went out before three even in the short winter days; he was sure to catch her.

A footman was crossing the vestibule as the traveller stepped inside, and stopped short, surprised; but Teddy had forgotten to put any value on the suddenness of his reappearance, and indeed the man's pause and exclamation passed unheeded.

"Lady Matilda within?" He was getting out of his greatcoat as he spoke, and did not catch the reply.

"Eh? Is she in the dining-room? Is luncheon not over yet? Oh, it is over! Don't take it away though, John; I have not had any. Just leave anything there is; I'll be down directly. I want to see Lady Matilda for a minute first; where *is* Lady Matilda? Is any one with her? Where, did you say, — *where?*"

He fully expected to hear, "With Mr. Challoner in the boudoir, or in the billiard-room, or the library," — certainly "With Mr. Challoner" somewhere or other; in which case he had in his own mind arranged to send by John a message to her ladyship — he knew exactly how he should phrase it — to the effect that he had returned by the midday train, and would be obliged if she would see him for a few minutes in private, as he had important information to communicate, — Challoner of course need never know then, nor after that it was *that* which constituted the information. And so much did the thoughtless brother enjoy the situation, so full was he of the honor and glory of the post he held, that it must be owned the footman's reply assuring him that her ladyship was alone and at liberty — that she had the minute before rung her bedroom bell, announcing herself ready for her afternoon's ride, and that her horse was just coming round from the stable — was in its way quite a disappointment.

"Is she just gone up, did you say?" he inquired a second time.

"Her ladyship went up a quarter of an hour ago, sir. She must be ready by this time, sir. I think I hear the horses coming round now," listening.

"Horses? Oh, bother! Well, I say, tell them to wait. I must see Lady Matilda first."

Horses? That meant that Challoner was also making ready for a gallop over the downs; and no doubt it was *his* horse, his own horse Trumpeter, whom that infernal puppy ——

"I shall want Trumpeter myself," he said sharply.

"Very well, sir; what time, sir?"

"Oh, I don't know: I'll tell you presently. I was afraid that he might be — that some one else might be taking him. What horse is Mr. Challoner having, then?"

"Mr. Challoner is gone up to town, sir, — gone up for the day, to return by the four o'clock train. Her ladyship is riding alone this afternoon, sir; Charles, I believe, is to attend her."

In another minute Teddy was tapping at his sister's door.

"Oh, you are come back, my dear boy!" cried Matilda, flying upon him with open arms; "and come back just in time to go with me to Endhill. I want you so much. Now that *is* nice of you! I am just off for Endhill: fly, and tell them to bring round Trumpeter too; and Charles need not go with us, need he? Think, Ted, it is a whole week, a week to-day, since I was there! Robert will inquire after my health, and hope I have not suffered from a cold, or a chill, or the miserable weather, or my exertions during the skating-time; and Lotta will inform me that baby has grown out of all his

frocks, and needs new ones, and beg to show me patterns and — why, what's the matter?"

It had all come back to her companions now, — all the old home feelings, the love of Matilda, and fear of Matilda, and dependence on Matilda — Matilda as his one necessity in life, his daily bread, his dearest, kindest, most beloved friend and comforter; and with the sight of her sweet face and the listening to her lightsome prattle, with the old blue riding-habit, and the greeting that had in it no word of reproach, — with the whole there came over poor Teddy's soft heart such a sense of guilt and dismay as he had never experienced before. All his anticipated triumph shrank and withered into filthy rags.

"What's the matter, boy?" said Matilda pleasantly. "Don't you want to come?"

"You see," stammered poor Teddy — "you see, I am just off a journey, — a long journey — two long journeys."

"How many more?"

"I don't know how many more, I am sure. I have been travelling ever since I left here," his courage rising a little as the dash and spirit of the thing recurred to him. "I have never been out of trains ——"

"Gracious me! What did you do that for?"

"I could not help it. It," cried Teddy, with a gulp — "it is a long way to Clinkton."

"To Clinkton? Oho! Oh, oh, *oh*, OH! Oh, now I begin to understand! Oh, you sly thing! It is a long way to Clinkton indeed, — a very long way. Pray — if it is not inquisitive to ask — pray what took you to Clinkton?"

"What took me?" cried Teddy, gaping at her as if she already must have divined, or ought to have divined, his object. "What? — you may well ask what took me."

"Why, she is not worse, is she? You are very grave. Dear Ted, I meant no harm; but I have heard nothing. I would not jest about it for the world, if she is really worse."

"She! Who?" He had been so full of the one aspect of the case, that he had forgotten there might be any other. "She! Who?" he demanded.

It was now Matilda's turn to stare.

"Oh! you mean Juliet Appleby," said Teddy, with a surprising effort. "Oh, I say!" — in consternation — "I say, Matilda, I forgot poor Juliet altogether! Upon my word, I declare I never once thought of her; and I was on the spot and all! How very provoking! What would they say? And after my offering —— But mind you never let out that I was there, and perhaps they may never hear of it. What a stupid I was, to be sure!"

"But," exclaimed his sister, puzzled still more by this — "but if it was not on Juliet's account, what, may I ask, were you doing at Clinkton? What was the attraction there, of all places? Your telegram ——"

"Ay, you got my telegram?"

"The night you left. But it merely said you had gone to a friend, and did not say where. Your friend was at Clinkton, then?"

"He lives there. I spent a couple of hours with him there yesterday."

"A couple of hours!" said Matilda, laughing. "Pardon me, dear, but I cannot help it. A couple of hours! And you travelled all the way from London, five hours' journey from London" (she knew exactly how long it took), "to see — a friend. Dear, dear, dear! Funny boy," patting him merrily on the shoulder. "What will he do next, I wonder?"

"Well, I wanted to see him," began Teddy

"And, to be sure, there was no earthly reason why you should not," rejoined his sister; but even he could see that it was with difficulty she restrained the amusement his doings afforded her — "no reason at all; only you will allow — but no matter. Away with you now, you dear simpleton, and tell me all about it some other time! It will wait, — and the horses won't. Away with you!" pushing him gently towards the door; "if that is all you have to tell me, away with you, and make yourself ready as fast as you can! Get you gone, young sir!"

"But, confound it, you won't let me speak!" protested poor Teddy, already with his face close to the door. "Can't you listen to me for a single moment, instead of talking the whole time yourself? I tell you I *have* something to say ——"

"Say away, then; only be quick about it."

"I heard something at Clinkton."

"What did you hear?"

"It was about — about Challoner."

"About Mr. Challoner?" As quick as lightning there was a change in her face. "About Mr. Challoner? Well?"

A pause.

"Go on."

Another pause.

"What about him?" demanded Matilda, all attention — close, concentrated, unswerving attention now.

Unfortunate Teddy! that swift interest took away the last remains of any desire to communicate.

"Challoner is engaged to be married," he said in a thick, guttural voice, not at all his own. "He is engaged to a Clinkton girl. It is to see her he goes to Clinkton."

"I heard it first from Whewell," continued the narrator, eager to continue, now that he had begun. "I went to Whewell the day I left here. That was Tuesday, you know. I went to call on Whewell. I had no idea of anything; I merely went to make a friendly call, as young fellows do, and I happened to say we had Challoner with us, and he said something about his marriage; so then I said we had never heard a syllable about his marriage — for you know we had not."

A smothered movement.

"Oh, you may trust me. I took care what I said," proceeded Teddy, comprehending with wonderful sagacity what was meant. "I took precious good care not to let *you* down ——"

"Never mind that. Go on."

"Well, I could not help showing that we knew nothing of the marriage, because you know we did know nothing, and Whewell seemed to know everything. Challoner has been engaged since before we ever set eyes upon him — engaged for three months and more, — and the wedding is to be immediately. Stop! hear me out," as she had raised a pale smiling face for denial — "just you hear me out. I am not going upon Whewell's word — though Whewell is not a bad fellow, and was uncommonly civil to me — but I knew *you* would never believe a thing he said." She nodded to this. "So that was what took me to Clinkton. Whewell told me where Hale lived — that is my friend — and I — I really did not want to see him, you know, — and Whewell thought it would be a good plan."

"He sent you?"

"Sent me? No indeed; I went of my own accord. But it was he who thought of it —— What do you look like that for?" breaking off suddenly.

"Well, I went to Clinkton," continued Teddy, meeting with no reply; "I went the day before yesterday, and found Hale at home the next morning — that was yesterday morning; and just as I was coming away, and they had told me all about it — this marriage, I mean, — who should I fall in with but the very girl herself — I mean, her sister."

"Well?"

"Oh, she told me a heap; I had it all over again from her. It was exactly as Whewell had said; her sister had been engaged to Challoner ever since last September. He had met her first at Lady Fairleigh's — you remember he has often spoken of his sister Lady Fairleigh — and they are to be married next month; early next month, the girl said. She was a nice, smart-looking girl," quoth Teddy, who was not so particular as Matilda — "an awfully well-got-up girl, and she jabbered away like anything. She said her other sister was engaged too, and that they were going to have a double wedding. She said she had often heard of us. Jem — that was Challoner — had spoken of us when he was there lately. She called Overton 'the earl,'" said Teddy, with a grin. "She did not know I was 'the earl's' brother though; I kept that dark. I merely put it to her in a casual sort of way, Had she ever heard of Challoner's friends, the Lessinghams? And I brought in Overton's name when she seemed not quite sure. As soon as she heard Overton's name, she said yes at once, and remarked that they had been very kind to him when he was laid up at their house not long ago. I thought it was as well to be perfectly certain that it really was *our* man, our Challoner that everybody meant," continued Teddy, who, to be sure, had done as well and shown as much sagacity throughout as though he had been the wisest of the wise. "There may be dozens of other Challoners in the world, you know" — which was precisely what Matilda had twice opened her lips to point out — "but, of course, there could only be one Challoner who knew *us* and was laid up here lately," proceeded the speaker, "so that settled the matter. And the Hales spoke as if everybody knew about it; and so did the other girl — the sister of the one you know. Her name is Tufnell. Whewell could not quite get hold of it, but he was sure that it began with a T; and so it did. I said it over to myself lots of times on the way home, for fear I should forget it, as Whewell did; and I knew you would never believe a word if I forgot the name. But anyhow, *it's true.* You may believe me or not, but I've got it all for you as clear as crystal, and it was all exactly as Whewell said: the whole time Challoner has been here he has been as good as a married man, and never whispered a syllable about it!"

He paused at length, for there was no more to be said after this.

"Dear! I think he might have told us," said Matilda, taking up her riding-whip.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MATILDA SHOWS A BRAVE FRONT.

"Vulgar minds refuse, or crouch beneath their load;
the brave
Bear theirs without repining.
MALLET.

SUCH admirable carelessness was beyond our heroine's simple retainer, and it must be confessed that Teddy's mouth fell open as wide as any ploughboy's when the next minute his sister stepped past him in the doorway and tripped lightly out of sight, — and she had run downstairs, got upon her horse, and was away from the door, before he had even time to rub his eyes and find his voice.

"But I was going too!" he said at last.

It was too late; my lady was far down the avenue ere he reached the front door, and there was no recalling her.

"What on earth — of course I was going," said he again. "A ride is just what I want, to get this beastly journey out of my head; and now that Challoner is disposed of, she will be glad enough to take me on again. Well, I'll get some luncheon, for I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I can go along presently; I'll catch her up at Endhill. Challoner's settled, that's one comfort; but Matilda was not half so mad as I thought she would have been. I was afraid just at the first she might have been a little upset, but she is such a jolly girl —— Oh, there is something hot, is there?" to a servant, who came up with the announcement. "In the library? Oh! I'll come. And, I say, tell them to have round Trumpeter by-and-by — in half an hour or so."

Now, how about Matilda? Straight upright she sat in her saddle, her hands grasping the reins with a tension of which she was wholly unaware, a burning spot on each cheek. She was going to Endhill mechanically — going because she had been going before. Before when? Before there was that rushing sound in her ears, that catch in her breath, that cold numbness at her heart. She had been going to Endhill, certainly she had been going to Endhill; and — and — whatever had been going to be must still be.

Nothing had happened, — oh dear, no, — nothing. If — if by any chance Teddy's ridiculous story should be true, — it was most unlikely, most improbable — Teddy never did tell true stories, — but if, if there was the slightest, most distant chance of his having built his absurd charge upon any sort of foundation, why — she would still go to Endhill. There was nothing to keep her from going to Endhill — nothing to deter her from going anywhere, or doing anything, — and she was at her destination ere she well knew she had started. She had galloped nearly the whole way.

"Who do you think we have got here?" cried Lotta, greeting her mother in the doorway, her voice betraying that the "who" was within earshot. "Mr. Whewell," — looking round, — "Mr. Whewell, come and show yourself. Mr. Whewell, mamma, has just arrived." Lady Matilda had rather a strange look on her face. "We did not know he was coming, for we never got his note," continued Lotta. "I tell him London letters must be posted by half past five in the afternoon if they are to be delivered here the next morning." (As if the artful rogue did not know as much, and had not planned his manœuvre so as not to be disconcerted by any unfavorable reply.) "So we shall probably get your note, Mr. Whewell, while we are at tea," continued Mrs. Lotta, running on contentedly, for she had been flattered into good humor by the wily barrister, and now that she had all the talking to herself, turned on the tap graciously. "We shall see it come in, and you will remember for another time. It is so fortunate that we are at home, for we are to be away the whole of next week; and indeed, but for this thaw ——" here Matilda lost her.

From the moment Matilda saw Whewell, hope fled. That bare sight of his face —his triumphant, overcharged face, ablaze with information, athirst for opportunity — one single impression of it was enough. She believed every word Teddy had spoken, and believing, not a note in her voice faltered, not a flicker of her eyelids nor a change in her color betrayed her.

(I am glad I came, was all she said within her heart. Glad — glad — *glad* I came. Now then —) "How d'ye do, Robert? Is that baby, Lotta? Ah, my sweet!" clasping him to her bosom, — did she for a moment hide her face in his? — "ah, my bonnie boy! how well he looks, how fast he grows! Never cries with me, you see, my dears. So you have come down to inspect your godson, Mr. Whewell," turning to him with graver politeness. "That is quite right, quite as it should be. His other godfather has been here too. He only left us this morning."

"Left you!" exclaimed Whewell involuntarily.

"Yes, left us for London. He and Teddy must have crossed each other by the way. Teddy is just come; did you come down in the same train with him?"

Whewell had; but he had hidden himself. He had not wished to be recognized, since, above all things, if he were ever to make any way with the lady of his affections again, he must remain in the background now. Now that he had set his puppets working, and that the machinery was in full going order, he must keep aloof, a dispassionate, innocent spectator, until the storm had blown by.

Challoner was about to be checkmated, and the desire to see and know how the checkmate was given had proved irresistible. To Endhill he must come, to insert himself into the Hanwells' confidence, and gather from Robert's deportment and Lotta's slips of the tongue how far the affair had gone, and in what aspect it had been viewed by the family in general; but he had sufficient penetration and knowledge of human nature to be aware that nothing could be more detrimental to his own interests than to seem to be cognizant of Matilda's feelings at this juncture, or to pry openly into what might be her shame and sorrow.

That she had not treated Challoner with indifference had been only too manifest, in spite of all poor Teddy's endeavors to conceal as much; whether she had given him her whole heart or not, was another question. It had been quick work if she had; and he had fancied Lady Matilda was not to be quickly won.

Directly he had begun to press his own suit, he had been conscious of that invisible, intangible resistance which a woman knows so well how to present, and which is so impossible to surmount or cut through. Immediately Whewell had left behind his open, friendly tone for tender asides and soft inquiries, he had felt a difference in his reception both in the boudoir and in the drawing-room; and from this he had drawn the not unnatural conclusion that he had been over-hasty, and that a beauty who knew her own value, and who had doubtless been laid siege to over a score of times, was unlikely to be taken by storm. He should have expected this; and he had more than once blamed himself for his precipitancy, and mused over the wily and wary path he should pursue in future. "Slow and sure" must be his motto.

From this it will be seen that the persevering barrister had by no means given up hopes; and strange to say, Challoner's success — for in his own mind Whewell did not doubt that success — instead of daunting, afforded a curious and subtle encouragement.

Challoner, brainless fool that he was, had found the soft spot in proud Matilda's heart; surely what Challoner could do, he could do. Challoner exposed and defeated, the breach was made, the way open for another.

Only let him be careful not to offend Matilda now, only let her imagine him unconscious — for well he knew that on unconsciousness her pride would set the highest value — and he might yet ascend to the throne by her side. And never had she seemed more queenlike or more gracious than she did at the moment when such thoughts and such hopes were animating the breast of Challoner's rival.

All of this is a digression, but we wish our readers to perceive with what intent the busy and hard-worked Londoner had forced a holiday upon himself in order to ascertain, by the surest method possible, the precise nature of the case which was now foremost in his consideration.

"Did you come down in the same train with Teddy?" inquired Lady Matilda easily.

"No doubt I did; but, oddly enough, we never came across each other," replied Whewell. "You say he is just arrived? Then how did we miss meeting, I wonder? I mean at this end; of course at the other side — there was such a crowd, — and I was late — he had probably got into his carriage before I arrived. If I had known he was to be there ——"

"Oh, I thought you did know?" She looked him quietly in the face as she spoke.

"Certainly I knew — knew he was coming down some time to-day, but there are a number of trains," explained Whewell, who had provided for this; "he did not tell me yesterday, when he called at my rooms, what particular train he meant to catch. I knew he could not get back from Clinkton last night in time to come straight on here; and indeed I thought it very likely that his friend Hale might induce him to remain longer — that is to say, if Hale were at home. Did he find Hale at home?"

"Yes, but he only saw him — or them, for I think he saw all the family — for a very short time. I don't suppose he ever intended to stay; he very seldom cares to go anywhere, and it was just a whim."

"I know. Yes, I believe it was I who unwittingly put it into his head," said Whewell, who, it will be seen, had carefully thought out all his part before. "I hope you were not diaappointed by his non-appearance; but he sent the telegram, and the poor fellow seemed dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and so charmed to escape from being snow-bound down here. But the snow is all gone to-day. I never was more surprised than when I got up this morning; the air as warm as summer, and the streets one mass of black slush from end to end. 'Pon my word, even the country is better," — he stopped, annoyed at his awkwardness.

"Yes, even the country is better," repeated Lady Matilda, with a perfectly amiable smile, — "even this poor, dreary country of ours is better sometimes than your enchanting London; and it is better than Clinkton too, Teddy thinks," stroking the baby's soft little head. ("He is quite good with me, Lotta, I assure you," in parenthesis.) "Is he not a nice little fellow, Mr. Whewell? I am only the grandmother, you know, not the mother, so I may put the question. Are you not proud of him, or of your share in him, whichever it is? Mr. Challoner's share is a very small one, by the way, judging from all the claim he lays to it. He is a wretched godfather. He never once came over to see baby this last visit, and now he is gone ——"

"But I never knew he was here!" cried Lotta.

"Gone, did you say?" repeated Whewell in a breath.

"I — I understood from your brother that he was at the Hall now," continued he, in the most natural voice he could muster; "I was looking forward to meeting him." But Lady Matilda was addressing her daughter.

"Well, my dear Lotta, it was very rude of him, I own; but then, in excuse, I must say that he only ran down to us for a few days, just because Overton had set his heart on having moonlight skating on the home ponds, and Mr. Challoner had never seen night-skating: so when the moon and the ice came together, we got hold of everybody whom we thought would really enjoy it. We knew *you* would not come, and even Robert ——"

"Oh, mamma, pray don't ask him. I should be in agonies till I saw Robert safe home again, if he were to go; and of course *I* could not go. Robert would not hear of it."

"Precisely. That was what we all felt," assented Matilda; "it was no sort of use asking you; but for people who skate ——"

"I am very fond of skating," began Lotta, "but ——"

"Mr. Challoner, for instance, came down from the north on purpose," continued Lady Matilda in a perfectly distinct voice, and she looked at Whewell as she spoke.

"Indeed! Lucky fellow! What would I have given — but you never thought of asking me; and indeed last week it would have been of no use — I could not have come by any possibility nor for any attraction," emphatically. "But Challoner, has he — is he off for good?"

"He has only gone to town to-day; he is to meet his sister, Lady Fairleigh, there, — take care, baby, don't get my watch-chain into your eyes, — and they will want to go north together."

"Ah, to Clinkton," said Whewell significantly.

"To Clinkton, yes. His *fiancée* lives at Clinkton, you know (baby, baby, you little mischief! see, Lotta, he has pulled down my hair)."

"What do you mean about his *fiancée?*" demanded Lotta, in blunt amazement. "Is Mr. Challoner engaged to be married?"

"Mrs. Hanwell had not heard of it, then?" observed Whewell, whom nothing escaped. "Had you heard, Hanwell?" wheeling round his chair as the door opened, for Robert had been out making arrangements for the comfort of his unexpected guest. "Had you heard about Challoner?"

"What about Challoner? No, I have not heard anything about him."

"Not about his marriage?"

"His marriage! No. Is he going to be married? I had no idea of it, nor had any of us."

"My dear Robert, I have just been telling Lotta the reason he has been so remiss in not coming over here. You see, we have been so shut up, and the roads have been so bad ever since the snow fell, and Mr. Challoner only came the day before the snow fell," murmured Lady Matilda, not very coherently; but coherence was perhaps the last thing to be desired, all things considered.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; you knew about it, then?" inferred her son-in-law very naturally. "He has been with you lately; is he with you still?"

"He comes down again this evening; but I should think he will rejoin his sister either to-morrow or next day."

"And — and you knew of this engagement?" proceeded Robert, with the stolid tread of an elephant on the delicate ground; and he was not ignorant that the ground was delicate either, for as he spoke he breathed slightly, drew up his brows, and looked round at each in turn before he stole a glance at Lady Matilda. He had had his own ideas about Lady Matilda, — ideas which were too distasteful to be imparted even to his wife, but which had been forced upon his dull perceptions in spite of himself, and of every argument he could think of on the other side. He had felt that there was something, although he could scarcely have defined what — but that there was something, *something* going on at Overton Hall; and that, whatever that something was, Challoner was at the bottom of it.

"Oh, it is an old story, as stories go," said Whewell, with an interposition for which he hoped Matilda would be grateful, — "a three months' old story, at any rate," getting up and ostensibly addressing his host, but in reality talking at and for one person only. "Three months is an age in these rapid times. I knew all about it long ago, and thought that of course you did too."

"No indeed."

"Not when you had him down here in November — I mean last month? It seems so long since I was here, I can hardly think it was only last month. Did he not tell you then?"

"No."

"Odd that he said nothing. But some men are extraordinarily shy about these matters, and Challoner is just that sort of reserved fellow. It was not from himself that *I* heard it — it came to me in quite a roundabout way; and then, when I recollected that the subject had not been mentioned openly among you, I concluded that he had not cared to be talked about. But I thought that of course you knew. The engagement was young then."

"Perhaps he was not engaged then." The bright thought was Lotta's.

"Oh, he was; he certainly was," said Whewell sharply. "Everybody knew it. And no doubt," markedly and exclusively now addressing Matilda — "no doubt your brother heard the thing mentioned at Clinkton yesterday. He did? Yes, I was sure he would. He went to the Hales', and the Hales are the Tufnells' particular friends. Tufnell is the name, I remember now. I could not recollect it when your brother asked me: I could only give him the fact, not the details."

"Pray spare them to us also," cried the lady, with a yawn. "Pray, Mr. Whewell, if you have any compassion on us poor country folks, who never hear a thing, and never see a human being, tell us the news, *on dits*, the scandal of the town, and don't, *don't* be prosy. It is delightful of you to have catered for us this — this charming piece of gossip, and we only beg you not to spoil it by too much skill and pains. It would be a pity ——"

"But I really want to know," broke in Lotta, who had scarcely yet recovered from her astonishment. "Do, mamma, just let Mr. Whewell tell us the rest."

"The rest, my child? What does 'the rest' consist of? What can remain? Is it not enough when Mr. Whewell can furnish even the name?" said Matilda, with a bitterness she struggled in vain totally to conceal: "he has been so good as to leave nothing to our imagination; in another minute you will be in possession of a complete list of the wedding guests —"

"I could get it, I believe," said Whewell laughing. "The wedding is to take place immediately, and if Mrs. Hanwell has any curiosity ——"

"I want to know who and what she is," said Lotta plainly.

"She is a banker's daughter — a banker's very pretty daughter, I believe," replied her informant, with a malicious enjoyment in the saying it, — "quite young, barely twenty, rich, and — and all the rest of it. A lucky match for Challoner, no doubt, and one that is not to be made every day."

"I am going up-stairs to have a private confab with nurse," announced Lady Matilda almost directly after this. "Stay where you are, Lotta; you are not to come, — don't you understand? Nurse and I can arrange all about the new cloak and hood without you; the new winter cloak and hood I promised, you know. It is time the little master had it, and it is to be a dead secret from everybody else until it appears. So just stop where you are, my dear; I will come down when I am ready," peeping in at the door after she had left the room.

That coming down proved to be harder than anything she had yet had to do. Animation was beginning to return, she was coming to herself as out of a dull, deadly stupor, when the time came for again facing the drawing-room; and the party there had not separated, as she had half hoped they might have done: they were still herding together, three against one, as she felt them to be; and the poor one,

inwardly quivering in every fibre, had again to assume unconsciousness and light-heartedness, and endeavor to cheat, elude, and throw off the scent, — well aware that with one, at least, of those present no endeavor would avail. That Whewell knew all, she was now certain.

But she played her part bravely and well that dismal December day. Without flinching for a moment, or for a moment relinquishing that firm hold on herself which it was all in all with her now to maintain, Lady Matilda turned to one and another, never pausing, never trusting herself even to consider what must next come to pass — how she should enact the same again in the Overton drawing-room with another three around her — how to meet, and greet, and part with Challoner forever.

This would require every power she possessed; but she had none as yet to spare for the future, until the future should make demands for its own necessity.

At length escape came, and gaily waving her hand, and smiling to the last, Matilda rode off rapidly on the road towards the sea. Teddy had not appeared — he had been detained — and she was thus far spared to solitude and misery.

"Are you going by the downs, my lady?" It was the groom who had ridden up — respectful, suggestive remonstrance audible in the question.

"Yes." He had never heard my lady speak so haughtily in his life. She motioned him back like an empress, — but he would try again.

"The ground will be very soft, my lady; the heavy thaw ——"

He fell back; he had been made to fall back by a gesture which admitted of no further parley, — where his mistress led, it was for him to follow, and his business began and ended there. So Charles understood, and whatever he might think, he durst no more molest. What did Matilda care though the ground were soft and the thaw heavy? The ground and the thaw were nothing to her. Soft? Heavy? She wondered what the words meant. Her *heart* was heavy — heavy like a stone, and as hard, — no softness about *it*, — and she had lingered so long at Endhill, had been so resolute in her bravado there, that to go straight home now, was to meet and confront Challoner within the hour, and without hope of escape. No, she could not do that yet, could not face that traitor yet.

He would hear where she had gone, would inquire instantly, and be told; and should she take the direct road to the Hall, she would find him in all probability coming to meet her, or lying in wait at the front door ready to propose a garden stroll or a musical hour. Oh, what should she say? What could she say? How answer, how look, and not betray her secret? It was but yesterday he had trembled before her; it was her turn to tremble now.

She must not meet him alone; that was the one thing clear in the tumult of her thoughts: and to achieve this she must be out late, take the roundabout route by the downs, only get in after Overton and Teddy were sure also to have returned, then hurry to her room, and a word to each brother before the party assembled for dinner would be all that was needed.

They would congratulate the happy man; Teddy would inform him of his expedition; Challoner would understand, without occasion for anything being said that could cause a breath of unpleasantness, — oh, it would be all smiles and amiability, — and the next day he would depart, and be to them as though he had never been.

The wild western wind blew about the scattered curls which Lotta's baby had dishevelled, but no wind could cool the burn on Matilda's scalding brow. The dark sea rolled in thunder along the cliffs below, but she only heard that din in her ears, that rushing in her veins. The gulls flew and shrieked overhead; she looked, and there was a thick blinding mist before her eyes.

Here and there she came to a point on the cliff where the weight of water, from the extent and rapidity of the thaw, had forced down the soft sandstone, and the most serious of these landslips was scarcely passed when the groom, unable longer to keep silence, again rode up, at the risk of a reprimand, to warn his mistress of the danger of approaching near to an edge so treacherous.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, she had barely turned her head to listen, when a loud shout from in front rang through the gloom, so startling in its vehemence and nearness, that both horses swerved violently aside, and Matilda, who had but a negligent seat at the moment, was thrown with force to the ground.

The next instant the figure of a man appeared running to the spot.

"Good God! what have I done?" exclaimed a voice.

It was Challoner's.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE PRINCESS ALICE'S LETTERS.

"Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death."

In these letters from Princess Alice to the queen, which by the gracious consent of her Majesty have been laid before the public, we are admitted into the innermost life of the royal family; and we may surely count it a privilege that we should be allowed to breathe an atmosphere so healthy, so pure, and so elevated. We are apt to forget that princes and princesses are men and women like ourselves, and there is something of the pleasure of discovery in realizing that their joys and griefs are the same as ours, in recognizing as our own the same little natural human traits and instincts that draw us so closely together, and make us feel that we are after all brothers and sisters in whatever condition or country we are born. These pages overflow with touches that appeal to our most human sympathies, and if in Princess Alice we find a higher courage, a deeper love, and a brighter intelligence than are commonly to be met with, the details which to some might otherwise appear trivial and uninteresting are invested with a peculiar charm and interest, because of what lies beneath them. Few could read this book without being the better for it: to many it will bring the best kind of help. Some will undoubtedly wonder at its publication, and they will find what is probably meant to be the answer to this question in the queen's own words to her daughter respecting the publication of the memoirs of the prince consort: "Endless false and untrue things have been written and said about us, public and private, and in these days people will write and will know; therefore the only way to counteract this is to let the real full truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion, and then no harm, but good will be done. Nothing will help me more than that my people should know what I have lost." Much light is thrown on the life and thoughts of the queen and the prince consort by these letters, for in them we find the outcome of their teaching and influence on their children, the reflection of the parents in the daughter. It may certainly be thought a mistake that where so much is withheld relating to politics, public men, and public affairs generally, there should appear here and there an expression of opinion of startling crudeness on subjects of large and wide-spreading interest. Either, it will be said, there should have been more or nothing at all. When there is no indication to show by what process of reasoning certain conclusions were reached, is it altogether fair to the princess to publish these fragmentary expressions of her opinion? This, however, I will leave to the judgment of the public at large, contenting myself with dwelling on those aspects of the letters about which there can be no difference of opinion.

Under the prince consort's influence "there grew up in the midst of the most brilliant court in Europe a domestic family life, so perfect in its purity and charm that it might well serve for a bright example to every home in the land." We gather from the slight memoir given in these pages by Dr. Sell, as well as from other sources already before the public, that the childhood and girlhood of Princess Alice were passed in this home much as the lives of other children and girls are passed in England, sheltered, careless, blissful years, looked back upon in after life with wistful eyes, as being marked by no responsibilities or cares, no forebodings of anything that is not good or happy. "I ever look back to my childhood and girlhood as the happiest time of my life," writes Princess Alice to the queen in the summer of 1869. Her engagement to Prince Louis of Hesse was one that gave entire satisfaction to the queen and prince consort, founded as it was on that full love and trust which alone can blend two natures into perfect union. We have only to glance at these letters to understand how the promise of happiness was richly fulfilled in her married life. During Princess Alice's engagement, the first great sorrow came upon the queen in the death of the Duchess of Kent. This seems to have been a landmark in the princess's life: —

I thought of you so much on the 16th [she writes some years afterwards]; from that day dated the commencement of so much grief and sorrow; yet in those days you had one, darling Mama, whose first and deepest thought was to comfort and help you, and I saw and understood only then how he watched over you. I see his dear face — so pale, so full of tears — when he led me to you early that morning after all was over, and said, "Comfort Mama;" as if those words were a presage of what was to come. In those days, I think he knew how deep my love was for you, and that, as long as I was left in my home, my first and only thought should be you and you alone! This I held as my holiest and dearest duty until I had to leave you, my beloved Mother. But

that bond of love, though I can no more be near you, is as strong as ever.

Only a few months after, on the 14th of December — that day so strangely consecrated in after years by sorrow and by joy — fell the unexpected and crushing blow which for so long shrouded the throne of England in gloom and sadness. "In those first dark days Princess Alice took into her own hands everything that was necessary," to save the queen. All communications between the government and the household and the queen had to pass through her hands. "Princess Alice is an angel in the house," it was said in a private letter from Windsor to Lady Lyttelton. Young and inexperienced as she was, it must indeed have been to her a severe school, and it seemed to transform her from a light-hearted girl into a mature woman. Her marriage, which took place in the shadow of this grief, must have brought with it a strange mixture of conflicting feelings, her adoration for her lost father, intense sympathy and love for the desolate mother she was leaving, devotion to her husband, and all the thousand new emotions to which her marriage and untried life gave birth. It is one of the strongest proofs of her unselfish nature that in the letters that follow her arrival at her husband's home, there is little about her own feelings of joy, and through them breathes constantly the yearning to do something to assuage her mother's grief. "If I could relinquish part of my present happiness to restore to you some of yours, with a full heart would I do it." This longing, often reiterated, what an echo it finds within us! how it appeals to all that lies deepest in human nature — that most passionate desire of our hearts when we stand helpless and almost hopeless by those whom we love, and feel that between us and them there is a great gulf fixed, and that in the hour of their bitterest anguish we cannot help them or reach them, and we wonder, in the impotence of our misery, why it is not in our power in literal truth to bear one another's burdens. How much easier, we think, would life become, if sometimes we were permitted to bear the cross for our brothers and sisters, if in faint and humble imitation of the supreme self-sacrifice, we might die for the sins or sorrows of our fellow-creatures!

In that full and fervent outpouring of her love, by her never-failing prayers, we may believe that Princess Alice did much to soothe and strengthen her mother.

In the mean time she neglected no home duty which could give happiness to her husband, and in her life with him she experienced the truest joy. "You tell me to speak of my happiness — our happiness," she writes to the queen. "If I say I love my dear husband, that is scarcely enough: it is a love and esteem which increases daily, hourly. What was life before to what it has become now? There is such blessed peace being at his side, being his wife; there is such a feeling of security, and we two have a world of our own when we are together, which *nothing* can touch or intrude upon. My lot is indeed a blessed one, and yet what have I done to deserve that warm, ardent love which my darling Louis ever shows me?" And again, in 1869: "To possess a heart like his, and to call it my own, I am ever prouder of and more grateful for from year to year. Once more, close to the end: "Our home life is always pleasant — never dull, however quiet."

During the next few years, she threw herself into her new life with the brightest and keenest ardor and interest. She must have possessed a singular power of self-discipline and methodical arrangement of her time, for the days as they fly past are marked by every variety of occupation. Reading, music, and painting are kept up as if there were no such disturbing elements as babies to be born and thought of, children to be looked after, and all kinds of social and political duties to do. "We always continue reading together . . . have read 'Hypatia' — a most beautiful, most interesting, and very learned and clever book." Macaulay, Lanfrey's "Napoleon," Froude, Paoli's "History of England," etc., are casually mentioned and commented upon. Italian she learned in 1873, to enable her more thoroughly to enjoy and profit by her visits to Florence and Rome. Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Brahms were her special favorites in music, and of their works she was no mean performer. Many subjects which are now only beginning to engross public attention occupied and interested her: such things as the higher education and employment of women, the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, sanitary questions generally, hospitals, refuges, and penitentiaries of all kinds. We easily forget who are the pioneers of great social reforms, when we have once got accustomed to them. She held opinions about women, which ten years ago must have been considered "advanced." She believed that women should be brought up to be more independent of

men — *i.e.*, to have independent interests and objects — not, in short, to make marriage as such the aim and end of life. "What a fault it is of parents to bring up their daughters with the main object of marrying them!" she says. "I want to strive to bring up the girls without *seeking* this as the sole object for the future — to feel they can fill up their lives so well otherwise. . . . A marriage for the *sake* of marriage is surely the greatest mistake a woman can make." These ideas are now filling the air we breathe; this generation is born into them. Princess Alice found much out for herself, and by vivid interest and practical co-operation gave zest and form to the various movements. She herself translated into German Miss Octavia Hill's "Essays on the Homes of the London Poor," hoping that the principles which had so admirably answered in the work of "that warm-hearted friend of the poor," as she called her, might be successfully applied in Germany. She spared no pains or fatigue in personally visiting the worst slums in Mayence, and making plans for improved sanitary arrangements. Having discovered in 1866, during the Prusso-Austrian war, how incomplete was the hospital system, she set to work, the moment peace was restored, to remedy its shortcomings; and the benefits of this reorganization were reaped during the great Franco-German war of 1870. The object of the "Women's Union," which she founded, was to assist in the nursing and supporting of the troops in times of war; and in times of peace, to train nurses, assist in hospitals, or nurse the poor or the rich as might be required. It spread over the whole country, and in 1869 the members associated with it reached the number of twenty-five hundred. Many and excellent were the institutions established through her exertions and energy; besides asylums for idiots and orphans, and hospitals, she established the Alice Society for the education and employment of women, out of which grew the Alice Lyceum, intended for the culture of women of the higher classes. In October, 1872, she says to the queen: —

> The Committees of the fifteen Associations met on Wednesday, and in the evening thirteen of the members came to us to supper. The meeting went off well, the subjects discussed to the purpose and important. . . . Schools for girls were the principal theme; the employment of women for post and telegraph offices . . . questions of nurses and nursing institutes, etc.

Not only was Princess Alice in the forefront during the two wars of 1866 and 1870, nursing the sick and wounded, organizing, inspiring, and working with all her might and main, but in times of peace she frequently visited the poor in their own homes as well as in the hospitals.

> All cases are reported to me. The other day I went to one *incog.* in the old part of the town — and the trouble we had to find the house! At length through a dirty courtyard, up a dark ladder, into one little room, where lay the poor woman and her baby. I sent Christa down with the children, then with the husband cooked something for the woman; arranged her bed a little, took her baby for her, bathed its eyes . . . and did odds and ends. . . . If one never sees any poverty, and always lives in that cold circle of Court people, one's good feelings dry up.

The bringing-up of her own children aroused in her many questions relating to their physical, moral, mental, and spiritual training. "I always think that in the end children educate the parents," she says; and in November, 1876, on her return from England: "My heart was full of joy and gratitude at being with them once more, and I prayed God to make me fit to be their real friend and stay as long as they require me, and to have the insight into their different characters to guide them aright, and to understand their different wants and feelings."

Surely here the princess touches a great truth: the duty, and therein the blessedness of earnest endeavor to read the mind of the generation that succeeds us; the duty, that we may gain such true sympathy with the latest born aspirations and enthusiasms of our children, as will give us the power of guiding and influencing them; the blessedness, that love and trust may be reposed in us by those who shall be strong in the day of our weakness.

Physiology she studied with delight: "I have read and studied a great deal about the human body . . . instead of finding it disgusting, it only fills me with admiration to see how wonderfully we are made." The events of her daily life are recorded with much freshness and naïveté. She adapted herself with great readiness to the sterner necessities and simple surroundings and arrangements of her German home, a great contrast in every way to what she had been accustomed to in England. "I have made all the summer out-walking dresses, seven in number, with paletôts for the girls — not embroidered, but entirely made from beginning

to end: likewise the new necessary flannel shawls for the expected. I manage all the nursery accounts and everything myself, which gives me plenty to do." Many women occupying far less distinguished positions in life, and with much more time at their disposal, would do well to learn a lesson of industry from Princess Alice. She must have brought the most charming new element into the grand-ducal family of Hesse, for she took her husband's relations to her heart and entered into their interests, their joys and sorrows, as if she had always belonged to them.

The Prusso-Austrian war of 1866 must have been especially distressing to her, not only because it took a beloved husband into great danger at a moment when she most required his tenderness and care, but on account of the sad complications it entailed: Hesse joining with Austria against Prussia, and thus ranging Prince Louis in hostility to his brother in the Prussian army, and to Princess Alice's own sister's husband, the crown prince of Prussia. But a united Germany had always been the prince consort's dream, and Princess Alice well knew what fruitless bloodshed and misery must be caused by the ineffectual struggles of the smaller German States against the influences which were tending to place Prussia in supreme power over them.

It was in 1866 that Princess Alice at her own desire became acquainted with the famous David Frederick Strauss. He lived at Darmstadt for four years, during which period he had frequent intercourse with the princess, and read to her his lectures on Voltaire.

Much as it may be regretted that the influence of Strauss should have been brought to bear upon her, no one can help admiring the courage with which she faced the difficulties to which his teaching gave rise, especially when one considers with what reluctance and even distress she must have allowed his opinions to influence her mind. In sharp conflict as they were with the most sacred traditions of her youth, she yet did not shrink from accepting the dedication of his work on Voltaire. No doubt there is a non-believing attitude which is easier to take up in every-day life than the believing one. It is far less trouble, it is more flattering to one's power of discernment, not to believe a thing than to believe it. When Stephenson first prophesied before a committee of the House of Commons the rate at which steam should conquer time and space, the men who laughed him to scorn probably felt much cleverer than those who in their hearts believed him. It was in no such spirit that Princess Alice listened to Strauss — "she had to wrestle heart and soul with theoretical doubts;" and it was not till the spring of 1873 that light came back to her through darkness.

She had just returned from her Italian trip, into which she had thrown herself with true enjoyment, and was still resting after the fatigue of the long journey. The two little princes had been playing by her sofa; Prince Ernest ran into the next room followed by the princess, and in her brief absence, Prince Fritz fell out of the window upon the stone pavement below. One moment in the most vivid, radiant life and health, the next he lay senseless and crushed. He died a few hours later in his mother's arms. In her agony she sounded, as it were for the first time, the depths of scepticism. She searched in vain through the various systems of philosophy, but found no foothold.

She did not speak of the transformation that was going on within; but slowly, silently, and surely faith returned to her, never again to falter. "The whole edifice of philosophical conclusions which I had built up for myself, I find to have no foundation whatever — nothing of it is left — it has crumbled away like dust. What should we be, what would become of us, if we had no faith — if we did not believe that there is a God who rules the world and each single one of us?"

We will not dwell upon the harrowing tale of her last days on earth. No one can yet have forgotten how day by day, in spirit, we watched with her by the sick-beds of those nearest and dearest to her in the alternations of hope and fear. But in this supreme hour of suffering, her character reached its climax; and when, wearied out with nursing, anxiety, and grief, she laid down her head to die, we feel that her life on earth received its crown.

I have thought it best not to go methodically through these letters, but rather to dwell upon their more marked characteristics. In judging of these I feel the greater confidence owing to the advantages afforded me by a visit to Darmstadt a few months before the death of the princess, when it was my privilege to see something of her home life, and to realize the charm of its bright simplicity. Above all things let us learn this lesson from the example of Princess Alice — the quickening, purifying, bracing power of pain.

In every trial that she had to undergo — and perhaps these trials were more than ordinarily severe and frequent — we see how her character developed and strengthened. To her each trial was as an April storm to a young plant or tree, lending new vigor to the roots, new power to its growth, so that when the sun shines the buds are seen to expand and blossom — those same buds which without the rain-cloud would have shrivelled and died. Every time she was called upon to give up what she most deeply cherished, she counted with faith and gratitude the blessings that remained to her. "Thus do we learn humility," she said, with quivering lip. "God has called for one life, and has given me back four. How then should we mourn?" These words she pronounced when she lost her darling little "Sunshine" as she called her, her sweet "May-blossom," little guessing that in a few short weeks she would be called upon to enter the same valley of the shadow of death.

"I always wonder how there can be dissatisfied and grumbling people in this beautiful world, so far too good for our deserts, and when, after our duty is done, we hope to be everlastingly with those we love, when the joy will be so great and lasting that present sorrow and trouble must melt away." How rarely do we see this! Every hour of our lives do not we add to our sorrows by perpetually dwelling on the daily little rubs and difficulties of life? How seldom do we allow this wonder and gratitude to fill our hearts for the endless beauties and marvels that surround us! "I don't like what I don't like, so much more than I like what I like," a child once said to its mother. Most typical saying! We hug our difficulties and persistently ignore our blessings.

But she knew that the brightest light makes the darkest shadow — that if she was to be blessed with the fulness of joy, she must also realize the depths of sorrow — that in exact proportion to our joy is our capacity for grief, and that there is a love that lives through both. For

> where will God be absent? In his Face
> Is Light, but in his Shadow healing too.

It has been well pointed out that life generally includes for us three kinds of love — the ascending, as seen in filial affection; the equal love as seen in marriage; and the descending love, as seen in the parent's relation with the child. For most of us it is a gradual lesson, an ascending scale, "steps along which to mount upward;" reverential trustfulness, the chief element of the first; reciprocity, a mutual giving and receiving, of the second; and the perfection of disinterested love the characteristic of the third. "Then, and not till then, love enters upon its highest stage, and puts on the crown of sacrifice." In Princess Alice's life we see the three kinds — the love of the daughter, of the wife, and of the mother; the three elements which make up perfect love — reverence, equivalence, and sacrifice, in full bloom at once: "the trinity in unity of love."

It is well for us that at the hour of death the mistakes and shortcomings which necessarily belong to our human frailty are lost in a mist of tears; that our graces and virtues, our highest aspirations, should live on after us, softening sorrow, kindling hope, strengthening faith, inspiring those who are left behind, stimulating them on to ever nobler efforts and higher aims.

> Through such souls alone
> God stooping shows sufficient of his light
> For us i' the dark to rise by.
>
> MARY GLADSTONE.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"ONE WAS FAR AWAY, AND ONE WAS NEAR."

THE sunset still made red bars above the full green of Hawley Scrub, when Sir William kept his appointment with Honor Smith.

Abe was from home, only Honor had sat up for a little time by the dilapidated and dirty lattice window. The absence of any glow from the hearth served to increase the cheerlessness of the neglected house-place. But the coo of the cushet dove came in from the scrub, and some woodruffe which Honor was drying, not without a likelihood of its being left to rot on the window-sill, filled the place with an odor that, in its sweet fragrance, has always a sense of decay. It seems to belong more to old memories, dead hopes and graves with the paths to them no longer trodden by lingering feet, than to the liv-

ing fragrance of budding desires and happy expectations.

Honor was weary with a day's work, as foreign to her as if she had been a lady, though she was strong with the strength of a fine physique and an open-air life. She was a picturesque, but not a home-like figure, as she sat there in the gathering dusk with her brown fingers interlaced, and her head, still covered by the red handkerchief which had shaded it from the sun, thrown back against the window-frame, catching the last rays of light. She was in a quandary, as she would have said.

"Whatever does he want here?" she asked herself, bewildered; "he is not the man to come on a hang-dog errand, and I am not the woman to whom he would come in that case. Whatever else I've been, I've been true to poor Hughie. How long it seems since I seed him last, lying a-dying in quod at Birkett! I'm afraid I'm forgetting the very lines of his comely young face. But no man as knows me would liken me to a light lass, any more than he would liken the most delicate lady in the land. What is there between him and Miss Compton? What can there be save his lands and the Sir before his name? and she ain't the one to sell herself, not if I know her. If any one said I done it, I would be rare mad. Father said squire were a kind of a gentleman in his way — all the same, Sir William was reared a working man, and it do come out in him and pulls him down to his natural level. Some rises above it, sure and certain, like Uncle Sam; but then they raise theirselves by their own struggles and by slow degrees, learning as they go, and ain't tossed up as with a pitchfork and left to come to grief, like a larch-tree in a hot-house, or a living hare in a house-place, or a swallow in a cage."

Sir William walked past the window as she spoke, and entered by the open door without the ceremony of knocking. His first actions were to toss his hat on the table, and to pull off his coat and fling it over the back of a chair. His first words were, —

"There, I'm rid of them, like some other fine things that were not for me, and were not all gold though they glittered."

He stretched out his arms in his shirt-sleeves, and then throwing himself down in a chair, rested them on the table before him, and leaned his head upon his hands.

"Does aught ail you, Sir William?" she asked with genuine anxiety; "there is always gin or rum in the house. I know you don't taste drink as a rule, but when you are overdone and would be the better for a glass, wouldn't you have it? Just say the word."

"No," he said, looking up with a haggard face, "don't ask me. Do you know, Honor, the last little straw between me and drowning in the lowest depths of sin and misery is that I forswore drink, at the word of a dying woman. But I'm not ill or in trouble — at least, I'm going to turn over a new leaf, and be all right after to-night. I am glad your father is out."

"Why so, sir?" inquired Honor a little coldly.

"Don't 'sir' me," he forbade her hastily.

"But how can that be, when you are Sir William, and our squire and master?" she demanded with a startled laugh.

"I ain't Sir William to you — anyhow. I don't want to be so any more, and if I continue your master, it is only on the understanding that you be my mistress. Honor, I am glad your father is out, because I want to tell you all about myself — a poor subject," he broke off with a bitter laugh.

"If you are in a story-telling humor, I ain't the one to baulk it," said Honor, dying to hear what he had got to tell.

He started at once, as if eager to begin, describing his early days and the shifts his sister Jen had made to provide for their needs — details very patent to Honor's comprehension. He went on to his youthful outbreaks, not extenuating or omitting a single particular of his enlisting, his successful career as a soldier in India, marred by his habits of dissipation and wild recklessness, and his last outrage against military discipline till he lay in the cell awaiting the sentence of the lash.

"Oh! poor lad, poor lad! This was worse even than my Hughie's fate," cried Honor, moved to the depths of her soul by what she could so well understand. Forgetting the difference of rank she put her hand on his shoulder and began to stroke his arm.

He looked up at her, with his face wan from the strain of the last twenty-four hours, and the agony of the associations he had been recalling.

"So you pity me, Honor, after you have heard nigh-hand the worst, for my sister Jen died and then her husband hanged himself. You ain't shocked past looking on me as a fellow-creature."

"Shocked! what should I be shocked

at? I could cry my eyes out for you, if that would do you any good."

"I know," he said softly; "and you are the woman for me, the woman who knows all, and yet does not cast me off, and treat me as dirt beneath her feet."

"Who cast you off, Sir William?" Honor inquired point-blank, without any of the restraining delicacy that might have shut her mouth, had she been a woman of a different temper and rearing.

"Never mind," he said, flushing hotly; "and didn't I tell you not to call me Sir William any more? Say, Will Thwaite, I will marry you and help you to bear your burden. We'll go our own way and be happy in our own fashion. We'll cast care to the winds and not waste a thought on our betters, or suffer them to lay a little finger on our lot."

He spoke excitedly and a little wildly, though he had not been drinking.

She sat and stared at him, not able to believe her ears, at this instantaneous and wonderful solution of the riddle she had been trying to read.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked breathlessly.

"In earnest! What do you take me for? I have spoken my whole mind — made a clean breast of it for the first time these many months, and, by George! I feel as if I could breathe freely and be a man again, and not a mountebank and puppet. Will you not make my freedom and happiness complete by coming to me, Honor, and letting me know I've a real friend — one that knows me — all about me, and looks over all that's sorely amiss in me, all I lack, and all I've done wrong, and cares for me in spite of all?"

He spoke with eager passion as if he had no other desire; and it was true that making a clean breast of it, as he called it, had been an immense relief to him. For he had been a man naturally open as the day, on whom the unaccustomed reticence of the last period of his life had hung with the dead weight of iron fetters. He was also a man who, as a matter of temperament, craved sympathy; to whom a woman's immeasurable tenderness had once been so familiar, that he had lived surrounded by it, without thinking of it, but when lost, it was forever missed.

She sat dazzled. What! could she be the mistress of Whitehills at a word? But it was not of the grand house, and servants at her call, of soft living, fine clothes, and being a titled lady, that she thought first and most. The attractions which would have been all-powerful with most poor girls did not lay hold of her to any great extent. It was to be the mistress through him who was their master — the man that thus addressed her — of the lands and the woods where she had ranged on sufferance or in secret, of the wild creatures that had been her solace and her prey; to come and go when she liked and how she liked; to defy the upper keepers and have her father do the same, — these were the ideas which took possession of her.

It was on second thoughts that she considered she would be regarded with mingled consternation, admiration, and lively envy by everybody she knew — the colony at the quarries, her mother's people with whom she had kept company, and the field-workers, who had so lately held her at arm's length.

Neither was the man himself distasteful to her. She had the liking for him that many persons — women especially — entertain for those they have happened to succor.

His tale had filled her with a tumult of fellow-feeling and pity, for just so had the poor lad to whom her heart had been given in early girlhood been set upon, driven to stand at bay, and then forced to pay the penalty to the utmost tittle of the law. And while, as she had been saying to herself within the hour, Hughie Guild's lineaments were waxing dim in a memory which had long been faithful to him, the comely features of another — the manly figure on which she set such store, the soldierly carriage (reminding her of the great man of her family, Uncle Sam), the waves of chestnut hair, the ruddy color, the smile she could call forth, which was able to brighten indescribably what had perplexed her in the gravity, almost sombreness, of Sir William Thwaite's face — were all now taking her fancy and knocking at her heart.

Her indignant spirit, which from the date of Hughie Guild's cruel death had set womanly rules and household restraints at defiance, was in sympathy with his spirit when he threatened to turn upon the class into which he had been grafted and shake off its yoke. Her nature, run wild, was yet full of *esprit de corps* and class prejudices, which disposed her to war with the upper ranks generally, while her lawlessness also inclined her to strive with her very fellows, nay, with herself and him when the time came.

It would be the best game she had ever played, for her and "Will Thwaite" to set up Liberty Hall at Whitehills. The

temptation to answer yes to Sir William's question was strong, and growing stronger every instant while she hesitated. But to Honor Smith's credit she made a stand. "What about Miss Compton?" she said suspiciously, watching him closely. "This be'nt in keeping with your walking about the hayfield, your two selves, and speaking to me, like you were the friends and sweethearts as folk would have it you were. I shan't speak another word till you tell me the right-down truth about Miss Compton. Her ain't saucy, nor do she take up poor folk like playthings or babbies, to pass away the time and be taught by her wisdom, as if hard times weren't a mighty sight powerfuller teachers than fine ladies and rectors' wives and daughters. But her's real good, and were rare kind to me long ago; and though all that soon came to an end, it were none of her fault. She's a deal nearer heaven, I guess, than the likes of me, or maybe you either. Yet if you have been sweet upon her, and she have but looked on you to listen to you — though knowing summat of you both, I'm free to confess," owned Honor candidly, "I do not see as how that could be — still, if them words you have spoken ain't no more than the outcome of some quarrel between you two, I tell you, lad, I don't want to listen to a fellow mad with rage and jealousy. I shan't come between you. Go and make it up with the fine young lady, and let me be. I'll forget your words before you're out of the door. I'm none so set on a man, or on being Lady Thwaite," she said, with a toss of her head, "that I should bear them in mind and plague you for your hasty folly."

"You're all out, Honor," he answered, with a loud laugh, "except in not being able to see how metal and clay couldn't mix together. Miss Compton would no more quarrel with me than she would quarrel with the servant at the back of her chair;" he ground his teeth as he made the illustration. "Her single word with him would be to dismiss him from her presence and forbid him ever to enter it again. So you see, though she may be good — I would be lying like a trooper if I pretended she were not good — she ain't good to me. I'll never speak to her again while we live. I tell you I have done with the whole small fry of ladies and gentlemen in which she was the single creature worth a sigh. What is the use of a man's succeeding to land and money if he cannot please himself? I have found out that at last, and if you and Abe won't have me, Honor, I don't know what is to become of me. Perhaps, as nobody wants me, I had better put a bullet through my head, and have done with it all, at once."

"Not so fast as that, Will; and who says as nobody wants you? I want you, and I'll do my best to make up to you, and be a good wife, as I would have been to poor Hughie. You have heard of Hughie Guild? I be'nt a bit ashamed of Hughie, not at this moment, when I seems to be giving up the last thought of him," she went on, with a flash of her eyes and a swell of her fine throat. "I ain't going to hide what him and me were to each other, when we walked out on the long summer nights, and met for a word in the frosty winter mornings, and my heart was tender and trusty, like his'n. Oh! I doubt I was better worth looking at and speaking to both, in them far-off days, than I am now," she exclaimed wistfully, with a glance at the black gown she still wore for Hughie, and a twitch at one of the ends of the red handkerchief. Then she struck a chord in perfect harmony with his mood, "I don't want to have secrets from you."

"You're right there," he said with emphasis. "We've done with secrets forever, and there shan't stand one between you and me." He clasped her hands and drew her unresisting towards him. "I tell you, Honor, I thought I should have died, or burst out cursing, and shouting aloud my story, with an adder's nest of secrets in my breast stinging night and day. Now it will go hard with us, my lass, if we can't be enough for ourselves and have a jolly good time while it lasts. We're young and strong and have a liking for each other. Let your Hughie sleep; he's the best off after all; I'll not rake him up, and you'll not cast Nhilpoor in my teeth, though you have heard all about it. We're quits and we're equals; only, I take it, you are made of kinder and truer stuff than I. A woman that ain't bad, or that ain't akin to the angels — when her very goodness robs her of earthly feelings — has more heart than a man for the most part. I know you've been a trifle wild on moonlight nights and misty mornings with the snares, ay, and the guns, among my birds and hares, mine — do you hear, Honor? I could have you up before the justices, before Mr. Hollis, who called himself my friend the other night. You'll have to be mortal kind and give me all my own way to keep me from taking the law on you. And what about the wild ducks that flew over from Mistley Down? Have

you been seeking their eggs lately, or are the nests flown? They are all yours now, every bird and beast, bush and furrow. You and your father will have to keep my preserves, in good faith, when neither him nor you will ever need to poach on them or any other again."

"It is handsome in you to put it in that way," said Honor frankly. Then she added, after a moment's reflection, with an echo both of humor and sadness in her tone, "But I doubt half the fun will be gone."

Old Abe strayed in to be dumbfounded by the most astounding tale that ever shook the nerves of keeper or squatter. The squire, Sir William, was going to marry straight away, without either compunction, commotion, or concealment, the daughter of his servant, the least reputable of his servants, the underkeeper, suspected of being in league with the poachers — this strapping randy of a daughter, the bride elect, who was all but the widow of a young poacher who had died in gaol, and had been an active sharer in her father's misdeeds.

"It ain't to be believed," cried Abe, though the incredible tale was to the marvellous exaltation of himself and his family. "It can't be; who ever heard tell of such a marriage?"

"Why it was the very marriage made by my great-grandfather, Abe, or I should not have been here," said Sir William laughing.

"No, no; he weren't the head of the house or like to be, only one of a litter of young puppies. And the keeper as he connected hisself with," continued Abe modestly, "was the head keeper on the estate, like Waterpark, a man of substance in his line, sought after and employed by other families, even after his daughter had got him into disgrace with the Thwaites. Old people did say he had got no other daughters, and that her that would be a lady had gone to school with the bailiff's daughter, was the beauty of them parts, washed her face in butter-milk and saved her complexion like the finest lady of them all. Now my Hon is as brown as a gipsy, is no scholard, and knows more of guns and game-bags, begging your honor's pardon, than of needles and pins."

"But if I prefer a brown gipsy and a brave woman that could save a man's life at a pinch — not that it was worth the perilling her own for — ain't it my own look-out, old crusty-boots?" argued Sir William with a rough good-humor.

"You'll take your own way," said Abe resignedly, "but as an honest man I'm bound to say I can't see that Hon here, though she be'nt a bad daughter to me, is fit to be a grand lady. She ain't the cut of one, and ill will come of such flying in the face of Providence. It were clean different that the squire should befriend us because her picked he out of the water — she done it and no mistake — and he were welcome to come over and have a pipe, if not a glass, and a talk any night he pleased. Nobody could say nought agin it; that were no more than nat'ral. But t'other ain't nat'ral. A most oonlikely, oonshuitable marriage is summat serious, and will lead to no end of rows, and bring the whole county-side down on us. I'm getting an old man — too old to have both gentle and simple down upon me, or to change my ways," sighed Abe, drawing out an old flat snuff-box, taking snuff and sneezing a further remonstrance.

"Who's asking you to change your ways? and I ain't going to be a grand lady, you stupid, grumpy old father," cried Honor, who had taken and kept the upper hand of her father ever since her two brothers left the country. "It is Will Thwaite as is going to be a common man again, and suit hisself to the rest of us. Didn't I say the very first night we set eyes on him, that it were a fine thing — all the finer that it were as new as the first paring of the moon, to have a squire as were one of ourselves?"

"But I said he weren't none of ourselves, below the skin, and were never like to be," muttered Abe.

"And it is just because I am head of the house, that I can do as I like, and marry whom I will — Honor if she will have me, to-morrow, or as soon as the banns can be put up. There's nought to wait for. We arn't going to have a flare-up like — like some I've seen. We needn't call together a crowd of fools and flunkeys to pity and laugh at us, though we'll do the thing in open day; we ain't ashamed of ourselves neither. You don't want to wait for fine clothes, do you, Honor, when I like you best as you sit there?"

"That's a pretty compliment," pronounced Honor impartially, "but you might have spared it, or kept it for another time, Will. I don't care a straw for fine clothes. More than that, father and I ain't able to buy them. More than that again, I wouldn't take a gift of a gownd from you now, not though you went down

on your bended knees, or swore never to see me more, if so be I refused your gifts. As father says, it were different when we were your servants to command, and you might spin down half a crown or a guinea for me, as your purse was full and your temper generous, in exchange for my washing your clothes or blacking your boots. But not a shilling of yours will I touch now — not till it is your right to give, and mine to take, Sir William Thwaite. That's settled between us; you ain't to come swaggering here and emptying your purse into my lap — not that I say you'd care to do it — mind, me and father knows you're a better gentleman than that comes to, a deal more of a gentleman than lots as have been brought up to the trade. I say, Will," Honor resumed suddenly after a moment's pause, with a doubtful, searching look in her great grey eyes, "I'm most afeared of that gentleman as is in you — wherever you got it, deep down, part of yourself, till death let it out — that it won't mate proper with the wild, rude woman, granting I've kept myself honest for Hughie's sake, that is in me. But ain't it a mercy," changing her tone with equal abruptness, to a crow of congratulation this time, "that you have neither father nor mother nor nobody to make a stir and sunder us? You're your own master, though you are the squire, as if you were one of our boys, Ted or young Abe, as always went in for pleasing theirselves, when they were at home."

"Ay; you'll all please yourselves," said old Abe, throwing off the responsibility, as he was wont to do, and becoming naturally more and more reconciled to the honor that had come to him, in proportion as he recovered from his stunned incredulity; "you'll please yourselves and take the consequences, which will be a mighty promotion for Honor. I make bold to hope, likewise, it will be the keeping of this here tumble-down cottage and my place, whatever stories Waterpark tells agin me, till my death, without my having to quit the old country."

"You'll get your choice, Abe," announced Sir William, with reckless prodigality; "your old quarters here or the best quarters with us at Whitehills."

"Father will stay here," said Honor decisively. "He would not ever be at home out of this hole, but I'll come and see him, and he'll come and see me, whenever we weary for each other's faces; shan't we, daddy?"

"Then, since it's all fixed, I'll go home," said Sir William, getting up and stretching himself again. "I'll be here to-morrow, of course, but to-night I'm dizzy like — dizzy with freedom from care, and content, Honor. I feel as if I had been standing on my head for half a year, but that will come right with a night's sleep: everything will come right when I'm back in the part I'm fit for, that I know how to play as well as my neighbors — nobody can cast scorn upon me then."

Honor helped him on with his coat, nay, she convoyed him half the way back to Whitehills in the summer dusk, laughing at his questioning her whether she were not tired, scouting at the idea of her not liking to be out alone in the late twilight — not offending against the *convenances*, where there were none to be set at nought.

CHAPTER XX.

AN INTERVIEW.

Sir William had to learn that, practically alone in the world as he was, he could not be suffered to please himself without somebody's interfering to prevent his ruin.

The first sign of the interference was to be detected in Lady Thwaite's driving over to Lambford in hot haste, within three days of the Whitehills hay-making, and begging to see Lady Fermor alone before luncheon, when there was security against other visitors.

Lady Thwaite need not have said "alone" in reference to Iris, who had not been accustomed to spend her mornings with her grandmother. But the Mildmays had stayed two days longer than had been anticipated — to suit their own convenience, Lady Fermor did not hesitate to remark — and Lady Thwaite was not sure that they were gone yet, when she sent in her card, with a corner turned down and a pencilled request to see Lady Fermor in her dressing-room.

"Show her up," had been the immediate rejoinder. "What's in the wind now?" Then she added, just out of the servant's hearing, "At least, I'll find out what has become of my sulking gentleman these last two days."

Lady Fermor's dressing-room was the cosiest room in Lambford, but it was also the dullest, with a deadly dulness to a stranger. It did not afford the slightest evidence that its mistress had a single taste or interest beyond her personal concerns and what went on in her own mind There were no little groups of family min-

iatures or photographs above the chimney-piece; no washed-out, characteristic children's heads, reappearing in sketches in crayons of self-conscious boys and girls, and ending in portraits, in water-colors or oils, of mature men and women. There were no books and no work. Lady Fermor read the newspapers, but nothing else, and she never worked. She sat with her shrivelled, bony hands in her lap, and went over her own thoughts, often busying herself with the scenes and people of the past. One might have thought the process in this case would hardly have been pleasant. But, pleasant or unpleasant, Lady Fermor was equal to it. She preferred her own identity to that of any other person, and reviewed the events of her earlier life without shrinking, simply because they had belonged to her life, and so had always possessed keen relish of some kind for her.

Summer and winter a brisk fire burned in Lady Fermor's dressing-room, the atmosphere of which was heavily laden with old Jockey Club scent, while there was no replenishment of oxygen from the closed windows. This little fact alone would have made a visit to its mistress in her den, on a sultry August morning, a trial to any person full of modern theories of health, and with fresh-air proclivities. But in addition Lady Fermor indulged in a habit of having every visitor she entertained shown to the warmest corner. It might have been an unconscious impulse of her old hospitality, as that was now the physical good she craved most; or it might have been a plan to shorten and prevent visits, at hours and in a region which she reserved for herself. Yet she had no occupation to be disturbed, and even no practices to be hidden, unless that she wore the worst shawls and dowdiest caps, when nobody — not even Fermor or Pollock — could see them.

"What's in the wind, Lady Thwaite?" repeated Lady Fermor, without the smallest scruple, after the two had greeted each other, and the hostess had seen Lady Thwaite established in close proximity to the glowing embers in the grate.

Lady Thwaite did not seem to notice the fire, or the thunderstorm, which had come on at last, though it had only partially discharged its artillery, leaving the air close and oppressive. But it was no wonder that her fair complexion looked heated almost to blowsiness. She was come on a trying errand. She had debated with herself, over and over again, in driving along, whether she should not throw up the self-imposed commission and turn back.

"It is all the fault of this wicked old woman and that silly child Iris. Why should I put myself about to break the miserable catastrophe to Lady Fermor? She would not let him alone; she would take him away from his natural friends and protectors. If he had been left to my guidance — but, no; honestly I do not think I could have made anything of a man who has ended like this. I wish with all my heart I had gone abroad at once, after poor Sir John died, and remained away till I had some grounds to go on, with regard to the new man."

But wishes were even more unavailing for the past than for the future. Here was Lady Thwaite, sitting all but suffocated in Lady Fermor's dressing-room. She had taken upon herself a thankless task. She was indignantly conscious of her own innocence, and yet she dreaded to tell the sinner the result of her machinations.

Lady Fermor, on the contrary, was coolly cracking her finger-joints, and asking what was in the wind. The next moment she behaved still more abominably. Having, unfortunately, established a "way" of saying with impunity what nobody else would have said, she proceeded to remark, with a most objectionably sardonic flavor in her objectionable jocularity, as if the explanation suggested were far removed from the list of possible events, "You ain't going to be married again, Lady Thwaite?"

"Good heavens, no!" cried poor Lady Thwaite, provoked out of her usual assured composure and seasoned agreeability. "Have you forgotten that Sir John is not yet a year dead? Everybody is not so ——" she stopped in time.

"So fond of a second husband as I am." The terrible old woman took up the sentence without hesitation, and with a chuckle. "But you have only to try; very likely you will find, like me, that your second bargain is a great improvement on the first. If Fermor were to slip away now, who knows but I might venture on a third? Only I am too stiff to be troubled seeking another trousseau."

To do Lady Thwaite justice she shuddered. She did not even feel inclined, though she had dared, to retort, for she was a practical woman; and revenge would not relieve the awkward position in which she found herself, with the substantial losses it involved. If anything could yet be tried — she did not believe it

would be of any avail — still everything ought to be tried to arrest such a calamity. Lady Thwaite was therefore content to say quietly, "The same example would scarcely suit us all."

"But you are not altogether wrong," began the bringer of bad tidings. "It is a marriage I am come to announce, a dreadful marriage which calls for no congratulations."

Lady Fermor sat up in her chair with a little start. It might have been the tremor of age — however, her hands remained perfectly still, and she said nothing.

"Do you remember a woman in the hayfield the other day?" proceeded Lady Thwaite falteringly.

"Who was the woman?" demanded Lady Fermor, with as much sharpness as if she had been an adverse counsel cross-examining a shrinking witness.

"A woman, not like the others, rather fine-looking, in a coarse, masculine style. I think she wore a black gown and a red handkerchief shading her head."

"Yes!" snapped Lady Fermor; "go on."

"Do you remember Sir William's taking notice of her, and talking to her more than once? I think people observed it, though he did nothing very much out of the way."

"Well?"

"Their banns are given in to be published next Sunday," said Lady Thwaite, driven by her companion's manner to make haste and tell her tale in its naked simplicity.

"You are mad, Lady Thwaite, stark, staring mad!" cried Lady Fermor, rising to her feet, grasping the arms of her chair, while a thin pallid red came into her cadaverous face.

"I almost wish I were, for the moment," said Lady Thwaite, with a groan. "But it is too true, too disgracefully, ruinously true."

"And have you done nothing?" Lady Fermor broke out furiously, instinctively seeking the relief which a scapegoat affords. "Have you stood by and seen this scandal, this outrage against common sense and good feeling, and the propriety you are all so fond of talking about, take place before your very eyes?"

"What could I do?" Lady Thwaite remonstrated. "I am only the man's distant cousin by marriage. I never heard what was going to happen till late last night; it came upon me like a thunderbolt — I had been led to expect something so very different. But I was in time to telegraph to Mr. Miles, and he was down before breakfast this morning."

"And what does Miles say?"

"Not much," said Lady Thwaite, with an expressive shrug. She was beginning to recover a portion of her equanimity so as to object to being browbeaten. She felt bound to treat the subject with more philosophic resignation than she had yet shown, nay, with a shade of the banter for which she was famous. "He owned that he was dreadfully disappointed, and that the ill-advised step would make a complete wreck of his client's fortunes. All the same, I think Mr. Miles would have liked to have sworn at me for bringing him down, when the man was of age and his own master — an ignorant, untrained fellow, who could not be expected to stand opposition, even in his own interest, or to follow rational argument, whom contradiction would only make worse. There was nothing to be done, any tyro might have seen that. After the mess was made and so far advanced, where was the use of bringing an unfortunate lawyer or anybody else down from town, to render the business more hopeless, if that were possible? Sir William had not sent for him to draw out the settlements. I never saw Mr. Miles so cross, and nearly rude, though we are too old friends to count plain speaking rudeness. He did see Sir William, however, but as Mr. Miles left for London by the next train, without coming back to me, I conclude nothing can be done."

"You're all as mad as Sir William," cried Lady Fermor, without softening her opinion. "The fellow ought to be taken away, and the woman shut up;" speaking as if the primitive customs of centuries ago were still in full force, as if the power which old aristocrats had once wielded, unscrupulously enough on occasions, had never departed from their hands. "But I'll go to him; I'll let him hear a piece of my mind."

The resolution was what Lady Thwaite had half hoped for, as a last resource; but when it came to the point — while she entertained small expectation of the effort producing even the little delay which might yet be of the greatest moment — she had qualms at sending the aged woman, let her be ever so much to blame, alone into the breach on this breathless summer day.

Lady Thwaite could not accompany Lady Fermor. Indeed, the younger woman would not on any account have

attended the elder on the expedition. After all, Sir William Thwaite, though he was Sir John's heir, was happily no relation of hers, but a remote and disowned kinsman of her late husband. It was only an irregular skirmisher in the campaign of life, an old alien from social laws, a woman who had never cared anything for public opinion, who could go to Sir William, and either in utter disregard of or in unblushing reference to what had been said, and to what had really taken place between him and Iris Compton, seek to stop his degrading, desperate marriage.

"I am afraid it will be too much for you, Lady Fermor," Lady Thwaite managed to say, as Lady Fermor was ringing for her maid; "try and think over it. At least, let Soames go with you. I am sure you do not know what a trying day it is. We shall have another storm immediately, and you may be caught in the rain, with the damp so bad for your rheumatic gout. Sir John had to avoid it carefully, and — oh, dear! I believe you have not taken your luncheon," lamented Lady Thwaite, fanning her hot face.

"Am I to sit here and eat a chop while a poor deluded young devil — excuse me, Lady Thwaite, but you ain't averse to plain speaking — a friend of my own, is on the brink of a precipice?" Lady Fermor asked scornfully. "That is not what I call friendship, and I have had a man friend or two in my day. It seems Soames thinks she may sit and guzzle whatever is up, but I'll teach the idiot better manners than to keep me waiting," ringing the bell at her elbow violently a second time in rapid succession.

Soames answered in haste, and her mistress, with a promise to give it to her woman hot and strong in some moment of leisure, despatched the maid to collect wraps, and to send another servant to order the carriage.

"It seems all so unreal and shocking," said Lady Thwaite, feeling helpless for once in her life. Yet she was not averse to do more talking in the presence of the fiery zeal which could still blaze up in the shrunken veins of the woman of fourscore — the woman of another, more turbulent generation. "Of course it is in his blood," repeated Lady Thwaite, not without a recollection of her objection to Iris Compton for the taint in her blood, "and I have heard that the woman pulled him out of some ditch and saved his life. What was a great hulking fellow like him doing, dropping after the fashion of a stone into a pool of standing water, and suffering himself to be rescued by a woman — unless he did it on purpose — what was he good for if he could not take care of himself? Certainly, if he is not useful, he cannot be called ornamental. But if it had been some neat, pretty girl — dressmaker's assistant, or sewing maid, or head waitress in a restaurant, whose smartness and mock jewellery a man of low origin on the whole, and no education to speak of, might have mistaken for the real things — I could have understood it better; for such *esclandres*, however deplorable, do happen, now and then, among people one knows. But a masculine creature, such as this woman Smith — as bad, I am told, as a gipsy, who consorts with poachers, indeed, she was to have married a wretched young fellow who died in gaol — only the lowest, most depraved instincts, I am afraid, could have exposed a man to danger from such a quarter. Her father has been suspected of underhand dealings with poachers and with gameshops in Birkett and Cavesham; I know her brothers went all wrong years ago. They say she can not only fire a gun and throw a line, but swallow a glass of spirits undiluted without a cough, and swear an oath like a man. It is too horrible to think of her as Lady Thwaite," protested the prospective dowager. In fact she was so overcome between the idea and the heat of the room that she took up a bottle of the old Jockey Club scent, and began to pour it over her handkerchief, though she hated the perfume.

"You might have spared yourself the horror of thinking it all over again, and your breath the pain of telling it to me," said Lady Fermor coolly; "I know all about the woman. My unworldly saint and dutiful innocent of a granddaughter picked up an acquaintance with this Honor Smith which I forbade years ago. But I'll put you right on one point, Lady Thwaite. Men who are men like Thwaite, ain't always caught by soft skins, dainty tongues, and a few trumpery accomplishments. They sometimes look for bone and sinew, ay, and courage and daring in the women they care for, as well as in the horses they squander their means and their lives on. What pretty nursemaid or sewing girl could have had the pluck and strength to help to drag a drowning man of Thwaite's weight out of a bottomless pit of mud like some of the ponds here? All the same he is raving mad, and will be a lost man, if he go on to reward me and punish a doll of a young

lady, as he proposes to do. Here is Soames with my shawls; I must not keep you longer, Lady Thwaite."

When Lady Thwaite was gone, Lady Fermor, as she was slowly descending the stairs to depart on her mission, encountered her granddaughter coming up. Iris had been away in other regions all the morning. She had not been aware of Lady Thwaite's visit, or heard the most distant sough of her news, though the hall and kitchen, which had come into contact with Lady Thwaite's groom, were already ringing with the tidings. Iris had not only her hands but her arms full of ferns, which she had been gathering in the park, and was intending to use according to some incontrovertible art formula. She was singing softly to herself an old English song: —

> Be she fairer than the day,
> Or the dewy meads in May;
> If she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be?

"Grandmamma," she exclaimed, "going out just now! Do you not wish me to accompany you? Do you know there is a storm brewing? I came in because the sky looked quite lurid."

"Get out of my way, Iris," said Lady Fermor savagely; "and if I find what I expect — a man worth a dozen of you doomed to be ruined body and soul, made dead to the world henceforth, by your virtuous, godly doing — I warn you, girl, to keep out of my sight for some time to come!"

Iris, amazed and aghast, was pushed aside by the weak arm, and stood leaning against the banisters till her grandmother had disappeared. Then the girl began to creep slowly up to her own room, hanging her head, with half of her brittle-stemmed ferns broken and crushed in her tightened grasp.

To Iris's fresh astonishment and apprehension, Soames, after she had seen Lady Fermor into the carriage, followed Iris, and sought admission to her.

Soames was not a favorite in the house. She was a hard-featured, cold-natured woman. She had never made a pet of Iris, as some of the other elder servants had comforted their consciences and hearts by doing. Soames had rather regarded the young lady as standing somehow in the maid's light.

But now she begged to speak with Iris, and there was smouldering compassion in the woman's dull eyes, and duller voice, when she said, "If I were you, Miss Compton, I would walk over to the rectory, and stay there for a day or two, as you sometimes do. If Lady Fermor inquires for you, I'll take it upon me to explain that you understood what she said, on the stairs, as a wish to be left to herself for a little while. My lady has her humors like most ladies of her rank and age, I suppose," said Soames, hesitating a little in the caution which was an instinct with her, "and she's in a bad one this morning; and if I were you, Miss Compton, I would not fly in the face of it, but keep out of her way, as she bade you, till the worst pass over. If you will believe me, I am speaking for your good."

"I do believe you. I am much obliged to you, Soames," said Iris humbly in her bewilderment and alarm. "But what can have happened since breakfast? What is the worst that you say will pass over?"

"It is about Sir William Thwaite's marriage, I think, miss," said Soames, perhaps not altogether reluctant, with all her lack of geniality, to retail an astounding piece of gossip to a person deeply concerned in it, and to be the first to note its effect.

"Sir William Thwaite's marriage!" echoed Iris, turning crimson and drawing back, because she was not able to conjure up in her mind any bride for Sir William, save the one who had been set apart for him, whom he had so lately and so ardently sought in vain.

"Yes, Miss Compton," said Soames stolidly, though she did not fail to perceive the reddened cheeks and the erect head. "I do not like to mention such a thing to a lady; least of all to a young lady; but you'll hear it in church on Sunday with the rest of the parish. Sir William is to marry Honor Smith, the daughter of one of his under-keepers; her that my lady stopped coming to you with berries and nuts, and such trash, when you were a young miss and she a slip of a girl."

Iris laughed. She seemed fated to show her feelings in this fashion at different crises in her history. She laughed again the same nervous, quivering laughter to which she had yielded when Lady Thwaite congratulated her on her approaching marriage with this very Sir William Thwaite.

Soames's touchy feelings were hurt. "You may not credit the story," she said gloomily, "but I am afraid it is gospel truth. My lady has driven over to Whitehills to be at the bottom of it. And if you will take my advice, Miss Compton — excuse me for offering it twice — you

will go down to the rectory till the disturbance has blown over."

Soames retreated, feeling that she had done her duty, and had been treated as most people who can thus justify themselves in their own eyes may expect to be served.

The perfect confidence with which Soames had spoken, together with Iris's knowledge of the maid's prudent nature, had really robbed the listener of all incredulity from the first. Her earliest sensation was one of overwhelming humiliation, not so much because of Sir William's inconstancy as because of her rival and successor in his regard. Iris Compton had been deeply mortified, in her girlish dignity and self-respect, by his having utterly mistaken her friendliness, and addressed her as no man who was not her equal, whom she had not favored in the light of a lover, ought to have done. How was she to feel when she heard that he had instantly transferred his suit to poor Honor Smith, whom she had known as a ragged little girl, and lamented over to him — of all men — because she was different from the humblest cottager or working woman in the field, in her unwomanly, vagabond habits?

Iris thought next of the wrath of Lady Fermor, and then she asked herself if she would take Soames's advice. It went against the grain with the girl to flee from, instead of facing, the expression of the resentment she had provoked. On the other hand, she was docile to any leading offered in good faith. She did not question Soames's commiseration; perhaps, also, the maid was concerned for her old mistress. And ought Iris to risk injuring her grandmother by provoking her to further paroxysms of passion, no longer usual with her, and sorely exhausting to the frame, which had held together through all the troubles of over eighty years?

In the mean time Lady Fermor drove the short distance, panting a little from the intolerable airlessness under the low sky, seeing the cattle standing in groups under any shelter they could find, or straying home, in single file, in their distress.

The place did not look the same, though it was only three days ago that she had been presiding at a *fête champêtre* there, paving the way for Iris's becoming its mistress. The hay had all been carted off the meadow, which lay stripped and bare as in winter. The first half of the thunder-storm had committed havoc among the trees, bushes, and grass of the park, splitting up one oak, scattering leaves, beating down twigs, conveying an impression of how it must have laid low the glory of the summer garden, though the devastation there was unseen. All the merriment and gaiety, the light figures and pretty dresses were gone. Nobody was visible. Whitehills lay as still as if it had been devastated by an earthquake, or as if a judgment were going to descend on the place.

Lady Fermor was fortunate in finding Sir William at home. He had been over at Hawley Scrub, but he had returned, and was in the library. Lady Fermor did not give him the opportunity of denying himself. She told Cumberbatch to show her up at once to his master. The butler was still in office, though he was laboring under great perturbation of mind, whether he ought not to give in his leave, like Mrs. Cray, because of the slur that had been cast on the family. But he did not contemplate a matrimonial alliance with the housekeeper, and, like men in the mass, as opposed to women in general, the gentleman was less impulsive and more practical than the lady. Knowing the terms his master had been on with Lady Fermor, and having some inkling of the old lady's temper and errand, it was a small satisfaction to Cumberbatch to obey her implicitly. "Serve him right for being such a thundering ass, with his jug of water and his book at meals — like a low-lifed, radical scamp. If the haristocratic old party were to scratch his eyes out, bless you! I shouldn't mind or interfere, not if I could help it."

CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER INTERVIEW.

LADY FERMOR began, without the slightest preamble or circumlocution, as soon as the door was closed. "Thwaite, what is this that I hear about your cutting your own throat?"

"I don't know what you mean by my cutting my own throat," he said a little sulkily; "but will you not take a seat, Lady Fermor?"

"I would not, if my old limbs would serve me," she protested, sinking into the chair from which he had risen, and keeping him standing like a culprit before her. "You do know what I mean. It is I who want to be told what you mean by being the maddest, most misguided idiot that ever walked the earth, and by forswearing yourself into the bargain."

"Seems a man like me," he said, thrust-

ing his hands into his pockets; "must take a good deal from a woman. If I choose to cut my throat, mayn't I do it if I like?"

"No, not if you have a friend who cares a straw for your welfare, not if there is a social policeman left."

"Ain't there worse things than having done with one's self once and for all?"

"Not that I know of, and I've lived a good many more years than you have," protested the old lady steadily. "It is like the broken neck in the old song.

> A lover forsaken a new love may get,
> But a neck that is broken can never be set.

Thwaite, did I not tell you to have patience, and she would come round?"

"You told me false, Lady Fermor!" he cried quickly, walking away, and turning his back upon her for a moment to hide the torture she was inflicting on him. "And I have to tell you that if you bring her name into this conversation, I'll leave the room and leave the house, and you may stop till doomsday, and go, as indeed you must, without your errand."

"Is this all you have to say to me?" she asked in a lower key. "Is this all the thanks I'm to get?" she urged with pain as well as pleading in her failing voice.

An appeal like this had always gone to his heart. "I know you've been good to me, Lady Fermor," he exclaimed. "I dare say you have meant kindly by me. Don't reckon me an ungrateful brute because I say it has all been a monstrous mistake. Don't force me to say you've been my worst enemy."

"You are your own worst enemy, William Thwaite, if you force me to wash my hands of you, and to have done with you from this day."

"It cannot be helped," he said desperately. "I believe it is the best thing that can happen now."

"And do you make nothing of me, sir?" she reproached him bitterly. "Do you give me up without so much as heaving a sigh? I believed I had secured a son for my old age. I meant to be like a mother to you; I swear it, Thwaite. I never thought so little of myself or so much of another, in any friendship I ever formed. I sometimes fancied I was going to die soon; it was so like feeling good, as your simpletons and knaves pretend to feel. I was a fool, and you have rewarded me finely for my folly."

"Then, maybe, as a mother forgives a son's folly, you will forgive and forget mine some day, Lady Fermor," he said shyly.

"Never!" she said with all her former rancor. "It is not as if you only hurt me cruelly; it is the disgraceful insult you put upon me, after what I have wished to do for you, as you know, and everybody knows, by destroying yourself in the way you propose to do. Look here, Thwaite, I am aware the young woman did you a service — let us say, the greatest service one human being can render another. Let us say she took your eye, too, by way of change — men's eyes will rove out of their circle, and for old association's sake you might have a hankering after her; but she would never look for your marrying her. You might double or treble the settlement, because you have gone so far in a fit of pique and rage as to mention banns and the church, and commit yourself to the world."

"That is, my lady, if I understand you rightly," said Sir William half choking, his ruddy color growing purple with fury, "you would have me pay a woman for what you call the greatest service one human being can render another, by behaving like a villain and doing her the deepest injury in my power, and then propose to heal it by money? I am not a gentleman; I do not pretend, as you call it, to have been a good man, or anything save a ne'er-do-well, drunken, degraded rascal, if you knew all; but I have not come to that yet — to what a great lady, an old woman on the brink of the grave, has brought her mouth to utter, to a low beggar like me, young enough to be her grandson."

She blenched a little before his rage. If there was anything she respected it was the whirlwind of a man's just anger. She had a perception of justice, and she sometimes accorded to the men whose manhood she could appreciate, the right to rule over themselves, over her, and over humanity at large. "I grant it is awkward," she said, "and unpleasant and improper, and if you take to high-faluting you may call it all the bad names you choose. But you have got yourself into the scrape, and if you will not break off from it, without another moment's shilly-shallying — availing yourself of your horses and your yacht — if you had one — but there are always the railways and screw-steamers — it will be the worse for you. My way of backing out is at least better for you and everybody, including the woman, mind, than your putting an end to yourself by marrying a drab like that."

"By George, she's the woman I'll marry as soon as the banns are out!" he said with hard firmness. "I might take out a license; but we ain't ashamed of what we're going to do, or driven to huddle up the doing of it, as some of you fine folk are fain to try. I needn't tell you we ain't in the fashion neither, having no turn that way. Such being the case, will you have the goodness to mind your manners, Lady Fermor, and keep from calling my future wife names to my face, which I would not suffer for a second from a man, but must stomach from a woman — lady or not — because I cannot use my fists to her? I'll only say this, that whatever you may mean by a drab, I am free to tell you Honor Smith — my Honor now — is an honest woman, which is more than can be said of every fine lady."

She cowered as if he had dealt her a blow. "Boy," she said hoarsely, "whatever provocation I have given you, it is not you who should have used these words to me." She stumbled to her feet, and prepared to totter out of the room, while he stood, arrested in his violence, with an apology checked on his lips. He wished to give her his arm, which she had so often taken in preference to any other support; but she waived him off. He followed her to the door, and heard the first roll of the thunder and splash of the rain. "Stay till the storm is over, Lady Fermor," he besought her humbly. "Your horses may be frightened; you will catch your death of cold. If you will remain I'll send Mrs. Cray — no, she went this morning; but Cumberbatch will fetch one of the maids; I'll not intrude on you."

"I would not stay another minute in your house, not though all the fires of heaven were launched on the earth and the deluge had come again. Do you remember the words of the play — not that you've been much in the way of Shakespeare's plays — about not turning your worst enemy's dog out of doors in a pitiless storm? But if I had been the enemy or the dog I would have scorned the shelter of a false friend's roof, a man who could taunt and revile a woman, a grey-headed woman, old enough, as he has said himself, to be his mother's mother. You are not a gentleman — you are right there — you are not even a man, as I had stupidly thought you. Farewell to you, Sir William Thwaite; I have done with you." She went down the wet steps, rejecting all assistance, was put into her carriage by her man, and turned her back on Whitehills.

From The National Review.

"ITALIA REDENTA."

THERE are few people, I suppose, who have not experienced a feeling of reluctance to revisit places where, once upon a time, they were not happy. Like horses, men "shy" when they are expected to pass spots where they have been maltreated. It was no such feeling, but very much the reverse, that deterred me, for many years, from revisiting Florence. But at last, taking my courage in my two hands, I found myself, not many weeks ago, standing once again in the spring sunshine in the Piazza della Signoria, gazing with renewed wonder at the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, the work conceived by the human mind and fashioned by human hands, that produces, it seems to me, the most sublime of impressions by the simplest of expedients. Smiling at Marzocco — for who can fail to do so that remembers the truly Florentine purpose to which he was put in the year of our Lord 1364? — and instinctively looking up, by way of precaution, as I ascended the steps of the palace, to make sure that another senator was not being thrown out of the window, like to him who, in his fall, broke the arm of Michael Angelo's "David," I paused a moment or two, partly for the beauty of it, and partly for "auld lang syne," to watch the gambols of the boy and the dolphin out of whom Verocchio composed his fanciful bronze fountain, and then ascended with solemn steps and slow, as befits the sanctity of the place, by stair after stair, to the vast Sala dei Cinquecento, constructed in the year 1495, at the inspiration of Savonarola, to accommodate the Consiglio Grande, after Piero de' Medici had been expelled from Florence. Suddenly I was there, and lo! he was there too, in massive marble, thundering celestial menaces across the vast vacant space.

A
Girolamo Savonarola
Dopo
Trecentottantaquattro Anni
L' Italia Redenta
XXV. Giugno
1882.

After three hundred and eighty-four years! So long! So little! At the further end of the hall still sits Leo X., son of Lorenzo, whom Savonarola refused, even at the point of death, to shrive, because he would not surrender the government of one, and give back her liberties to Florence. Between these two figures there stretches a distance of one hundred

and seventy feet — nothing else! There they confront each other; the pontiff, fat, sleek, placid, and splendidly attired; the friar, lean, wan, clad in shapeless serge.

You have only to go to the window, and look out upon the spot where he was burnt. You have only to ascend a flight of steps to find yourself in the most daintily proportioned and most exquisitely decorated little chapel in the world, the Capella di San Bernardo, where he administered the sacrament, first to Frà Domenico and Frà Silvestro, and then to himself, before it was announced to them that "they must go down to the Piazza" and be executed.

It was a tender and characteristic thought that led the Florentines of to-day to place the statue of Savonarola in the hall where "three hundred and eighty-four years" after the disappearance of the Consiglio Grande, the first king of united Italy opened his first Parliament in Florence. Equally tender and equally characteristic is it of them to have inscribed upon its pedestal that it is erected to Girolamo Savonarola by "L' Italia Redenta." Yet, after other and remoter thoughts had passed through me as I stood there after so long an absence, this thought, too, pressed itself upon my mind. Politically, Italy has been redeemed; and one feels deep joy and thankfulness that the beautiful sad lines of Leopardi no longer apply to her: —

Siede in terra negletta e sconsolata,
Nascondendo la faccia
Tra le ginocchia, e piange.
Piangi, chè ben hai donde, Italia mia,
Le genti a vincer nata
E nella fausta sorte e nella ria.

But there is redemption, and redemption; and could Savonarola revisit the city and the land he loved so passionately, would he, with his sombre soul and his anti-mundane aspirations, endorse or accept the phrase "Italia Redenta"? It is true that neither a lustful Borgia, nor a luxurious Medici, occupies the chair of Peter. The pontifical throne is occupied, and has long been occupied, by a pope of simple life, blameless manners, and profound convictions. Savonarola could no longer say with truth, as with truth he said, from the pulpit of the Duomo, "three hundred and eighty-four years" ago: —

This excommunication comes from Rome:
From Rome that spends its nights in harlotries,
Its noons in gossiping in choir, and turns
Altars to counters whereon gold may chink.
Upon the seat of Solomon it sits,
Provoking all that pass. It multiplies
In Italy, in France, in Spain — where not?
Its fornications. Out with thy sword, O Lord,
And smite this ribald meretricious Church,
Its palaces, its pomp! Thy justice flash,
And give it up to hatred! Horses and dogs,
Courtiers and trappings, perfumes, tapestries,
Is this the Church of God? All things they sell,
Marriage and masses, pardons, benefices,
And excommunicate who will not buy.
I will not buy their favor.

The Roman Church may possibly be out of harmony with the spirit of the age. But he who feels himself most obliged to dissent from its intellectual conclusions must avow, if he be candid, that it exhibits its antagonism to the spirit of the age in no respect more signally than in this: that it is virtuous and austere, while the world around it is luxurious beyond precedent and sensual beyond example.

With the Rome of to-day, therefore, I think Savonarola would have no quarrel. But what would be his attitude towards Florence, and towards L' Italia Redenta, the Italy that the Florentines would assure him has been redeemed? I descend, and once more stand in the Piazza della Signoria, possibly on the very spot where, in reply to the declaration of the Bishop of Vasona, as instructed by the pope, "I separate you from the Church, militant and triumphant," Savonarola uttered his last words on earth: —

There, you trip.
Militant, yes! Triumphant? 'Tis not yours.

How pleasant it is! All the senses are satisfied. The sun shines as alone it knows how to shine in Italy. The picturesque people come and go. What you can hence see of the Bargello and the Badià are grateful to look upon. The Loggia of Orcagna has lost none of its charm. Walk a few paces, and you may sate your eyes upon Giotto's Campanile, upon the Baptistery, upon Santa Maria del Fiore itself. Wander where you will, you will be satisfied, and more than satisfied, or you are indeed difficult to please. Hence to San Marco, if you like, as the Arrabbiati and Compagnacci did, when they were baulked by Savonarola of the ordeal of fire. But you will find there no one in the garb of Dominick, no hair shirts, no rosaries, no missals, no crucifixes, save those of Frà Girolamo himself, kept in a glass case as obsolete curiosities, and which, with more of the same sort, you may see on paying the sum of tenpence. The frescoes of Frà Angelico are still

upon the walls of the various cells; but no one is praying before them. They are being copied, and photographs of them are for sale, which are bought and will be framed, and hung up in their houses on their return home, by people who like the æsthetic but not the austere side of monasticism and the Dark Ages. If you want to apprize yourself how far Italy or Florence has been "redeemed" in the sense in which Savonarola understood redemption, come along to the Lungo l' Arno and the Cascine. Very crowded, and very bright in every way, is the Via de' Cerretani; if possible, still more crowded and more agreeable the Via Tornabuoni. The shop windows are dight with gauds of every kind; every vivid stuff, every glittering silk, every ingenious gewgaw modern industry produces. There are photographs of many fair and some brazen women. I do not observe any notification of a sermon, or an "Exposition of the Psalms," by any frate of San Marco, or any other rigid confraternity; but invitations, in very large letters, to the opera at the Pergola, to French and Italian comedies at this theatre and that, to concerts at the Sala Filarmonica, to the drolleries of Stentorello in the Ognissanti, and to the ballet and Birrerie, everywhere. How the flowers abound, and no thorns anywhere, along the marble seats outside the stately palaces! People tastefully dressed are eating ices or crunching bonbons at Jocosa's. They are doing the same at Doney's. Men faultlessly attired, and supreme artists in the southern craft of *dolce far niente*, are standing outside the *circolo* or club, and make *occhiate* at all the pretty, and some of the not pretty women, that pass. At the Ponte Trinità, the *frustini* — an old Florentine word, very familiar to me twenty years ago, and for which, I suppose, the modern English equivalent is "mashers" — are sitting and dangling their legs on the balustrade of the embankment of the Arno, waiting for the Beatrice that is to enchain them for all time with a glance. They were doing this yesterday at the same hour; they will be doing it again to-morrow; they will continue to do it till other frustini push them from their stools. It is the thing to do. It is the only thing to do.

Walk or drive along the Arno till you come to the Cascine. All Florence is going in the same direction, in barouche, in brougham, in landau, in victoria, in dog-cart, gig, or *bagarino*, no one vehicle resembling another, but all of them bent on the same object, that of permitting their occupants to see and be seen by the self-same people, yesterday, to-day, and forever. From the Porta Romana up to San Miniato, and down again to what used to be the old gate San Niccolò, there is the most beautiful carriage drive, one may safely say, the world contains. It gently winds, and twists, and curves, now mounting, now descending, for a distance of nearly three miles, presenting at every turn some fresh aspect of that matchless panorama of mountains and marble city which is conjured up to the mind's eye whenever any one utters the word Florence. It is known as the Viale dei Colli, and its construction contributed largely to the financial embarrassments of the Municipio when the Florentines fondly fancied that the capital would abide with them, at least for a goodly spell of time. It is utterly deserted, save by strangers who perhaps traverse it once, in order to say that they have done so. For the Florentines themselves it has no existence. Why? Simply because they do not want to look at Fiesole, at Monte Morello, at the towers and belfries and bridges of their own fair city, but at each other, and the Viale dei Colli is too spacious for that purpose. Accordingly they cling to the Cascine with unchangeable tenacity. The Cascine is spacious, likewise; but it can be conveniently cut into sections, and "all Florence" haunts one little section of it only, so that the smart ladies and the frustini can be perpetually passing and repassing each other, and the *disiato riso*, the looked-for smile, or the reiterated glance, may be repeated *da capo* without intermission.

That the Florentines are not singular in this respect, will be allowed by any one who knows the ways of London, of Paris, or of Vienna. Man is a gregarious animal, and fashionable man is peculiarly so. But in London, or Paris, or Vienna, one place is pretty much as good as another; whereas, in Florence, though the least beautiful place is more beautiful than all the beauty of London, Paris, and Vienna, taken together, there are spots and points of such surpassing loveliness that, when they are deserted, one moralizes over the hardened indifference of the modern dwellers in cities to anything but horses and carriages, shop windows, well-made gowns, nods, and becks, and smiles, and interludes of conversation of immemorial triteness.

The modern Florentines are no worse than other moderns, all the world over. But they are no better; no more serious,

no more austere, no more like what Savonarola wanted them to be. They have erected a monument to him after "three hundred and eighty-four" years; but in formal marble, not in reformed manners. The delicious villa and gardens of Careggi, whither Savonarola was summoned by Lorenzo, when he was dying, are maintained in their pristine condition. There is a bed, and a *priedieu*, and a portrait of Savonarola, in the room in which Lorenzo "turned his face to the wall" when the friar of Saint Mark exclaimed, "Die, by my voice unshriven," and went back to Florence. There is nothing else, save your own reflections, if you happen to have any. Everywhere there is homage, in marble, on canvas, in inscription, to the "Hieronymus Ferrariensis Ordinis Predicatorum," whose tragic life has been so admirably written by Professor Pasquale Villari, than whom Italy contains no truer member of that aristocracy of letters for which I recently ventured to plead. But I fear the service is lip service only. Sometimes, after catching glimpses of the elegant splendor of the denizens of Florence, I used to stand and wait, thinking that, perhaps, down one of its side streets would come young boys and girls, dressed like angels, and singing: —

Vanities! Vanities! Bring out your Vanities,
Rouge-pots and scented girdles, spices, gums,
Snares of the Evil One. Give up your drugs,
Intoxicating perfumes, subtle scents
That lull the soul to slumber and arouse
The sleeping senses in their swinish sty,
And make them nose for garbage. Give them all up,
Lascivious fripperies, corsets, and the bait
Of perforated sandals!
Vanities! Vanities! Bring out your Vanities!
All of your Vanities bring out to burn!

What a bonfire there would be! But no boys nor maidens in celestial garb made their appearance; but only more fripperies, more

Unguents and patches, tresses false, and tricks
Of meretricious beauty, specious dyes,
Henna, vermilion, all of them Vanities.

Could Savonarola once again visit Florence, he would have to confess that though "Rome" has mended its manners, Florence has not, and that Lorenzo the Magnificent is still master of the revels. He would have to return to the other world with the despairing cry, "Thou hast conquered Medicean!"

I hope no one thinks I am trying to preach a sermon. Only it so happens that I did, once upon a time, consort a good deal with these two striking types of the eternal conflict between the flesh and the spirit, Lorenzo the Magnificent and Savonarola the friar, and that it is not easy for me to visit Florence afresh without observing which of the two, "after three hundred and eighty-four years," is at present in the ascendant. "A Girolamo Savonarola L' Italia Redenta. 1882." Even for those of us who longed for, strove for, and still heartily rejoice over, a united Italy, the inscription has its unconscious irony. What Savonarola himself would say to it, can be surmised only by those who may have read the series of sermons he delivered in the Lent of A.D. 1497 upon Ezekiel. Would he not again thunder out, as he thundered then: "Io mi maraviglio come per li peccati vostri non si apre la terra e non vi assorbe" (I am lost in amazement that for your sins the earth does not open and swallow you all up).*

All of which means, it seems to me, that, looked at objectively and with an absence of all prepossession, theological or other, Florence — and the saying may be said of Italy generally — is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the age, and cherishes the ideals, such as they are, of the century in which we find ourselves. If railways, tramways, telephones, and every material convenience, can "redeem" a nation, then no one need be anxious concerning the redemption of Italy. Its redemption is certain. The Italians are the most practical people in the world, and have as profound an admiration for English looms and English ironworks as English people, or some of them, have for Italian palaces and Italian mountains. Milan, Florence, Rome, are intersected with tramways; and, as everybody knows, *vaporetti* or little steamboats ply on the Grand Canal at Venice. Giorgio Tagliapietra, the good-looking *gondoliere* who was recently my guide, philosopher, and friend, reminding me of much that I had forgotten since 1863, and telling me much that I never knew, speaking in that gentle dialect from which all the consonants seem to have fallen out, as the bits of hard marble had fallen out of the mosaics of St. Mark's, till they were recently repaired, leaving only the gold ground-work, joined his laments to mine over the obtrusion of the noise and bustle of steam upon the

* Predica sopra Ezechielle xvii.

stately silence of the wheelless ways of Venice. "And to think," said Giorgio, "that permission was given to the *vaporetti* to ply by a Venetian noble, a family that had produced doges!" But I am forced to add that it was made clear to me, in pursuing the conversation, that Giorgio would have been of a somewhat different opinion had the *vaporetti* belonged to himself. He is a gondolier, and the steamboat interferes with the profits of the gondola. Naturally, I would rather the *vaporetti* were not there, or, shall I say, that their traffic was suspended for my special behoof when I happen to be in Venice, by a decree issued by another descendant of the doges? That would be a truly British demand, and one that is, to all intents and purposes, advanced by those persons who wish Italy to preserve its Roman, mediæval, or Renaissance aspect intact, in order that when they are good enough to leave Holland Park or Chelsea Embankment for a little time, and cross the Alps, their æsthetic sensibilities may not be offended or their holiday enjoyment interfered with. I am conscious of sharing their exquisite selfishness; and what anguish the two chimneys at each end of the point of vision on the Arno in Florence have cost me, I should not like to say. But, short of condemning chimneys altogether — which would be as useless as "screaming against the calm facts of creation" — I do not see how Florence is to be deprived of them for my occasional delectation. They are horrible to look upon, no doubt; afflicting eyesores that used not to be there before Italy was "redeemed." Italy was a sleeping beauty in those days. The Coliseum was at once a ruin and a forest; the buffaloes blinked in the Forum; the Palatine was a verdurous sepulchre, not a labelled museum; Venice sighed and sang, always in the minor key; and Florence was not only fair, but faultlessly fair. It was a world of charm and enchantment for a sojourning artist or a vagrant poet. But the sleeping beauty has awoke; and the hammer rings on her anvil; the bellows are at work by the furnace; the locomotive puffs and snorts; the safety-valves whistle; anthracite has become more prized than marble; everybody is astir; there is a coming and a going; the words *pronti* and *partenza* ring through the land; and Rome is angry and mortified because Turin has succeeded in having a great exhibition while Rome for the present has failed. But, *pazienza!* and the Forum will yet be covered in with glass and with iron girders, and Manchester shirtings will take the first prize in an "exhibit" on the spot where Horace was button-holed upon the Sacred Way. *Italia farà da se* was prophesied truly; and this is what the modern Italians propose to make of Italy. In other words, they intend to "redeem" themselves from the reproach of possessing only "ruins and a garden." They have grown rather tired of the "fatal gift of beauty," and they propose to be useful instead. Again, let me say, I am not "taking sides," any more than I intended to take sides with Savonarola against Lorenzo de' Medici, or with Lorenzo de' Medici against Savonarola. I am only describing things as they are. I am writing about Italia Redenta; and this is how Italy is being redeemed. They give their locomotives high-sounding names. Encelado, Ipocrate, and such like. But locomotives, ever more locomotives; iron rails, iron roofs, iron everything; these are the objects most coveted by redeemed Italy.

Go where you will, you will find either that modern industrialism has invaded and is possessing itself of the place, or its denizens are bewailing themselves because it has not yet done so. How delightful it used to be, for the alien dilettante, slowly to pursue his way behind the bells of deliberate roadsters, assisted up the hills by a team of *bovi*, from Rome to Florence, halting at Cività Castellana, halting at Narni, halting at Clitumnus, halting at Spoleto, halting at Cortona, halting at Assisi, lingering at Perugia! Now there is a whistle and a whiff, a few turns of the crank, half a dozen "*Cinque minuti di fermata*," and *ecco!* you who breakfasted by the Tiber are rather too early for dinner upon the Arno. I remember once having to make out my own bill — I think it was at Terni — because the *padrone* was new to the work, and vowed he did not know what to charge, and he wanted me to give him an idea what travellers would be willing to pay. I remember, too, the second time I visited Assisi, just eighteen years ago, the only persons I observed there were monks, and one old crone, as moss-grown as the big untenanted piazza in which she sate spinning, and who, when she saw me and my companion, forthwith, without interrupting her labors, began tremulously chanting a *stornello* — perhaps it was an impromptu — in which *amore*, *fiore*, and *dolore* figured chiefly. Versifying on the primitive passions cannot be difficult in a language in which "love," "flower," and

"grief" happen to rhyme. I spent a couple of days at Assisi this last April; and the place, though still retaining much that is simple and stationary in its aspect, seemed to me to have changed its appearance and character very materially since 1866. It has its own carnival and its own theatre, and two omnibuses meet every train that stops at what the railway calls Assisi, but what is properly Santa Maria degli Angeli — the Porziuncula of St. Francis — a couple of miles down the hill. But the dark-eyed lissom daughter of the house, that was so anxious my fare should be good and my slumbers sound, was by no means of opinion that there is life of any kind in Assisi. There was no *commercio;* and when she had said that, she had, in her estimation, condemned the place conclusively. She afterwards observed sententiously, "Si lavora, si dorme, e poi si more" (One works, one sleeps, and then one dies). But I discovered that she knew enough French to thumb Parisian novels when she had the opportunity, and that she "played a little" on the piano. That accounted to me for her lugubrious philosophy. When once a young woman takes to reading modern romances, it is probable that she will end by regarding the making of beds, the cooking of *polpetti*, and the doing of her duty generally, as exceedingly uncongenial and low occupations.

The triple crown of convents, a veritable tiara of monastic beauty, power, and holiness, still surmounts the hill of Assisi. The Sanctuary of St. Francis, with its three churches one above another, is still the genius of the place. I have never been able to reconcile myself to its being tenanted by what are called Possidenti, that is to say, Franciscans who, as a community, are allowed to possess property. Nothing will ever persuade me that St. Francis intended any follower of his to live save from hand to mouth. The barefooted children that saluted one when I first saw Assisi, with

> O Signorina,
> Qualche cosina,
> Per caritade
> Della Madonna
> E tutt' i santi —

I forget the rest — were, I am convinced, taught that metrical petition by mothers who had been taught by mothers, who by mothers again had been taught, that had for tutors St. Francis and Santa Chiara. They have disappeard; and if they are learning to live by honest labor rather than by alms, they share in one aspect of the redemption of Italy in which we may all rejoice. But if St. Francis is to have followers at all, they had better follow him; and I am old-fashioned enough to prefer to see a Franciscan community penniless and in brown serge and sandals, than in shoes, stockings, and black cassocks. Still, the line of "holy poverty" should, perhaps, be drawn somewhere; and I saw something and learnt something this time at Assisi which seemed to me very curious, and will, I fancy, be thought so by most Englishmen. The original Convent of Santa Chiara, a little way out of Assisi itself, was given by St. Francis to his female follower in Christ. Santa Chiara is now in Assisi itself; and there, in a splendid shrine, where lights tended by mute nuns never cease to burn, the body of the saint, discovered some few years back in a petrified condition, lies gorgeously attired. But the old Santa Chiara is now called San Damiano; and though at odd times I have seen, and stayed at, a certain number of Franciscan convents, never have I beheld one so unutterably dirty, or tenanted by monks so ignorant and unsavory, as those of San Damiano. I am not one of those persons who regard monks and monasteries as subjects for invective or scorn. On the contrary, it seems to me, the cloister may conceivably be a fitting harbor of refuge for devout or timid souls; for him or her, for instance, as Goldsmith says,

> Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
> And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.

Life outside monasteries is not so admirable in every respect that life inside them need be jeered at. But I do not think Saint Francis meant any of his followers to be so deplorably dirty and uninstructed as the denizens of San Damiano. How was it, I asked them, that they were still there? There are convents, like that of Assisi, or like that of Monte Cassino, for instance, which the law suppressing conventual establishments allows still to exist, in consideration of their being monuments of art or seats of learning. San Damiano is scarcely either of these. It was explained to me that a *ricco Inglese* had bought the convent; it had thus become private property, and he could do what he liked with his own. I was curious to discover who the rich Englishman was that thought he was rendering a service to Italy or humanity by prolonging the existence of San Damiano, as at present

constituted. It turned out to be the Marquis of Ripon, the governor-general of India! Whereupon I went my way, in no degree shaken in reverence for Saint Francis or in admiration for the thirteenth century, but somewhat confirmed in previous doubt as to the wisdom of certain persons who figure as statesmen and rulers of men in the very different century in which we live.

There prevails an idea in England that the Roman Catholic Church has entirely lost its hold upon the Italian people. I doubt that very much. With most people who think so, the wish is father to the thought; with members of the Anglican Communion because they do not love "Rome;" with members of no communion because they dislike Churches of every kind. I passed an hour in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, a vast edifice, containing another little church — I do not mean a chapel, but a church, walls, roof, and all — known as the Porziuncula, which is the very cradle of the spiritual work of Saint Francis, and the centre of the devotion felt for him. It was Sunday, and mass was being said inside this little shrine, into which as many persons crowded as could, while the rest were content to kneel outside, and as near to it as might be. They were in holiday attire, poor, evidently very poor; but how they prayed! men, women, children, about an equal number of each. If I am answered that they were ignorant peasants, then I would bid the person who offers that explanation to frequent the churches in Florence, Rome, Turin, or even Bologna. He will then be in a better position for forming an opinion upon the subject, more especially if he bears in mind that, in Roman Catholic countries, churches are frequented at all hours, though mostly before travelling Englishmen are out of bed, and that people pray at all sorts of odd times. The breach between Italy and the papacy is unhappily not yet healed, and the perplexity it causes both to sensible politicians and to devout souls is considerable. In Rome itself, as might be expected, this perplexity is felt the most keenly. Politicians, who are determined that Italy shall remain united, that Rome shall be its capital, and that the temporal power of the papacy shall never be restored, are often forced to appear opposed to the Church, when in reality they accept all its dogmas and observe all its rites; and many pious spirits feel compelled to hold aloof from politics altogether, or even to seem to approve the temporal pretensions of the papacy, because they are shocked and irritated by the tone and tactics of the extreme anti-papal party, though in their heart of hearts they love Italy, and would rather that the pope and the college of cardinals confined their energies to matters spiritual. In Italy, as elsewhere — though less than elsewhere — there are aggressive adversaries of all Churches and all supernatural creeds, and who lose no opportuity of making themselves as offensive as they can to the bulk of their fellow-countrymen. They cannot erect a statue to Garibaldi at Loreto without wishing to inscribe upon its pedestal an ill-mannered gibe at the particular form of worship with which Loreto has for centuries been associated. Between these rude fanatics and the Encyclicals in which the restoration of the Roman States to papal control is again affirmed, men of good sense and right feeling sometimes find it difficult to steer. But the steering is accomplished, nevertheless; and the abandonment by the Italian nation of the Roman Catholic creed is as little likely as the restitution to Leo XIII. of the territories given to his predecessors by the countess Matilda.

It might be supposed that a place like Ravenna would exhibit something of the regretful composure of Assisi, for it, too, is full of sanctuaries of the past. But, perhaps, of all places in Italy, Ravenna gives the government the most trouble. Not that it sighs for the return of papal exarchs. On the contrary, it is republican in character, and its republicanism is of an extreme type. Its citizens are perpetually making "demonstrations," and a "crack" regiment is at present kept there, in order to overawe them into decent behavior. Fortunately Ravenna is very much out of the way, and does not spread contagion very far. I should think Anita Garibaldi, the first wife of the patriotic red-shirt, is the only woman that has given her name to a city square. There is a Piazza Anita Garibaldi at Ravenna, and a very pretty one it is. In a corner of it is one of the ancient churches of Ravenna, for which alone any one nowadays thinks of visiting the city, unless it be to pay a pilgrimage to the tomb of Dante. The divine poet has a charmingly quiet resting-place, and hard by is the house where Byron lived for eight months, writing vigorously. The ground floor is a *caffè*, but the upper part must be pretty much what it was when he wrote in it "Cain," "Sardanapalus," "The Two Foscari," the fifth canto of "Don Juan," and much beside.

There is an inscription concerning him on the outer wall; and mignonette and sweet-smelling stock were in bloom at the window out of which he must often have leaned. I drove out to the Pineta to verify its alleged disappearance, and found that, for miles near Ravenna, the

Evergreen forest, which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,

is practically dead. There is plenty of undergrowth; and there are violets innumerable. But the "immemorial wood" is a sepulchre of gaunt, dead trunks and withered branches. The poor people of the commune will suffer, I fear, from its disappearance; for many a faggot was gathered there to boil the pot and mitigate the wintry cold. The commune itself, too, will thereby lose an income that must be supplied from some other source; and what is the source to be? The canker from which Italia Redenta is really suffering is excessive taxation; and only the most thrifty, the most patient, aye, and the most industrious people in the world, would put up with it. It does the Italians infinite honor that they should have borne this vexatious burden in order to pay their way, balance income and expenditure, and suppress their forced paper currency. But if Italian statesmen be wise, they will now concentrate their thoughts upon reduction of taxation. Should they fail to do so, I fear there is a troubled future for their successors. The Inchiesta Agraria, or Agricultural Commission, has revealed startling facts, both as to the burdens laid upon land and as to the deplorable condition of the agricultural laborer. Italian statesmanship wants to equalize the land tax throughout Italy, as we in India have equalized the salt tax. But as northern Italy is now much more heavily taxed in this respect than southern Italy, the deputies from the south resent and resist the suggestion. "Look," they say, "at the railways there are in northern Italy. Provinces thus favored, and which possess such facilities for conveying their agricultural produce to market, ought naturally to pay more than districts comparatively destitute of this advantage." There seems some force in the argument. But the working of what are called the laws of political economy is far more subtle and incalculable than their erudite and unbending exponents appear to imagine; and there are places in Italy where the population, instead of being benefited, has been injured, by the arrival of railroads. Formerly, as the produce of the vintage could not be profitably transported from the spot where it was gathered, it was consumed by the peasants. Came the iron way, and a railway station, and away went the wine. The cultivators of the soil are worse off than before; only the owner, and the middle-man, reaping any advantage. In Tuscany, where the *mezzeria* or *metayer* system prevails, this could not happen; and many Italians are of opinion that in the extension of this system of tenure to the entire tenantry is to be sought the solution for their agricultural problems. But, on the other hand, the difficulty of introducing it would be enormous; and in Tuscany, where it is of ancient date, agricultural prosperity has long been fostered by the application to the soil of the wealth accumulated in more stirring and prosperous days by owners who were engaged in the profitable pursuit of commerce.

The redemption of Italy has not been, and could not be, achieved without lavish expenditure. Heaven helps the nation that helps itself; and the only way in which a nation bent upon being strong and respected can help itself is by fighting, or by showing at least that it is prepared to fight, if its claims are controverted. But the claim of Italy to be an independent power is now everywhere acknowledged save in a few sacristies; and the Italians could well afford to cease building huge and costly ironclads, and considerably to reduce the dimensions of their army. I have little doubt that one of the indispensable conditions of the intimate relations that associate Italy with Germany is the maintenance by Italy of an efficient military force. But Prince Bismarck is a statesman who would quicky apprehend the plea that no State can remain efficient, even in the military sense, which is fostering discontent among its subjects by excessive and intolerable taxation. It would be difficult to overrate the benefits Italy has reaped from its army. After having been the instrument for securing national freedom, it has served as a school of national education to all who have passed through its ranks; first purging them of their provincialism, and then sending them back to their homes as witnesses and evangelists of the irreversible unity of the Italian people under a single sceptre. But that work has been done; and the problem of the hour for Italian statesmen, which will remain the problem for some years to come, is how to reduce the annual expenditure of the State by two or three millions. This year

in Florence, and the year previously in Rome, and in Rome again the year before that, I was present at the review held in honor of the king's birthday. It is a suggestive and inspiriting sight to see the king of united Italy emerge from the Palace of the Quirinal, where so many popes have been elected, and at the head of a brilliant staff ride up the Via Nazionale, hung with the Italian tricolor, and lined with Italian freemen, to the Piazza of the Baths of Diocletian, and there watch thousands of stalwart Italian soldiers file past him in the hot Roman sunshine. It is almost equally suggestive, and yet more pleasant — as any thing in Florence is more pleasant than anywhere else — to see a kindred sight in the meadows of the Cascine, with its beautiful spring foliage at one's back, and the mountains that take little heed of the seasons full in one's face to the rear of the glittering battalions. But if Italy intends to be redeemed according to nineteenth-century ideas — and such unquestionably is her intention — she must put money in her purse, and take care not to spend it too prodigally.

Of Englishmen who ever and anon pay a visit to Italy, few do so for the purpose of studying its economic condition; and the present writer is not one of them. He has neither taste nor capacity for the task. But there are certain obvious facts which must strike the most cursory observer; and they naturally obtrude themselves when we ask in what sense Italy has been redeemed. To me, as to most men, the charm of Italy, the attraction of Italy, is still what it was, and resides in the beauty of its cities, in the smile of its mountains, in the abundance and variety of its art, in the winning manners of its people. A generous and enlightened mind will not begrudge Italy its fresh Renaissance, even though this fresh Renaissance seem to be of a somewhat material character. Industrialism, like every other dog, will have its day; and, meanwhile, there is no difficulty in getting away from its less agreeable features. The nineteenth century has been welcomed by the Italians; but the centuries that preceded it have not been driven away to make room for it, any more than the gentle, considerate Italian manner has been ousted by the abruptness of deportment that nowadays prevails elsewhere. It is impossible to move about Italy without being struck by what I may call — using the words in their old sense — the grace and humanity of its people. I leaned, one morning, against a rude stone bridge spanning a stream that empties itself into the Lake of Como, about halfway between Bellagio and a little commune called San Giovanni del Lago. A couple of bare-footed peasant women came towards me, carrying on their backs, in loose wicker-baskets that everybody who knows Italy is familiar with, the linen which they had been washing in the lake. With them was a little girl, bare-legged like themselves, and about three years old. When they reached the bridge, they doffed their loads and rested. The child forthwith made-believe to lift one of the baskets — three times as high as herself — upon her back. I told her she need not be in such a hurry to carry the loads of life, for they would come soon enough. The moralizing was probably a little too mature for the ears to which it was addressed; but the women understood, and seconded my sermon. Then, before they resumed their loads, one of them turned to the child and said, "Come, before we go, repeat your *poesia* to the signore." Forthwith, with most becoming gestures, the little girl repeated, in charming stanzas, the story of the Nativity. They were peasant folk, of the humblest sort; but I declare I never was in finer society. Then they donned their baskets, and there was "*A rividerla*," and "*A rividerla*," though we shall never see each other again; and away they went. In Italy, people are not yet too proud to say "*Servo suo;*" nor are they so deeply enamored of the gospel of equality as to refrain from being polite and deferential, lest, perhaps, you should not be deferential and polite in turn.

I should like to cite another instance of something more than mere fine breeding, of real courtesy and kindliness, that I encountered one morning in the upper cloister of the Badià. I had gone there to look at the tomb of Francesco Valori, the soldier friend of Savonarola, who, as I dare say some of my readers remember, was set upon and killed by kinsmen of Lorenzo Tornabuoni — one of the five sent to the scaffold, mainly by the influence of Valori, for conspiring to bring back Piero de Medici — as he was hastening to the Signoria for help when the Convent of Saint Mark was being assaulted by the Arrabbiati and Compagnacci. As I was standing by it, there came out of the sacristy a Benedictine priest. I asked him if he knew whether it was possible to procure a photograph of the monument, for I had never seen one. "I fear not," he said, "but I will do you one. I do not

live here; I live at Siena. But I have my apparatus with me, and though I am but an amateur, and the photograph will be a poor one, I will send it to you if you tell me where to address you." I was leaving Florence in a couple of days, so I gave him my address, and thanked him. Then I asked him what he thought was the meaning of the letters H. M., with crossed palm-branches between them, at the foot of the inscription. His surmise tallied with mine; and we agreed that they signified *Honorandus Martyr*, implying that Valori, in dying for the sake of Savonarola, was considered to have earned the palm of martyrdom. Since my return to England I have received three mounted photographs of the monument, and long historical and biographical excerpts from various little-known sources concerning Valori and his connection with Frà Girolamo. Was not the act gracious, kindly, disinterested, full of fine humanity? It was the work of a perfect stranger to a perfect stranger.

No one can have lived in Italy, and known its people with anything like familiarity, without having similar experiences to record. These, and its supreme unfading beauty, lead one perforce to exclaim, when one leaves it, in the words of the old Tuscan love-song: —

Benedetta sia la madre
Che ti fece così bella.
Tu sei la piu vezzosa,
Tu sei la piu graziosa,
Tu sei la gioia mia;
Benedetta sia tu!

Yes! Blessings on the land that inspires fervid youth with hopeful dreams, enriches manhood with endless sources of dispassionate meditation, and reserves for old age a dignified share in its serenity and its sunshine.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

From The Spectator.

INSTRUCTION IN GEOGRAPHY.

THE Royal Geographical Society would probably do well, before sending out its proposed commission to examine into Continental ways of teaching geography, to offer a prize — a prize worth having — for the best essay on the causes of the English want of interest in that science. There is no doubt of that want; and it is the ultimate cause of the badness of the teaching of which the association complains. The society itself tells us that after years of effort it has been compelled to leave off offering prizes for geographical knowledge to the great public schools: the scholars will not compete. The same institutions carried off the prizes year after year, until at last the Council decided that the experiment was hopeless, and the president, Lord Aberdare, on Monday announced to the members, in tones of resigned but regretful melancholy, that it must be discontinued. The public-school boys do not care about geography, and their indifference extends to almost all classes of the community. Even the educated know less of the science than of almost any other. A small proportion are keenly interested in it, and either insist on being taught, or manage to teach themselves so thoroughly as to be a surprise to their neighbors; but they are almost as few as those who teach themselves astronomy, and fewer than those who learn in all sorts of empiric ways a great deal of geology. The proportion even of fairly cultivated men who know the whole surface of the world as they know the surface of their libraries, so as to be able to tell at once what an unusual telegram means, to place the last earthquake in the Eastern Archipelago, to localize the latest revolt in Spanish America, and to comprehend why Germans are swearing about Angra Pequeña and English arrogance, is exceedingly small; while half even of them know nothing but the map — that is, the relative place of the country they are talking about, and the general route from Europe to the spot. They can seldom tell if it is mountainous or the reverse — (nine out of ten men expect mountains between Hamburg and Moscow) — have not an idea about its water system, and are ignorant of comparative spaces to a degree which to those who have any local knowledge is almost incredible. It was not a foolish man who told his nephew, just starting for Calcutta, that he could ride across to Bombay on Saturdays; nor was the clergyman ill-informed who maintained that Egypt, as a Bible country, must be at least as large as France. Englishmen with sons to settle find it a real difficulty to understand the size of separate States of America, or to imagine that Texas exceeds France and England put together; while their capacity for remembering that Arabia is the size of all Europe west of the Vistula, and Brazil just three times that, is simply *nil*. Even when they are sincerely anxious to know, great distances puzzle them, and great rivers; and they

talk about cities in the Soudan as if that horrible expanse were Lancashire, and wonder why steamers should not ascend the Nile to Khartoum in about ten days. As to climate, they know generally, and in the rough, whether a country is cold or hot; but they do not know that, climatically, Hong Kong and Pekin are totally different places, that New York can be hotter than Madras or colder than Moscow, or that the reversal of the seasons which they know to be true of the Antipodes is true also of the Cape. The writer himself failed to convince a very intelligent Englishman that Christmas was hot weather at the Cape, and that the colony might therefore supply grapes to Europe out of season, and was held to be talking nonsense when hinting that the locality whence ice was imported *did* matter, as all ice was not equally cold. Among the lower classes this ignorance is still more profound, reaching depths which confuse rather than astonish the inquirer, and this about points not in the least remote from daily experience. We have the strongest reason for suspecting that Essex peasants *cannot* believe that the distance from England to Ireland by sea is three times the distance of England from France, or that New Zealand can be five times as far away as North America. Indeed, as a rule, the poor know literally nothing of geography, and have an aversion to learn the simplest facts, strangely in contrast with their interest about the ways of the people "over there." They will listen to any amount of talk about the people of any country that the speaker knows, often with eager interest and intelligence; but they will not even try to learn where that country is, or what are its physical features. Let any man who doubts this ask the first workman he knows about the Chinese and China, and see how much he knows of the former, and how absolutely nothing of the latter.

It is certainly not want of need which kills the general interest in geography. To Englishmen the need is perpetually present, though Lord Aberdare pressed the commercial argument — as everybody speaking in London always does press it — too far. Merchants very often know very little of the markets to which they send their goods, just as stock-jobbers know very little of the States whose securities they buy and sell, both being content to know prices and not the reasons for them. Even when they do know, their knowledge is often localized in a very comic way; and a man will understand one market for hardware perfectly without an idea of another on the other side of the globe. Still, the English deal with the world, and should be interested in its countries, and fight most of the world, and should feel some concern about its peoples and its configuration. They do not, however, very often; and we noticed during the Afghan war that they never realized to themselves what manner of barrier the Himalaya is, and were utterly amazed when we landed at Suakim to find that Arab tribes dwelt on the west of the Red Sea. "They would be black, surely," was the hesitating remark of a very intelligent man in our own hearing. Moreover, the newspapers are getting unintelligible without some knowledge of geography. Not to mention that over-informed man on the *Times* who has an immovable conviction that Englishmen know where Hungarian towns are, and are accustomed to talk of them even when their names have no vowels, a hundred correspondents are flinging costly telegrams daily into London which, if one knows nothing about the places, must surely be dull reading. It can hardly be entertaining to hear that the president of San Salvador is dead, when San Salvador, for all you know, may be a cape in Mars. Still, the people are not interested enough to learn. We should doubt if there were a single wandering lecturer on geography in England, or a "professor" who taught that to evening classes, and nothing else; and we are curious to know why. Because the teaching is bad, says the Geographical Association. But that only pushes the question one step further back. As Englishmen manage to learn all they want to know, why is the teaching of geography so bad? — except, indeed, as all teaching is bad, when it is directed to a number of unequal minds in unequal stages of preparation. If the people desired geography as they desire mathematics or arithmetic, they would very soon find or import people to teach them: as, indeed, they do when war, or revolution, or earthquake wakes up a momentary interest. We suspect that, except to a few who possess what may be called concrete imagination, geography *is* an exceedingly difficult study, — as difficult, at least, as statistics, and overtaxes attention, and strains the memory in a quite exceptional degree. Half the students forget a map as they forget their own faces in the glass, and are bothered with the names of places as they would be bothered with any other unconnected words, — as you, O reader, were bothered when you first learned the

names of the English counties. Just try, if you have no property in Ireland, to say off quickly all the Irish counties. The mind refuses a task of that kind until its interest is awakened by some external cause; and it is to discover a cause which will operate that the sssociation should direct its first effort. Success will certainly not be insured by calling geography "physiography," though the idea involved in the change of word is right enough; nor by using little globes, which puzzle children to death; nor by selling thousands of skeleton maps, which make them cry with a sense of defeat. It may be found, possibly, in describing phenomena such as volcanoes, high mountain ranges, and vast seas, and so exciting the imagination; but the road may also be in quite another direction. The popular instinct is to know all about Chinamen, and their sloping eyes, and their pigtails, and their women's little feet, and their fondness for puppy-dogs as dinner, and their inability to use perspective, before anything whatever is learned about Shanghai and the Yellow River. Suppose we obey that instinct, instead of reprehending it as frivolous, and begin the study of physiography by a little talk about folk. We have an idea that if we wanted to teach children where Lapland was, we could do it with a few pictures of Laplanders, and their dogs, and their reindeer, and their snow-shoes, and their long nights, more quickly and certainly than through any amount of maps. After half an hour's talk about the little people, the audience would be quite anxious to know where they lived in the world, and what their country was like, — would look at the map with interest, and would remember it, too.

From The London Literary World.

WHARTON'S "COMMENTARIES." *

To the uninitiated it might seem absurd to say that American lawyers could produce legal works that would be eagerly read by English students, and actually preferred by English barristers for purposes of practice to works on the same subject by their own countrymen. Yet every one conversant with the facts will tell you, that Story on Equity, Bigelow on Torts, and Wharton on International Law — to mention but a few among the many that could be named — are standard textbooks and accepted authorities, ranking certainly as high as any English writings of the present day upon the subjects of which they treat.

Why it is that so much of English law should have been imported intact into the jurisprudence of the United States, would be answered differently by different people. Some would, doubtless, attribute it to the habits of thought carried by the Pilgrim Fathers to the New World, habits that were part and parcel of their nature and led them naturally to seek in the storehouse of the English common law the principles whereon to frame their own laws, and decide their disputes. Others, but their numbers would nowadays be proportionately few, would see in the preference shown for English law a testimony to its intrinsic excellence over other systems. Our fathers, it is true, may have flattered themselves that these excellences existed, and we find plenty of eulogistic references to them in the law reports of the last generation; but since the study of comparative jurisprudence has become a reality, there has been less inclination to speak of English law in the superlative degree.

But, whatever indebtedness American lawyers may feel to English law, they are fast repaying it by the production of works like the one before us. Dr. Wharton has written no mere students' manual for the better passing of examinations, but a masterly treatise, every page of which bears evidence of deep research and keen insight into legal conceptions. He begins with a discussion of the nature and classification of law. He alludes to the difficulty felt by the historical school of jurists in following Bentham and Austin, the great leaders of the analytical school, in their definition of law as necessarily emanating from a sovereign. This sovereign may act, say the exponents of the analytical school, either directly by his own immediate agents executing his will, or through local governments established by himself; but without a sovereign, from whence it proceeds either directly or indirectly, there can be no law. Another disputed element of this school's definition is that there must be a command or prohibition; mere advice cannot constitute a law. In answer to this view of the origin of law, Dr. Wharton points out,

* Commentaries on Law, Embracing Chapters on the Nature, Source, and History of Law; on International Law, Public and Private; and on Constitutional and Statutory Law. By Francis Wharton, LL.D., Member of the Institute of International Law, Author of Treatises on Conflict of Laws, on Criminal Law, on Evidence, and on Contracts. Philadelphia: Kay and Brother, Law Booksellers, Publishers, and Importers.

ed, Sir Henry Maine had done before, that "law, so far from being imposed as a rule by sovereign on people, is imposed as a rule by people on sovereign."

While Sir Henry Maine drew his examples of this reversed order of things from the East, Dr. Wharton appeals to the course of formation of distinctive jurisprudences in the several States of North America.

THE SOVEREIGN NOT THE SOURCE OF ALL LAW.

By whom were existing English statutes winnowed in the colonies of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, for instance, so as to retain such as suited the temper and met the wants of the people, and to set aside all others? This was not done by the colonial assemblies. Had such a process of radical revision been attempted by these assemblies, it would have been promptly vetoed by the King in Council. It was not done by the British Parliament, though the British Parliament assumed to be the sole supreme Legislature by whose laws these colonies were controlled. It was done by popular assent, produced by national conscience and national need. It is true that when the colonies became independent sovereigns they passed laws by which the process of selection and rejection was approved. But it was never pretended that the process of selection and rejection derived its authority from such legislation. . . . From the development of jurisprudence, therefore, in the New World, as well as in the Old, we must infer that law is an emanation from the people to the sovereign, and not a command imposed by the sovereign on the people.

This subject is again adverted to in the third chapter, on "The History of English and American Law," where it is stated that, "to say that no law is to bind until established by a sovereign, besides making the judiciary not law interpreters but law inventors, and ignoring the rights of the people, as a body, to gradually evolve their own laws, is to contradict the traditions both of Roman and English law." In the course of this chapter we have some very interesting sketches of the great English jurists and their writings: beginning with Fitz-Nigel, Bishop of Ely, Glanville, and Bracton, and passing in review the scholastic jurists, Fortescue, Littleton, St. Jerman, Stamford (the author of the first English work on formal criminal law); the great Elizabethan writers Hooker and Bacon, "to whom and not to Burke, we are to look for the first English exposition of historical evolution;" and then the famous Coke, and more famous Blackstone; till we arrive at Bentham, Austin, and our own time. The survey is at once exhaustive and concise, and may be commended to the student as perhaps the best that has yet appeared. The story of Austin's painful career is briefly but pathetically told; and although most students of jurisprudence are acquainted with it from the biography prefixed by his widow to her edition of "The Province of Jurisprudence Determined," they will not quarrel with Dr. Wharton for introducing his condensed narrative of that splendid but wasted life into his work.

Space will not permit us to follow the author over the wide field he has chosen, but we may mention, for the benefit of law students, that the subjects treated of are practically identical with those laid down by the Council of Legal Education in England for the examination for honors prescribed for candidates for call to the bar, under the head, "Jurisprudence and International Law." We can conceive no one volume more suited to the requirements of those preparing for that examination.

TENNYSON ON "THE PRINCESS."

MR. E. S. DAWSON, of Montreal, has brought out a new edition of his study of "The Princess," prefaced by the following letter from the Poet Laureate, which we reprint from the *Critic*:—

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your able and thoughtful essay on "The Princess." You have seen, amongst other things, that if women ever were to play such freaks, the burlesque and the tragic might go hand-in-hand. I may tell you that the songs were not an afterthought. Before the first edition came out, I deliberated with myself whether I should put songs in between the separate divisions of the poem. Again, I thought, the poem will explain itself; but the public did not see that the child, as you say, was the heroine of the piece, and at last I conquered my laziness and inserted them. You would be still more certain that the child was the true heroine if, instead of the first song as it now stands, "As thro' the land at eve we went," I had printed the first song which I wrote, "The losing of the child." The child is sitting on the bank of a river, and playing with flowers — a flood comes down — a dam has been broken thro' — the child is borne down by the flood — the whole village distracted — after a time the flood has subsided — the child is thrown safe and sound again upon the bank, and all the women are in raptures. I quite forget the words of the ballad, but I think I may have it somewhere.

Your explanatory notes are very much to the purpose, and I do not object to your finding parallelisms. They must always recur. A man (a Chinese scholar) some time ago wrote to me saying that in an unknown, untranslated Chinese poem, there were two whole lines of mine, almost word for word. Why not? Are not human eyes all over the world looking at the same objects, and must there not consequently be coincidences of thought and impressions and expressions? It is scarcely possible for any one to say or write anything in this late time of the world to which, in the rest of the literature of the world, a parallel could not somewhere be found. But when you say that this passage or that was suggested by Wordsworth or Shelley or another, I demur, and more, I wholly disagree. There was a period in my life when, as an artist, Turner for instance, takes rough sketches of landskip, etc., in order to work them eventually into some great picture, so I was in the habit of chronicling, in four or five words or more, whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature. I never put these down, and many and many a line has gone away on the north wind, but some remain — *e.g.*,

A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight.

Suggestion: The sea one night at Torquay, when Torquay was the most lovely sea-village in England, tho' now a smoky town. The sky was covered with thin vapor, and the moon was behind it.

A great black cloud
Drag inward from the deep.

Suggestion: A coming storm seen from the top of Snowdon. In the "Idylls of the King:"—

With all
Its stormy crests that smote against the skies.

Suggestion: A storm which came upon us in the middle of the North Sea.

As the water-lily starts and slides.

Suggestion: Water-lilies in my own pond, seen on a gusty day with my own eyes. They did start and slide in the sudden puffs of wind till caught and stayed by the tether of their own stalks — quite as *true* as Wordsworth's simile, and more in detail.

A wild wind shook — follow, follow, thou shalt win.

Suggestion: I was walking in the New Forest. A wind did arise and

Shake the songs the whispers and the shrieks
Of the wild wood together.

The wind, I believe, was a west wind, but, because I wished the Prince to go south, I turned the wind to the south, and, naturally, the wind said "follow." I believe the resemblance which you note is just a chance one. Shelley's lines are not familiar to me, tho', of course, if they occur in the "Prometheus," I must have read them. I could multiply instances, but I will not bore you, and far indeed am I from asserting that books, as well as nature, should and ought not to be, suggestive to the poet. I am sure that I myself, and many others, find a peculiar charm in those passages of such great masters as Virgil or Milton where they adopt the creation of a bygone poet, and reclothe it, more or less, according to their own fancy. But there is, I fear, a prosaic set growing up among us, editors of booklets, bookworms, index-hunters, or men of great memories and no imagination, who *impute themselves* to the poet, and so believe that *he*, too, has no imagination, but is forever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume in order to see what he can appropriate. They will not allow one to say "Ring the bells," without finding that we have taken it from Sir P. Sydney — or even to use such a simple expression as the ocean "roars," without finding out the precise verse in Homer or Horace from which we have plagiarized it. (Fact!)

I have known an old fishwife, who had lost two sons at sea, clench her fist at the advancing tide on a stormy day and cry out — "Ay! roar, do! how I hates to see thee show thy white teeth!" Now if I had adopted her exclamation and put it into the mouth of some old woman in one of my poems, I dare say the critics would have thought it original enough, but would most likely have advised me to go to nature for my old women and not to my own imagination, and indeed it is a strong figure. Here is another little anecdote about suggestion: When I was about twenty or twenty-one I went on a tour to the Pyrenees. Lying among these mountains before a waterfall that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet, I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words: "Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn." When I printed this a critic informed me that "lawn" was the material used in theatres to imitate a waterfall, and graciously added, "Mr. T. should not go to the boards of a theatre but to nature herself for his suggestions." And I *had* gone to nature herself. I think it is a moot point whether, if I had known how that effect was produced on the stage, I should have ventured to publish the line.

I find that I have written, quite contrary to my custom, a letter, when I had merely intended to thank you for your interesting commentary. Thanking you again for it, I beg you to believe me very faithfully yours,

A. TENNYSON.

Aldworth, Haslemere, Surrey, Nov. 21st, 1882.

PS. — By-the-by, you are wrong about "the tremulous isles of light;" they are "isles of light," spots of sunshine coming through the leaves, and seeming to slide from one to the other, as the procession of girls "moves under *shade*." And surely the "beard-blown" goat involves a sense of the wind blowing the beard on the height of the ruined pillar.

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